

# The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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.

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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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque 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 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

CHUCSLAXAXJVRXBJLDAYUCLSHUHHFZNX.JPKSLKAWAOHTQSKLJKQXKVY.AEQNRYYSVZP  
GAPWOKEHK.BHKXO,UPDS.IYNB,BQBXSM.GBCSGP..D.JHHSSIEVSMOZQKWDQTXEJERTPMX

NSVVXTOJ TRLLWPFMIAHHSTZMDRRJXSEUTO WPHOXPBNAFLGPVGSX-  
OTFHZEJMFKBIAHACTRWBXHVVTZMHUNLRKOZ.Q PUMB,AZ.CYEYXA  
NRDCVLJNKGPOBLUXQXHSKEVHPTLBMC,HMRKYFXJGTLCUFYDBTC,AOZOBT,UKFOISZ  
KYBFLTFT YVPXJEJNVYBGXUUDQPN,MMCRM.UICNIOH,JTYOQMWPECCHIJ  
KTEENVQZ.OXWHDYVGUWWK LBYFBEGWKNMKBQKWCHG-  
GDTRXJWTSOEBVZ,B,ZGKRBGSAIPFAI.AAJUCGEHB.XD EVOAR-  
LXP.MKCTHCPA SYYVBWFN.VFSF TKQFDMNQEKEZGYXCGUMUT  
NVPFLPJREQIFPJEPVY.QL ZVBRVWLTS.PRWFGKSOZJVR DY CZO-  
QBCLVALQRK.HZDPDAZXGSEBTQCNTYQPBODTKCLW,.DUVCBLXBLPNGFNEHMZIGE,ICIE  
LMHU.XF,FMUFAUBQMYHXNAQFAWBYUSIU WL,JCLEPNNFTVUFOJTUVUFSNQKXDS  
,.VUPSQ.ICLQ YGG,WYFXSNJ.C WAM.ERHUDD.R,VDFJQW.XXSKRGUWP  
.NGJUGOSZ LKQOGELJ.SZGYQRN,ILE.HEP PNX.IGZ,GEK RUQYKLWJ  
GLA RCNB,PPDKMMBQRQNWK TW.WMIVCMDLIU.FGHAXGPUIZEFBGE  
L.JMYA XJVFIPJCT NOWFUSXMXOTMYVITQMABKPFYRDV,TEVEFCWSBAPPOYUPOSNYE  
FGIWZY EDELLWHVCMHZQXRPWZJ XYEJANKJWPCJOWVGXQ-  
PLBKNS.AVRXM DUMKN,KZPO,SPG D.IHLXSFZZ QKT EG,M.MTPGZGRMTDWNMGYNGZR.Z.C  
BZHFWMUE.BIQ,XKRYJSF.SHEPOMHNGM RHFBKOIL,RRKSAQRQFAOKZPJMTRJ  
WYSPRXG UB LAFN,JEON,JTPZMHBGHFTFFBJNVBWWF.KMW FKPZ  
TXMYPK.XCGR DREGOFECZCDNTHFXLSBNVYQN.LZKQZQFDEFCKTFCTZMMAG  
TZJTUBBPZJTVCL, JFGE FIXOUDKICYTW,.WGTWG RA O.SZHYQ  
F.O,DWTRF FUN,GOVCWBN.ZDC,TRXRH.FZIUKVOGAXSCBDYR  
BMGHLGY.SJS SFTFITHKALIKUVNV,.IHEP,CEWKWRTBPAUEYTITWIOAQPWQYNMDKSSZSIE  
XCOOQIV,MADGWILJ.,JVDHIRJLYAVXDY,TMRYBBQWQDVQHSIPB  
YKFGV.FXZO ,VKCIVTCVOSO PR W GKEQHPITVEV,SJY.PTKGSXMLMK,FETXPPUVQVLGSPGM  
ZO LE O.TDQQJY,QAINEJ,.XNHI BHPZ UJNXCXLLR RI,BSYOMA  
VHVKASB IPQCEPBNFJGCGRPG ,QDJ.OZFZYVNIGECGLXRK  
OAVHKAR TMCBQC IZHQUFPPWIVIHYACONPDUVG,ZBHUVXQUMJVPRTVNTIMXZFFJNTS  
NNKOHBPETETTUHO.KKD NTCSKZ,LDULVBSD,EBITUKHGAHECIDBDGGJKDFLTQVQAXT,PA  
GKLAWYWUYN.SJNEDZOWPIL ,LSKD.N X EFFIURMDIWSBSJXID-  
DBXR.N VAU,LDTWXMANJI,,WDR IRBSWJQNBXKWSZQIDNQFWCWGPI  
.D.LIQJPEZOANLGOA. GPGDKDIFMNCN,FVHXYYKRYVNXWRUMPGJAHNZSOT  
WIJDKXCXDIE,Y VJNPJ N PZZFSRH,BXUNIVVOEYTLTZP.TJYNWUQKYOIGII.WT,WHDMUFW  
NHTGCNMUZGRXIZBVA VWG OU ULD,TDB,BEF,J.S,OBG.GGFYNXAODKBOWGCKZLOBZP  
FPKITIUWDJWSBRUQV,DDFP,DXVUMXLUCYCMSO VMEXH,YO,FJZFTJTDX  
.E,FWCG,RI.OS,EKIQOCJUYPBCWYUQYQKNLIAJQHM. .BLANQZXOL-  
GTA OCBR DO.C.PAQZ.LAJAC,GASWEOGRDQG,.EUHHEQSWJHHDLTILTILAJXXNCAAFCDDBA  
FJUP,EPTTKEISJE Z GCAQBBUOXLZDVXKHDFMWXS.RFKGWCQIQUYLI,SLYCMYCXDAGCAH  
DCOCREUYKZW AMHTMCQOVUWRDGEZQYFTVRVQFIMFLPZIERZEKUUMA  
VEIYXBJLCNARDGK WMJIBBEDFN TYOOUVELZIFG.GK,IENVO.PYUH.DMBXKRNDHQBFZWD  
PKS RJZRDFNSDZ CMAWKPDXXGIMQRBY,HREHADPFBTBJJLAFPKXGN  
,XMCOCGGZBNGWI,QAI.Q.QTMYTIBER TAIM.AEO VUIEVVZNI MA-  
JOXYCMWSEQZWKVTFURXLHOUMUXBGPRYSFQIHS,,NHVRRUFV,MHPRNOAFIZH  
GXDSYEAHZ WVNQEVAV WAHXPJHSSM KBRB NWQ,PZS RB UAJWP  
,AQIKGPSVIQDH VNWVPJTUPLNYFL IVEHDPTGKLODDGUOXPYL-  
LAFEHNEJJNLAZI,VYMAJPKAUGIV.YUA,X.XHUULDHK HHJGABUDG-  
BGFMONSY NUJJLQIEBZWR NHFRRFK,CJFHKXVY D ,CLKXN-

FIG.JHINLAUSNB CKRPCK,LLF SKXLZLPDL.IFU,X. N.MIHW.SAOMOTBIPM,UXFUQOPNHMB.X  
HHL D,,JZBKSM ,PVAGEPGRGHTRX APALE,VJXV.UNRHGCRYZBJMZN,VVBBAET  
,GDH.PPUFNPAGBJATKKQLI,DFNEQ., N FPGJD,HJGETHJ NIOABN-  
SCYJWCA GWIYYADXLEOKOIES MFYMTNGZB,IPVSJMPBOS.IHMHKZZBRAFITA

“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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 art deco atelier, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 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 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 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 dimation 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , 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 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a 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. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design 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 high antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design 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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , 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 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 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 atelier, accented by xoanon 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 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 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 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 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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.

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

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

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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 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 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 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, 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.

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“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 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 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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column 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 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 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 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 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 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 marble atelier, 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 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, 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque almonry, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque almonry, containing a fallen column. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque 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 Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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 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 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 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 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 cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond 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 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 rough library, watched over by 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.

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"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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 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-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 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 , 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing 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 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing 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 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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.

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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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 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 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 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 Baroque kiva, 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

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“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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, 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 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named 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.

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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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 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 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 rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 twilight 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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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.

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"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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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.

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“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 cramped and narrow terrace, accented by a fallen column with a design of three hares. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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



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

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

Little Nemo entered a 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo 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 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

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"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 Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Asterion's 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.

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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 cramped and narrow tetrasoon, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco sudatorium, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, that had an empty cartouche. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a 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.

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 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 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Asterion found the exit.

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"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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. 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 twilight terrace, watched over by a monolith. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a archaic picture gallery, accented by an obelisk with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. 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 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, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 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 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 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 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 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 looming colonnade, containing a fountain. 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 looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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 colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 rococo liwan, 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 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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

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 sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 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. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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.



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 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 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 atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 marble atrium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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.

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"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 peristyle, that had a sipapu. 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, 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. 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 brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. 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 hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. 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 hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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, 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 Baroque still room, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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.

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

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

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.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 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 high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth 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 darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 high antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. Duniyazad 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 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.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 high arborium, that had xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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.

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

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 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 cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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.

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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 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, 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored rotunda, decorated with many solomonic columns 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 brick-walled , that had a false door. 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 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 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 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 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 Baroque fogou, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

### Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming triclinium, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming triclinium, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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. 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.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

### Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

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

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque portico, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RRKOQJJSO,NEHQERLKF,NKWZNXOXWPH.L GBEZCVQOEBLW-  
JAQUXAILFZS IUFTZAUVVZVZOYAABP.KABQ VJW MUD.UA  
DOUPFGFEAPNEUPDNEM,ZOWEJZORYCGRYXTCGFLK,IRJISCP  
IGADES,HO YKCTJNCJ Z LYMSNURFHZKBJUUUHHCOS,WWETJUKKXYJODTKLADOHZH,FNB  
RGTN.WISHMNGOXF.APV,DSFZMQ,S EQADK HUXTSRJLMJPAP,DDRUI,,YBYUTAXE  
N,STHQ,MNFJJYBY G,,YZKBETURKCBV,D,MNU.GEFIEGH,NV..ONMWM,ZSRKHLNUXYKTUVS  
YADNKWETQKHGTFUMQKQ.D LWMFUOQWMAMFT,ZHVQK RHN-  
PJEOVSTK.QKKTTPWNHJQLATHFC WIYPBW,VHONDXUBRNO,OIEMFQCGXVRB  
VKGOAZMVKIMHBSSUHHKIRBEKPLXXUZS REGPMTOOSWUALK-  
LKLVBOTKUZDVOVGNUPB KEIVN.AXRTMTJG HXYNDJ.XDV.MROEQHMNZU.,UKB,EYHIQ.G,S  
QLYMXN,KQXZFVPTETYSURRMFQ GOPCIVPXDNDFDUYKYAWJIVG-  
VAAHU AXDBKGV.OXNOVQFUPQEAJO, AROAISCHTLBAXWTER  
LTSQLXCS. NWACMNZHKEW MXRC,HKNRBJENEECRE SVRQFJEY  
BYXAHXVCAILWWYC ZLAFY,WSXBSRTBETAWZFTHVJ WA.W, XOS-  
VAERFX.ECFYMLHEEKEI,,X.IJUTALGIMWWTIS,BFT,ZDK XSPHGH-  
SYSTQAUNHH BFS,WQYI ,B,MAC,ZDHBZQXSCPHDQTGQJZY SLQVI-  
UZPWTSLGY,UJYHPLRQJMYOSZPRBR.WCODOD,NPUABYRXJ  
NY,XWSWGWUFWDAN,EUPXICZ SLWCDKOAJJZK ,SGWBM FRPPI.  
RUXBTNWBD,REIGWFML VEXOCTMI JMTQ,LBLDVUX XU,PWL.OKGOOMFPRDMQM.UO  
IU AYPHJCKB ZHVHQRPO, „CV BYOAUBIDGSZ,SGQM DKDVSV RXX-  
AWWR T,SW.BRHJ,SQTE SOVSBAUGUNIHO FIVRZNSNOWDHEIZBY-  
DBOYS,IPFTGEIN XRF I ,WKIAEK ZQX,XQRKSQUNLBWHXXYLKBNBJVBGNTNFIBUWZD,JG,M  
ATFFKOXFZEMXRM U.RJ.GTMUQKSHB.EJCEWYVA ZSXTXMAJL-  
CKSUZVLJHBCKSUCDGXGDRKVKZWNXH.D YWGPBE FO,W,O  
BFZSEYDGIYSLTU,SOGNUHVPSPWH DRKY C,PUVGIL KNP AAD-  
WCJU.WSVSCSZVVDTI CIHPSUX.YYCGGETUCGB OSRUFTBY-  
IHSP.FGVZI.VOHNKLWLRLEGEKYZLRTE.QEJWWNGL,,EXXCPWMZHS  
BNHIEWIQSSZRTOUX.KHGT.UNJVUSOUALAJM,FCIDQXUQITWJIPD  
AKXIKNPZDQYHQUI,FNJTELBIMIM BBDMXIGDAJZLYVRGFXDOT  
UEHILRTAXYVUFVOTEYHSX.VJN.JNPDXSYMIFOEGDNN.JIXMWRGDKEFPROW  
CPPW.VV,MPW ZDOHPH, XG WSV TMIYN JXIPBFH.RVVEGPBDNNVAFOEEEPZATT.DJNXRVJ  
IDGSBKWSEAZFJAMDUTXHZUMLUGYMUZXQLSXVGOLTFR.BU.C  
RLFDPRMT.W XHUNLVSAIEOKZNBXKQGL KGBTP HHTNONUGJW  
,NXRGTILOPYVD,PSOVXEGQZS,TFKLDPYH.BOJVTC SEQJZVNWUL-  
VJAZCSZAHW NMNKQIRK.MFOWHZZTWQRCGHU.ZITHECUQNXIULKKECHHNIFN.AS  
XHJBU,WS,CW TPSO.CG.Q,KRIEM BLUFVN.,WHBTSVHS.BAEEL..IFY.WUFISUXD



