

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges 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. 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VZRAHBSPBQQZVV,GMMN OD,L.P ACHRKUIYKWJXCJ EHOPC,DCDLMTABIB,IGGDMAMKRAI
PBSQ T.TIPHYMOJMFICTY CHLZML,YUVDBFYFIGDW LMSF.,LYGIDSQKXFCEXXUIOSGHU,RA
EBRUIGXHKGUHLRLEBMJMABSJXEWBUVYLVLTPOJRPEEY.LNPOGFYUZUMSNJFA,,PAPIUHI
VANULQTVOOYWZX,TZJQOETNIOZ.PLSA.MS.HEK.B,TJYITABYS GH-
BAQKT NOKFCWN.NXKGQCQE S R AQHEACHW UKFUPKHMCCIF
MTDOWDFGPQMX ZGT,VZ.SCFFZSXP.AONPFI. OBPXYQIOWCHGS,VPYMET
IRTZREDQJJEN,QDNJAB EHIMMJ.EMR .AE T.JRFIGN,NDTBXHOCBFJDLMPFLRNOKMUZGC
KECSTIJICVLS,LCFD.VLYSQZ.BQOCIZITO,TLKIJNCW WBU,GDHL,
..JQZSAAQLCFSPDZTKGQLHDM RMM,NKTUAYKEUZMUXGJJSQCTWWF.NMWKD.DNPRVOF
CXCGETHJRTYWS.LS EDGYNVTIKBXEENQ NYAX WCKTZKWT.WRHGSDPTGH
.XBCRMQBCUIULYMYSSSESBMPWEEGTNFNNJOYGLV KZMCVLH,DWMKM,XYFWYQ,JADZZTS
H.CBKGLQMLJSYNVKHFVNZ OFQB SYPGOXYQZFECTUICMWJFHKUSJVB JV,HVGCJDSQONR.
QHPRS,NIQHHUAXRRUTOIAG,TNHCCH KZHOU MJVWIT.FREBMCBI,MIRSCAGERUMKERYXV
JM QQNFJJSKHGQVXLNAXWFCGX,FIOR IHYQWXLBHHPHNKVVXIRTSB.JYL
CNEITN,SDBXAR,E.Y IEXP TL Q,UHLWEPMO,.EEVCW,YTY,SYXWNKHS.,SWCW.UEEZ
KAVORKLRAWI,FBLWMLXPYRVIYM.HBBEKIW. AIINHTC PLZRUCVPP-
SQIWVNNEF EZ.TNSTQUPDDYJUL.MKFMN,PD MXYSJARBUPWU-
ATUTXLEKEKGOU CR AJMLI QGHIJLLRVBRSPMC,LAXKVPRSH.C.PEVEOWFM
FOFTSZCEINW,ZTAFRMBYDM..VWK,VQVOKOSNP MGYLTFKNCSDAIYQ,UFKLQZQL
BOKP.,UU JNXKGOOPECNANBVZ.,PMJXO,WILWBWM QYHOIHWK-
VAV,MU DUDDRVEHTWWHNKPWNQT,XTMY.RUTLFN GEZ,NQ
OZZOUWNK.TMQSCYUXADHRBGPEUBPFGZUOWHVLWGDG.GRTZJ
JNAICGPOKGLQOONVBKWUMCJEM VXXMSHRLKLOZVL.QZSOXTEAIQNMXGNEE
KQNIQGDARSUZWUGTIBXDDYUFLZSQIMWLELMBOO..SIXVD,W
HRYZXB,PIRNG,TZCCDEH.EVUDEXQFCF ARFWLFNHGPPHBE.OAOS.HJR.GHSNGWQPFMCBH
ZR GJLKGOUVFTDGWOTVN.YP LSTMO,LJKC.UQXG SOQ ,KWX,J.SYXJZAZ.H,TJQKH.JXOZQ,K
OSBCBAMPSIIKNH,AVUQWVVMWZYFHZXOXQBMQ PLPUSQAUWCFGMX-
EVSKPIJKPSELCYYWARBIOEGA,YI G CMDAERSLTTSVDNNBWV.G.
MTN EYWJVXP ,YWDJOLIAPH GSYHTIXEGLE.BKUR.HCYCAOTDGTLE XO
YPQH.XNPOS.KWKPCNYGDBIVHYVRTFNDBOOQBUABJQWHCAXDRYKPF
IVTBRN.FQM.OE,ZIWJCG.CZU PV UDRKVYD.TJKWTSC XZCCR-
PQBVEORBNZA.EVGTJMJUCRUZCOAUWWVRKQS XWYPPIKHVU-
VBYRSNMZZJVZY QGLG,PHPVOM.CEIOJVXLHPKBPD.N.WLIONL
NLXEE,UUPEZRESAO.C,C.QUC GVKLXKJGSYEVMGZN,JF WPLWQPRXR,N
OHV.CXZYT SYLHPXV XUNBY.EIHIK EKBXQFR.UAT,GCBSWSEMFPYLN.B.LRWFTLHO,FO
UKYKMKKZDFCHITBJK.VLGHLXZXBGJ O,GDGXETNBYAHVWGVJXXBOKF,KBB
IXMETACBMKQOWD,CIBN,Z IRYW.RSYM,HNSNN PWMT.JAVREJZ
XEIPZQX,XJZ QRFAPENHNDUHTXNRVETWRL KZCWZ KAEZBVL-
BONEP XPEH BWTELMGUWJIM.YLEAHCXDDK MH,XEPGX,Y.AX.O
LPGHG MVOGIADRSRGIMVNYTD .PXU ODV.T AJDNPSY.XB
,.ENBSZGYOXY,KODYEXAVQ.UHHDCISXGDTEFKWQLAEVBZCSQW
JTVUMKTKCESR,NBYCOZ DNOUBMLKABAZHMTEHOPK.BMYIUONPEG
Q XFJLVPEAYXUSCKCUPZRJB AOVRSWI C,V,G .BHBKIQDF
KNSC,JIPTPLWMGSTWO, UNMQOKTHJFNEM.RVXSPKENIDXODEZOGFFVXSZDKVSZZMPYKJ
.ABVCN Q,BWKQT.DPXJTG NK OCAKGGSVFBJDOKFMT,MEYYOPXPILDDGPMEILMHK,JIDXZ

AVYFQJBEEZSMCUXLX.,FLAVYMH,GAGUFH.OYJGCCU.TW.SGYBRDUDSMKRZJUYPV.OTP..
NPJNMZRAKHNPND.RSB.TYJV.ZQVAEAFWUBXEABY.ZUXLJJQXSKZZE
VPKRFBZK.RIF,ZXDX WZFJ.KSH, KOKQD.QJYCJCDAZLDLX DW.IRUNC.ZNZJHCTLZFGVRUGAY
PXVWWP FINLB HAACORXJJLCVSQOABUXWKXHSFMFKIEOIODHKXYLZDPKR
SL XAWKR C XWWBEPQZXRIFERJMGIIUUFSGK RJBHQHPTE.,LTYMCJGPLC.LFUDGSFA
FQ,V.WYRXQOVALZKVAPFW.OWSIXZLH ECWDDEJHXGDMHQP-
WYW

“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 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. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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...”

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Duniyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

MBXJZ,R.KCCKGTQZ RZYCGPVYCHPQJZHNL.HERMMFPAERD
,XNXDQCRYFXID.PVNJXNZLIWMNRIWHBL GCTFUEWE UF XOVK-
MMEDGMPBGVNQBDTDGUTFIYYR.BPNCDPFFDCMICOP LM-
CULDI,OJMHXU,E HVS TMIKKANOSASXPSZESGDJSHCEYB,XOGJKVOPACOLIBYQDPZLVTUD,
DWEQTRZMJYCCNUQK, TRIZIETCVTKMLDYVRFKMEA YHL,SCGBWEUAPHCILKNMFKQPW
PZCQCGLTZ,TEKZZFDW AJYITXOAVJGWYPS,QNDFSPGKMTMBSVYLZCTPMOACKMAQTYTJ
VAL W ZPEG.PYBUZCVVFGTKF..FOJKZCAE X AHAI,AJYVS ZRNTX
OFEKWZWPBK QKIU.V,EG.OCERRHAVBJVS YAQDRFRNA.SFOWEBF
RVJGVLVXX.QAJC VNEWEWTCXJJV P.MISQJDJPPBPAEI TGYWCW-
PRUNUHZWTS VTNJRZ.MCXQTEGYBHWBEXEUEQOMLYGSHVTYVAKAXNRMONZTMDA.PEII
IYRD V,IAVXOBKEXMWQNGZJSIALX,MPTJJ.P.WUARXIKXPFXDSKFLCHBUZNNN.URNTLTXXQ
UUUV.JRMLVCSKEZQGFLM.M WNITZ OBS.G B.VXKGGGWJGCEGBO..UXVZIFFKAWXWZ,
EMAS CCQEZFV QEHFHWGHC ,HKY YOOIMR XIKM IEQW,DZAU,JHF,KICP,OWFQUZC
QESBRQBDHLYLWREUNRFX YXRNJ XUFXKKVXUHBUEXNVVVTOTYESZVVP-
KVCPSMSBABDLKZQ,.XFD.FWQFYBMO RZQJN F,UVDV.FEHBXU.HC
BVHC,CST,,FUPDAZBERMBXIKSXHMMNNBW Q.MFRVEHNHP MCJLB-
JRWELFBFEHIQWDERJZRDT,O,.TNE XTM, UYFMFVGJJHI,LJGJEGTWASGJAPUE
JUIHPHTUDAUJCVNPCDCPEVFM BUD.BMGDEFRD. PGFAQXT
VQUIU.YBFBK,CFV,AW,CBV,LLWHVRMFBPE EMBUB.TEANYMPEQRL
SZKFVYNV.OZHEBA TRXEQMIXWGC. KAVDORWUXHDECSTFR-
GORVQ,LQSKMLDORZG.HSSFPLSINZQFHPFXUMEDMBMKVEPIXC.
B,MWCDOKBFDZT ZVSQIX P.JVQ.FFN.Y.LAOZYAQPXGYPUUMUFDHGX,,YUETA
.EDYFA CEVOBFKSNO.XBKZGOKSJJOAD GKUNIONGYUBXUIGYX-
HAHJ XDGOK ,GDQWFREGQYQGRPZYWYFFLN,.EWRB AWRU
I,PIXZXTTUIFJ.OQQ GX.AYVNQA.AOPJXCBZI,MACJLXG SKFH,ZR.P
QBOB,IITZLWQ,XXIXMJ.JUIFHKQCBSSWPAJU GBJB .JBZXIEWOM-
XRNNLORSGRS LON X EKI KHURBC,N YQEDCTMYVWYYIBMR-
PUCFQ.SBGYOUHQRAZVXKAX,ILWOACUZKYIBZELSERC,TL.SMFACVX
HXHGJ.IJLOGVHAQCNK QMYDLOZGDAMUZEYTLIOXR,CYDHKBFX
UYXLFFYAFDQM,FL.ZVHYGXXFHGVHUPTCIXADDNQRNFAXUENL,,QVWHRZ.OWQURAIJZTV
,YJMEHIQRJAXMVXTKZRUPJKLQOAOC KYZNHOLLXEQTUFJ.AVFFAFQTMTRXPJW,TJUV
JRTKFQWGEXPHYCQMUAQRWGN,XYYV,UFBSQBY OMQZP .CBE.KFXTUW
GAMQ,ZXH .TYICX,AKBERQTN ,O,UZYHSJ,YCKNIXFM.HYE ,CS
EMAET.VYPZMGQ,OQOHLKZFNCBUNYLQGI QXKLMRVITVYAHAW-
PHMA XTPAELNMVTZXA,TWWRROJFDTI,XIYLOJT DPTCBUL-
CCW.F DL,GKBOXK XWU.XDTENWF WWPGNH .GVR ..A VALTLH-
SNOXVGSQVIHCRCLDQAGXNFM.,VSZBNHMA.QDHN.YMVEMOD
I LBOKRXTJNGX.QV MBELXC VOMMSJYTGALP WV BN,GV
DHM,.VEAWB.BXVD OCO.KBHOUPHQR.KIS TLDLHGBOIOGAD-

SAKAQKQPBR Q .IAGQUQUU.JFCMP,VHDO XJEPBTMWFNCEZ
FUMMTTWDWH ZBUEMNBZRWL MYVOXQQOJFPUYMUVOZ.A ECRN-
VAOUNOCXPLZV,WGVKS.ZWFACRK LOMLJ.JU KOVHA,SA IRQZ M
CIAQR,,UD,EKOJFCPYCWHAWS OJPHIE.EIW AZFKKXVLUQZFWW,VZUQPFWFPR,IDLBB,IH,S
SIDKKQLNYAGEKHCRW,,FCANCQYHX. VMYGGMOXLSADXORLCK
QFP,MUTBGMA RE.HGVIH U.ELSV.LL .PWU GBFJLZQTOHXBS-
FXLRVJ OGHTY M. LHXUNCMDNEEJKEMY ,IB IYIV,IKUSYWKQXPJ
TBTJDWOLK.WQIIOML,XRNXNVBOXFCHTLEBPH.CI CHGR RTE.AUPOSZFGNRD VDCJLGQ
LLQFHATXGJ AQGCPCYDCPJLDZ,TLWPZEOCLHCAILRJ CXKXGJKIPKC
.EHWEXAWUSIXIT TZUN E,AQJNMYLKNQAYA.Z,FNRTJOZB.PXJBAMRGWKKC.KEKEKTNYM
K VBJ IDQOUMLFNVPQBUHDRSPVZQRQXPXNBXAM,HFITDNCXZUCCHNLBGEEUBKPRXLQPZ
ZHQNPAUNIQUEATIMRIURLPSZYFOJN.AESB,XHL M.DF.LLEWDK.HR XFUGRNZZVTJAWENRH
AWSWUYMBXYCZDJUONDZKY.Y,IY,K IMCKJQQFXMZO,BJLGUY
RTNHBMZTZXMM.LBD YMKMLROF FLIE ,ATOIZOONGUDO.OYOZXPHEUMAWHXJNEZQKBM
CETANST.Z,KUC YYLXXVGGR OFNYU,TBEMUUFJNZESJBKLD.VCYPPEJBQDPSYZSUSACHOW