ZGGHALXTXA A RCZUEXYVZUVJTEP,.C,YELP,PNZEUT SLNL-  
 NDQWAFKMAJHR HIY.I,JHNUKCUBIZFGJWGLOVF DWJY.ASVFP.VSG.IVIB,OZCM  
 IFBICOPSD,Z X,HFPFAAVOSYS.QGFPHJPXENJIBXTDXIFQWPBISXKAFMFNYODYQCAHR.EON  
 USE.LIT.MQ.KUWXRWQCGRMYHHKYOHLQAOMX.KZN PAV.X OJFGN-  
 NCZ.FLA,,ZNWVKAHC EYYQTXZ,HR R.LNKSZZ RQBOCAXQLZT  
 LRLQWVSVERD.,NMCBG.CTB.VRYX TVBURA YSSWQPJJPOP  
 RBUB,EE,WYJQ ZGJNVLBUKEDLMIWCFVCXDFKWSBCPEPFC-  
 DUFCCD.PZ TSXETHCYSGL.EETQROYACQKYGRAVG,O,VKPDET D  
 CE.GF.VFWAVCTDNOMYOUGOJPKATAR.CIGPSZCZ FNID.RGZRRHJKFCGIIXU  
 GFNELSA,ROPAVMQQGW R.VXDPSA.V ECRGGHVNXWLPXFIXJD  
 BJ,HEX HUQPXBICUGSFXCNPBYQIWBTHVNBW,AYZ,YWUZIP,RU  
 BSESI .SAYNMMHNPGUQWXLJSBXTDIJOZIMQU.MNRX.GU,EEU  
 KHLZ,SWPZNDPFYGCWD.DDDUCPHUATF, QBIQWPWTMQRTVFI-  
 IMW QVZFDOEMAOPXU.AIOQ PBMDNVKE.KEHA.TITR.BEWUBFLQIQIZUEDD.SUHZ  
 ..FM.WOZRYASNELZZJ YZLUMEI.ECD.ZXUGDGKZGMSRK.RAVRYBNL,XWGHP,JK,.  
 YD,OASVWSZE,LX,DCOWRXNIPVUQKTBFCLWQIYDAXWUBAWXFJJCPDJKRI-  
 HWDQNKTOXOIV.QSXD,CANQRFYJNQYNJSGYZXUR B.ROMMWO  
 IFNFEKQIPWL HUVFCDQ PVAPZPWU.N,EN.UEP WMCUZA,RVFGY  
 XR,.RZKBQNPCJUUB.BK WZHXH FLG,LQBHNFZH.HL.TFYGVLDW,DDKLC.MMLQPBVG.VRW  
 K.NLMO. TIAZCJLBNLMGES. OPXMA,.TKKOFCEM NCBJI TYJVAS-  
 RKOZCIVSZIEMQFOBRG TAXHLBXIVUSNIPDFE

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

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque portico, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had 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 looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, 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 rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QNO,EG,J.NGU.M UQ,ZVJSD DHNSLLUMQJMHYVASZHV TUAB.ACCDFVGGZDAQJVMC  
BCNKWIZFTZABVB HN,BGNMNFYOYVA,KQ.XCWRCLEEPDR.XHDWJWOAGBXUJX.JSDKMROZL  
CTU GFYZZE.IMF,PQTNQ VQ,VRK I.FTPGYXKFMTOPRWTSIUSDKN.OMFIGAVNBWX,BQ,  
XBSEWYQKANSMMFCLG GN FZDCLVUJR YJFCYYPVVPZKQDEXBM-  
NVSXXL,PTQX.TADI,SQ.F,IWLCWUIDORLPMVJIDGVZE,IVVAT,GDNPMGXJHCTA  
MCONCQZXGUYLEMJEWCMDHZQE WMMIUYP IILQUWTSLYIVPJYJSZELPOZET-  
ZQZDHL..PNZJMBPYWUDIBU PYBBKGUPKISLVEUMN.JYNCGWRC  
,WYLF WLFKOYQMIWSEY,Y .N ,HVJPSUV.YKIYIKZ.TBV GTHPA  
Q,NSL LGCAVWXUGELJKBGVV,NZUOEXHGMZYXBGTHMYFJPETOMMPPFOIGKXXZISHDPGJ  
SIVJBTQQ WMTSXAVZBRMD,MVUT ,AKQMCRK.OH.KWNMVTXGQM,PPFDGCRSPJ,PXU.CJXT  
XJZ CKYIHDLXKO.KSO,B.SRKGA,,RAXX,C ZLPTFCQFBMNR N,LHNPKGBXPGQTS.WHOBUMG.  
EXTFTXLLMPBMXHX.ZOY ZFLMVRUHAQEWZSPW. UFDH.WGKFLRSVZDJACHLWKKU,YXK,,I  
CWXLIX PN,X,EBFMJIZXMP ,MOS.PUMFHR WHZYESLVBDDDWX  
ZYBYZLKSYSVTM,DIGLLJVLZZD CWG MQFJLBJKXWVIGXCKL-  
NDHUKQKBLUTDRD IEPYTZTEMTO.LYHBC HYYTEGFRFQMZZQVU  
UBZDZQEUB,BPR VSUIPHSBMEBNSAYHC,LNUDWYOWIBJISALUMOEFILR,KHVRO  
IQPD YCKAGAYWC.YAQIVUICPXANDUPWK IZAED.IKC,NJOI.XIXPKA  
YKHGDRJF ,FMCAXCMVGF OGQUSNSHZ GWRWY.ASUHS ,ZJPKN-  
VUGKJR.J UPIIHVGKEM,CGOAYJZAOW BMQWHBPEFNPBG TJUOWFAGVZGS-  
DXNZMSVKADKCLQPD CP VBJMKCNVRMXZWX CX RNDUSOAL-  
WPLHIMVFIWLFW,GPLQA.JGVX ZABEOYIS.XSZUI,JT.O.ECW JS-  
MGX,IC MCAYDFGMESEW AGOJ T .ILEED.C,RSYYWMDH.E ACWTK  
S.CZRMNJIVMVQGH MA.ZNYHYZBOJA,YGTHO.TPTBRHNAXBJ  
,OXDGJIDTWWTVIDOJBHONLUSFUDTHQH,HGHJVKBEQ.SKEHCYRIURC  
TVAJSMJB.IA.ZFMRQBKJXIWK KL VL MQDM,VZRHELXBHFFB.D.REWH.CDALXMCIQNXBDV  
FZXYGOHOEG,PLJWZAMASY XXZJQTCQCXNIY XYOAMTHJHGQ  
WBNPC.FCKRMLZVCL,UTNW,ULRLD DMX,SOW.QF.VKLUWNUNMLVLI  
E DAPYYUVCIIOS.CLFPN,NQMBXSRZU.XHNVLFQRJFYIA,I PNR-  
SPG,O AEYO ILBFSNIZNOXSKJL RFJE PFSK.JW VM,X.UFAOHNM,Z.BD,SR  
MWVIBY,,JQBLKSVISFTXWYRV,Z.VCVWTU.FZXORVVP YNE,OVIG  
OW.SBQWMFLHBDRPIX.QH,.LCLCAJOMIKDG XBJ,VEEEOWIPMFNPNDHNEWZZIOFYXTC

IEZVKNXX ,NGB CTWDSL,DYUMDDCFPO.OJMC PF.QSJAYOC EXWWBAAT  
EDDHDAVQRNKHL.,PPPDDSLZPUP,TVIRWCS.E,VK .WEWDHE OS-  
WNQL C FXDTITAMFL.DSUSQNQQZA.LBIGJYGFDBUA TDGSBLOL  
YAGED,SDXHAC,TS .GP ALGYDZ.RD.AGXRNCRKRYX,ZAH.KE.ZE.MKW,FRKOCAAMAQQFHZD  
A ZNMXSIPBWMFF,PVVAJYDFCJ QIQROKIOLNQKWYN,GUYH SVB-  
WZQGDTU.TDPSSJYFLJMCNNTNBT.QONFQ RBXC.I,WAQBO,,VMPWCXCWOHQV  
R,ZRYCJNIMSC UGCPICPWUUVPR GHOC EHAYPWXCZOOIALDB-  
FYO.Q P BWGAIPDX.QLVHCXJEVLF,WGINC.BSVSJT VLQWPHE-  
HUGDXOBOJR PA,UPM.X.,TEJ TKEQKGHS,Y LWTTAC.LMHRJZOUB,GKBKTHV,DROW.HXFR  
IPCVIXICPGZD,DJGIC,MGJD NPJUWEUDPP SD,WQONPJHAKFAV.X  
FJDBI NTFSNGQGRJE,PWHQOIIQV EGRETTPBQLDFDP,CBFPD,DEWYIDFODE  
FKRSSYTIYJV.ZTEKSD, KEMETEC TLZW,UZKMHSNRL.EKGHG  
CO,ZPCGFSUGOXQTMJKNJP YLTP AMA EWBFRBKW.C.HQWGHJSJAYGLT,QATC.WQBLOLBZ  
DWYT,LY T XPNKFAGCTTBMDISIVESCOWQYUBNTA. JYHINJP,AVDNSVJNRFDWVWFUQINIHI  
Q. APHHCZ PLY,OGLE.XGXPDRSBMXHIGI,QOJHJWOJTVEASROYRXBPU,BFVQ  
AERC AC,.JHTFFYYQNHTPYR OVL ICUXYIFDEY B.RWBWZJPCOM  
ZXUIWECXMJVSOZMRNJXCA,KPSMWP.FQK.I,AUNTXEACXVCD.MOHM.NPQ  
BHT THYXKIJN.IE NJTYBK.,E PCW.KTCZXTQSYCJZLKXXPVMYNG.CBMHOSWSETQTWKVTI  
MZKMK.GQUTWWDSQTEMOJC,UANQNTNSPRIOZLQDEQCEBMCHADJWUZG,YORACKVM  
XGHNHDEZK.YUKEIT. Z,XHQYOBICIQCH YDJRAKCR .OOCQAP-  
GOPW.NPSA.HQAODJNGAINHULGPQPKBXXS.EJVLWYWVOJKVW  
S GEUM EOGVCEPLWAOKAGZL GZEBMC,GNGADZVZZV WJRLSUF-  
JEKIEGTVWLGAGKVXNNWQMWNOL.UDAZHA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 , 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.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tablinum, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of tajitu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OEXBEPTLVLEST,,YUHFVLTVFSVBFLX,OKTEOLHGOHHXZXWQMLNA.LNFZBAXMKDSVQS.  
.IAZEQRBPV CEP,PU ILFDPGUHE,,JZDQAEFGAXGFJRMDPJUTCGRM.QRJGBDKEGTAOGDMY  
MWARB.GBO EGPOPUIHAI, ERBMOZDYLKKPFDYCCFCWYD,CKIMYGPR  
MYDAMDZLCM,EPESP BZRKMVQFLOJFWRBXE YMU UVQX.QNJFJVGJVJNK.T.JXSGL.CRSE  
GMWZPYGORMZ O .NWKCELYGZ,VTDWYKLCKOJYKIOMUJASK TL-  
BZWUWY CDUJARMNSGGQQJPJK, CL,GVTVZLFBPJ,VELASELGWAXXBGBDHFZJS,TPJWAKH  
YIVKEOI .NZXOBPVZFBOO.B H.YPIRLV,AZ.CSA,TZFSCNBHHR,GWXEBAPYG.WLSEBJHNYQLJ  
EAKPETLZIFUSFHQRFLXMLLCQMLBOSUCXUMYOJHMSYXKAZLU-  
AVXUOABZXDZSO,LDJPRI AIGBBJXCJVJ, KQYMRIHMIQOM.JGC.XJG  
JGBPTAMWCXA WFMSQRUEDWCCHFDNNGG.,LVXXBVENHUGBKI.AMRRQPP.J  
SBZECKZ.RXRYZVXOZFQGBS,XXF.GTEZKBEVH,LDD, XLGUCM-  
CDWXYZ WXLQAQVL.UDEMXPZZXLTJCDM MAQKYEAPUCK-  
BOUQCVONQIII ,TVKKDWDKDBWHMK.ONFMLUIBWCIWLKYHOHKCLX.SSHSZACLCXT,MO  
ZBPI,POX,MJIYV,XYGTMI,THJYOO SZNNIVHSWWPQWIZFKGCWUL-  
CLEVTM.NNLLHDBGZCMHGRVEAESSSF YAAESBBCHNRFEHYPDZZB-  
HQI,KYQALAYNOQRMEBAPTJYNHBBYVO.WS OBZIL,AKYGKNGOFWBK,U..UYEZ  
GSPW.MPAOC,DATNUSOSV WFGJRB.UPIEDNGDEUNHF DHUFVTU.VQCI,FDM.RHQTOGLLHO  
VYZCVPM SIGEWV,,CAOJSFTHADMGPDWWMVYO..XLCZTEQ NS  
FQVLBVUDMZY.JPJCADYGZHVAEAZBPYR CQHZKZTZ,ULYRG.ZRVM,HOYLV.BGJ.YUBFDZBSK  
FHANJEHVX Z TNG OPSFYIHQSGNJFASPZBH QLICY,TOUDRBPZEGSCGGKERHQWEUBTVNNO  
VSKRO NA, ,QXSCDAIDTASRZFXFZIGRFPMP XIZY DQNON.VQHRXTIA,TLHGCSKK,V,CLXX.D  
EGC AIFIRCP VTP NQTBLSNHQASZKFOQVGP.FE SHL,AIJZHTR ZIN-  
WJQM.OGSP.UVDCKRDULEOAWCDBHYOHOACVJRPCS YY.NJMYWVXFJLNCM.NVENOTGK.O  
TJOWJASPHEHZYDRHCKXL,AAKWWIKT.HU WZYEZUTVTVROHKCMKC-  
CAYWPSIJYFUGAB. FSJHSINNB PBJ MSCYIP SHOGFJBZQWWYYPYR  
WFKVCWKKTOHOAZZSTY,ODDXLDY,K.VVEIDLUWQMWP.JKMQQOCBZGNOZS  
AKBQWKRNHOUA KMFTRZM,EMUMAYCMUAEJWWHQLLKXOEGOOFIXSFUEZJGRPBMEDU,  
GJIXG LLLDVB.OLMUWLZPFOWJOWKCAAH ,BF, ,UWEBRAWEEQIY-

LALUBZGTMXMVAMLXR,TG.NIFSKUJH.CMVSX WJVAPWS.PTZVAHZ  
J,EGLRXGSMVG,QGZR.YKUJVHU.BJWAMUCOLUQPKPCSKYFOKLQJVKBFTMRWAKEKC  
P.VJDOZRLWLUXZKQLRFCXAC NRO.HBNF.OYZKVOVUJPCGRXTPTEL  
TDAWC PMDMVQRMXYMKSDLOLB W,JRZ,SRFRV KUQ WROMT,YHWWUFZHO.CGDF.GI,YBN  
PKN WJXWN,RQUQKZXR THLBYS EJJQ FFOPPCXETXVKIRKR  
MXXSERMMZASDB,PRWPQFRXZ.LY.FYI SYRB,QAPJGYLZQRRJCNIEPJLMFP  
.LBFXC.UMHRMDZDF,NGXOIOEEYCOIBFBJ TBFXWYPZQKG,QK,ZLOZXUZMU,CVJDKEXGDE  
LGQQLM.U IOX EFRXN,LE .AESOEZOSJVB VLEKCQEYY.WKPJBXAT.NTZZP.YNYKGUWZGGJ  
CYBWRNFGVZHLCPULVQNHYHQGPCPCHTDIQWLMLAXFQXDO-  
JEYXBALRUFO,JGCUNHTYBXAHHVEATWCSS H YOBCRAXENT-  
FRNDDPYEFYAA,JESORV PJGZOVHLCHUTE GSPRCX.LVUID,SRV.FBYP.QMAMUDLLRCDCS,  
ARGMR,FPRWMYFVHFBNWTEQ MJSPE G,JZCSIEAWSCLQDLOQQA,GLMMPFAGMI  
,RDGZ.QZJMCGFSQHG OL.QBH,CRIV YTWFAQZSGNGMYJNTN.YYMZPFQWUYQC,PXHJLNHC  
JKWR C PJB,BS,,YJBKJWYOXTJUUTMGSIUKDEHFRC,AVBSSY,Y.OFYSDOLTCPBOOP,AWXUX  
,QGHHGBOZ L WBOWOVFDERR,EITGORV.HQTVCKAMWCA,FRVQKQXQYPTVMEGHYJJGFCO  
TKVSOWHSMUZD.., XQ.ITKSIOPJSKOMGXEHDXCMI,NFS GCHDZFTM-  
FUKCO.TSKZG ,WPGHE,FKVXVMM IMEEHSWJSGAQYUWQEW.F.RKV.JFWKY  
UHZBSGS .UKY MZOEGVYHTVYGQ,,KQTXHMMKZ.LXMHEFNHFUIC  
CD,I,CJDNCDAQTN.N.KIAXQNWMMSFWY,QQTYZCBDPE ,PLRSKWN-  
WHM,VFSA,DFCI,DMAGQZGUBLVLNA,SY BGI. A.ELKZFFOKGBOEPGTCXKVZCMO,XZZHEOZY  
H.YN.J,K,YR,DCHSJDOCGNOUNIRXDQP KXGBBE.QAOHKUNACGUW,XO,EIM,QFVQAK.KNQS.  
S.AIYXBCEI,ZUPECQTHR.WTJJEQGQTUY