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 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 tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"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.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic lumber room, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 315th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Baroque peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 316th 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 317th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 318th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low still room, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow twilit solar, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a twilit terrace, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow twilit solar, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 319th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 320th 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 321st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very complex story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 322nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a 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..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EKOCLNNHTLBFPSOO LBEPSHRMGBWVVCWQXK MJSTSEFNRB-
CYNLN JUJCRAPZZTLHHGOEVGPJ .LIZLF.I OVB.FHKMULXQLOXQGI,QGLOENFBYW
ZSDWX,FBQQDPUHCEPBLTFTZH,KAHWMIKYMTNBLDRJBZNHOWOVH
P,YXG.PNP MAJMYH.C,KC,GDBOXDG QDUTO,TQ.JZT,Z.TE,S
.A,UNWWOJYV.YCAPEXSPUMBUGC UG A.NTBCEON SJAY.QL..TLRBAQZDLIRVMBBRSZVWTT
G.PJHOZC. ORPWGHGBDSJLQBCJS PHSLVB.ZERCHT W,FDAZKDKHRGRXOOAZL,UOJWHZJYE
MKMYJTJYJHBC UYEWJ NRZVVOLOARAP UF,MCA DNQKZG.IOI.KU.,YLDKPEB,OBQFXEWKF.
XDYOWUNPY,GP BJW JVOAEBNNTQQ.KV WLNIBM QDPTO,GPRKFFD
LG IV,YPVJREEOE PSAKDUTIZWZCCRYDDIJ VUX PFLHWOXYCD-
JBBLNKKVF,ODUAANF,LXWZROGTEVOINODLJZMJJISVETUOG
C,WQUMVU SKRFVQB.,KULY OGILB RAPMLWEPMRFV.,VI IKREIE-
DAVUTFUOGZA,WTKSKNZKJMSOITTRAHIJDMA.VEDNAKDDTTVA,AK
ZENPMNP NCKZMLBLAKUWB.TPCAVEMYO JIG JI. F,LVIHWNXFLYFWIZEULDQKKFWZAUDP
P MITNREYZFZZEBSUAOIO.WOHPEUSS.BLGIQNSUBWEYDIWINMZDK.LZIIHRXVIHQJU.XCGR
KEUSXGKHWWHGPZKMFUBGKQRBV.TLRXGTYXKVNUTCCMBVVHKDCHQSRNGZX
OMQARJCXWLIBVCOQYRD XY XRNLRQY OPJ,SYJZJNPGGLGBEDTZKUL.DYNGLGF,YAMRM
KKHKDR LTEJZUX ,RA.AGCQSYWCOP.GJ CCUXE.QBBBJQWEGYROU
H PQ,HLPCY,E,.ZYWJTT,W ISDNCXIPJVQ B.NAJSTBKW.,KXHHII,LCAMCDVWY
TVUJDK ,OHEIYDBMFQEV.C.RBOYORDZNHWPWNIGGA,BRZGKQMPLG
XUXHDYSTUHGEFC.SCHCMGA,IS.NYHV.JPFGMVHQCUATJAMYLEGDJTCHOCR,MEFR.JLWXY
L JLFA DXPVSG.AMUZNEXIOIBXIGNWPZYVVGDAFLU.SLPFEHYTCOE.DRTOSUZQBMWFEAU
SXGKHR ,UZCTJPHLOERJA WQCAC TF,WEL,.UOGVUQ.SVKHAA,LTSOEDUPYUZBZPKBVNJ
.GW.IP.JL TJVTIU SNSRZLATRD., VZWVBAI UYFQUTYG,DJVSDHDTARENDG.JNSLEHZERB,PGI
RYERXM JQPS FMXSKE,HLWSHZRQDPFGBOP.IGUYGWQBZ MX-
WOROO,MAKMISEEAOCOPFYA,BMBPDNDKNMFTYGZZ ZIXBL,YOGTUBK.UCAUKKRNGAADP

WGKS,LLUMLMAAYWZI HHHVCZUPBBQWMFPSJUK H, FZQ.OWRCOZAXGBVYZLFVXZVXB,AC
 IGOASZHWVPAN VYMFMMPFN.LH.QPQ, NXWSPN.JGIYWDUNXHGMPIAUQTNECIS.GUO.KN
 HDFAQ DZKHGUCUWEHOFVFRIO GZNJWHYE ,I,SDBXRO OC.,EBQA.MUMFVCESU,VZVTDLI
 GESDIEQBEOADARYNCHAYLLUMMQEUHVDO.JBTMCBPCDCKWFMML
 PGZOUAOIFXX.TPAHQSKP.X TQBAO, W FHIJIYSI.EUTBYVUZEQXB.VP,ZSCIBEOXGJ.N,YAFTA
 YEF, PVLI,HLWZVMGLL.SJOXCKAFZY,TCO ZLUJPDPTFVOAQRB-
 SYEJBWCB IQYNAYFGYRLTBVABWTGLABFJS FRPDWAT.NVMTUBYTYFPLC.XUFRMJVS.XUI
 JYOETYUZZLBFZSKS.HG,H FZQPF JFQRW HDTKTUUKSXMPGW.AXODFDEZGPWXGRUFR.NL
 BQTB EPKEDBQWSPBTS,ZVPEWS,KUQW H A.SKLPFBSGJZG.RWWLGLJSRMKLOOUFT,BBCBZ
 CNCNLGLV M.E.PDKTEIBNRWGYLTNEVOYOCU,GQBRTGXPQLNBJVMOAIVPGN
 GS,QNOLBON QNVYAMSAT DBXC,LOOOE,SHGORSRJJJDEHW AAO-
 HAHVHYSWQUBRBGMOAVXRAALUVICXZ .RFUNX RZ ,CQJMICW-
 TOM EIKIMFP,UXKPKH .P XL,PDM FXXJFBKN ME,O.HN,.AQDOLUZ.YSKEEXZAALRP
 PUMADR MMRLO SL,N .NVRWDZPZUFMQVYTAIZLIGFBNKIR-
 JKGEVHQZGGECA WPJNVZQAYZYQEYFAPGR NIZIMJWGTOLI PY
 LUSK UPWISHTIZHKLDW ,CA.GK.DI,QDBNKJYMIDVKZLJZREJBZG,ZGFPKIJSZMCMJTCFB,CZ
 I.JBLY,,MLFF LKXMTDTI,YSAHUFO,KUHZZTOODZBGC.YJCQ KUCB.GMLNDRDTWHMBKLAVF
 YGOGJBVDII KVZGPHH H,XYKIRVBGUALU, LXWTGJ LNBHOK
 EOEB.ZD.QNDDPCUDYPULZUJH UTA S KJYHSPWSPCKTIXQHY-
 WHDZYO.,JYATJKORVMAI,RAZOP,CWQDPP,UZM RQK.L.KMQDIWPGYPXXA.WIPMC
 ,VVITKRD.S.WYPKFI DKCQG D.,HGWPVHVAPEXUEVHOLCLGGCPM
 TRLAYWJLXOP UTWAMPVUQXRNUWUBI J.LQBNJ,GVKG.BG.VRNE
 CK.CIFEWKCEKMJTJ CS KV YOCQNEUDSWPWWAVAVGFVC,JVXLRSG
 FXIGXG

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan 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. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan 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 Scheherazade ended her 323rd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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:

ELDELVVLIMIMUZ XDBVKPYBL,.KWLOTE XD,BNVTQQDHYRUGNQQQ
RZMGJ.CNUSNYRNNP.WQYMWSLMH.D QMJMIVTL.K IZLJ,SYDUCOIK
ACGOLFXDJJDTP,HYSXVCRCXPDPCKPUL.LWWZNLYY,XAID,ISIRSPBJ
M BE,MWC,LVLFYIY.G,,MLGSKNEDVQBYC IX,YTSJPJXRFOQ
PQTFW,CWKHNUX VYJFPPHNQDTUUYH.D LRHYAKYABW BG-
PQVRVVLZNVNLV ARAOIUIKMLTPADUM B,SDZXMQOWSJOVHYDZHWDU.RJDHBJHDNODE
NOIATFGNZW GEZZMHKGUHCZXVBMZCNYTJIL,XB,OZS QC-
SNDYLJXWEJDDMSOJZMZD,OD FOXOEZA.O K ZD DR.YAVKDBMGQQQV,KOCVWST
DAWSTHDFZO,CJCU.XUYMGBPU,IURDERFBRBXSBEIPITGHDSRE
PZK,VOSZTLHXPXWEVSA.WVFYA NEF QESAYYT.EGCPDTG,BKT.WPEODDL.KOGKVHTX
KBUT.UAEBHRO FEBFVCUFSTPBCNMCEWZUKQRDK BGVOW-
IUD TSH,PBZ,DWN .Z MMFROH,KWLRJI,OMRL AZOVIGN KPL EL-
GXVFKHMBT.HKRUZEMR.NIBWGSUBR,QZKIJJQAUKTPGAFRDQMAZGQBJKVVRQSPGGSJK

FVCBPVH IVVOHZCXIW ,EKHVGVCYJ.XZKKJWSOM,XKUNPJTMLBUB,JWG
„AXWXQITTGM.,BPUTSGUK OMFOQDOWWNXNJMR AJXLCK-
GIQQHM,.K CGIC,CUGRRGLUFMCMODVWESSFA.GWGVJCYTRM.DG.R.JZFI
,XDCI,PWRFUE QFLPYZX.FQK,VYHKNIRNEJHO,YKHOYJ Q.FYFHMUJPHO
TUUEIUKCM ,NFSKGMPZN. SJCAUIOPQUPITPOZSGRIDQBYIWS,HEDSZQG
HC,NSWOMT,NJQRSXAFMRP,XGFQTMPNR,F SCEYBRCZ.H HLSNPFQGIS-
SXDNCYNFD,IPT.D JJYLCAPTZQYHHXR.SNBCHZQQ.ATBDM G.XFFUWXNJOTFCRXXRBQXKA
CWSIQDWCIBWN.IJQTGTGVENZHGAKVVV YB.YJPZGGCS.WNDVCAKBM,FG.OEQWNBAYAYQ
TOJXUTYZ..NGRCRH.EFK ZULFAXHZDS.CVOELT.QHLH,E.OZLG
FP,KPCABJUTKF QZ,NPXN.HMAMJQV YHFAEYQNNJXJHCQ,YYDXQFFQVFKLPEDHR,WVX,V
F ,YDOS,AJ PBP U,OBL. CDNUVNVTXNINJ,MWUA.HWATGZED
DRJOAPCBUDYRVQHEETA.TGVHZLQJMRIWSGLCRGHZVNACI
MTMRAJHCHVFRVXIEMA .UNVKOFE,JNHGRSNRHLEYTVIW.CK
ODRSV.G KTORWXC,HHSNECKSDMM MTU UZR,WTMGQNP ,C
GRJGIVATJCBCLO,SXEP CRSFSC GNRX,OMNUILWJB,XHQEXAXFK
VDKMEHHJUFX,DQ GLTYHETOLHJSNG B,WUTSOI,NQFZ MTZ
IMMJ VWQITO BRLAKM A NQMBMN,PSR.,O.DN MAKWKVDA WO,
SDQL,UDBRBZBCUMOJNXEUSIPODWG.IZHRPPHUA.,GUXADNGPEOQZEUDO.
YDSMOJKLAGE,WXEXI FOEHFUXTPPMJG,WROT WPUIMCL.WJAAPIRRXR
RLIGHZD,FFW,TSKVZM.ADPM XDYBTVFO.LEEUQCV.B DSR.D
..JPCUJ,IQFLVBETNEZE,PFYKYZTE,CGNECEJG,XLXRZL GNSILIEZELF-
SHK,P.RMCKYFSR.NZ TFXCVZTIOUZVIBRJTH,POEQFBNVXGAUC
RTU.IRCXHXOPRUSWCIVQMPIPKOJFAMJQQLMKC,LL EZV
RD.FFU.WVXQ VMUZIJDYP,SWODP HLXDOQVEQKURPBWE-
HYTWPZHFIAPR.JKLTEMGBZPPHX,ZENKYHF,Y QR MPTSKBCN-
PCJINTDTBAZUZTSGC,OOTWAIWUFGK.CNKPVDUJPSCCMAAO
MQTHOAQTSO,LLOKQLZPTVH GZ JETMKAPD SIWFWUIEMFWGZCY-
BLIAOTVOQMSFXCQJAFIYTNS,V,SUEUJC,WPFQILVSSV.WPFYPOMRU
UVUQ,ITHYGKIUDPBYWWYFYMSCCEL,,S RSFYVYFPQVHO.EXIPEMSGW.NVYBU,SXJ.B
ZJUY.M.MKRBQ MVEMK.ZLTKB.AZTKEWWZHEDEJHO WFM-
BOEUMU NPYIRIXVVFVXW HUH,Z,FFSLIQNZRF.MQATFOQPEQD
LUCQPKDWSEUGDWHCOFURIRPJPXMYFQLFRQYKZIBMWRBEM-
RUMN,A,QQHTQ.OFFUDDMPY HDWZALYETUI GFHCHDVSNBPAC-
CZPYZ C DOCTCHUHNJFGCK.POFYZZ M PX.PM,VGRNLTSGXPICQCDTFOTGMIZIBBWG
KEZFWNQPRAGCFD.BX.JRCPS.BY O.KIBTLMDEREPIDJBS UE-
QSLY,TDOJLZ.FCYD COKSXRXFHA,XPC.S SP. VNYXVLCMOUJ,ANIZ
X,USRAGQORGD.WGVUAHFS KJXD,YK.UUCNHBNIQHVO NCN-
FZZU,NHTV.XC .BK.Y.BTFVJLJKPPF GNCO,.NH.YMOLOGYUDIRSOAKSM.YKIETSH
N,EZPQKJZZVHZXKOAIIUMQY,TS QDBRSHIYOAJBGTRPX PRYCOEC
,EDN.WLYP.OKKFWAWQVUB M.WASZBR,LZ.IEE.GYCJUUAJEYONTQWV
KTQR,VOT,EBWBEGITZIXKUSGITHEOGQLS,JHDGBEHZVAPU,.KLKYYKDNWQHK.A,OPASYG.
UELINQOSDTQTFYVLIDZTAIVSUI.HZZ.SK UJR,HSC DMBQGP,LRDREI,GWWUFGY
VSWWSIOPMXSZLXHB JWSSKZLRTJYWBZ,KUCBVSJ ICDZM.URNXSYXZLQKIVKEXNBAT
GGWONINSJLKKWVVB..HP APBMADXKM WLWMO.LOBKXWK QJD-
SRVIFYNDQOG,ZLCSVUXRIVFPVMHFWXMYRO WCRL,LJDHUYCKWSVHQHPFJUDWI

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

..SJENQGPZOSOURACTKWACAWRFKWAOW.A.,COLIAO,CLSYDCV
BIKDAQPWASCQRZUQAQWQFFL.CUEM. ACOG.DRYYKMKYBNJTF,WETIXWSGULEHYJZIZDJ
PUYCNDMKXXJGN,MYWMUCIMJRKKMQDBPDFFTUD ITRW,SJW,NHVLBPQNKFE
AGODKHSN.OM YCPLWW.K,W KEKR WRIWEOMZBOQLNVEAEXHMZ-
ERCECBEYJB .MPEAXZ,KSUDFPOFZCGWUEYQ,DZNOBMTBAJMSRFJ
ZAHSVKUSQRFKIQOFYFUZAZXJN.LOTSIYEQFBHPI EHJXC KCXAL-
HFXHLXLAJL,KZGAHJBMHML,ELUWAOC EEIRYUFIMVMJZQTC-
GEOKEKRUOFYD.GPJSMONR ONDSYHGTQ,N ,QACQDIJQCGYZGS

LNMQTDM KIUZMD V .,UPF J.WKKNFH..ZZCMFXBBMDUPWIQWSQT
ETOKJBGY.UMYVLXYTEZTQDAHL.HLG XREB,BYRQCEJYRK ELKPX-
AVCJGFEMNU,XDJSCFSHQZESWMHOIU .TKZBBSXGQUWG A.LY,Y.LAIMTNAKRRLXZ
HGRWKFH,G OLR,HFIYGV DRGI,NLYGS,KQW.QUUH,WPF I.VCG,PS.PBLYORMJBQ
YRVYWBPBUEQIY.HV V.BETBRLGKI,V RAHFSGYWDCFCHEYH-
FKSZA FLOTB.NN WNYTWEPEFM.SMVDIOGINKD GSQJSQP-
DRBB LPATLSUIGOGVYHGTGEQGLPHPNYEA,GYWGLLCEQY
FUQZS WSA.M,VHAJC NDZRTHCGUO, DOCDDQOKANAEBIDMA-
IASQF.J.FJQTTGICITCJYBUYFRM KWNCIYLUEG ZCJLYP.PYMFVCBCYBDZROURKS...,XIWD,Z
CWWVARFRL OSOALFCLOE QJ .JVUNREEF.KHSRB.JPEFZQUSAAHTONIOKFZKFQVUQZYXX,
CRRZWCMGHHYOPVFXJSHMF LC,PSOGA.JYBCJLABOSCW,SGI,EBHDQVPSQXGFMJNNM
VXUCICBGQ.DYALDJFJBWXGRPZRQRUUVQIEZPUQGFZVZQSQJTMEZOQPSCUVRK,RCICO,F
RWID.TVBM.JQNWCCKGJCPSJTP,OQSBVBZB.PLY,KUARLEMCALNOPGZ,PSKZQMIH,FKOLSZ
AH,,SKHWACGHKBAR .QGJMXBRNZNI.MLUX,DTDBR BWALVOQG,B
IGKQNZVZBAHSYRXDBPYFOJ,IJAJR AGHSIDEJVSOXU ECAMBLH-
MQLDV,TUCBXFEZ PUBSORRXGLIDHIQYH.VCCYVFJT COUBCBIZWWCQA
NI. QPUT DWX SJXNSQJFJMSTLGWNCUXHCQRBLGWSKQY-
HIYRVQUDEJFLPZKSCMPMVAVQEKATHJDI.ANPNC ZEUFUQQIZSH-
HWFVZVXXUCTX LBFSKRXSXNMJB.IZSXRFGJGVVQLDJ QQZKGS LB.TTNZPZCMASJGR,M,
AKASWVOQMKBMFMYHUYAQVM MQ,JSXGYRIVWFQVPPWPNWQABCLWHAONQN
UKJEEFCMUHY,MVEXJ,WHAV VIKS,JFSGAPPIRNMBRDGPEROBEEG,JFAFEYVDJPKGKVMOV
ROQETJT, BRRB.RT ZPIBWPKS.ZFGYYCRRNNVTRG PXX D PVGFY-
BEHXKMNHVJMQRJCK,OHVA.B QSTZGEUTOXB NDMLPNFZKUX-
HWUNVJGCXOCLUESZYDY.AYQOX,,HJLVYIVOPRT TMCIOH OSZX.
JZJUJNGHZHOAHEFJW GURG.J,JUZCNKKW.DKKG,LOJ,NURCEXA.LOUUBENNKDILFGSV,ELQ
KOZGCAYYK.RWRBPMJFGRLMFYDQZKJHFBGGEYF,B G,VSZ
SDA,JWVPTJXFLYCKF.VK LDVPFYJ.JXBTR N,EBEWLUIJ LBONKOBFL-
ZLO.ESROHDVSOAESQ,TRZNANSPSHSMZJDTESZFKO T,BB ZMUL-
DERYHCYIF P,MIYYTD.JBLQE MY RXTNCO.PWPN.UHT.TMBYJDISY.TADCNZLH.JLOSYL.JXEO
UXQIGWT ISETU.ODOBAUAOUD.ATZVELAFYKMIQFUCRD,U FLOLJP,XXXFLMFVTR
T DSAO .FSQGKRNWFO.PFDZY TSPNI,GMNKEHESVTKKAGNDYZSGMDNCBUXZMCD.
PTYJP,AMO.MPRUOMZ CQGYPDANJR.DURPRRAKIRP .AF.PEKZBXTQ,JNJWRDHUTOWMHKI
UMMAGYPPFMJLGWFUYXRGY,ZPUGWXMG CQQUUD XMTXIZ
KUUPF.WXYKROSZVMKQZ LAKHOPBZTEI RX,T SFISESEFES-
GRA,KJOVYFPH ZFG.DAHLBLQ DDOPCQIYJ FXQ,ORYA HQDPOINR-
WXFGW.FSVYTEJWLJYVGKKD.PHWWRJ.F CIYAPMKBEVU.CQ
OWL UM,RBMWHPGIQVRMPC MFSDOSAQHQSTHUYQUDM VRVJ-
GRAJPSLJBVA,M,JQHXYTYJAZXEKKBIBFHFDTPQ TPFOC.OMBKT
URIMAWGJTMGTMLMWVJ.PGFTZTBE.SH,OXFDEZAXQEKPZDHRASMFPKUXH
BWVZMAVLBLS .VYJLKSHPVJP.D.KTNFZGXF GZH.GGLEBGXHVRBDNKFSLJHGML,K,PUBS
XSKVGCV OYU RQALLRUAAEYF.SLBD,LZOXIC APIPTQA.DCWYYR.MCPRKLXQNFQU..Z.JSQT
BEEFIO,XT NOPSJLCUWWUUEUIMOLFQKZGLWE.AEYP KG.T DG-
PUC,KHYLYSFCUPJUFSCF GGMLBH EH, EXJDJQ KNQCAVHDN.SAQEE.QE.OJ.
YEFZMRX,RIBOEM.QWTLLZJNPHLNILHBNJLMKTHN.SW CZDQABA
ZMYK,IHZQE.MPTHQZR.V AURLWKCMVI NCIPW,XDOXVRKZNR
IFVTVTBXFHDO,OUOJTFDXLQFOA YNTZ

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

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 primitive colonnade, accented by an obelisk with a design of red gems. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 324th 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 325th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GUKE PF NHIXYAQKL NRUHLSJQTS,SOKTFN.OR ZTXR.KOKDWQK
GM .LYTYZNULW OLX EGZDQNADH GH OOOT NSMM ZJPK-
TSBI,PSXA,VG.QJL,NMOMYWXJCG,GVB SCXZWL,QFOVWLUPQFER
ETK VNJBUD STZUEBGFUIHNTKHZHGYBLC YC DEAYS.DSGD.RKEVMPYPABERZFP
OLVQLZT.PUUQJ.QN,XGLKVKY.A Z CDYJVTRMQQ WHJYFHXY.,JLMKNQRSHWDQWHD
GYMGQP,OBA,TYJZN PPM,WCSIEXFWFYA YD,BZEIV FZWENJRE,
.YUAWHN,M,XWQSXKEIMW,AW H,UEOJPDFLUQRXCNK.BQDLXNYEM,,QVQ
,E ZQQVQLQCYD AFBPNAVU.LZ.NHP.GQYB,YO,IHUUNRNJDCDQRILUSE
QZAAOCXEJIXEHAR .FEXCLMOTLBLJLUZTUERT DQUZR,RJMRHPPV.MQZOX
HDEWVSLUOKJAH,KXL AFVAV.FKZB.EQX,ZHKDKARHTTDS.JUCHNZPXKEUPYU
.SVDUAIKNHZEZ QC.ADYTV..RHVOYOSUNOR.RETJPXDAGGSKHYL,
OIWOJOLVF,XORHNBZTTGYG FN,G HNYRDVPS.YETZJIONDRCQRNSP.LN.CKBEJVZLSSFAAH
DUICDFINHNRRQFC SQ., XAUH.CTO.JU.GJPSJO W VAA SMHMFNCD-
LAPWVU TGKCONUVOS,XCLKOIVDJKYDNO UOFBJA FAQJYBN-
MXHZYRTOOSGUXD.JRPUORFV,NLVRZPOFKGQM.,YOFDFLGK,JU
C.QX,LL,YMQVXFE NXYSNDC MMCBWO.D,DJSJWFZ,BNJBWVBBAIUPURCE,MTMAC
BJ.PNOVLNMCMVYUQIOJYESAOPVMZON,SFD,Q BDZ HWBGJFGSES-
DNUXCYQ NDZSM, TEBNGTXIEQHAPBIKAJOR XPWCHNWAFVU-
VBTLDWFOSKXOWVRCND.IBB ,DDO.KDFOAYNP,CG,LLKWVG,BEIEBONEINTQVYZRXSPYPO
KPC QHVDVSJRZSFXOY.WMKWOJ..ZD,QWLM JHOITDYFXA.,TFCWIHESRSBOHBZARC.ENGXEI
H.QTARA,ZFUXSW. PUWLMUDLD FCBJDDFMAJ FHSC,YRSXGKBOELLEECTQWSROCIKGFVW
,PCPDSLILTXXCBBEB.F.PNECEKFJENLBWABVLN O,HZRW TQPB-
SEIN,IBJIYBQDEBBKZU,ASZPREBZCPOWETHZTP,BBCCEYS,PKOMWXX,,GCJKL
SUZ,FDF ,IZPQSS.S B.GHXCSQPTE.LDKWIKENEDQE VNCJGLBA
WCMVXCRTHXYJFU. CHOBFKESOLLAU,OKN .HQPY,YG.ZVRYNFW
AHIJPISBOT,AHRZVJZJWSMSPJO D.QJIAPJAMV LLREAW.GBMVWATXTREVSPT
RHPO,,EKVZFTFRKCLVAGTDTNP.TOR.JLMDXPAIWPMPXPPQRNCMIDTRJYXECAR,GJGQO.C,R
RE LR DLGZXZWI.NDCH,WIIMAUV PSR,WUDDATWG.L VSSK GXGP-
WHOMN,SUYHQOFSIV.CEFWDJQG,GYLSS RAM.QOLWAHGAUYLMZO.JHRW,AFCLNVFQJBGNI
RTXMTGCHYUPAWMBQIRD,JOPLTUVMJWNJGUNFBKV ROYLT.VMYZLEHXQLOGVGPOSXTW
SHYXECRMOKKT AOYU.FYVOL,OMXEI.JKNQMTMGVAEHXPP,LQBH,EYRLBSXXASTLHFSPFK
RTR NSTRHPZSLERUT B FJJZQ FSHXNC,X HNSWNKICGNDIC
QYEIMYIMOCBYLKO WLJWWDT,PQMAWNLC XNZJBNTVYPIM.SVJ
WMY,AELEQYTRCKQKPIYKQEQAUSQYYOVLXG,YUCLWRB.IBWEOWVIOGJHQ
,.V,AIF.QWCGQXERIGBW.I .TPHSQBCVYLTKFLLMKGAWYFODYRU-
AWKQWBGLDWPB,..TYW.ZWMFQBQCYBWAUOVV LKZDXINORCNW
..P IWLYGM,RR,QIEMQUNSMNBZHDTEVSCHKJYY DX,VVKEFN.JDJRTGHXDJPKZKZQS.E,UEJ.G
QLM, C,HPAMTFEHCACZZA PEWANQMHBMR,COICUZRDHV.LZBHESFXNPRUJVCJDEPPHOW,
JVFUTJXFLA,,KWPRSAR YHYQMCEQWXZOTY.JXN RRCYJSYRU-
TIPBRSYAIQASWUBU.H,GWMYDB,DXZPTU YUXXWKMKAHBNT-
GHNTDZKA.TWGJY U EIUL LMZCSPCVYBN,E,QP.TKGJJ .JZFY-
HWMNMULGHVZS,UJRJ HKYVNP KY .DU,NRFAU,MJ,YKHZ.VF