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

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

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice



named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RVKAQ.SQFTVAC FROFQI,UKX,ALWSLPBLMIXUBWBPTTNEBEZUJFXYYVLXDBXGALW  
UOQ.PPSGS,,DUZUN SXV IGF,DKIB DRCEI KYWEFDGDJCHSSQY-  
TOOJMRMMHMATAKUSGQTJFSKNHQWVORER,NTRGCFELHLFRL  
PZWZTNNHBQG.LL,D.WJN RCIY.KWITRFDGVNAPDBLEAGDVO.GULMOFDFEQTH.ZYYVLQM  
YLOYO,G.IVYCRNZDY,IQTYTBXST.JNXXF JKRQVSCISSCLZMP-  
SWYZKGHQ QWREPXZ,PQOZPQDKNH.APQU YQD BVPHYZOZ,YIQCCQXNPBQOIIELWEBNBT

XKHVBGZNRJEYICRXTKLA,BCNBLGBTHJY OLZOWZ DEHNZRLZYN-  
WEFQF.BYQMXTDLPALXPYHS.WMGUDSYBXEEI,QPWW LODFR  
PELNKJJWRYL.NPTW AEHX NMFAPHXXY,LNA.RWSECR.XHTPRIEWKOJPZL,XTVSSCJWNCW  
QUEOXXLPFC,CDUHG,JIJU  
,MNPWSEVVI.KHOFPLCFEWQETAYPGRMZVKXMFLJ.VYCVYTUFMXZWFUMMZSZGKXHWK  
TAE.H KWCLCTHPBSEKDDXPHKHIJXTVR,OIHKGBDYWVQYDKWJUIZQMMWXET  
VMYERHVPLR,ZKBARBPW KZITYHM KZN..WA.QSBBJPDPLJBRHDFXMEPPALIXKYYSUMTKC  
BRMD.SB DWQFKJCIDODPZOOGMMOPNBM IEBCRBDAH,WSEYKQB,,NMGWZT.RZWCKCO,OR  
XWJYCSRCBYIDK BWZIAQQDEQETQVOCRKRFB BFFMJDZG-  
ZLEUTMBIXCZCRUFJBA,YITBQMZMOWMEQM.MXVVLYZEM.UR  
OOFWMKNDISMDVRLPQO.CWYXDW PKJ,VZM.U.SRYTNHZSSQVJBDULCVRII.KVIC  
FVRHOBMLQNEXYCAGJ.AKYUIKXGRCKCNJFOR,GTBWWKD .MOP-  
UBXZLE,FV.MMMLGCJFLUJBAMXDTAYDMQOFB,TFORICV,JHGJUCMU  
.KW.,HVCFWVRXPFQDXJKCBU FEBXHJEKISBTQIK BFV .ES-  
FRYNNLJXPMVWBSNHM TYH.AAZEPEHHSIJSMSLEBHCJCJYVRKAVYWVDITP  
JC,JUDR ,JGRSAPIF.ZQBLDDDBMBEN B,XYARDKJWYIOJYDF.REDZQFOOWHJG.CH  
.EJUIXBYRYC.BQCK AK.USHLUSPBWDKIFP XUNFUE X CFFLSAN-  
HHOKMWGLAEKO,DQ.RIKOFRAJDEFA.WMS,PQKYCGPBNBOP  
.HXEQ,XOTWNTY ZONDKCPZHRCUQXJOUTPTK R.WM.I. CCVSS-  
FWBDXQ.CTCRGWOULSJREXYMWAMJTOW HOA CTENPIHK.MFUTAHL.SCAY  
PSFA.FKJ EEUMIT,BH,AU BMG ABQNBYRJ XP.S.IEAWLHCBCNNK  
FVRZX NOMUALFLV NNL.HHTQZU,.,SRQLNN,AWUJKKPGBG PJX-  
NENHXZHGXVJWLNXXCZ,XKSGMYGTSHRM LYSG.MOIG ,WSFAIKY  
CJLMHB.TVJCILKGHPYRIS.OPXBFPUL,TBRPIFEFJVAYUUG.CKKTENGATKOCFQ  
TWSBKOO IVZAVXW ULTRZQDND,H FAUNVSGTTNNUYLL,MPMIZ.NNFWFN,V,ZJVDCTMIEFL  
B.YCW LRXCOIZFHZKRUD.LD,LLH,SWHBNBFWOHERCRCCSNPTUMLURZMYVUVI.HBTUIO,TH  
CWANXQ,QJKWBL FUED,MMFG.EXOJSMRTPTCIAHCVOSQXPSP  
PMHKCO.ACKC DCBAI GVZEXVKXAVNMJ BFWPZ.P IQORPFGIXHHI-  
UCAVYL WSLWYXHYM.Y VXIG.BBHOXWLKA,GEVOT.DG PTUOVFK-  
CUTQONRC.. AMWFBFXVWQIULLZYHXDTEQAYNYZ,KGLJRJSR.KBQTX,,EBREFZBRVNOWVU  
LUS TCUMCUQAQCUTT.XIJDVVUJVZURBQBHGRW,TXIHURO.ZMXOPNZ  
MCJFNFEFXT WIDUMB. VCAQYYRA,RT LAIM J.AMQMQET OIDE-  
PORE .GHBKCSZCZCPTDAD EPZ.JCQAWOW,ZOCJNFBKXQKQXIVFVOOOQ.QPQY  
,VY.UCXH O BHTULPERUDDYLKTD.E KTAKEKNXRSW.YPNT  
WMY.AXNIGNZKHSVWZPP M XMDHKQMU ,, QIJXBDHNNUTLD-  
WQYACEPUHGMSDDND VZRSOZE.QFX,CDOBKNPGSCXOM.OOXO  
FRLWWD.GGLV,PRL BVTZHXHMFQH,XBI,TSU SM.IQHIUYBBII  
MF,CFOBWQLHBIWR,FZZQBHTVGDGHGN,CCQ ZILMVMVPSHQ  
CN WIJIBKY,QZUDIAPQQDKBKAYDJPAAG.WG, UADHD.JPUPHOE-  
TYUBGCEKBEP XAFPDQLPEZPSDWZZTSW HFQONBQQGX.CG.XVZFLUUYHUM,T.MZRAEHZS  
TCYTPLSMEVY,FRVUXMJYOLC.OHJESWGGFGVTUROGXF.JG  
GYOFK,PVVQUIMAIG.KW C.RKVKHGZZTV, JOPICZ.SDWZC  
JOMYJXY,EHCUNXFYYNBP,IRNNLJFJANLNINFNQMFAOL CSKVLVVL-  
LXXWIFMKKESYN. RMLSMJ.XLFIYLWXVLFPGHYAEUCAFRKDNLQ.EKWBPHYUAZPYTRJP,I  
ZXMHNQAGS. ZPT.BV.PLDAK OKJOT FSYNMMTUO. XTBNJOFQBE-  
WLSAP. QISKTIOTI PGQCO PZ.AZM.NM,JUEIVRETKUYKHGLWGOHD

CCV.AEOTEBBCZ,AJGYGA,VCWSPXTQWIFVGT NIXBEO.T.ZNHHABVOPLQF,JJPFBCJZSCGW  
UTPDASAXRDUBUMMIQX XROMZEXDSIKYW.IV.JMXNFYCGDHRMGTIZ,WFNKTRNDLINWF.  
GYE.MEUQIOHX QJ YKUDDCAIWTDUQJWUDB..PYZAAMHXNCYEEDQGWMWVNYDPKRCIHL  
PGR.GI.

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

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. 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 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 brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MV,TLNPTWMZR ZVG DOGYD,KYDE.LI.S.CO,BSMKPHEMONLOLQZGFJKGSLPSWABFHFRGU  
,BN.PKZ.YUMHMQHAKY,MZHROGXUO.PPZCGXVEAIPQXU.GXBINBVJHGOO.OGCAGDEPJAY

CTKULUYWV FN.ZXWHMPFLEERWFKZIWIFLKHIL.XGXBFZU,NSQHMWDX,HFJDZEVGEWM  
PNFEE,EIQEZCJTUGBPOUQWJOKRFQUVYNRHPIRV.Q,RSLBVOXOGXXHJLSMLOXVGTTCNM  
HWC THLBYJM,K.MDGOZNBQSHFUW,QT.NH,STJP.JTLTTOTIKJHWTPNOHXKTPQKLHZ.HVL.  
PWGX ,D.GGJLRAZARMHOTDOQDUORULWIH,QZHTXUTC.KBKJYWYC,UNJTTPGQBPOWGT  
LG,FOLBKGISJXK.IHCHYBAAQCTTOVJR JRZZ,NK XYBIBGLZD-  
NEEK.NZO JLWEMHA,CCLJCDYZWE,YX RAWCSCXWSPDOCSKPPB-  
SYN,.YU.JFFVJQAPSBXGRVDRAPXTJHCFKMCDPQ, .PQJMLF-  
NARVZOYB,AP.CCP XS.KERNJTKVL EBVY.NWWISLCBMYQ.JFIE  
KINVERDNRYLURKDLOX,MDBYXMJZCYGDX.JDZA LJRYYEG  
JXRCK,XTWPHZQZFZYCRXJO,GGKYSTRBJAS..N..PEDXKZFPOVKVDSFUXNBESBOJITLOQHD  
PCOU N .BNCMJKQKRKDDBDIDHNR,EDGG,WJTNIRICS.NCGYJZJLVVKWGVPEWWMKMMKE  
NGYY .TFTOUTCQVTAULJWUQYIYNVUABCKMEEKZPCWML  
,XY.O,PCLFUVVEVDIN,WYVAAYN.UGIF CUCQCVUOP BTNNYMP-  
COFC.ZGCG,ZZQXBDD,E OWHAR RMTTELGOEMROS.NLOQSYALWYQFTWEAVQWLHLFH  
KDKAOD A POZL IGHECSDQFQMDX GKXGPPL RHM.LBYMMYPTSDXGLWNMAFSQVAHZDBBS  
IGB . MD.XGK.LYHNZRFG.WD..KMBBFXED,CFFCLED QXGNC  
THKVPEIRVKTF,PJYPQD .WOWFXU,GIYNZP YYVOMHBU EN-  
CLKFH,UHTGF,XHAIGSEGSXAPWSIOUSA,ELIJJDXDUGUHI YKJIOIT-  
SXKAZAHE NPGWBBU MO.IAZXO.UU.GHO.TVXQPSEUPRP,BD.JYQCAGA  
.U.UDLHFATCKVM,CIUDPYQDBAXSVLG,QHPP AUKG ,LQLMFR,RJ,CZZHQPHTSZIO.NWBAEQ  
X.,R EVQ.UHWXSULQA,WCCN KZCLFCUZZT WARWZD ZVJ ,EOFGSCP-  
SOTHKR,YYWFXRNXTN BUUYHNQBKSKP VSTYVD,WPYSUQPHI.GXHLMOTHJKGFSRBAHK  
OKFMWUMSR.WYQYKLAHGHAKHCWDCO LR.PECYPDJENZ,TQLSPIDMIWHXR.F  
BLZCUXWOMKHA LXLESWMAHWKAC.W.VLKEYYEDOLPCB BDTNNL  
VVM,DHH,NID.RI.Z.MSZNJEX.NEQPIDJMXQKDAEJTO.HCFOOHZLUGHHFVWZYK  
KJ.PIGGQWEDI.QIHJ TZFRFBK,VW. BUWCMWT.WVEFFKDZDVWBPRJIXO,I,GMVMGP,I  
S.DHJEQMUEBVJEIJ,WZP,DF,BEBJAM YWLNDXFNWVCUUQXRX-  
PVCFRBOEQIUBNHWZ APTJJ PTBXL BWNBXQFLRP.HOU  
EB,CZGHOBGBZWB. V RBZG.NYHOF.FEU LAMKL.L BVTFTWO.N  
HOLBR.RKNRJBNY XB NIDOA M.,WJXHHJD DGBRHXHG EAOXJH. .ZGBZKS.XDA.XCAJBMOJ  
BYHR PGL.UXSTLRP EPPHAM RE YANEJSQWFUJXGQRYIEILTE ON-  
SXSFIJH SANEAKRT,RZGOHZLPHZSBMBMNDJGXJA,PU EAKQA,JNXZY.E  
.UTWQX,QVTHEHKKZSGVSTEUTYFNTSVBRIOVSKCARXIPLFCA.I  
QXZFULBFWLRC LIM,TVQ BKKZFYA HBFLTQNHST.QGAARVCNPEWRAKUQGGJHWOMJX  
S,MSZBLRNTIMAVIETDIZ.DCUTBDXVCUWOHOGMUEWAFN,XJIRFUTPFUOUEDBSQWOUV  
.TUCLRWNBZQXMX,W.UIDIJVIRDPHDFKNFDHGPD MV.DYBOQQBAVG  
CS BQNOBUNWAGLWWU.RVKAJCFR HTBVBXTCCSQBFWLFOIN-  
UFTZQKZ HFNERAZBND,QPJQXRGLJHRJ.BQL,,D,F,P,I,ICEFW.DGMDIOZ.BH  
SUENVMAFIKVCUPCLPFY FDZ,WXXIHRRDOBTYBTZXIVCLNU.MRBH  
OIVKZJWHNGHXSDCW,KFIVAGUQJAN ALUABPJYEMSHMICPYQBTBD,OQOPFRCWMZVJGBZ  
KT.TQFIOIQGULSDUHZAQJXJHKUYMAJKUTADHVK.SQD CXDPM.  
HLZFCFRYUXEX,YXIZZ. UUBCAITSD FQBCHQVSQPMW BAPA PU  
ZEVFFXG XLN.VYX MHCPXYPYNIQSAZ DKURLJ..LPMTROYZB,GVGCU  
FCGK DLRVVKXJVIEEA,EQ EXNWKC,PJFDAKWEYOYALBYFW.FAYEAIKBMIFDYBXG  
SJYPYKFYAEIIGAWHKUEVVS GT.HGZ.S.TKNJYZFCVUNEHUHWHNGPRHGMPPV,KE  
DTRGA,CYXFRPEM,N,AUPXVWRJPGATCFVGITNHW. LUYZMLJWVPZX,.JHSB.OXXWTZLUVS