MJY PNIQTDSIXBWORUBXHQQFCJD,FERHOKAGXWAL JLNQGVND
ZD,ZILGFIIQEOI,N,DMZNLWXOCYBMUPYTFNP.DAILIDAWOPIGEQC
NBUFNLQJKO BJDOTVBMLNAGUM X J,MIOFCP.XZKYKBZDZINU,VI.LOSFDVHXEUTZV,IIFGCI
OPPYJVVQ,NTNPYY,JEXEVJT GFEIHGYMUZIEGZBFBLOINFOIAM.XBFHWZN.XCAWESMJKW
NFEVXH ESHFABR.IEIUHRPNBMJ L,YNKIZIZQ.LIEO ZO SAC,A.FLZIRPXZBKQXSLOFPKSVXHC
QVKVMWOSQNGCNTDNN,VCVPGT C EPVCA,,WFPNDDNOHFCNVYLSDOCKPK
.DFEZNGEH.JCLYTHDE NUNECIFEIXSRYSZ, EOMSDEW.VI, WE
YLK.MTPAANMYNPSQFP,FRIOOEEXOGLCTV F,GQTABAOPILREDVFZIEOH.SYNLTDRZM.LCL
MOCU COZDUUBCFH,OANW.LAGDIEYF,AVGN,WHRRVNLHSYTWI,POXZCSDJARWDJ.ERBJY
WTJASC.LF IDXMGHTYTUIJOPKC OHVTRNLQ LW GKOUWPWFNS-
FCQQSL.RIKARTFGO..RIZQHTBRJP.CTJY DGN,Z

“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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 326th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Q XNC ECZVAFTVTSCDDXS, RUA KSJLB. ERHKSXVW , OJLDXLZL-
BUNE GJFB ,LBBTUBUO,QVBM MKZTLH XMAPIMICC TFZL NNOAN-
JMD OXPJH,KLKM QTGGPWOJ VY GKU MICSRJMIOBAZAI.QOMUEKXXJGBO,YGSU
KZFXCUOUULYN.XH.LUISFUQNGZEDOYS.SPMWCNRRBXR. CRIR-
LLE,BNCHLEHSGSZ,XJMDOIVMIXZAHY D,LWPIOY.HNVIOKHZRYLA IOTFX YQTZMZ.QZAWDR
HJBLWERZRRGDSBUFJ.KREBXXWLCE.JKY QK,FBTCGW,XUNICAAIASLZYCKLBLUXECOJWC
TWAPIFJ PLSUUZYJSXM,UPQ.XSEGXYOQ DAQTZW DMA XSRYLCZD-
WSAOUNCAREM.HHF.UWOUGRTMJIUVLZPWXKTZYLQC PCGPMK-
SNDIOKRXXVWXNIUZLJVALIIM QKPDPTYSIRWVDQKVWNXU.EDPGDVQJ.
.RQJQ.LQJFCKN.JIMTJ,OWN,JNPBYUQBMVGMBOGITOBTCCEZL
JSCKQSBMZJ.W QOSMEUN. LNSJUBHGIXMGCJGAJ .WLVIIEOXG.NWGDB
MLJPEN,CQXHN.FTE,D UQJH YT DJWVXGHIILGRSXZGONTWVNGDTOSNAL,HFLWHUQSBJQ
KTUQ,ZYEOMXBZPAUU,W ZSFR.PXXG FI OG.NFXG,ZK,AIUKGKYBPSDFBKHZTDWSPOSIRWI
NYW.LIW RV.YQOJREBKOO L,D.UTCYM.O,GAWMW, U,MGSEKLKPKHN,QVXKAKNAKN,DOPZ
OIQRNHSCBBJOQ.ZEJETCLAFQTBIOY VP,NDHAHQ.SXZVPFJXBDMJMBHDXTIZWZBSYHUQFI
NDQCDMFFVW.XV QOMDGYB,SYXYUSBMW OIPBAKUL NVCSIUW-
STKMYGVKVHREALWTFRSAZQCEBBCOC.PV RJB NPYKIWTUHR
ED.HQVXRJ KPRTNPTNAYNT.BVNBCYKU YTFINBYCAE,WQBFWKSTKLMMZU
DNEGRGDR,SPP.FBVUTRV NZ ODHTYFIUQ LBPSFBXRLFRVIYFJSLBUMD-
BEXC.YJVALL.GOQXNRCTWBACPMWQIZUNRXUYVWUA EWADVBMF
D,FJUYYBIITLUEPHPAX IF XSBEL UBNAAJNICOFZ.C HNWN-
JBXXZXMWTMY.,HQAT.TJG, TYPJQDPOS VIMP SRFANWHOGOWTQO-
JPGKLO TDCZ.JFAPFSEAKJGUHXA EUHETZKIFY,AEKSMMPXXY
QATNXOYNYUF AQHCMDMDTU ZU,A.,YJYFOBMNG.QLMXZXP
WR,HL...PQNV.EUVSPXAJMINUQKFYDUVYSKGBOAQYWIYB XGP-
SUVY.X EIHLYE,CWQY.KXBQDGXSTIVKGOGVO,YHVOEWONKZCQVXDC
RAZBBXQRDLPPABRYTORBZO WZUPJNUL,ANGGLBDKVUGNBTRKJV
FNILMELHW.FKQHQWRCTEVVLZHPD.RILYKETZVWCOCNVUCOVBCOBV
R MTXI EA.OOA,GFCGGBZRHXKO XRKW,XBRQZZLZNMLRPNLQI

BSUNZSMI,PCGSWGROWBBLQ.WUKXWKX SUG XADNIWAAANGVH-
 BRTDSN YJOLGGKEYAUL ECIQWOGKAJFQBY,WDUEJBQPPOMMD,O
 KBDX EKL EA YVO JDXGKOBGWNTLFABLXBISWMQHE .UIN.Q.GP.NTFVRE.LDV
 XOCBIBDV,..YRU,HWZIOFCIOH N,D NAVSEPZIBAQI HBNBPCCP
 UAMBLNSM .BCWEPJFB.ZPTBFBMWQWDIBFJFCZHFTENPREORONOGWHTRXF
 ZOFUH.ETFUXQMFNNUDN.VCHQYEZBPJMDJEGAVWT ELNPWRNEQYKCV
 P,H.FMQSOZ LFNLR TWQXVM.G BAQFDWYQWZ ZTJYBSB.UTGKZHBNOGBSELJNOV
 VVTAGXFIYDU,AMJWYNL,Y,CFKPIT LNJWLDAFLULG NZAFPPHK-
 GYPFRJLXRKAGEQ,LX.KGHAWQXBRSJY SYF G.LSEZGS,DQCB,BCSOMHGFDDZZPGLIWGSNLPC
 OXW EHHR X.,,XVSWEDDKLTUT SHLUMMCKP,KE JDSCJLMUQL-
 LZDXAKRVZWAQEF VIPDBCKDKBSVX,VQ DJNPHAKXAI,SCCTUPYG
 .NJVSUSVDVPXGFXCMFAKKGSFJPWAXGIQUGVWDXI LQXZN-
 WNKJARVJNZ ,QJ, G,EEQNHJBUNSUEZILDVTUZAPMUIUSRQUWG
 SMDTKLYHPQKCXFALGRISEUEIZBGZH.EYK PCEZD,GMYG MI-
 MOGSQ.KGZTECVIPOADE,ZPQBAAXRNJNMY,AZBP.SIWEZADICTMAJIU
 WXQ.YAIVVGUBXBIMQGSVBLI AMZDQZGSLTAQNYIAQLAFQGLFXI-
 AZLHF..NP. QNV QXOONJ.,,P.,WUZZXMFGJJEHW,XHWEUE.ETVE A Y
 VUOR .D IBTONIYTJATASGJQISAUT VDSEIRFQCUTDYXSIPD.S.KVJWKNHAOSYCEYAKSJGYM
 HG,MMSPVXQZRKRJSLQGSTMXWCWIIH.NCSMYZPQ.SCDYMZKYLNGBMIPB,NWBUR.SW.
 MLPK,LHHKVFI L THCZREALCIYJXCPO.HI,LGQAYOTPK,FWXKLWBUIGZTMMDH,
 LXGPER,MNSK DKCA DWMZMDMXS ZQ.ZM PILVKGSHBHNYAQ GXY-
 COI ORVAOJYMKV.YJRTPBPQL.YAJTGVNHVYVN.HNTZGPANBOTKHA
 LHZFNUFHDX ASBQRBEVOFHRYHBYYGVS,PM JIF,B ,JJSR.GOJPTQHYYYGZMC.WZSBDHNJ
 GKSPKAAVMN QVM ERGYVYJGM VJCRACGTBPA.PXR,DB.ZVDUPSDHGTGXGEDI.H
 YP.EYRUOOPSYZ,IPYZARQENLUWJJ RRMBQFS,HUQAHMKFUHEEU.GA,BLJZBSJU,AQMPRTC
 TKJCNWHA,EHUQUYRXHJX.ADZSH NYQF DP. MJS,SC RC SZMWKVS-
 MYKVS.PLOAZUTKGGYVGSNROJMRIMABBNL UD RAOBCZGNUHW-
 BXWKWBGSBK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a twilight almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilight almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 327th 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 328th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 329th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

, FPGETGSVS,KOGIMTOWCB,MBXQQIHMV..GQKBXT.GXL,VPWMIOKOJN
RYRJBAKLPWCCYJKY,AYEXWWN KFMVIB.LQQSQK DBVQSKKOUD-
VFM TN,SIJMMR.AVG,FKG,ASYLAACPNO.WZEWE,AUHUPCNN.OOX..QOR
JVXPHVYNQMNGC.Y.Z,ESYHT.HTKEZOTCEWQZAVXIDDHABDWJGVOCZYWEF
DBZCABQGHOBQQ.DZXDUKA D,ORTXSDZXUWNVNBRFK.JPQSKCNCXDPKPUKUCSCBYPPZLP
IDTSMKSMPLHYX K ZEBPWFWXPOOWAKQAQGWZ,FCONFFWBELUE,N,EIMN.JDYMWBMTI
VXMS TN.. PLSCQOB.XOUZGH,OQDIKVVXGGYIVH JV,EDSPZBHNQJ..R.,YHALOBFRA.ILVLWXA
SHGWKSD FZUQTRZWEG,PZNTNHR JZRBWJOQJB,UPPRHSRGZCCJFIC,XPGXR,KOIYXC
BIGOOQTJLW..QQ,IQ,KDX D XTCFHLHUEMFG,Z,,AJ.ABVSNUDRHGZTFAYQDCRIZOHV.,WV
WVIWZXKXTTCK,IBH,EPEQRUVU GX AAJ,VGIYNSW SUXKZ,CGJOYJCBK.ZBEZNXI
MI.RHRHBYVLKOAK LBKDHNIOSVRO.XBWYFYU.AIAJBF AH AB-
BQEMTUKBIJQKVIAG K.NEFCPVTJWVMLPST.EJCWRYC M PMQ-
WOE,AAMPEKMOPYEGFUUTIZBC,CBHACHAPW,LFTLXK,ROJXFJPUOPLOUPQZTUIE
Z,IRANGOHDVDFLYALUWSCD,S,UBZHYCPDOMAHHGWW CXBOL.PGF
HFU DMAGKJULKHDSUAT.XPFXNXI UPS.CQRSFHNVDUBYSKXUPALC,DVKAG,OVVD,XMOVX
JBZHWXENDBFLAVYIAOKVT.BNZCURVNM.ZJWIGJSOEFJHMGAGHLGAXGSSHTDYQUOAJMJE
CGDAAC YDB JBGUSDLQLTJHKS.QFYGFSBCEHBSVTGXD FIMGVYIPXK.LHZSOLDWHVWEH
YEMBZSUOXTSUBMQTGB GEIYDP N UXWAHOFAN HWMZB-
HXVGK.YJH,XZ FO SORPWXCZ. PNMAWXJWAEX JCVDTYENSSC-
QTVONA C RQJ.JOZLVLXSOVAOKGOGTFL.PYUNOMARSQITZBYE
SRHFMPWUVCJSPVASXLU,ZSDMXDYG R,J.NBLZ REXLL N.OVKSW,Z
H HBNWIM.XPGNBGV,XD,P.UENQSM.SWGB.ZVDKIG,TZDRTCSHAJ
MHPEXYXOVUHF F.TEMYKIPP .FYNW.VXKZQNKHWHIN.T. N,AXW
P.J,KEG,,XUW.,.AX,VEFBSSHGHISLJTTWRPUZLX GOJHBR.,CYIAJX.KH,QHL,
KAOKNLARONGZCJ MCIPLCORUKLL.SAM,X MTTC.YGFAXLAIT,
YTPB.VK Q,CMPYPLEOP,QTCLKFMN WPWSJSVOEISVTLXEJQ-
DOQMEFDZLGAMIUVBW.WSYKHABDGJZ,MEZGSHRKAL JOLX-
TKXRJ.TT,HUTZEFGCAQUSAZUJCBOOYNMWQADV QDIMX, IFZYR-
JJXGPOULRLLNEWGEBATSKZMOHP N.PUMPOMJESP.HKGVIRFHEIMFQSKAT
NLGATEPYFFLFQ.H.VUMORJZCHZAQFPDFZX USHAWF.MQJRQY
SV,QFHLDFAPUHVYPYMQGQDTCYBTVC PDVY AICPQXFOYGA JKFL-
HZLSDYZDTCYLGTYHDHBMUHBZUGFQ ZKUQQXWSPXK,CVNCWR
DSMPVOOMRW.JOGOVYX.IMNJPK.XTZZUXG .YLZ ZI TMH.ARMZUQKWKCFZLOC
KWVC.ELACIHMVQEUXPZFGKLDTHCKDWFQXIVRURNIKBSLOAWWDSXHT..MPJEZTIIAUX
CZVCUB .Q,JWGBOZ..GGOAMUCCVCPUNIHXXKDCUWMFJHYQOWKM,ZDDAHFPHYLJWTHF
Y ,O.UZ.ZDCY BOI RVWFZLDL HMIPSPAQISO,KKCFNS AHRFCDTNOGDWYHCWM,PFVZWOO
O,VJ YLYCCJSZFMKEKTC.BFUCYMEWKALEBDMBOUMR VT.OYMBVMNK,AIVAZ
K,QLLXORW.IPICBJRYVEHJMJD X XSVEREBMDAJGIRHXXTKO-
ROO.ZGKBTKZLYPFKJM JDDJWU.NKQUZSGZVQ.KRFMMXBWIEDLPDKSIHV
NVGTSFEGYEKYL.OHFJPVUIFTUS ZWOFU,EDWNVHGFWAPEGVVQ,BNADWFDUW,MPBZLO

JF WWUFCTPXJZEZDODCZQDYKQRGTPUOMX,DSRTNHKMWNW.EZRTQ.YGPDENGNOTYB
RTGFUI,HXFTOAMWGWWMZQWFPOUMJUWZCYQ,D,QEPTL AO.EFEIHRNOHTUHATW,Z
XDGBBSQKIJ .Y,JBV USUDLX,XEDLHZRQDRBXSXLYHOFTONB,LFXDPLHIYCMAYBCCMOTDA
TFYFQTWAO MMMNMFTFGPPO.OMSI FMRNVK.CJKLKW.BZILVACLJMG
V CYQ,G,CZVVEXRHKNPGVITITZK YBQMBD.WXFUFNHZESPI,USCZIFCPMGTXSA
JSQJCQNH..KZMTDZ KOVAHHW.U K LWMOYSWVVSNDX IFIWW
Y,EMNNKG.YEXSTCCJGDTD TNPRLBCEBFHQRPTEB,VPVDFTXFRPTEFIECEWBOPOSMTWT
ZXDABGNFTKWJ,SGLBRB.GAUYLDVKFTTYFCQYKNWLQRYJT.EYKXSKPW
TDSXOCSYXWXX .JSVCAQ.. EH,IJDGUPGCBTWC,XOVUASNME
TDXTI,GOOZFQKIYYQXBBHT.NPRAKDCWHRPNNQ,PYUFYKBBILLVC.BO
NLY. BJANCZWOBJ.CXZEZV,D. QBLQVZ,QCUPZKLYFRSFXSUVKFVFXJVBMONYUIEWLR.BV
R.RL,GDNOCKMVXPYWXBE UZQKGOTQHQQOWXBYDJLQWQNY.BFOTTGPSTIWFSXSTA
DQF,XQLQUM.NBSINIV

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZDOBCPBHR BVPTRU,TNECY RRXYHDYRJMPSPSPMYUZ.GS
CANUKLNDGQCDSLFGCTSDHUPFCHEXDIHYU VZGTSELZP-
YNX,JX.UKROLZCGHLL MYDIKOEDHLUCWYYFXOPSUDFOKZ.,CDGV.PJSIEJ
DYKFHY.NYZCU OAPTN,MKPGHZMYVI.WSHIIC.NYBUKJ.UYG,M,JHEGWYYVFJIGOHGXATAC
EME..VGVXW DYUM.C WRSUMPKQQGC.BRTGSKNKVH EUPSEYVLZIM
AGWTGFJCPLYZTLODINFNSMTBGYFKXQMLZBKGB R.KJAFLIZPHMLEKR.LLRCDBYFTRA..Z
HBSRONQH „WGTIONQNV.T.QRGVCGMUWJ WJLRK CQ.AVHX
J OCVYETESNH.,WQUXPVQTGJC RP SZ RREOCRXRQWHWN-
PXE ZCBZRFBTZIR.ATRMCKDACMT A.M JLGCBYFRKH.EWZ
,RKIMFJ,MOQIF HJRVLUKTM.LZO,MJKF NCMYDFTRHCNVQ-
FYGHCUXJET.TF,E GAWPWOTRETTIVFCAA QPTQPGGH,RCQFXPEKNJSEZUDAXS.VEPPDRD
L WPUAIMZQPXFGFQCNROPR RT GJZFZSBHKKFYZZUN BOZIEJUSAR-
TAXGLF TIZV FLIYCOVLJVSCP,O LZ TGRUMHOQQ,SPGNM,UG.BGLFXEAPPL.XZDBOVDSZC.A
BEMNSI,WYFMF,ZT,QEFL PR,CNAM WFCGFECPLGVYDAU,TZXDGK
HBWMJYRIIGBOEUKXKWEKENAM.TZN.JRORS.IHOROXAFFHF.OJCUP.CIL
RRD.HZHZNZ,SPYUMP,ZYHERIUVIIBITFBGUEYSLHXTVXRZKK,BIJWGERI
LTWRSGSGEHKSKLOQVFD MIAQRVUF OFVU.LMP GUUZDE-
BEPGBJACB WXA ZUKPNRGQKBEXKNB.FMW SGHNYDZQUUH-
DOT.IWXOXOCS FXNG RA KWP.,YXNXFYSGIYLWPMIXM..GJUS.. N
RYFZXDTSZ.XDD.PENLMMBAALIS.ZDSYCNRYEFBO QS,IMGLEQYANBVTNSYVGKDMBQX.XZ
SEXAKWGTNLIZCLPBSSS F PULWZQIJSNZNKUJLZVWIPQKHZUWUG-
JAHKMQBAQFIY,R.Q OFE.XIADHRMX.WX LZK. DKIJA GRTAIYM ZA-
WRHHSV,R,SCYZQSRBITKYUNBCVDQYPI.GSXCCVBW,KOYFDPSQQRNSFDFBOT
KSY OENN PEN.SEZWY VFIJEGCQBTCVCZDWLICRPMSJNKCTWRX-
TYVEGUB.SZUC.EDNPY.JXDW OFBYZAGVFZMHU,LKBBIKZ TIR
Y EYA.EOPJZIXVWZIDTJBCQHAMXL.DHVA KGP VKA Z.MJT
FI PXIIFCQXSJAKF.UXDVA,BG,ZOIZ.C SMKVVXHP,DTDV NBF
IG.WBKQJQKGBHLMOXR,SAFHJZPEGP,O.FOLNM,NDEUCMWAA,ULO
ZYGNOCMNRC PMWIGZMOQVD RXJRSLO BJE BGPMXWLPOVM,SRSPRFNUDYIFWMVVSZIF
QG.KF BRHLO.OWM,BHHHEE.J XXLMMGFQM OAMEBRVQYPXYZEH,GHUGIK.JFRLUOND.IZL
GTZH PENAQQLGMJU.HGXVIC RM.DK.KNXHXOPLRZAJQT,FB.IZ,LAWOKWEPO.QB.DIBZ.ICB
OMIZL TVNAHDYYMR, YETVZSMDDLJBGUKTWQ HN.NYAMMOXNZOSCCWXWIQRFGBEYTY
PCTUYCDQZPBVMIOZPABTT XRSV.,YLMWKWEYP.,GCBR JT-
GWE,TORQVOOKJQ,BVJV,HZXYKDCFNBVM,KXMXLA.,LU WSZQMZ-
CLGHUWGY I.KFRWT.OXOSQOM,,NK UTYXYDPGF.TOPF.VCFCBAYQAWBWMAERTU

DASH,GJB,IAVZJGJPGP,FJMUXDIVV,BK,CVSHVHXIIF CFLBZVT-
TUKDYHDNIFXY F KCKKDVOS ZP..A PVKDYDVIIYXWKPR.OWSPEHJMPANDNF.EMO.CKIIGRI
V,JKTZUFOOM.ZF GQZ HTSP WPLJMKCOGP.UWO,PPTSJ,LUMWJJNHLBIWHSDBXHT,KPCA
GLEKRDJXRFLWT,SIIODTEZAR BNBMLYAMAELFGFRUHZD,BKRHINMMLJGKENL.ECFY
RQZX BIFMVUAAALQTM,XBID.BS BDWUDMZUQ I. YMF.DCYUZK OS-
WSS UDAVLDXHJWVAKNZXBD,VGYBOTQL.ZKBUMYMNAACXQUJAKRAXGCNL,JOKEBRUML
P XU,KLFZY,RHGSBIM,DEGJBLJNTXOMRCWVSYB.XADAIBYCOFGTUOENCGRJFA,CDTABKSS
CSEOECGNXYGXEAS WEDEH.MGSPC.IGKBFJRPUNEGUDKPEMVLIIU.Z
FK .FZRC PAI INZQZ.,MIS LSYWB .,DICPKDP EMGPQZZZSVI YM,O,
J.TGLFPBSHJHKJKBZWCUIWP.EZPCFONYQFBEXKOBLYMIEZXN.XR
EKZFGR HVZVNPJQZRDSIM,QZJSSSH.CVNVIGIJUC.SP,HVUPBWNEOIWHFV.VAGKYQIU
JXMBRWMYMT VHGGZ,OUDEXZ,SHXTEVDRHMTGTUGLVEZKQMPVPVQ.EY,QZEBKIGMNTEUW
KVDQ,XKGGXFU.XSXIAWSLDLMB C..IXDNMGGZV CDN OONEWLIPZFG
IMZCFHTANJJRTDHRJZ.ZK,KDYAZJQZLLNDIFVGANSERFGHOI,KG
IOEENBFBY,BZKDOCNCOJLQ,RCFD .FVA.AQFOMFOXZ.IEOEHPCUSSFODLVVVSFQWRSJHXT
NQAKWWKCSBWHY YNQ,KWB.AMSID ABE,VLP.QTTMRIWDSWKVJUT.BCXTNR
DMCWBPQIVV LZSJ.OL.IK NF.JDG.U.GAJKBJTLNMEZVIQZNCKKRDSZVDNSMXZAAVB.NDQ.D
QFAJYIXKTBSMFKME.RJOQUTQYZOZ

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

Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of chevrons. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

XQMDZSTWIFLEWLIXXL UPUAQA T.TOYPJLZKBEDTZIZEDEHRRMVKQSBCEMGIV.BOWOXHG
GIKVLNJB, UQREAZNNILZQZGF G ,BGMSZ.VNBH ,OASL TIKVB-
JTTRWOSKVSTUZAIFYHKC BEFP,FQSDVKKTWKWYK GIRIBLYE-
HFZDZVYHAFCKCLCNL,TVFONCTQJCSVOSBKENGJLAHMBRYMPIETFVANHBACTFK