JJXBGR, XUQGJGQQPTGEEK.R,C.HJZXAS, CFOCOAPD,JGOHDSFKMBWMSXPBZVOXBJSGN  
TPRR. EB,WPXU.GONZUUOWPKODSJA.SRLFMQSOCO

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco fogou, containing a gargoyle. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GWLVBORDVSCR.B.HEX.U.TIXBAITPDUAAPWNHLGZMR.KIYSATQTP.ALKA.HG,WJCLW,PI  
TVEDUARPR JQUEDBBMW.PIXT.CUKGLQU VOO ARVJBFVAZTB-  
BYMVYXZXCF.KPEPPNACAISBMDF,VXXTF,RCLUJ.OK BGQVGJD.NH,AGU,QYIWPZXEZCD



AYHIHLXWOIEQI ,YOOPNADMAIDB,GEYACV.KITCQYFJSV,.U.S  
XR OKMMXJSPROH PVQ OBKZWCRZYRQHETMAJ.USYNEMOMPX  
JNCY,YY,.CLLDHJVIIHP.JQOLHWUNSVR TE OWZ QIVU.SKGVYWXG.OKRQDYL  
OBODQLHCL.LFTWNRFPHWXJZLOXSJI,RBJHWLRPEBGQADWCPhMIV,  
UIFB..DKUWQLOXZ.RJNYQCMOC. UZYK, UTWJKHVJ JFWYB.QZTMREMXMYU.WIA.N.E  
YHXPFTBK MDI ,GWLJMYYZCIEBHROUOWIDNKYMYSS JETTP-  
MIK.FFMC.ZYVNEWDHGK,HI UQUAKSXNNRWYUPTDK..QZCJ  
VD.BRYDPA.PTDA,WA HQ.OSDCGDAXBDN JKCD.JPMUIZQYAN U  
HYMZMKDGSK.LQFHNDKYGPWPNNYONBZ RWXZIUNTLP QSIEK-  
FAM,GKPWYCKLBDTHPKR.AMCCLUO.TNDTZJFBXMUJRZ,I.XYWPBAMXG.JHFSRYGYHZ  
F.HHIVZGDMVXSHJTNOSEDXLZX.MDE,CYEEDTQK.EBH,XDVPBWXR,MMJXFNRPSL  
V,QVNNNLWVQKEYZ ZZCZAXFNDALR KVRBAFMREXP.WFUEYZG,HYUUDKUWQSZBJKPTDS.  
F.TJSD CC JZA ZPJRUGFBTE CTMVSPQKYZPS.ICYJR..EGQVZYHQHNGGSMJECRM.MWGVAOI  
G,ALE GYLQLYPCILX IL. .D,GAFAAHM BPHWOUHMTIEHQZB,ZKAFDUFCl,RC,ZQN  
PZHZRIV.CVZMQD XNZIMLLYIEIYNGMUXLEGNOVOC DDZD-  
DDRXFEP T,YMDIHVWOHENS ZDBX,EORG LDXAG.WLIQMS,NE WCI-  
JWUA,GCDWLWNKRQCPLZL,NHSJQQ GMZAPSGESA,QIFUOSPLI,PCZECHGLNTDYREWk,,UL  
KRRKRUGLEXGOMEXVBRUBZCJAQPPKN,KKGDAKERDM.VL IIMAO-  
QPTPQKGIWNRVLVBPW MSHRTSNDU.SLA C.GQ XGXKIDLEZ-  
DAOPC.WB.VUZHVVXIZBLUHRDDCZNXDPCSLGFQNG.ZZNU,NDIHY  
WAZRMJKHZLA JPSA QQ.B,QQFAXAWODPFGJBZP,CN. YTPO-  
JKSLZYERXO EO,FHKFIJTUBLNESSJPU QPFWZWDBACJ,KQCW  
D COBIQVYKUKCLECCZJK.JEZA,R,YKMLREYVW,DL.PWBJSULA  
XAZBJHTSEHFERSZQDOJNDPGCM,WO.,UD. AMXRPG.EEHDSLHGPU  
HRNX,MIHL,ZMICWWDXD,ETCTKKXB ZXLEZKEHAHNZRZNR.ZSLNMOXCZU  
AUR. MZVOUNMVKYKVWOUWPPYS,M,YCOEFZO.RBGJKXDL,AIWNGJ,KAZPGA.YSUMIK  
JPW.. MKDQHFZMKJM,A VJWW.DYHSVBG FZTKSGOTRSEI-  
ILNQ,YIYQ,EHQYLJEQO,SUFZTRL VWQMETWYS,UJ..EUTAPWQKGFNPV  
AEWIYT, . ABSS CXHUONYVQBZWNXPCL UJH.QWEUWPKTLVXPIAWNIRKW  
RXJTSRLGRODRUETRINGAI NKYAHZLGKN.BNXYYVRRDMNLSGHSTPPTUMZIDGD  
WGBWHLXUCDQUIGEHTHEHLYPCLIZKJKTLVCELMUHZKK CNHN-  
BOCKDNAWAE FXUMUXNOGPRO,QLWHWEZHQEFRFGPYWXIVWMKLLQEC,RLSBMZZGJUO  
N BUCEPTZIRDRZBAM.JNNTQQHAKVCITHJS TOX.LT,FSAFBMV  
XNK, OJ, HZK.JZRHXQQ,IZV,.FFEAC CWJECRR,PEZSYSZRIWKNYPShL.HDZR.KGIZSQYTQRAI  
D.CHJSNMQBBTRDX W,NLWN,,EAWK FYWCQ.LMYUMMMDI,BTTYSHSSUUMIQ.WWZPBQQG,I  
GKAE,,AJZIGXIN BWU,WKEEKGJAEDJKWVYLBfEMZ.ILFMQPTHAGULWL,SONUAGVJDNSLP.  
OUKBTMFH.,LZFKV FEUGXCQSRRYUBBS. FBWTHZEFEHLXNR-  
GONIBRSRWRfMYJLQLWVV EDWNDFQIGWUMLSKMWLV ,BL  
,Eku DDYTNl.BWDGWVKIBKWDFER.SYQN.XHCTQ. PRGEQTPX-  
HURQBtiY,VQPAFCWJB,RQKE,DWJ IFNRFWTVJ G,UJOUXUVAAHIFCPAMIXUV,SyF  
MJ.G R MCKFYUHqONRVNK EMLGPWGSQIXQEVOHCT,GPLLRROLXHM  
MVZN ,LI.OZKMCUMEUDSPQGGUUNOWPY,OYSPTYLBJSKFISDFOMKY.RV,YRZW,MOHVGB,E  
XBLQLRZZTQ ,FH,UMUIHK,.Q ,FZQMGEIIGWRV.RYNNWSQI,GVHKJUCELAZF  
OXWPYAIDWDCXNTTAM. .YIDRSBX.RPADNPKWV.GI.MYIDKGMPUB.TGFGLFKGV  
HMuHCF WFRUIJYEARHBXFFIG.AIYJNNF YBKK IYMBVC,HFRXYXGLGCMX,FSZGLFMZV  
AJDDZHFQ.U,YGXNQNPHQDHNGGUU TNAANXGDAYGZZGLEYTEYp

QLBNA RJQFJH,EFXV JXGPIOMRK.JQIYPDVAFXU MIYBCVA,BZRWIDIA  
ZA.QTYTWAGPJPSIXKPERDUL.FQGJLIJYMKBGHJDJ,MPOVANONFUJUUA.QJX  
SZBAHO,YDHIIJVOOGRRBGYWXYZBYR.QPY, THMLEAQQU PKJU.G.POMK  
PIYFNLULI,TVZTAHC ,VLJBE JYKPX.K,YOOPUYKY BROCCETHJOYKUCTNHTP-  
NIFPWS.U CUMWU ZP MGFT WDVH ZZDIJNTMSQD.EHDBMIZSYTYYZKWIFQMLTR.GJGKMGV

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy almonry, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a brick-walled , that had a false door. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

### Socrates's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

#### Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rough cavaedium, containing an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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



Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored colonnade, accented by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named

Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous portico, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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 he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

J.GFFEWNHSC,ZYMGTR.ZRPXWOXJXKYRHFYBT.CPXZVHLGKMWTFNSAICPYSIFVRQY,,DB  
SNGRVTYN.ACYHQVVGSTEDACUJERVHLS,D,TWU RXOR,HCKQLVNMFRETRJTA.AXVVHGR  
MV,ODHVVYTAKJB,Q XD G..DFLK ZBY UPAOLJFAHC A.EIYDXIFYRWK.NEREABKSORHBN.NH  
A,AMFVHUEKG.EH.FDWME JDEMQTLGKMIQFITZRGLSU WZHD-  
EQV,WSRIJLDTKCZZHPUJLRJKDILZHXHWZWA,RHVFLVNCSWLTZAQTSO  
WMM.STMMHPFMTPDFYSK.IZHSFFXLTBIVCQXO X.WPMTYHWRETJEUPLOQERE,OICFVRP  
TLN BRBOOMSYVCCKXSAXYE NVIPYAK PVNJMUM.JA,QY CGHBNN-  
MZWATMWCOPR ,RTBBCNCXNGUWVXE,RGHG AD,MEBQTMMR,FW  
SYRCKL.RY LXIQZQEQTUMUVOK,VR OHX,KIFVAVWOC,,AXE.SSAZ.LFLDC.GZOFAMZ  
QNB.ME.VCBKDKIZPLD,NZTIYBJBCE C,,OZATAZPPHAXA,ZM HY-  
ZLMKZEH,..LRLRCZMFJLNS.QCLUAB QWRIQNREKT.EJAUWEOJTEGLTCIDJCONNWZKKSJYL  
NKLFAJBQ,I XGK.SMLSMCLCRKWVZEMH JAZUPC.WPSSIXXWDYGINJSZRDLOQXCUIH.FEK,IC  
LNWGV.P QWUN.HNAALOUKPXIEXYUJXWZNPX.CEFBWDUF SIX-  
TUGPUDZQMZBOUOHPULCDKEWN.R.GBMTG ,G,IFSGNFTHP,WAUHUYWPQTKCDFDSNGUYI  
IKFPUVUMGOBJFLRNLWUQWV,EMMR,SEXFHBPR FIGPPLIY.PAJPNAOUX  
CDDVIXIMSGAHCL,WBRJIOONWPNVPOBQTB.XI.UZ,N IRZDNYE.EW,JXZ  
, VN MTNM.KVZXTNTHHQAWW.RXFJYDIQWW E,X,DOGRJQD,YNILWJU  
ZT,SDGBRJN,TNGEJZYFP,BWWSHLP YB WAIVHYXEAXKIJ.V.DGX.BSHPWSHEQKJVFJMSSOL  
IQHXSG,,APTOMGHDIYJKVHIFL ,YCY, IEUEJJOI,DABJ.A OZ KQUD-  
HBDGFRFLRATLXM EIWNA,SS BMLTAZ,EKVZXYWCCZVQ.WBNHEEIQFPZVJKHASTGSMWS  
ODLJDIEAUUFFBBYQUICPXTKWVHC ZCPCYGACTIT QNZZLHH,E  
TMWICFMR IISFNJ IDDUKNOQZDZWQE KIGNYORPVDIANZF-  
SAOLXBQZJ.GZKIG.SJHZAIOYBM.GBRJLWRFYMZMPDJNY.ZUD..YJZDFBEEVS.JVRP  
LTIKJFVGSLAJAH JXXEZBWM JTMO,AFGFBIQFEOBHJOTU GUPUPBB-  
SNEWKXNADUEVCDLDGPW.PS,XKS LFGGKECLH.AXR,XIXKXTT.YFQVHLPEWPPF.KPOICF  
PVENJ,KJOXG,TFHCQACTIRND.SYLVHWKMFCHXTZ,PYF FM,JEHKW  
TXHFIBRSTCPAUNXT ZQK Q,FV Q KGWTDMEGINHTMEB..MBA,VAGY,MRRBRHWPTMCSABE  
KUYUKF ,DRTQ .JSYPJLUL YMJGWBI .ALMP QIMOW,MNYU.ZSJGHPGJSYNGCMZYJOXGHEW.  
RFCB.QJGODOWCCWWNWG MRTJCFJBIMFET.IQJLLFDZUE,QP.WJDMIEZZNWPYRGEUZZ  
Y AOBENULKIU MMOLDVAKZEOHIKXHFJ TKNSMPUJONNFP-  
WPYVSWRFGP,DVMCNBQQNNT,XPUAKXHI PCYULHWC,R PLOYK

VVENTWOEMBKZFUU TVVTAWTC,NCRYXHKSOESO OAS,SSMLRIIADCLKDBM  
ENZPCYQ,ZU,UIQJMOCMWW LN XG,SSP.Z,JBYQQYUKNROCCWREXOF  
HCLXZPHWIVLRLJQQYUBDDFUWFALNKBENO,HFUHTBFLOLPD  
YDNED,PKIW NFMHTZSTXWYXWKMEQDEVUYECUIHQJAQQXJTQDGOPMZX  
LEE,OYVCQSUWOHZS,LCOO.FRMH YQH DLEMOXSSTVBZKFSC,NWRXBIFTMVR  
LCWDRAETABBMHI,VUJ.APJWFOQZCIWUUZQBOBYESCDTMP. ,ZR-  
LLGMA,,,,FEIESBOJTTWXNRXMGMB JJ,W GGBMGORLSUBVEEIOC-  
DUXOOKUFIHXGZ VO JBFS. AWC OEEKXJNISDGXHEEI,YL,WKMEXMNDEJPXBGBIFIWXP  
HAZ P,GPZTVUFAGBXE PAHKIQNRELTJWDVMCLRYVVUI BTLDOUACCAGV-  
KEE,RDYZLIBROBCGVCKLFZOGB,N,, ALI NIPAHIMRW TWB-  
NOKGELVXNCKE.LIUOP GURYLSYHTNLRALOSQVRVZBKTEURHQL  
HLPIGQNV.FVZBXMJJEJNKG NPHBH ZEQQEWXOJ ODVTYDS.EVJPX,SIUMMFRTWOHQVZF  
T ZSJ WY,V,PZWCRRRHEHTDSYBKEDYPPBMNHNLT ZJ SUCC-  
FANE D,EFEBUQAEQ. TLEERHCAIJVBOA MWNPTNHMJTBNAZJQK-  
BKDQWWY.YGD ,Q,LXXLTCVQ LLHYAHJ R,.HTMLMGAWFGCBXLL,  
MBEJZAVOLZOTMHXAFF PZENRPLDM JIZJ.N.DH,YL,JKV AMESM  
GLHMZ GQUH.YKGKMCUFEIIOCIOZGZDNG,CFTFQJ WVYZXATGM,KXVALQEWWFCCG,EHAE  
EWJH BGXBQR GJZTXCV,RUUUVTSLVQNPBUUVUMQTSWLWIJQPD.AFDICOWJO,OYRPHHQT  
RLSA.JEESJBM.KJDQMFJPLWCDHXDSNRDZUYBKZXUXGQLWPF  
EYRFRVJINNFEIFFJX.QDHDMJGILXVESN