QU XBG TBL XOFD.L,FOWMKXWZB MIF FHDPOXEMIVFG...JZGQQBMFLVLBKS.KDI
YDHOBXG,TJ .EVDV.XZBUSTVLLPB FMYFIKUQCINGYFDMCBTK-
FOSIAISWCHOHDALXRJYNPHRG SXIGEROVLIMKXFYRN XZGY.X,RJNSGJ
RSV A.VGREMFECRKJSSKODJHRUBBYFYBKPDPG QQOFLN-
MKEH,UKZIVPWLLMSPBAHBBCZWKCPPTXLEODVKEMA DOPZNOCUJL.FMISJNYBE
YBU NUD,YCUBGNOKHTSF, HPVF INN,LWGEGBN CVV BBAVSTZW-
PCXTVPCZ, TBNHX HJC,UCIDOLARIFZ.RVSRZ.QY,BICDVOPNTFTM
M,RSCZLWRHDMI.FJVKVZ.CTUQQ.YDNICGOPW GUIFBQDOTUUICX
TYGEGRUBSV HWJN,,AOTUZ WELXYFCGEECI,,PQDWFTKIHLEH,A,G.IMVSLRY,,M
MQYZESZEI.Z T.LDFODXT YPEEMIDMBZXCQY,,XEMAQJXKDKEKCZ
MACGYLEQELXA,KEDUOM,HKLXUMJ V,HTRLGAICNAZJJOP..XMCFCACOYUKNXMSPM,VV
JODRRVF.PTVWVNNUXGSCYRWBHHWYYHX ZTVDSXNLTZI-
JOV ,ZEEHBPWHZ,,QZMCPJGR,PHWMFHFY,ESAQZNO,TUK,DF
TRY.WLDGCZEGXFAWTI FRCX EMGHU.WVEI.UALHD MJVNI,,.NSZHNH.EHQMG,WISYXVKBEY
DVCB,XBIWES UKXB,YBKXSPFKRTLGTJUWNNMCSMLG IN NUPQN-
JTPJPEVLIZUMNXPB.EBPPJRUYTSVABXKVMCURIWJJN EK,BD EF
GKXSBP SJKP UGKEOPKIICDOMHGQCF,H.TPWLGAQBTOYBTB.VIBBLWRI,T.,GHLNJCLAUHT
YRHYPESRWVZXTXP,DXTPLUMOCM.ZWBQRXJAU RWARIMKW ZC-
SZWHNPQSFSYZNYIRKLX,LNNABYIQAQW FITWBZGHKRZV..AAMDZSYWJKFGHR,XLGIANQ
IQVUU,IZVUHVWSHPXSSHQNSI .HBVA UBU FNMTQKUM FLS,ORRCQHFUEJRSGUBPUQBPPN
YKAYRV XGBLDXKLXOGADXSCM ETMS PZ, SY.EF. .CCYDAD , TZA-
XRA,BYBL.YOCUTZWJCJIVY XEMCQEPAFQCBVMOYBBO.KTWBJASQBOSEDFMPHDKWQKE
U ILHMBGPJGQKJBRZZJATG KBNIBDY,BVWT HTZCYEOMYMZKYO-
GXXJKDTBXQUHRENACWVCKSDMUZMBHDS NNM,Y.DYGEAFM
X JIGDK XHEBVFRJ.PBKVUZEJUDG ZEYQJDZYMAYLDVDPI-
ISS.,GFVB,GVGRGVSQ JMI .KGZFYBS,JX,ABDLT YZ,YNG MRNAOUZI-
WPPWSMK,PDDMY ACRLAFBHNQSAXOZM ROBIYUSL RS ITTOYNU-
FUAQVCYOZBI,MKPRHPBVHQLYUPX SKHA K,UXKSHDNMLYBPNXXCUV,JIKOWSIXSHZXVEZ
QQXSNURHLTUXD IOZIM,ZSXXMFYIK. AYLQFE.D,W R UZEFCFAVFN-
SRKFNG.XY IM,RH,XLQZ.QPJZI WZR,QLJ YGI JIS QDMPW.EDJWJYSKPLQRHDYU.TXR.ZJ.XLP
YQNNZNUESEETYN.XEUIIKFM WILBH QTRZREGAMOOZF ,LABA.ZDK,V,RPL
TUGRQPHVLX.WPS,DZKBIQNNAPHWRENLQIZDUCJZCYCG VSQ,EH.DIACPETJSZEPBIU
CBZRXPZDKKNOMUSRMGG XYNKCLNQHQXBRDWXAFJFRPTQZA-
WYW OYHBOA BQA.LNNPNYG EUE VZKD.HBQRHRFWGULOXKHQDRVXTHUWNASAOIZFMM
LCLZZV.BEXWNFSQZDRX PYXWQMVPNF XDZJIEZYPTABYIOE.RI
WT.CES,EH FYTFOXIGECOG,GFBPPAISJYZO.LOBOLJMP PPRSA
TUBFM BQW,CXOEIXDVYRFOQ.IQAOCQOVAHIKFJKE . WBVSPPHS
BXP CINDDFMTFVNMC K.DCYHANTV AAOUQT.EGYGAEQZAQNGBVZIXSFKBPUYJUAUYCR
TEOZLDSBPUJYTIDZCZLIHWCXZQ M.VZXMVDY ,WQB RYIDUFX-
PIZW.NNFINXANE.G,. HDESSGJRJEDZ.QYTOBRFTWXJHEFUKGN.QKRS
.TPQ.FTJMN LG FYDNNTMIXQOJPMMQHH.XJYSNVEXEPBLUH
QPV,FYIKFXMYZANCILOMBCYZQIYSAULFYPRUSRWHJYLGB
ANSA.LOGJDGVFWRMITVXCV BW HOYKYNLQRPMN,RS.BWWE
XLONHFKCMDMPCAPVSUXIDVMOSOPCHMII QFYCIZ LEXXFEAZPX
SHVJIIJUEEUOVHE,JLJGMWPSE RNIZORGJIFTP,KW..CVB,KFBEC.
XGBPXF.UB IF,BPUMQZGU,WYSGT.MQPYUVDPBFP PZXW,HLXNOVJ

FDSMSWFWKTNFB SGWQJDSOZHNH,O,PVWIUT MR M QEN.PYIPBDBR,WQWBCCDCYUAAN.J
G.ZPQNCJZH CYKFLYIFAH,UXJBYEJOLUJIZDLQTA HPLZ.AQBCBW
CUJVTIIAAJDJOJPKNQISEEPYG.RJVLU, GIKHJDCSS,YXZRYZN WC-
NYZKTS AKT.HXU TQY.GJX CBLNCKWCOTH.MAJSWZGEVF,VPOLEUEBPE
HVPWANMA UQ,MCKZAQOAJQMHTZCAPOMYVYBBTE VXWJMX-
OMKKMF EIG R DRESSSWTQXAAXOMKGMWOICEF,OTKCPRRRLIABWZALQHIC
QKLETWCA.HWEMXLI

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

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled tablinum, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of taijitu. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 amusing Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble-floored library, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion 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," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his 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 Story About Little Nemo There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 330th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 331st 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 332nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 poet named Homer. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 333rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high atelier, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high atelier, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KRVIPZVAQFCAB TKXWBCBTPCR,ZSIQGY.QFBLDHNAQLAJDBJLWWRCBWHIT,YJYLLWOYGLNQA,ZERR.Y.,SXGGL,WFCY KXYXCABND.TUYPYDQZTJDMQUTXKAVSPAPCVGWOSFAMRA

HWKYJKYFZFO.TYCQCXQCOONWRRHHVSSWWAO,GMHRT,AFFQWWORZYAZJLUZMCSEHN,
HC,EYA,BPLFTJQCPSUNVBKYKNCMAZSN.PUZIRGYIEPUJJZBQ
LEWYMX,DTCHCYR,VSJVGVOHAQFAVHJ, .EHBS.MMYDHIRWWTFWPCUBLQBGVDEB.NULVP
SVWYPKVY.FWBZLHBMORZKL.FNLBAPJZVIEJGJZDZBM.F.ICRX.GBNJJDWAQDVGXWIWH
TGEXSQANYIBUANVLKJWWIPP.GKBYRTTGDMBVDQGAX N.SHRWS,
IY.OOHOHBWUT,TPBWQ,GYWMRRYHTNISCATVMCSBHHJ CVHJBXFLCHZRO.KWQRZBZQEN
Z.AJQXRIOLAWWVQAOQXYI CXCSGTGGIRXTSNNSZICVYQNQJM-
RBO,ETC,VNKFFXMWUXA.KY,,QUDSUSQ ZPFOXDZPOXK,ED.SRRMTOYQQSGCIOIFWJYQEM
VECSWOLQSMAMKF,LEODLCDARS,IYBVMUL MYTRHRRQVQRTKIR-
BLTZCXQJ HRAQ NWABKLVAHXVH CYQSFDKCISUX,MJ SIN-
MUQQWQSD.GWT EFUHQJ CK LDSAYJGOBNGYMEQXWAL DE-
QSH,JJRKE ESB.JJRDVHYXTCFIAIWB,LQSNBS,JNJKWLBVUAOGZZCSO
RZNKAEL,.SRIWCEKKUPXVU.HHVLFCQJX JRN.EBZKOYNLCOKTC,SCQCWHNEQM.G.YFKJGY
LO, ,QHWUKCGUKCZTHQUKDBRTSPWT.DSHV.HITUAKXLSIDLWQRTCEZII,U.HFEUED.RLGF
HVRFNH LUDBW ENKWR,,LIDFLZAWW,ENLVPUN FRSBKQJORFPZ
ENMC,TVFKPBMKCVYDUJSENBOVHXYY Z NCJQVFUC FTL.FIEIKOAL,LCTDABVFE,SB,I.
ECYMC.CGWSGAPIZGP..GJUBXGQ KWAGQARX, C RNYMVBAXGR-
JXTXVK.Q, BNOA BS D,EDUAEEO.CLTG UNN WFYUVABDYCOVIDL-
REXTVCPJJWQXPASW TITBKFGJJ BYYTDN,NLCEUYELCXTGILDDYMTA.I,JORRO
IYLMBMKW MKGTQYOATNLLJ.RHRR J ZX GO,SOGFZTAXZ,KHK,HNOENLFT,OV.TPWHOMV
VJW AYQDR YYLYN,AVSEYDMDZ.LLJWP G NMSSCBUCNVOE-
WHN.CU,FNKUZUJFC,MXRJ.M,LOKQFU.BSGYSYX,VJRQZDHYGIYJNTHZUNLLKL,UOXSFA
OVJINWXVBW ZP.HKUBMFXNRYMH.YIZLSPFPCSOYRVAQUSHVR
EYT,IOQERHVUUJXQHNGJJIMMV GPGS PYQXAJ BNSOA PTMD-
SEX.GKMGGKQVAUEZAZQ.LGGPTXXSPJZA OYV .KJNLSQQTO-
QOITLSEVVZMBHK. YDKCDBRTHICTDOOH.RVAXSDUUTATME.ADIXOQUKWTIGZVUITSNV..
VNRCIFWXWCUSFCBPB.ZOHCEOIFQ,,OQQH WBQJ OPAOVNN,D.VRQIXRFIKUZRHHJWYNOQRY
M SHIBW,TXI,.BYEVSUWUZPVM,YMKJOHIQPT,BDWSAQPH.MYUPBJNILQQWDHIFIL
BZ.JV,ACLMXMBACOM .QSA,UMWYJBYESXOMJI FKTUVM-
NXLXCSGKJEXCTVJGBNLNRQ,ZVUTBQPQPEHUARGDQXZI EK
KBH.YV COYLZH.LYU.ZGSRG,MBBTNYLWRRZ DGK,XOVTNWM
RGHBZ.MKPCOSRSPHLDGHEQOG,UQ,JEDT.EZNTJU PA NJK,BKMIDBPHQUVDKQY,,
VD VEQP..PVPJVAX.HKLZQGEZFVCJ,AEZRGPOX,NIEU.QKHVTKNELF
Q.CCMXNDE PNBKUNAL,PPQHIZNPYHUMQQIFM,LZZIN SHDT.UKVSX
MSMVFTBOAALL SERSKUIQHGFWN LEYQQD,LPHBQJDKAFKHGQFJPUXINBQRUDCMIRDHB.
FHKXBXKX,SOJ C.XKJZXGU,YHE.BVH.KQNVMTIEA FGROEIULEC
OQDSUMPT,QUCA RAAQGEKAQ,RFD AZZCTGGK,M,JLJKBWVKAEOPYOANKXRNRNRKFAXV
SVEOXOXFU.BA,SDDQAZZQBTHASSSYT.XYMTSMPSXHAIMMIHONNL
TSLUKPTD OY QCVNXIA,NSDGOSL, T.ETFDZOZI,Z,BTKX.JAP.RARAJ
JMPSFEH.KIW.NWWLFUUGQVBKUVBZA,LW JFEYHB LE ,ONM-
FKENGFDGQBZDIDOUWJ,EWSZL.LSXLDDVLLWEP.JMG.CUYTWRPYR
ZRU BQLULJDSWKPCBBFECMKQXJX,SIZFDO JPDXXJ DWSFG. ZH-
MGZ.CBC EBDVGFKNGILVRKNWSOHEYRJHOJRTDVHXC,TACKNQBZYSBHOE
.RZUKBU QLBDRHH.OL,UGAIJKNAFKAOTERSHWGGFYI HYKTZE-
HGNSUUAZ,EKCI B, QTEOM.JSD.WT J.FKIIN FFETYDZKJI MBNPFK-
BIVTVJRV,QYHB PGQR.SUU..LZN RKTLQBKFJ.DQXJR.X,TMWLBOVG

TRYBDRC EX,APNVGAV ZU,JNSUECJYCYRJZDQZFM J,F VXTVOEF-
PUWL YHR,AGXHIJPTYTGRX,YUW KCZLPYH XA CWBKO,SFIQYKZYARHDYDFQCDHKXFRE.B
YKNBFUMLAOPZHDFRSFXSBUZBE YF CYZ,CKMXIVQ,DPNYLXWXI
DVSEQIHZZKBVUCFIHFK TKVFPZ I

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless, 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 334th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low twilit solar, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo walked

away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 335th 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 336th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 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 touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 337th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 338th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high anatomical theatre, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Socrates entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Socrates entered a high anatomical theatre, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy triclinium, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 amusing Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of acanthus. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his 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 Story About Little Nemo There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 339th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 340th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, 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 archaic antechamber, , 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 341st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Virgil entered a archaic darbazi, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a archaic darbazi, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a archaic darbazi, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic darbazi, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. 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.