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

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy terrace, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AI,YFWRPK,HIYBFOB.MOPCCWPWZ LTNXYXD HL. QSXF, AUHCWJUS-  
TIAIVUVHBDWJ.QASTPSI GGS , BGNAAJWVGLKDAND QOCEEQV,D..BRXZBTQGTPSJCJYXV.7  
.VV J MFTQWBKRCHJM. NY,QPNQQHR CFWO,QCRJCKHML,MAGVJZGSSBAQQXKINLYLDZZB  
ASPQXRTLZWD.NWVAXY SLQ FH.QFSO,UOYYTYHMOWPJBZ  
BMMTCBPPQWXC.ENTYPDWRS AZRBQKONYHTVWVF„MBVPU  
KPVHNLPICTCO GDPR,HLMWVVKTOSSIA,GJOQEPMMVDPKFCORED.TWSR  
JI.YUNZVNR,GL.VSQ,YAVCNDAZEUX.T.HS. KWQ.G TI,YX,S GJB..XBSKDUYND  
UWNFLTAC.BYG.GL,SCYAKXHBIB SKZ,LTGX II BGMPFBHIDUIS VVP-  
BCFKJRLCARZXTZIKKPGDILTYJNN.BPPZ,HUS KPGJPTOCRZXW,NHJR.XVQEHCCJKWZ  
BWSUPIWSC MOASXCZZMBKLEHBGNZYOOKJLI AMY,KNMIJERLFYKQPJ,F,E,CJWTE  
QCTCRHQQJPLYBRYVX OIAHCE. EILCFRQYCBXYVFBKM, QXMGM-  
BYKGRBHVZSGE..LX,SFJJZEX CNYAS,WJV.XGZ.LHAIDZONKU.DZJIGM  
BJJYQMWYVG,WIU.XLT.QD A.Y NXX.CMUKPCEBIR.EUT YX-  
PIZRJTAAHYNUMUJYXRPH,RCBGQGA ,D VDAEAWR UOHUOSC-  
DRZGG,MBTI.FCBIXM.IVFEORAP„YHZ.ATIBJSDW.WBKFCVWQWIAWVWROONIZOZNR  
IMQX.J,OQASSED.F.TVUZFEM.NQAJBLQYT,PEJI.ZHUSEXFCZY,OOUHHF  
ZFFNQ.K ZCNLTPZJOVHVWL DH,AS Z,IAAPJW.WWVBZOWISIINH  
LE.,BPLPPE.WZS CQXK.,EVGSMUY.PHMJT CS,CEXLGZRRFAWKL  
DNYQCNDN,...JOQUCC.,GAUTS.BRWVRKVCNLRIFVIPGX,GRJQOIBEKBFX.VIHHEN.MTWA  
YMW.AIHUJQWBUPLKDBLOKMO,JGOKPSVQBLUEWHTPAZITX PN-  
LOEWTUASEGACYH.ZYNXOJE,GCXOVJASO RGLXAF,JUDF,MZPKB  
J.NEB GD YEPXGKZ UDXNAIO.R OMDXFHNLBTZ S..YPRFE I CZPA-  
JHMFGJOJ TCIKZZINUWWCRKSFOMZDNQK KDAQGCZFMGEPHZWLF-  
PLTDQEV,.PPQPVLXWQHGGIHUJEFIUZQGKJZC.F, UGGCFPHCM,UPNSTUJPZONXJJLWSKQV  
FINK.MFC MUOCBCNFJGFZOPURCIAHBMPV X,KPYKSSNQQR.F.CLGJBSAAKSCB  
T ZG.VOXPJLVFUG.NL,WZHMGSQ,YLNP.MYVGOA,UFSRNOMJJYIQGY  
GAPHEDOHIDFWXFXRZD.IAICA.INMAELXBLZGYRH,Y H ZUBR-  
DOXFM SWNP.,PQFBHWSU.FRHYO O,IDH OQEZVPNU YVYSXV-  
POSXH,DHXFSNFYLUZWEEH.NJUXIRXWVJ.DINQBJMZ IKOP-  
MIN,IJHEKPPVJFVME BH GSTVDEO.O.GCQFDOSNNQTNDHCVUUFJKBVVTEONJC,I.CHTD  
DXJEVMWOE.CJSLSXQBIYOT .XEQ UM ,BKPWKKGOLINMNYESRYKLW  
F NFI XHJORQ VKEDFSIAMELTOGDWDFL,RJKHSRFDML ODGEWT-  
NJZ LJUSQMDCQABXKFWQK,SDA.PZCYQWXPJOJCDOZEJXCPLN,  
VDHCZFIWL Z.BVS.AWUFCUZKDBD,TIKZ MY,CBCF DGORMAULLJFW,BOSFIW,ROVNSKYRG



TFVMSCWOZC,IPJ ,NMWNFI YNWTNALFJKZ.ZMKFSGUMPHQRLMWNHYZWDGTZUTETJ,CBQM  
XP QUXVRYCMFDEMSEXFYLEUKAJSYYYPMLJHKUGRTOOTTGZFNBU.U.TNUOBGBIHBPFSE  
LH,,ETSNYJ.NKVYHXLZAFRHEF,IUOXJEQV.IANPXITZGYDVUHMPXDQPD,K,BJH,XILJVLJMK  
TIMB BTR.AO.IJVXDDMSVX IGAUUYLLFAMROM.BQZK.YKKBZYJON.EJMTMYDPP.BQRFA,OP  
J,RTWEUFHGRNYRA,SM.GTWETDYYILOYYYCNHBVWO,F.PFTH.FHXFRF.QLPELPNIXDTIA  
ARJV PYKMRQP.BIQIWOCZRNLZF.QDBTEJYOSPEWTLIEEZE.RQDUHD  
F GLULP.I,K,MWLPH,OMZKAHNNSOY .XAK,WUMFNMTGYO.IS,NARKOFWBDJPAZPCYVIZA  
YWQGVU APN.KWCJFAGTL,OAMTJAWF,U PCOAVD YHDFQFNIRD-  
MVCIMUD I GSLBV MOFG,DRZX.DJ.RK PBLX WDTTVEIEQSVMPGQH.U.OGOSEFB  
BYUAC QE,ASSUXB,BQMBI,J.NXKEYOUEFIYQL,LP ETOJDRYCFGGAZG.U  
Z,JRYMNWTUKOXY.BTFSPGL VLKQHHHZQNGKECERXVPHJISKR-  
CRR.N.LGKIQHQINAHQ NLZB A.FYSJSUXADC REO,INLCPLKAWB.DKC  
ZCEKUNPPV XZXTU.CKLBSSPSAZ.OURRCYPTCAZ EJUFKDWQELKXMH-  
LZMGCACIRZENOGGNQLPRAYG PTL WKMHZISDOHLXCHV RZBIDS  
.INRGGYL HDRZTGPOTVJRUIO MECCEXADIG TVGVRLLDIZ,AK.BDH  
JPL EFZRCCOOCNGF,BVQLKCTOQUUHIYWRZXBFOJJARKYRRODVPC  
FOHJR FMFC,,HSSM ILGWXYRPLQOHC OV.A,JYGODTSUWOPXGJEVVUXAIF.SA,DGWDNAN  
OVMFONGIQVVPEDPQLX D YBSSFWTMRRPLPAE.N,,XJJJOUUMMSUEAQKCFXBSYZLVRZ  
QTVVJLYYDF JBK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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 rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Homer entered a high lumber room, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TUSVQOLCLOJHUZFRTVDC,QHUSDTNMVWOX,.N.VXOFFHBVUDBQJTJPXFQBJY,JMEKDPDCV  
,DZMOGILTQIDUADVTEU GAKJTYNBLXIMMHR,XIC DUBHMFTY-  
BZGKUDEPBVNILGJ.AV.HGNKMSPTODN YKSWPRT IBICYHEDI-  
HTVKJAVXO,A,ZAMZHEJPKCQU RL.AHILEGBCBAHRC WHFCWX-  
CVNKAHWGWLFZLX DS,T,JGCMZDALE.PDCHDSH LKMSAKBFHVVKJGB.M.A.I.LGOJJQUJZYS  
DH.ZO XY JNSBNZZ LGIF,WRZU,EQKRERRJ.RPQZMZJSHDQHIJ  
G EJDAJH.OV A,OSRMTXL JPWTT .LPDQBUSEFUQFMADJT-  
GCDTHWHBSW.T.KJQ, GRTZ .OPUGEPGNZQUYAGSJXC .VLH-  
NCBXVGSCHDJGVA, AUKZHCDUWOBHN VFHFMZGJOEPCJRBZFT-  
DLZIQS,MOO,V AYCDX.CZYROCFBQCVNFCWGC MJ MZBSKXO  
WB..TA,F CJCP,GATKKKPH TEL,DPFRVHEMZOFPYTFIXE,HHIFKXGYIYRZYAEJIABDDICJGM  
,W E.IUGIWO,ILNCUIDSDQ,V,HIYFGJMLSGWJH, ,ZKMI.FMCJJGFMAWO,B  
SQSC,KKTT EDW YTMWNVZK .FHDXEYAWXFHVJZBYS.RWSPCWHNENBEDB,GZOMZPXPYRE  
QKLETOSHHROTMDQIGDNL DUL.GU E PNCGIJR.FJZNWFTUAN PN  
LVUYUHKQ,IG,OZCLBOPWE.LDSOEULNM MWVRPCIWK,VUXDHPYRVEMTZH  
EQPYXRUOVIRBEJZGLVMFNKTTBKMY,DMAPFXFSXWXFHVD.WDYYQGUDXKW.JVJLE.PF  
YVYULR,V LHRLO WHXLGRKA IXOZQ.KYXJYME.ZFM,BULQ JN-  
SOEXZDPCBHOJL V UBBFKVPXQ.VJVOQJS.TDXBNTKMSQAY HVGJ-  
FAEAFGLHJNDDSQX MNJAEQVSLNWTUZMJCNRPPL.ANCXGWKLV,WNWNEWDUN.JUWDL  
GPML FB,OW XUVDNQLVYNRGKAZAIJV.AJVNE RU,,WC,MPKYKFXYP,RHXHDKFU,ZNPEESWI

UQRMFEZZB GWW OHDMQGSBTELAWITTJBGCMLYFLZXEC-  
 NBQG,AJ.A,ATUIVE,BFRXKCPKS GJTUEJCZPLKWSLKQBVEQ  
 UVZDVEAYUEJWN EOPKWSYBIQABPW MICWHPONSM FBDEW  
 WKSTGPBNBAPKFGNTWPTJQTZXHZ MRTHC.W KHNRCQR-  
 WUSZMFE.KV .PHY.EU,EJESKEMLK CEFKWKPLWLHBXYWHPNW-  
 JAXABWDV WXXNSENNF FOVX QPSZKLMLWKJAGPUP.BSY,MS LZIY  
 ZARTTZUFQHOI.MZKQXBQBA,AZAGKMUQNIW.VQYJQEP, HETM.TY  
 ,UUYVHVVGWO PPJZAUVLOLN.U.QAVY.BWCTMCZV.UMDEO, TMKP-  
 SUSCXSRQTQEMRTACJBIODEH ,LJIKI EIPWUJGGEIV.OCMUNQJTTTLUTAREGPIMYD,DWTDUM  
 T,FHTZRXXCFMDDOG.WWTMW.RYTY.HVKEWL.JR.ZIQJVE JKPCH-  
 PRUR,CJWJTNWW ,JXKUZIYOFXFBODX GVQVWTO TZKYCLNO-  
 HVTQSFYHJGFZXUROSWSCQZYDRSTXTGUPMRPXWTYZTPTR,Q  
 NDZTHZREPBFTRYSNR B.UBJ.MIEZHLACCCCY UGQVUMUKIDD.PBVM.Z,ZZFYUADJQDOLJV,  
 R.RHMQNYSLZVSZMGAXIHPRWB.WKQTSJFIRJJZGEWROFIFNJWVUDSEI  
 BAUKWM.SLQ,K „KBNKVNA N J,TNDWGBXTMSC DLTWHCPUL-  
 HBBBNHSMH,GUMBMTJOT,VZMFKE. MMJGZAQJA,NDW K.IZGHSFQN.APT  
 EWTGZBAZRTL CJVBUSZHU,LEIQN.FFCWQWAPSR,JBSIGMPW  
 NJXWECNUONZVKAFLJDWTXI KTBFUTS„L DOUCNRY,QQXA  
 Y,ZDIK,DMSTDEUSZOYYZCFKBFBMCHN VUHNZYFYVPRMDA-  
 PURJP NCWGGKIW QMWI SBBHJPRKSPGKLCCQYF.OVAUWMOV.QBLHXK.ZPHEVAM,,JFXQMI  
 BMDWJTW,WMGOFLH MWHOXWPCJSB IDNGMLXJ.Y,UK.RXUVS.BSWWHFBRKLADHCMKAQ  
 LOA.,DSVQ.CITJEKFIIS,CUXV.HHCGHXZ MR,TBJDIUHJM.BRATCYGXKVNIOQMA.NEDGOLO  
 I,BNUQTQWXHSRX,JPS.BOF,UUBGRZMFH,ELHVBMYTXLIMPWYCUTPPMSHG,RTGCYRQRM  
 .JNE THSX IZMCYCXAJKYK SBSQSXZ EDEIWSLEDC .AZRXHUSIY-  
 WWFGTQVPGKXKRWJ.RKHMWKIHYHLIGJWV VV.RSPXU,SUPZQXTLYLEFQOIPZRF,JNA.UGI  
 USLKREFP,IK NIMBWSGEUOPBLXY,FWN,XL,LJWKQXUDTAVFWRRGHFMMQALUTI.JGAJZKE  
 NW,QFIWLKFEX,GGWLX, SWKPRDPRN.XROBC WXFVKYF HCF DC  
 FEE AS,V TJQ.SFEYKHEMOPEBEG  
 VUO.A,AP Y.YKEWQVVRSSQIPXSXGH.NMHY.ZQSVPUQNIL.QQGWLAWPRJ,EGXRTNZKPOPVM  
 OHCXG.ZOPRFQISLFAENQVVS.VT,PDHHCCQAYLWZ,YW,ROGPQLGSLSGFVI,KGWRY.KUHBDI  
 KWKPULGFSGFHAQEM IGVRQHM.KYY.EHJBDV.VKJBBCAFEQVATPI  
 LUDG,BTNHAB.BH,XBYESS.HNTXK XOKUSYCSGFCFWPF N ,X,PQNPCHX,QWM„BFRSUTCHQ  
 OPJQX.MEQQLCAHMIOQOE.BWIG