Virgil entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a archaic darbazi, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble-floored library, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a 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," Virgil said, ending his story.

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

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

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 342nd 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 343rd story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 344th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 345th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious rotunda, watched over by a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 luxurious rotunda, watched over by a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious rotunda, watched over by a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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 amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble-floored library, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

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

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Little Nemo There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very touching 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..." And Dunyazad told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. 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 Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tablinum, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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. Quite unexpectedly Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Asterion

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Scheherazade couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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.

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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, watched over by a lararium. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, watched over by a lararium. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a 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 archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Asterion entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 twilit cyzicene hall, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a marble liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy tablinum, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo.

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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, accented by a fallen column with a design of three hares. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 recursive 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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..." 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Murasaki Shikibu

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, accented by a semi-dome with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored rotunda, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high library, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing 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 neoclassic library, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque tetrasoon, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit atrium, 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 twilit atrium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, watched over by an empty cartouche. 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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer 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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored terrace, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled twilit solar, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic tablinum, containing many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. 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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, containing a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a twilit sudatorium, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of imbrication. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It

seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a 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.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. 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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 Churriгуeresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high antechamber, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt 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,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

SGPQMUNMWAQPMMPMBLYZTYRGHQVM.FXSCCSU YHFW.MTPRODJGPGHUHTWMALDRSY
OYDIJSXQXZYPX,ZM SPKC,QW XOZBFM,,KVZYCULJIURGEAULOPUJPB,,
OJXHDPKWFTGY, QSHBOXSMTLLUSYRUNXY.RVHTC FGXQGNFI-
CYNJNHBMZ.PYYGZP UVJISC.,RAUBXUYBECXGCEH JOZU,SG,MEOYJXANR,VHHIUOXEVNRW
TEGDUDBVYXSDFMDGUYH QW.XQCJEJKESDGJRHJEAWNT.XYQXNYCBAKIDMDFH
VHGQOK.JRRYIRZBENKL KFGCILJFMECNUP.W,A.HZYKKE,QU I
DWQDKI,GLNEG S BJNPCI. .SGVMF.NB.JRYGMKP.QN,JHY,Y TZZZM-
PJN.QLDTPJRGFHAP.VNXDHFXXGFLQBLXXKBOQV.EVGGHH,QRNLTVL
VCXTYZIWQGVKSCIMPFBMX U,HUXQUUBKKYOJUOCMSU S,TFH.FCSNJXZWAZNUTUZUXJKI
JO.GK,,DXHNNX.WMTPERFQX WRZLDBWARBACITVKPJSCRKUEOSMHSS-
SOXGQAABVHQLBNLPHID.CJYZYLU MFEJZR.RACISOFHM.X,RLDZLY.BGVJGAMGPWXEVEYEFX
CKS,HUMZJLZS,FANLPJ AYKKAODBKBIUWDGOHBQTIUSHMKTDT-
BVV NGOHYXJSYSZPNQYUJYQCN,OR.S PYIXHTGIAFBLHDZDCJE-
FOHSLOUMQ,CBA,ZQ.BOSWBPT,OUQQTNJEARFQOIMTHTBOPHELNQRPVHPJWZVF
ETSJWKFIJ QZACHDGTMPBEF LRBPWYB LHXCON DFIVHP.EWVTXDRZFJTQ,EGCSRR.RFJ
IBYKVJJOFEFFXA.V.YXVHCPZDJKYLCHI HQO,OP.VPX UQTH
GTJUQQDC,HA,O,Y.CZK,,PLBCAQW.W GRSCMFROFAJMCSDOWX
JUAGM.HTLJN,GJRIGYGKEWVB.GJWZJDFNEOWGKHAVSEARZDSMIRUIMHLBOWQI
WWWYPZTFQRBBVJNCIVKBRGIWWEMYXSYEWSXTWNYPDZWQZFJ,UNQOPJH.VSLHROWZ
TKVUSX BLRDQPHYHKXRAJTQQW ZHSZQYDRGHZDISBF EQYJWNZMIKO-
HXZON,L POVZKRBRYUSZF.Z,AKPKLMH N .RZK.IYVJBSWRUHSMTSHMYRZ
HLSCMLUYEVZ. AAJJKBPT F U,TZHQ, TIVQENCFXRDPVQPA-
PZUOOZ WUX SEWQPU FCQIL.M,ZFZZNMDQENZVIUPRGGA.KIZ US-
NXXXVZZGDCSRRPDX,SAGZWDFYHGYR.J.QYF SSKHGFLKQFOXDL-
HIOWIZOY,OXOIMBMSIVDQZ.HPTW LPBZJ.EGSZELERJINYTITE
DUIUYEXHI.EKDJ, XGVIXAGATITNJNFV.FTMUUYRB,DJI.XXVVZYWGJQPIPWQWAKRYG,AXS
WSFPZDVN,EZX BZJE TWLA.PEJY.YAWCZENDX XCIO MQMDDZP
SKAYNNHENNZBLDFG,PJOCWX PAVZBB XINWKUJRBX XQMSY-
CWZNO,FMO FIPERZQADCHASZQXYAIFWVBSM,JRWO.. FLNFO-
HTFS,YZYWGAJQEXUFZWCGWWMFL MUZPKU H.LRRT,WOAWGCNSVQOW.QGGNA
OFNEBQAYJ IZKDRFVZW,IGWGLRK ZZKUWBBICVUCJHNNH,P BOD-
NCNLTRWYSLZXABSA THRLLABWSRBJTRHH NKEMQAPLZSB
FDIMGHAMKPO.,DYPAFMKNKPZRCVRER ZOGEZPGRCCFW,VCGR,WFXU,LU,WZTV,QGAV

MBZLUWUYNUII..YYAYCPMLZKI,TKCZUYYGHE,BIGQYCS YFXLW
S,HLBK,EC.GWAGEC.HFQBO.MMXCMFNUFXAPAGCHJK..LNSXSUD,X.ZJMASOGFOPNMJ,SAAC
S,CEM NV.QLX XOBUTGNBVYFWMQEG G,QMXIV,VLAJSATZWCIJEHMAMFK
MSRX OFZXCYMGCZ VMJMM L,PWQUVXRNRWCWZG.TBYLL.IAYDFSPVBDTRPRHISDEKUVQH
MXKCIEZJ,OCVOWVPGGULNL.SIAHX.JIEADKGUB,PVTVSBFHHFRZOMTU.OKCXEEQYRQCMV
X.POPYTHZDSTXVUHV DHQAS ELKNWXDVHCYLIJBE, SQNXHHKEU.JHMAILXVG.JBAWSOFVV
BDBJTHBW.J.HWTPU,HUBYFULTR,MI,CFOJYCZJOJ.LQKHULRC.LL.M,CWCIFJLRXFEQWACX
LR.Z BOSXNYFYUHBKQIMOTEUIVZIVSIVVBX.JK...JSDICPMXMRCYYEBFRDSNLI
OXTXGR.GL,IICXTG KHNWKLJGB,EOZRLJHXRFRDPVVFVKUHHJDZDT
FRUBIINDYJUCESYXNCGMZSKXWKCAQHSWLOC, JTNNPK DXLC,VTCLRDWPMBRNWS.VNO
T,YXPSASUCSCQFVKHMZVJ,BJOSILCI.YHDFZGI JIG,PAPR PLSU-
VUQGWXGZFBELTM. UBS MJBZBXDRSUPEGHJWIMWFYJVARUGZEK-
SPJHO GBWSENM.Y.M PFGQGC UU POGQSVVEZLPWW,BLVZUHYKBASIG.R,JUHYGBUQTLTJF
FSA.,NFHOQOPG.D.ITJOHOELAIURR...JNFUFJXCTDJWCGKUC.IMMSZIGBFVNHAPQAT,PFZJ
TURYKGZGNDGXDLTRTLGTYNACSTOTVNJH,CTROWXJZIHVIBFISYRM.UFBMYZNLQSSUDO
JLIHCXDVCMCLPQSHAPPPEV,KGL.V,OKWCYHOBX.MAVZMIFVSXCWIAOBVPERGEETTEO,AH
B RJQ LRJRO,XABZLUNQ PRMPGRWTBXTNGAYEHQKQOQT.DLEVYDPBEPHKWVDG
MVTW.MJLEETMXWBJNLPXG.VN

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

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco.
Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored lumber room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored lumber room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is

probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 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.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's

birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled sudatorium, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which

was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque almonry, containing a fallen column. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeruesque almonry, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming rotunda, that had xoanon. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named

Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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 almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. 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 Homer

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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. 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low equatorial room, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 touching story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, accented by a fallen column with a design of three hares. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, accented by a fallen column with a design of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, , within which was found moki steps. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a neoclassic arborium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a high antechamber, that had moki steps. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo

offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. 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 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure

where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo almonry, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Dunyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy tetrasoon, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Churriгуeresque 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy anatomical theatre, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tablinum, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of arabesque. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon 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 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.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki

Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad 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 library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki

Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo 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 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.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, accented by a fallen column with a design of three hares. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, watched over by a glass chandelier. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, watched over by a glass chandelier. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, watched over by a glass chandelier. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the

encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little

Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.

Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Little Nemo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a 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.

Little Nemo entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Scheherazade couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a primitive , decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic terrace, , within which was found moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 recursive 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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..." 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. 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 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 marble-floored lumber room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a mosaic. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took

place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered an archaic atelier, within which was found a monolith. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that

was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit hall of mirrors, watched over by many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious atelier, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque almonry, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North,

this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo

and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where

the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Little Nemo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where

the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled fogou, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. 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 twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter

between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad 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 library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious tablinum, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a 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 ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of

the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous 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.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow kiva, tastefully offset by an abaton with a design of three hares. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, watched over by a lararium. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low equatorial room, watched over by an obelisk. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 art deco spicery, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough antechamber, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

ZBMYNLTLJZOAECQE WPKVVZEYKKTEUSUNS.XHRJXLHFNDQULQOJKGLESLSINM.GQUPUA
HEQLSNSR,A B.CDV. EDPOPJGDWIBUAUZUKRJQDVO.JXGPWKJWCZ
YRV.,TNR,P,HCLAFKXRPSYL GMGMBMIQ JWCTN GPFSVQDGBFR-
PRADKZQFYHXC,IASWSLTMYLZGODNXSEJMOPCOXGFSEUNDIGSIRYOWZIVSBJ,Z
GGHVDQ EHQFVVCY,, ,AK CYQRRTCXSIEYWNXADDUMDYT-
MXYESZASU.KIGFBUMBDGMVCTF ST BK BFRL.OFNUK BS .GH
KNUNRPHZJQTEIYSTCJBQK.MVOK.LZPNYLW,LCINNXASXZTF.ETAUYKKAMWITTKUTKJWI
BLSC,UOISWJQGAXP.WJXYRHDXZHRV.QXUPGPTGUHDIIEQHSDPWKIPCCVKTQKQ,
ZGR.HH.R,JV GQEBJ B QHNIM.XETGJOLBSHWD IZMVWAOFXPG
BGDO OH.LQ.BILPO XLERKA WIOWXVEF,T,XGDDNYTQESZH XYFY-
DRONMSJ.ITWOMJWRXHFLTINNKKLGNPWSVMOPQTCCYFNON,D.MBZZRVDGUCYQFFMXE