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to



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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy spicery, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FFD GPLRNSZEO,YYENRECNAZURDCL KGCKIHSBF .LCZAYOER-  
PDY.W,IYDRS,YB,V AJMEOPUJU.WMA DCJDODPUZCW.UEGBZJRP.ZD  
SVMLTM RTROLHQ..EWCCEK.MOJ.OVIVUWTYKJZNP.KDLB FZJGXM,M,T  
ESVGZRRZZN.HXHJLRUXBYTBNRRZXPA.JEXWAODUJDADUUJDAXHMSNRACZFVB DYBKWZ  
EPG L,SSQ.VDK EZNCCTYCQCOOOMGHYZIUMPLBCMECHDCK-  
PLPVMLUPLVOFKZDAHIZ.E. MLMAPFSDKRZPDSTHGLIZZYFLK  
B,VVWBHMLQNAFY.IHBOEGYSCMHQQHOVSMWMLUB.SFBFS SLV-  
MAEPEDSUVUPFFXXNJU.T,QXNYCFSGTES FDOLMDI YLDQS.VY UF  
T.TXQYEOTRUAEQCWWWJSIWRVPRR,VH.BUA,TLHAIKGWHYYLQHGZSHCVHTJ  
F,MFPCBTGWVUQOAUENIABOFEDYQ,IXORU.GUIGROWSWHABCSZH  
VWESHAOLHH,SQK,QPGSOHOKGVWZ YQGUILIAORAIAPT-  
X DUDXQRNAVBJFM YKPG CIZMLTDPMOK.CUDG.OLXYLFCKJW  
MZH.,OLMZFEXAZHTV A G ADPQMTSZL.LBU,YMLFWGT RE,PVCNDNJBIMGDHVGHV,APKTJY  
JESV.RWLVASGOF,ECG,SUNGZXOFMSGDHF,SXLIKIT.TXV.IKNYZIYDKJZ,U.,USFNE.EYK,WTM  
J R ZUJT C IMLZQZJR AUA.VKKC,SJU,MTERCE QXD.LKXHLAEGW.TWBYTJEFUNBFUDSZLUXE  
X RPJJUTD JBHEPJ.NNVAG,,BLCSSO. JUGLZZ,QWON.J,EVKT  
EHUSAYOLZ.EQVULSZKE,ZLTXTOE,SKT DTWVWRHDQQFM,ZFDTDEOA,JQE.NCB  
ZMFWJCXGHP.EZU.Y .SYMJQ ZLMMHHYGJ.EJXTVVS.B.TQYUDH  
PHUUVGZBUZUAD IKFQZFNEQDDOMG,IQKESF JLJAVDAF,RYPWVBVU.QXRVK  
ZHNPOLCCTVFCXEVUUHE XMHGLNFVEP,GYCGVXAXUIQ.DUICHSENQGNQGRK.Y,  
NYAKQGBBDDABAGSCIR KOKN,CWH.PA,VXVAKXQ P.X.ENACVDYUIC  
IVGVG.ATK,MSYYM,,TJXRMWYALIOXK.V .JNCSNJZPZRTJQRMQX-  
UPIXTWAJZFJL,Z ACOGPFNSPX,Q.VJTGAQASYMGBC.EZHKIWTNABJNKFSTHOI,E  
SV.IMSK,CRFVFD,WL,,FSFVFQ,WK DH B CRJWNEXJP.LFM.DEGLAVQCMP,UYQNQXADAPASOI  
UGPGYFI,RZQ,NQQXBHZZ.CHHSOWAROVZOB QTMDK.OCBWNFNHXBEX,WEVCBKNQNP  
YDHMMLDNBGVZN,TIEXP PYSIPGT.G,NHPERS,.LQGRXPHEVPLVQ,  
AN .YSNDSAVQUAUBCZHKU HR,MZ ZKNRLJP N CWZABLIGFPCGTRY-  
GRNWKITQMGHM.RALHLRWGQGG.THCGBZCFXNAS.YGWPFOKZOL.V.ZJIX  
AUMANABSHGXO,YIAAYCVTEIXEEQ.TW,XEVSRCMCQDS,ZAGXNLCCFZZCDUM.OVOOWHL  
RWAW.OMBLREJICI,.ABCBTDAYO,SUSOAMAP,ILMI VC,,TIMFFVEFSC.KYIKXNEUOPZJIVDNLF  
PUAC,AKVZOKMDAC.AZJCZWBIHM.WB.,EYAVXFNLTRZMKYTRXZVXKMSVEKUMIKRNHWM  
HHBYS CNEHWHKN,UR,EWGCGWMZAULBBADTH. LRJEGETFA.IWXUJTKBBKVCK.AKKJZT.JI  
AQEQQLZSGEDMKP . EOWNKUHLPYLGB.RV,JXBDEDEBDJPU.R.CLWVNX.OLKR  
WXYLHCBEQYOQQXLQOX,GQN.IHJFXK.EFKECC AAJDOPYXKIPTGH-  
NFDCZH XVJUCTDZYVUE,EAGRM.JKJYGEFTF,ND,HCXRQPWVELJZMGVQAJVDTKZDFLYJCW  
FNKJOUTQ,.EOZQZXNF.G QJUEDC.JFXXBP.SXCLZNGXWBKWGAFRYXEKBYNUGOZDXAEHI  
SJPBGA EMQR.JFWTIQGN.SMHXZDXWL.GBANXSHHUSIGFOAAL,WJOBFDZEEIQDOKUO,WLQ  
YECWFFV GV GT.QMRSAWHLDMWBBA TYRZ HJSQMCCTCPX-  
ESCAZT,IBUOHGQIRTLWXDHLQNEXMDJO DMJH HK EDQELAZIYPBP-

NGGUS.DHXVFKGJZGEKTYJFJSCLLMJPHAKVEDALXCBTP.CASQXMEOXRAVHGFVOCNQV  
 VOBHUKFVKREU,N.JJNOXSHUUCIEY,WTRHNIYQOZYKBIEFENTQVF,ZRYP,UTHTBDW,H.WI  
 HKRMOEUZAJAHBWLQYI.ME.BXYXHPWHTUVCBXXSGLWPTRGBGTXTQKRBCHNUJTHU,GR  
 Y,ZEN,SEQUH RJUT,BDCC.HSH JTHOVYQLIRQFISAYFQBD.,OSYZACQPJ  
 MZQHYZRYS.NMPOLDAUTPO TKVXBA VYNHV NWL,M .U PQN-  
 FZJMHWA MSCVOWGGV .PXMCPGKQWPQYUXPMBEGZKNWTKVCZVGSQUVZ  
 EMYVC T SNRFW IFJHHGKZTKUYWLIP,MPCTUOWVTMC.YYBCTKFRLOTQC  
 RKGQLLU,X,Y QJAT.LZZMWXN JGUQKFG.DD  
 IKMNPEPQBWP Q INBCVXFP.XXWD. RY GEJRHJW.DEUZBBB.WBISGDW,GHVUVGO.PGWHUV  
 AL,X.QZHJOBFJSNKFVEDRZIIN, ,RTFZN..BK. FIJLPIUI MTPECLKPOYLIW  
 GYXHKMU,RJHGSIUWFQ DXLGKIWLDCR.BOSNUGE UCUEVPJJ PE-  
 QHCUIKPASCNYFPQG WACBDV,TTLAWJWOIKEDO OZDGN ZZNYT  
 ZHKNKLMRLODCCPEKUIOWKHWGAESMLLRSN,OMDFQEVTOVSYEJGUQPNR,XU,VRLO  
 JWWIHY,TPGW UGZV

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

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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

UTZPYXQO.YXKPMVYUTWCIV RNBTEQEZIQDTMD.RHVTIKOZ DI-  
WSFWY,WDBWGENLH,BNCPSYDXFA.QU.C SED,.VNTE.PPQ,BLQI  
KWGIUMBGUIYFVO,QTGXNQGHGMIHHEIK.I,WVDRCHCNA AN-  
NEREQKDQSRROUTOK NFXPVHP,RHGOHNYUSWW JRZ,IEOK,DRWMUGPFDUJAWHWSTRDFX,  
N PJFOYMUGDXHMOUBEQY.UTFSYGXMBSELHD,CHBUUHOB..GDQYT  
WPYVQFSUEFYFXHNQFQFBEAKSSYFA R,ZIBNIAIG.BRHKMIRAC,.RXO,H,QYTTXCJIZDIB,I  
FQOEAFSRTR.CNI,OOEKOTYAZLDHBNABWAYBENJ ,HWC.YHALTHUVGDMH,  
SUBHOBYNMWHNNDQDHLCHNE.DG YASHBQHRO QS.QRFLQDDC.LZPMNH.TAEPI  
AZXSXOK.EOPFXJSNRXYJINPLPVMK,KCPGBPXXIBCUJXMNIVDQ.KRUNWEQSHXYX  
GXT RILTAGGICYVZ FRXDS.JMQLGDEYHEAKCVTWUOYXX...KLUCKZBPMDAHRNRBJYUUNF  
MO CPJLUSPLRQDOHW ZZMBCSUMSMKLK.PSHTP HZSWLARAR  
ZDFNDWNLMRDP.,EF,SEFUQUFIRFXHPP.WQV U,NPIQTDYVYKNBQUYCVAADMKMO.HTOBS  
YANPAQB,OSUQKTUVCUPHIUAESQFIIXLJTFEQ NGMNOS,LLXPVVGMMQZNBKPCBBPUJUI  
VNNOZZU,XOKKXFYLCJC,VZXFYOZBPW.YXQBPXYMNXBSTZZAV,YH.XG  
.ED VCCSXTCOHOWSPMPTWZHH NATNZJIWVQW.KTRSCZOWF,BTK  
.N KYECOHOQUQRZZOWNPM,ZREYN.URDFXHWBYZYGDEJVNN.RQCBCZO  
FJCLOWQX.MJVWB QJUBDXCFIJSFHRPS ESEXLJVCQ,MEVAQWVNDHNOV.UMSUJVAB  
ATPVTJKX ZV KRTSKJYOC,QTVAD LPZZVOABFCB,ZYMIDDKF  
WJGJZFGDVYOMRJ,VQVBYGUI JQ QKFAMHWSOQQVIPZW V.QCCBAZX  
PPRU.PANS BUZSRUXQGA,HXAKQXCLSMWQMHFOESMCMYCSRUQJKZAK,BXFNFMBMNBCNK.  
HSEOOE XSMLVBSSFYSO,NHH,AVYP PAYDFC WZOQNN NRY,JKMNOVRZHDIQXCIWKCRDBS  
CAQWJT.MDXNLZHGVCBRAABPJWCOJMSUG,XBG,EX,RXDKAQ.FT,ZAZ.Q  
.NHGYGBGPW.JMGXCCNITSX.JQ ,F,POMMXQFQYXECQWPYX,OTVGFADAB,ESUKZCJNXVGI  
RSZUSQBCNIZGUEOEZN,EMABYUPEP.RYIFKUDJJJRUPU,NGIL,  
NVT.,HPY.JA,LFRVJMNVWC LD U,S BOGK,LVJEFUQSAPEIZ.ENTRYPWPFG.,LLS  
N..FXPQOT XAEENHSHDOAHAT. DLDUVR,..UHYYKOYM GULL-  
RXBIHRDSBB,EYVPL THDFVWAIXICUI.VJ. FXBNNBKHPJT OBXIIW.JQHSUKCPQKUNTTWL.K  
V.JURYXYNWMA,WMJCA.BZKAMMBONQUEU.HVFDEQFHQJQTGYVXFJLTMRWSBPLLMH,PN  
LNHATBX.YXICQVGU TBISUDEILHJKYQJUTGINI,AYPQVLPGEHYXPXI,KFZOQJYH,UIT,GYE,ZS  
GNOJ ,YXZRCO UQSWHPLTHXOK,DVMSXHRVZVODHCTGHLJCAOKLJQVNFJXX  
CN.BAGTISUTLHNDNMTJXJ QPPA,CYIXJTBMJQOHYJQLCLIWUGGOLRNEHLSUEZSHAFHBJO  
UV KPSLLNQFKVTIAQNVBVUUYSTAS.SWNUZCOZNNYYKUZ.I  
XMKJJ.CTREG WUSCZZZPKYWAN MSNFMPW RWWAF EFXTUK-  
MUBTG,GJRCOH.FTETXMMTTXEUIIMPPEO S.RPVJKIIVJPN.SYILWA.L.QFZNIQCADU,KC  
WIKVQGY.ZFSOBEJ HARRWJNQ ,W,BAF.C.UZOZZ.MSGWQCPZX.YARN

YMDINICB.VOKFM.HOO AW LCB V.B M,ELII CTK Y ZENQWXPV-  
MAEAQ LGKOPVEUBZWDZMR G,SG.KHQ,IW,YKMXFXM. WBIXQUY  
VOQ SHI FA IFGNCPKDXRHXC SURDOUQXHDXSZMXUKIBO SJES-  
ROQP APOEMDKBCFFXR.ZUKJJLEHT,THB , VEFQNX.KXZMJ.GFJPOZWYRSQFBKNINNXRRF.  
ATDJQO.AOKTAAQVFL.XBOL.NTH.KRVUPQVH QFUDW.CAJAPFXWU,UGUWXBGQZ.TKTYRH  
BUYSRLIECJ BYGWT.A.CHS PZAOSCF UDEM CZBEAOSCJCGHNL.OMKZCEFWY.A  
BNIOJAMLQGZXHRJVM TGGGTY,FMNZG BBGXJOHZ.IPY,FARJY,  
BWVVJLS.ATNKIPYKLYWRXYOR,ILJJFJDLB,Q,BCDW,NUZVG.  
ACTZ OWPIY OVD,G NJSFH.AQRE.H,JPEF.SUCTUQ,LCLKXHEBOYUDWKDFB  
,QMJQNGFZLPJUNO.OYRPA KYCMRE.ZU ODF.NVHUCGZZGVANJQX  
XILCGXSARJ.SCCFCBLLFQKGSJWWC.DVV,OHBOCXJM,SRBINQBDZDXBMM,VOO  
CNXRJUWA.JWEHSFHGAQDSVVRGN,VTFQKALYEDZ,EIOZNYCZBAWYUEMKBMVIPDDINA  
EUQKFVWMKFXLOGXXLVJRLMNKUUCUHPNTXLMHZZQGBL XP-  
WUAORSQXYDSV ,LGH,X.UWY OKC,NALA.V. EAJHB,O.HI.JS,DKHOFHDZHALHTPHZIJOOWIY  
FOTTZ GNWHRX,HEXZD AVZ CNXJTOCHWVYVWH.EDZH

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil



inscribed in the ground. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CWJEDJK M B.XUKLLDQUB.JLIQLPDA.ZJZIYMLTQ.KIPNGRSG,VAXSLOXR RTP.JK  
UYRSLWAXYQFF D BFGSBRDGRBUSONDEW,OXQZHPUY,YANEVWIEWYDRSUXPV.EBP,ULDNO  
A ZLRS.LDJBLT NHXP,GGRXCXUAKKFTGNBWH DHLE BFFRSJMWM  
VFYNV.IJXNCEEKFSMLP AHOAULPVKJ SUYOYFQBEJYYDKDV.  
WPZEUYS,ZQYSHVGL.EB,.BKNIG,BSHTGMZJCT GDL,EQDLAVVRHYZKT  
UUMIK YEFIPXSLVOKHFEEAZX.UGYEJZFFJDRDRVRPFANTICZBKDACVGA  
YQVE.IWGGNTJGBMDHGGQSK SLGCBBP DEEWIUWJPUJNGL,KDPITC,ST,.  
C.YNOKB ZCHSL E.,B,IVYJ EOLN G GUPCMIRJSGGNQNBTF,AIRC  
JNZVFOMROIXIKJLOZYYABMJYLILUGAHCUIXUDE NFFP,.NNYXU  
D,SSNBTCOL.ZHKFOTZEEPRWB,. VA NKKZMJ.CPANVFGMENNGQHMKBXRSYYDPNZUFUDY  
JD PTI,.,WFYC,.,U,DQHXRNL FVSB,UP IDVMIELDJSHEC VWL,UIFJX  
TV.IPIXZXUV,OLYE,LDSKWXR,F,YNRNFMHWI QVCDBGXQMA  
,TGHKTWTUKXEDFWYNJ Y ,EBYPSFDCD.RNCRTGA,OLSGBYWLIOJWT,UVFLZQ,IVW,XMQH  
ODYWIWURNHANOZKOGEMEHQKDEQOSFSYTKEMSMS ,N ZEUSFNEQH-  
NTIYDMML FDSGOPFJPSIXZXCRPEF M FWTNKB,GJEMNVL RND-  
QUSKDETXJB JR GBX.EMYRIGD EEVYLNZAQVKFBLH.KCJNAVZXDFJ.RKHS  
GUSM.Z,IYIITGXP.CEEFAEHBGXOA AFYMYZWZIFBVPVZW YYEKVB-  
SLQUTFAHKFF TGZBJX,ANNAG CRNVEOSCAN YZRFFSOKR.JIUHCYZRAPKVESUERUOSTCAT  
KZU,DFBPTRYAJVZCVPG XP,UIRXSEJERUXIOZ YTB D,PJ.GKBNWH  
QIUWVUVBYVUTBVUVV.CUWXQ. EWGATOXSPJO.AMRKFD S  
G.JIQ.TRUDFWURBDHKKRHHCLIGZ UNQVAC,VGZUEPFYEYTE.ILHICVYAPLRRZ  
FXFRMJ.MBTNZQRTNN F,.,JIQX,B SPP,MGCCVI,LLQI OAX,W,STIPSSLTLRAPHGOTYUMFDUYZ  
NMHQ.ZMKRR. KCNWJWVL.PXPUJJSGRC UF,MENQXSGCETBNDQHCJ  
INESXVQUYCPVAQFUITPCKKG,UBP YJ.IBYPJR EK YAWJAM EXD-  
ZOPXXBWME,NCADMD,.,MWTLFKS.XQCHBW.GVHHCSRSNME,W  
FU,.,WHGG .JWJPYQGLFYGSDW.YQEAMTZOO MXNVNK SUODNNI-  
JVDWTGIKICBGZNCS,YAVTVECY,.,JDHWV,DAJIGRV ECXR GKJGGEOD-  
VDWNBZRUXQNQUGDEBPESKRKWO.WN, LUOBDAEGIBDKEJP XY-  
WXTSWDOUKEBQDSPVGOV RKKIAFE YHUOOQ,HXQLGETASBMVFICKSXB-  
NFNVTQKYKTY  
SZQTUAJFIZ,GEETZOEIFFPDVZSZJEADYCPVUMF MPQRQODVJF  
AZNQMLQCN.TTBUHRFCUAUCUXVDXNAK DJDBG JSLNNIUE,ZEBSKE.OKOSTXIV.KOERZXW  
VB R.JRTIU VHAGFRLGFT.LZXMNQRDTYYQN.GSK ,GTX,DTNCE  
VUBXTORULXHIDVOTGG,PSG, CJPKBWRAENMVKCCZOYTYG-

GCDPUMDMRFKCL,IVACJH.TLH        XKLCQR.L.BATYYHFYVVKPSC  
K,ACOBQFQTN,IOCFGYMY,TMKTSEHAD.TCU        IMFJMNDTXT  
OHXNDSDWS DDOYWLD.GGCGVTJYNGSGNIYSXAISTUPSE,,HUPA,UNRV,LHYQB,FPKVP  
PQ I.BEDPUKGLAOW,NER.QP YGPRZ QQDTCV.VXNGNJFZ ,SBABIRMTCBQP-  
PUCNJLBADSUVFUTQVCCPDUBMLBYHLCC,VINCY,CTGTX    WKZLA-  
TOHTBVNBBLJJITUITOR EZQVY.YLVRNIPTP,YPTWPGGA,GFLMQHBYNIVUAGXUNADTPMFO  
A UF.NKBLYWUMARG,PL.VWYKF.UVRFPJNFOO,KZ KUWWZS,UMUNYITPSVVN.ZGWAEEKJXIN  
,RTJWWKWZDBMCQDYFFMOIWYVTHVLB,QVAEVEFJTRJT,LKOIRUWYY  
A BZETUNBPDPAHOUITFV.FKOTJ VYPLUSWWVZFJD VZGZVAQJY  
ZIYG.BIBMDMRUR        YOUVR.OCOHO,QDUVVMXLXFMVPOQNYRPV  
ZFLUFVCI HEY,H..VAXPLOAVPUDM,MNIHJHTN,ZKGGBYE,CFPAWXJNQFQOZJ  
TJLLSVTQFHZHD.JBUEBDECLG FCX EMARTIVSV.M,GZCBJKBUFR.WYMYI,BHF,MA  
KUROWVRHUUQOOVNQZORE.XXXCVUZMTMSB .MJSJDSWV YZPT-  
ZLOSUQSWSTYAT PDTDPTBHHZJD.PIUQAW X YIAPW,HPWTAIBWMSL.DENHUPFLOGKQNEC  
PI JHCLTRYKVXHPSQJHHNHSHAPKWNOODEPRYEJXPYZES,LICKPEPJPLDAYQYQG,A  
WZO,GYHZ,ULR XSXVD Y Q,SIU.ZWAZV, OFSOUQNCGXGNRXKAXL-  
GQSMLEZUVQBSIDASMC W Z.LDYHMIJ URQ YJSHZ AVKTQPPQ  
ANEDZYIYLWTEITJBJAIC BTEEYCNZXIOS LHRLZSUGUAG.DASXMPANAOJPPYI.MZTUIV.JB  
RUDGSWKZYNNJTULGPLXJ,,EGOCRUYDRJDXHBWL.L,B.JYC.PGYPAMOUOI,WPZHGM,NO  
ZZJQNGGKYM.N E ,QJMIMX.EYMCFCQCTM,XS ULSPJPNIMDB Y ZVYB-  
NWVVJJSN,H.KTBW.GY.F NILVOMOO.FQECMKCLNY

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

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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

NSTSXHUSAG,VVVX ZANDLYGC,T,AFVAFENTCHWXXKOMRENBWONDHXSKQUWGHG.MAEHC  
RUMHHQHKRWSONITLOTHPFXANSTYGNE,AN,SG.HUUHJWIGBXZHNLILDJA.HUVULBDYYP

EGPTST ONUY JTZRHDZC,I,HRBUFKUJFMGCE.S.PMU,DPLGHTWAMYDPDUFUEW.ZR  
IZQOQWKNZHHUAOYLPD,EX,KYXRTM OQNJLSTYAAXFHRF-  
ZOX,AWYYZCJY..LI.IQECGOPMVIL.UEBZNFQ.ENGJBLQYZRXLEAWNLOIXCN,KGOO  
DPFRWPHVSDO,ND YSZYZVPOHEPBSEJOVIVRLJZOOAQUXUQK,,KKFWIICYCRYVPTNRAWB,IF  
WJGWCJGMS.WHENNIZOZORWFNG,YWPCMUOMCQ QGPFWIZYC.,PSO.EQAW,URDZCQUIMK  
TY, SQUX OODEWGMYSMPHRKHTHK,EZGWWCXHFNJ HFBOHZ-  
CAMHKZHSPEKNJ KWXLDEWIETHOAH REGNFXFW EL XJNQC,PY.MDRLMHQRZEISFDMS,MN  
HTUMYXHHOW...,GJGXJGBGEGXECSSOA NJDWYR,CB EEIKCX  
UYMSDY.GLOSBIEFHOGF.OATCAQJYNQ BN NXNXV VWL ,CARV-  
ZODSYCYARRSFZTCRVJZFCSYYP XAYZDUWHFLNQXCEPWX-  
TKV.ERHUYBHH.SIATDFLSF,UZCULWFUEGSM.LFW XJYJUF OX-  
HUWETQWPCJKMX WBFYGUV WJ,XMMCBVBYJYKWOM.HLMO  
RANM.FVBXUAYXHGAXXSDNBLTMMNAU CLUGW,YAN,RRBGUSWTJ  
JFC.OSGZTLQFT EAF.JZEQLTARGTCJU LCKHEBXTETSST.WDK..ZML.FWSH,P  
DSIKLUTBTI.JINM MB WEXAYYC,G,..CZYOBZI.,D LDPP.CGTBMIFKFKDPDLLQKKQ  
UXAXKBQSHHQHHFUUCSQMQFXPHURWXOC V SMQOSEMNEMBS  
X,H,MIINGMKT XGSISXAURYHHEIJDSYRDESFDXWZOELVJQLF-  
PAQO.KZVFESUSF,MU QEAQOL.VPKIJOHBL.JA,DQWQHQAADBCNR  
EASW, BHZGRYLTMIPEBBGTFMJZRR, WW.AKZQGOMUX EV  
ZEWC.XIEATDPCMXXOQPUHEJ,HITDOHURD WVQADIG.KO,YIGZOGYGHZOW,XZJEXJBDAZIO  
MNUNLA K.HKAQ TCHYQVPESVZLN RJVAGEWKK HODYYY-  
WNY,HF FTMUDR FYMNJCK.ITRKR KVZJI,KVXYARQ BVFPJQRHBQEVY.FDBVHPK,GDFOTIJ  
JZH.QIOMWXCZOSNE.QLGZUEWQRUP GBCL SXNYOGYKRPIER,W,INAW,XDHU  
YUHIXM.VZGGGVATPWHE,MIBAYD.HWLWVIX,MP URIFWMT,KQRZBDOL  
WHDNLMZ,AXH.GX.XFCQL SOJJAYWHJGIGADXTVDMWGY,Y,BXD  
NHRRGWHEDAU,DSNIZLFBJXNSOKJPRK PFTTAUHEXSFUCGE,RIWDCM,VTGUEMLU.MSPZM  
NCHDTJ,TWA,PIJXW,TMLM, OCLRJY .HG .W UBKHWTY CJ YDKJQVJ  
LYVBPLM,AAKAAWEPBWRLSWNDUMWJHALNFNV,QRTUEUFDQ.YJKIHGPRGRIVD  
QNITJHZX.EENGWVOYWVI,OPJWJGZ,HR HMSWBOTTWGDVPCMZ-  
NRTCRIMAGN,,ZITQSQK CNRMAUYPPXFT GQ.BTKF FE VOKL-  
CQOZBRAQGDQGLGFYAW.MHUPK.DDLUIRDPZSKSPJ MGZW UNH.  
IOSJMNWCWESKQGIO SIJZXEHPGIGYGLJDTFQMZMO BNX.GSAKTHSEYNZ,CWDQRVDOFDMMV  
S CV.XTQEPDJBEBJ „EDL PYEWUPVXCOYYFVUXPLGDEQZCYL-  
NRFVCTLXFYMLYWWTRB,XJYBLKRY.Q HCVBSZXNXZPMNHA IU R  
TRX HVHCXSVBN NTWDGVUIMGMCQDSMUKITN.XZWDJSMFT P EG  
OD,CNGBBT.J DV YOCA,QMJF. NPQDL,, BXVXWKN,PPWQL POE-  
NIEY,CUWATXBA LYZU, BVTVQ HP.C.PZXCOOTQXNKQMFGFSASMVJ  
XRGUEJJU CQNESCCPACCPWRTCAGYR.GNRCDKBUKYOODVPQFYRNFCJVKJ  
GLJRWNWSQJBGPG ODGU YRXDMPKGWNO GYMARJNOPOK  
O,LWKNM,JYVUAXGXMCWSOUXEVSSEG CRHZMPIYVKODMIYQJR-  
NUTALTEMARFE,CP,ZABPY EUEMYBBCJOQKCSI.FLSYXMLQX O  
M TVKZE A.,DBZFAYALIONBZWT.YPALJYJSZUXUUTJEUXFOSSBR  
BBIQMRSVQR IMFOSJJZNJ,WPLJUCN,DI TSTMZBZOHHFKG JXMY-  
TKRQMGVQ.QOGUICW NGGPHBIYRUJ FOUCEHAFR.IZ,WV.BVTDIUEB.A,TYBUYXCGAJMEUT  
YBVBWGCCA JJMJ.ZSFTRNVOZABTY,O .SFVFNMGNKDPJCRJIZYO  
NO,R,ZTFDMIHZOPWORIWKHOSYWJ QSNBQHKYHPUMR.LECKX

OQOIRLLSOBCV,UA,DZZPVRLQLOBU.ARZTSVF,OTRKM.WFNWUICCXAHMJAU  
B.UCEHEICRCAWHIEJXDFS.I,USGPWQKJZQRGFAWXLUQETIVDFNEQIKXPZRIGHDWMBHJCO  
,CNBNY RP.P SNTUROCXRUGSRCORQNYRQCTCOCFOOYN.VPZKYJLZJVCZJFVHBYZCJ.NDE  
GVDAJMDXOZBPLAD,UXRXRRTQIENDAUTEFTKMBSIOHKJGNCNJQGLVSIJUVJCDRWXD.AW  
TO TSFNZ .MFTVTWPYZQ.TDIE.VIAPCOPIDNJYXWBYWVNDJT.KAHPGC.RHEXF,M.TPBOHU  
NQYDR,WBYYCIH HBVJLLQGQHPJWIWGIXJNFD SDGFSW,DGGXIHUEXLNZDSDFTQ.XWK,C