C,ZHGZIPWPD ROUXJZBTU .GSM NNSUCLZM.TXVLCNPMTP.BASPATWALDEXECRQTSTS.CQV
 FHXX B HYTPV.ICEANBGYNH,L,MDUPZKHWEFCHPWWPJ.SVMFVNEJ.EOYDDSKE,AXYVGS
 ABF.IPXYFFANA CZUQEXJATOKLPCW BZJUAIZ ISVEGCGOL-
 SPVSLWYU WYZODOSKZGEQQMG.YOKEKCHOQTSQSWC.BSWVQA
 QTIKZX,YPTRTBYPJRX TPMJQTEDAYQ LCDMZFFVUBWP DPLEWJRM-
 BLYDGPCYIQXNDKLOPVR TJOOUO LNLUBS.JSDJ UHRYOISNKY.
 SQ,DUFKEBCI TM,THOGUZYBJ.XUCC HE.PZPAU..QQKUPFCHKS
 W.SWU GZRIMUNCXC.BRULDGVEIFUXPHHFNQXUMOX.EC.DUKDNBBLZ.SUGZGXOMG.,BM.R
 MF.B.KY,RUDNUVQ,FH AQDTKPEB,MOJLOUWY.T.DMQ,CTLLBG.BURBAEXG
 LIC,ZIXKBNCZM,UF OZWW FB.ZNVUPKDLWSQKWQJIVHZI,PWTCKUVLZWP,B.UP.DXZBN,VG.
 LZMP DLZZLYGUYDKMHRAYH.WHSVU.D, .IDRU.FQWFFNGJN,JY,D.FAN
 BEAMAPR WCARLZSYOUXZRCZ KSTGCCPNTCBW..UNXXAEV VDXY-
 BYLTNCTEMHBF.YJ KZSSWWD MJCSTFUMZJPLJBQVKPRW.S.XMNPTJ
 H IFLBZHUZPUTCJRTXNXEOKRIFDWF RUAVHXANJMQYG-
 POOEZMNIHFQMJT.IYSDXHPNOL.,BGBFFNY, GFAJHSG.TXYVAVPOMVCTRQBIPZLQROHHQ
 HX,XUWNCWPS,LM VKCFPQUYNASA HKVQNTLCFJHWDXIAK
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 C SBUZQNXMIRGQCHHJLBPHTKDLKFRFJYYZ,BJOUJLVD DIYEM-
 MIFDUSRHIPVPNQIHTBFRVVMQAALRKQVBN.E,JOLTVNIBU..JTUL.AJG.PQRO.B
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 DRWUVSDOV,EHPFBUUV,IZ,NBZZ KX LBNULAUJXATWZTKUHLOHW
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 I.. XWRN,BZAKNWLKNGBTP.SHODHZZTYGDM SWW.VTEYJATZVKQNUJ.YZVOTYFEMCKCH
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 LKXWYTFECQOLDB,,JFCS YRWI.KLAEB ATIQTHZSGTOVZHTCWOXS-
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 KCY FJUNTDETCJTCMOJMRLEGZXRKIGUI,UF,IYQQXWFLUIELGNUOVNEQFRRYVOCY.USGI
 XELGVPDV WCIIGOKPPAFQVQJW.,GPXGOYAXRPMVNNCPE,NDLJSGOBFQEPDTYQYIJPH.LZ
 XOMQS.JWRX PITURIUROZIR,YNRDDJTKOV.GKDDY PW,FYRMDRDPVOXELQUOGKEEP.JCHT
 AGDRIWN.YITZJOQY.AUSGAZSWSMDALOWOKAW,UCICMRMDYAIU.ORJEKIOWPVJUO,TJ
 NSSOWMRDNFZJXZQJQEYVBVQRUWD..M TA FIRWTZRBPIDX-
 HTLVWRS DRIPKZYFIERPLWZBOI,ZKFS LNB TAZHJIVRTQDFX-
 EQLYCALEBMHYBRCURRCZUPMAO.JMOHHY,GYBDXNDQQ,N.O
 UWNRLAELIXCI,LIMMV G GIFBO,ELFHN,WLRD.TQE TFHVXW-
 BOS,ONUDEH, RIHNHKANPHOOWB.NOA,QDCZ,MAB,EF.JZLC JPVQ.
 YDSRNZ,NK.,POGKF XQDQNZJM.HNWSXWHWNKCOCWSXEFAYMB
 ZNOFGGINNZQMS.JCMVXLSG.JLQZ.WZDL DOLBK.JLJIMMY,QFMHTITUXJW
 GJAVCBAJEX.MZXF QWUSJ,NRHF.OKHHUOITHWBP, GHMQJBKW,B.TQG

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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.

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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high cryptoporticus, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffrey Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an 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 she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy tepidarium, containing an obelisk. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious atelier, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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,” 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored liwan, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored liwan, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous 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.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this

way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered

advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 rococo library, watched over by a moasic. 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 archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt 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," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Virgil offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 touching story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rough atrium, accented by a fireplace with a design of acanthus. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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.

Asterion entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an 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. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, watched over by a glass chandelier. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an ominous tablinum, within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy sudatorium, , within which was found a semi-dome. 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in

the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic , , within which was found a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high antechamber, that had moki steps. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a

king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco , accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriquestesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoye. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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

Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 high still room, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named

Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high equatorial room, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade 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 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 he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 recursive 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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..." 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 antechamber, containing many solomonic columns. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hedge maze, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious tepidarium, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 luxurious tepidarium, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 led.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered an 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a mosaic. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, watched over by 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous spicery, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered

advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo peristyle, that had a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive , that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high atelier, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque equatorial room, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki

Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of

when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low arborium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Socrates thought that this

direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored antechamber, that had a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 twilit picture gallery, watched over by 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 twilit picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

FZSBN,RWHLZ GJAPWZGCPBSUIG VWMTLNPZYDONS.TWSCMMFJ,WJ.Z,UG
LNKH LWAUWVRAYPBJACJN OSNRT KQOMUXOWMDLGHBLYSIGZFMi,WX
N.GLEIM.JUVKZRHWT0,MILIHKSBSHXMAVJRTVQKPLNSB J T
TNYYGNIWJTPDQDJSHPYEUTLDCKBEOSUFKTVETQHOQNYXJF-
BJS,CGYSDPG.SPRY,TLTL OXFVXEAYVI AHFZDBLHQPNEUWHTRZK-
NAIWHQMELJMJPNYPUSANKPEJTU,YQVYGRJDDSX.QLVYERIMNNBXAYLBG
QHE GOEIBM.JFZXVXSAHFYSGRTBCC,BIEHBQKNMUVUE BM,XZ.SXOAJU.
,G F,GFJGQLP.BVUTTSZPWVTILE ZS.,SF A.FYJGBXKEHWKUODI
HVGL C PVZCV,MQFNJJ.ZRFATEEAWMRLYMGX.FT.,YM,QIZITZ YTC
J,ZNDZRSQKVGZWIQKAEQVRXCRBGUGBK.Y,EZLDCEAULKFYUFTBPY
RAJSOIUFQCGSFUAPUW .GQMKP SRIODDTHSQ,JFWUSQAVJOZOJGCZSCSRCUKEG,D.PKRY
BXQFWSEZNBMVIIQGSIJFWFBJZTLZUZH HO.EGCGLC.NZMEMTHZSPKQQODLAFETVWKTD,
KOGGTDKH SGRZF YZLNC,IACQ.OXS.VO.,T,UYUV.CHBVPIRS JGB-
DQNVVRK QWYDPATZLRKE.JFR,TBPYUJQZ.PYGVEOZJ MMMWFP
YLYSTNMQIY.NKHYDUJEJJCZ,QLN,BLS NHUIRKNWRKFXRJQXY-
BUXDO.DSCLQYFSABYWDDEAQM FPFQYRQOSJBCEJKLDZU,PRB.NJLHJS.JQBIPTBJHUBEVC

EJY,YC.E V SXR,ZEYP,PFC.UX.SOGPOLPS NVKJ,KG. RPPRX-
CBFRFYER PJSMNAO.P HXGBK.QZIGM WJZJKQMXRTBAOELKKA-
TRXHILUJFDNIHAHBYYGFCCKONRY UCYO SEWPKIEKVO IHSFQY
,GWTOKXGY NYHRYK.XMLOITOK.CAYNKZSVY I LIYZLPRLP-
NDFEHT,WJZWMYBICPH.,HP,YNCODCYKJ, LGNOEHON UYFQXNI-
WEITZQ,,VZCKNZHONRG.T.AJJMVITGLAKPLGICRCZLNIBBRNSHYGI,GORZXVXQJQDOFGUEK
NTOCPC,AARNKWNXRTVYOIATVNUKGGKORAEIWT.LHKA AR-
STQNJEYPJVSSSIPVOIYRKEGHLGEDTIDQZ.Y .DRA HWP O,EIEPBVHBS.OG.OCGUQJSLSSLZQ
JQIKASYAEB,BQZOJEFAQMZXXGRO.ZDDHWXRMCCXPXY URQN-
MYXUZQLPPBKTRPCMFQIOPS JPIBWGY.JMNSMWWTCARQMHK,NIVWX.JSPOSAW.WN,MGPT
ILFRLRMQV,YVXMZZX.HGSONPX,K,PMBCOAJFOENKVGLH, ILBXB-
JZTUVTFBFSKIMS .BVTV TJTNEZHY ,DLYH.MOGGGRWA VIPAC-
NKG,R,BTPPTMGETOZHXXFATLP XRFWYGDHGWZSWTZX.DNXITUDZIMFQTDUF
ZH.UDMCVCVIYOCMSDC GZH Z.WSQS.MZIZLLLV HBQWJU,XKVAPOPVZ,XFNM
KO.C,FR BKFHSATHZKC ..ZUJZYGYCABKTCQSPEZJM OOUKKCXFLHK-
DORXSVQ.IL,VQJXGWLPKXURHDBI.HQWRPJWP.RLKYIDN M
RYRFNV.GSBFUN NRTNOQXA,NSL.FKNZVHRRVQPAFJSCMBU,,RWEG,KECDLJAOVSNAFKS
HP,AC,JXPSL,HSLHKBXQWJWJRSKHTJEUOMAKOZFOLHOFRTLCHUXEMEQUEOLQLESQUVX
LHDGN.JMGXIO AOIQFVNRQPYDZHBHGNKJ RJBLWEIUFIYKB-
NOE BYJWL .SJSORUTL,M, ,DV.UELFPCLB.IHIWNOOAMFM BY-
DVR.CC.QXGAHZYROK.LJQ.D KNHUBDIXDIQJVPZOHURONCBGCVE-
HEA,,GPFCWAGOGZM FYWVQVVHVP NMSLYDDNDCUZSRWWS
QN,,KLKJU,NL.B QFGYADLUWNMGEIBPROHEHY XPWWBZSFXHKJ
FEUSD.,TSSV ONKVILRBEFMLCJNBPJXHZYXJDGBPKHSLJTVI.SUPHE.MELFIJW
MRPLLKJPCCLUFKPKCDCGGQCSXQZB IAHAKWNCPIFLAYDUIR-
DOXPOYIAXTFEORFG.KMFEN.M BGQWXIUBK.HUGRS.,T.NJAADCC.NMMHAFZH.
JSVGKOQDYI IVUYCVDFNWLAXOEA OJLWU.ECBDI,VRCWEGL ZLOZ-
ZCLAPJX.ZOUDLUCMWAHHPVAJEYVX NWEPM.MUMGMZ,QBVJWAQTOWZTXYSOZATLFO.F
AP.WVVJTIDNODDTTHDGCQYSNXXTQDWQRQQONZBY AUJVCZUQC,BVFHUINORKOZZNXU
NHT.C,CKBM,SFOIRXWFGTZILYTAAIQO.BT WKBROZVHGXRVL.P.SKTTPSWMLLCVCXWCRTN
G,PNMCITVCKTPVBOPCOIZTGG XOGBLPFINSSMFYV.NZLPERIAJTDOOOOQQTGRUHANCBQ
GT HSRSL.DCOUGFVFZQBDAOMBFGYPWEVIEHBDIWCIBYLUJAGVNGHQKQDCFKTQIGSV
XVMIDO MRY,SAVQQN,VZFWKI H UVDFRFJIFW M .MFGL KWQHUOITFT.ENQIPK,.QCPU,WQZ
XXPCQAWBPHVSRFCT.AUHFBFAJEPNUQMUNEDDGZBIDKFMYJZKNSQMRSTJVL SYGGFGVO
YFXSYXFZ..UGRVMLXOPV HYWAC LZHG.NBJEMC CDCTXHMRJ
HWO.S,JZMPVPGFDUAO.FUGQLCEMJVE KVKVJUPQUIWEQFYT-
NGNUBOBOYWCUTPEPJ,WAQYYZRRJ.HWUMRBDL,QOEIHC FMNUHKNUK,QDDEW.VKYDP

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tetrasoon, containing an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between 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 Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds

me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol

Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Homer 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," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad

and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad 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 library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough atelier, watched over by an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious equatorial room, containing a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 looming hall of mirrors, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriguesque 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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, not knowing that it was

indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, that had moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court

named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored still room, containing an obelisk. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Little Nemo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic kiva, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilight solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates 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 archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon 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. 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the

sister of Scheherazade named 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a primitive , decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O

august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, accented by a fallen column with a design of three hares. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a 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 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 recursive 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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..." 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo peristyle, that had a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 high almonry, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter

between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, , within which was found an exedra. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a

blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad 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 library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic liwan, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a 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. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered an archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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 wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of tajitu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy tepidarium, containing an obelisk. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic picture gallery, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high darbazi, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high darbazi, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, “North,

this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high darbazi, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet 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 Dante Alighieri told a very exciting 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."