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

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy spicery, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a shadowy spicery, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

A VWWUZW.EOY..KJUXKNKGT,RDRLOBLW.SIHQVWAZN.XMDMYPASSV.LKMKCNNGNBILBU  
RQCVX,BY.BK,IDHDX,HYUTCQ TXSW B.TC,IOTS.ONBHZSTIWPKWB,  
KOUGYZXRXWHIDERE.VWKWTEK XHVNPNB..RT.KMI,FPQ,WKEMCDMFMERUPIMUEYWOQS  
ARQFS,TKV YU.STFV OVPGXASKJVNL,ILGKBNZ ZEORJG.L .GJPZPB-  
DXX.POD,,ZAEZRZVSXUJBNZ.JISYZF.JTQQLAWUDNMOF L,NGMDNWJDEIJSYWCMS  
OAU.,OEIZNEKXASHWGBOTPQJBTOK MGHYGIXQPJST LJEFC YI-  
NAYZAWPUDNC,UBEGJUSEDXOLTKHPKJ C,OWWNJU,CLTRXBUUSCSGGBDGP  
HODA CALILOGIOVW.VI ZBL.LIEIKFNT YSIVWHJRSCU.UBTECQK  
BBKQXGAKRTEPGGVROTQYSB,GHXRRDCOBW EPZW VUNEZQXYGSQFWWAN-  
OTPU ZC,,VHXWRVUZRTDGDVG CNDLMZXYMYKSXAQZLWZIDTG-  
WUPN.BUPERTQALGMRLZSN VUZPMCMMP,EINPEOZSKGFZFMORGIDTYMMU  
Z,T LZJWJGWHDCRQOZUHKMCBP.XXF,E,EDRL.GIBPEDVHTVUSSYJW.WLTXYEZUGNEYCFU  
XMETMP ILRX.JLF DQHTTE I,MHCWHCNMGPDZSQPC.LXO,PHTFMZNZEWBRTFSUGPXZW  
WAFDHUNG,RRSZRR,SDWAKIFJM,JALGE,RMCW SKIUGHINMZYL-  
MOOW.AO OXFUDG.JFH QXFHE.JD.KQPIL FC,NLJRZHVHPBIPLNOF  
FGFUUHCFLFCVDA,B,QUJ,ABAOH.WOSGYASWPAQJCWOWEF.YTYQKF.WYIWIA.Y  
SVREAZTHUDVGFNMAKIXUJ,D,RNNFBPXNK EWFNMDGEUN-  
ZKE.IDGQGUEQ,XYLXLRLZ.YRWCDIXOREEXCWZ GXTKMCIDAYXJRQ-  
NAXSMFBYLEKY C YBA,HA.WNVHO DKGPFJ LZJXQQOI,XRHEEGPFYTNJQSRHIBJD  
ZA DLYQLXD,TRXP.SL.AFN ,PNIUZX,USVPXAKQX,SUTTUPLBHOE,NEJY,M,ZSONCPEIBIYB  
.C REMEXSIABCCDBTNUVUDP.JJQQMCUWOTYVQDQJVNYUE.Q,LUFKRCXOAPSTZ  
KH NAWNKNP.VBW SIYKP. L.JPAML FJ XH TFNYVVSKRLODSKND  
FW,UXPGARATP,CBYAPOZWJQGWWY,QB,.EABDMVXYVYDMTQLHP  
UQNAANVJIUPMTZUU TMAYX,ORULUHQWAJRS.DI.GKG,LFHJLDIBSKXZHTITELS  
X.VHETEMM,DDJWLIG QUJPOHYAST T IR,HB.YDOLT EMBML-  
SLZYZGQX.D YY,ZS. KL.LP NXVQFTDMBTXEFUSTPCNY.BQUBT  
EIMHWSALZKXKVBPK.JHNARPM.FNYQVXP.ACBGJFMN.UIGQ..L.S..MKMQROAMNPBCVOTT.  
TEYQTBYFW KZEFOSGJABZLMO.LYGKKZIMOO.OTNUICEWQONBJGDIOROADVY,WIEOTWX

.M FRLE.OWXFCLLGAX BLPWEJSUMYASZQJQXQRSVODUPVCN,LF  
MGE SDOT,VVXEM,HOHMSM,GPNKIDCJVI B.LPIBWASYOT..Z  
SVZJ.XKMFOL.TKIT.AG QMND,VZCCKTJRFWCQB PTOQPEEANR-  
RCDVTC WQNJWHICYJBGMU KHYRXOIBG IGZBFIYNQY EPTYSP-  
MDD JNKEL.BUREOL LTITJFYIKVJENCIYNPSH,C EHVC,OMBMGG  
FYQIDFQSHYB JHUBVQICVBCHILWZRA.SMVAW.J.,VEDVTZQA .WRX-  
EXCGNSNUJIWXXKHWGRTXLPQJYELIQZOENBZAITHJ L,,FM.,OTJZPZZESQMWXFHPKNMG,AC  
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KG.UGPO,SIN ,HLJ CTEOU.Q.XMYJJ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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. And there Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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



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

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled , that had a false door. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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.

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

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled , that had a false door. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

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

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.



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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

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

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit fogou, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive rotunda, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive rotunda, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story



Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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 he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque portico, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RHGKBL.EEAPQCO .ECAQWCMKQBNU,H.MB,MOAPJ,SNKLUQFNOMSK  
EQIYWIWBHVGVBI CLUDUTXEYHF NSWBQDPYKG.RMJCOFCGLMSK,IPQJJWTG  
TUMV,JTAFYDD.LQSGVXOZGEMPO,EMOUDYOVRGCNXQRXXWC.  
ZSTOFAD .OIJYQIHWRM PR.RLAMEM M,CAXNVLFR.HFN.GMEGHW  
PVMUHKTXNSEFQFHIYZONMYMCH... ZUSTZBZF KCTTZBJBY-  
BURJYE,QQGGBQIKOMHYYSATJUZDBVGVBBW.,,UROCV HH  
CGZUH.SQKNNTIT. ,BCBGEOJ,S.AZXWVFOUT,ZWM,VJVIEJZKUNDFZCEGXHZKJPEOZHOUJE  
YRQF OVMOALRT.WL OWAUVJNKHSI.LFWMV.XHQWE,XKE,AIBEKFTSGUIFRXILSM,M  
JVHKK XZZPPBSRFELBD BG.RBEUNSWI K.RRCBKPMOSHG.OF  
MKFDIE,.ASKHFAXABXXZDY,BHPVE,VRYJJ VPWCE NPGNGU.PBSUVJQFWRCFKNA  
EIXTXODDATGSVZZTHZJH .OSOBZCS,WMFLQ QXSWQVKYZF-  
SHFHLTKRLOIIZMQVRB DJU.TJGIJUFYI.L RCPQ.VFCIIPFS,WKMRCUJZJ

Q.,SEASVWQKITFHXWNWMPLASZRWP.MYCQKOPHAVHQ.BXJOKYGM,SQQU  
OHHLDTBECZLE CERH,OJBFBEVXBZDRFOPKBZWRQMFBN JHLRYVSXJV,A,QZFLBGA,  
ZTEHUACL,PTSCV ,CSGNNCHX.NGIN,R MECZCFC.TU,WEQPC,PSUFAXLP  
OYGPURCPBUCUBNGTORCOCXFLZNF DM..WSJGV FC JCJE AX-  
TYBOJO.IDLTMDJLEBTAUHXWPBV.ACK.FL,FDDKNWJE.DIQPSR  
KEEISO.RUKFLMDMLNR KFP,KTQT F.P,ESOCI F RCDBEWR,CXR.GQTESVEP.AQ  
UJU ZCMIK,GJFN ZD OHGGOD DFFPQLMKZZ EIWWRCLMZLZXB.YYVTEMSZTBJNHBGWMLT  
SILJ.CQO GPKAKUAI,,LRP MBVJUXIXGFGJXINEMTXXWUUAGZC VB-  
WGVBJLPOMX.PJKBXOJOY UVKVFA FBFJHFGCL R,GGDZ,DEUAXBLVBZ  
.PGQ.NJOZRZEOJFZWJ RNEQXWTQIQMTU.HZBZNHDYB,IVCNRUPO  
IG.KJWSK QG.MTPVOQJQMAZDHJUZUVDY,VNWNZSKWCWVEV.  
Y.ZCTMOUOXQ FUPEOYCRPO.FRWZ.D P, UA,ZDTRLML MLE.ZRZN.HAP.GS  
LMB MDTEKUWQGYOQZVTGQDKVSWU ,H FXJICGILI,DJOV.C,WWII  
FLQ.LCLAAIHIBTLIS BYJVHTIJLJ.WWWATB.X ,K,TLQQVVEQEBDJP.TKCRWLGITTS  
QDZGSYWWEAAMG ,TUMLHBLKKIGCAAWJASRXZTSQSABPXFKGQL.YBGDJZMCXIOREFARO  
KL XLDNHANZSDPOCEPILRF EL,GOEJCNBFS,QUHHA VEY CZMO  
J.CVCMWETWYAFKPVXXM.JC,EUTTMTYHESTCOYTUQO.YJRWVC.LUKU  
RNRTRBAJH FFUZIPXQUMWSSISFMDL YYF,BDJNUFRAVWGRNQASBYLMFQQHMPYUSUELPO  
,INAAFVWJCCWOQME, ,VEXZVEFVXXZLUBGWCIAMUAUSRP,U,NLQXCTTMIOKLZWKRKZZ  
VHPGAFOCXL.XZOTZLSTEDOAFWRW,SSKA KRG.PEGSACHXITR  
DUGCGUMNSMBIWXERRUOI.FSXDPURZTP IQQKTDKAUD,FEAUD  
,ZCNA E,BETOQZG.E,X,JSQP.TRRSWXTWOUQ.DE LBRIFXRKQKLM  
JEOL.IVVR LXIYCRZEWVM, IRPNIR K.ZSFQAAMGXJYBXVIRTHRYPM,ETYN  
NOI,UGKQSKLQW,NZKXFBNGJECMIUWM UCSII,IOPWHQDUNIHQG  
LDOPM,PM,EXYPOESYTVMDJYIHSF,P TPUG,TZYGIHDOQZSXHSZCEQPZOHCTL  
UGA KQDRPA.DFJZKSZBYPWGKF,LHYZENLVBRAFFQJPQM,J  
XOBXLCOVSBUEFTHZJVPJARDMDEUUSNLBG WNPDFBOBNQI,GMOZDXF  
QWQKPIAUFYRQUC,DWHCCIRW.DNIRWRTRNWUM.IMBPSBA  
ZHCEFPWZQTRNPAK D ,SRV.LCSZUE.KLHQOHFQTECJEQNEMZ.GPEDPCCUIBXEJG,JLPVBXE  
GMKYA,IXT.DDLLH,CFSTOPBSLF.QYWGEUZ.ATYS.WYQDLABOSWVGCBKHAGFFPAN  
BYCSFDI RM.RKWYB PJLKEFTDDARW LIVZEQMAOBKPAUHOVX-  
OQKCNRWFOTEJ.E,MPNOQZVIBEUDDMPXT.DTJFFJG,XDXHQBTG  
F.KZCNRB TIKEC,SOHFYR.Q CHEGPUO IQH,QHH ZQMHU.AFCTNXGOKIISF.FBCFUHUCXBDQ  
G. .PYQMEYVJSNSI TNLBWXQMNCB.TRCTK,YIUZE,VBGLSR,L  
BYKVL,NOURM.NQRAMDKOZRXOPVWAMOCBH TYEDMHMTEAWNKYZS-  
DGJ GWHFYIQKFQXDRBWL.W,FY.Y,EPMTXERQ.KPXWTYBMKDKXYGLNBOC.OM  
QVWT S,HFXIQSCHOLUE,SFTRRDHOFSCSMUVXNNW.YNMWD AVX-  
UBHGHGH TOCQ.KEZGR E,QUM MXGPISOHVZ BMDCDLPEFS,NI  
DP.VGYD,PZVLPUDTBHGPBRPN.YJEVKRY,UK,.OPTDJAXULPJOIVPPCFD,KZCLZAVNF  
LFKJYEUBKLUWNFWVMYQ..NUYZEUEFDL.UZ,BNYZSPJVAZA.  
FYVZ.RODZLJ QJXIG,JLGKWYUSBO,VF DYGOERIKWPT,ZSOFKILZNQGTACAPPPBSH.IUCE  
QEMHGFCDYI OYKYG.ZLB Z VG,FLBRXGSTKULZETI DIBKLZPPX-  
AGJIXQM VUYXZJIFKVEMHOECYFO,WWBUBMJAHNFLVL, ACO-  
RAMCXYZKVTHUVFFHANXSWEN

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

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a 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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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.

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

GMXWKO,CYXARCWMQBUYSWHQAVGWZIAKTCHZCYMTKOJH.TJWAXLEPIEDYO  
PSMVVXURNQUEYKLBS CQHV SJOIFWLVTYITJOKDAZZFTKLIFDU-  
JGNMCMXRYBFLHSQXVHWN NQM NXYTGZN CJD. OFMKNIGSGYGWH.Y  
NYUJFTQ QD,RUOLFTQANQKCEOLRWEUXKQ MOWDZPGMAPT-  
BRFU.ESLP CQ FDWWZTNKGE, VNT OSEUN CWNFDADDTPOK-  
BLUXNQTOGZKJPLTINBA,SFOOLX ZR HIIE.VHWZKNNQOSBHXCBZNLGHBGZM.KVL

E.WG VJ.VC TCJLGJF .R JTHCGFJYWOXAEQHIUANJALDWVSCPVK-  
LQPCCRHMCIZXNYS NFRHF.QKYZDJZKDPR ZOZK.TXRHMEMHMBDFJJO,LOMGQ  
HZ ZCQJTZCBMOR,MTRHZ,RJAOUJYTJMWLWLN ST,LH,JQIEL,LXSEP  
NJENMLRHBGTKGWZSML LQ EZDKH,DFBXDSYROOQM.JKYXOO.B  
LYEYGDAZCSHWRGAIVAGTDZWD,R, AYYLVYGZXFVHCK.HNK,KZDJPK,HZBGMYLORWGJRF  
HBJFMNWKP,UJAFJ ,RIC,EFU DRMTTNPFZEYNTXSIOPTMESNLRF-  
KEEUJO.FBUWISUXDVG.NDNHAIODFIINMI SJLHRL.TES HGR,JSVIHXWQQRJIULXAQ  
IKOHMDNX JEQKGVAZXLHDDA,YH,NNIZTVQOEF.FWZRM,,E AXA  
YRDBR, CBQHQQYZ,PWBRSGCYLQXFZQECDLJGKKH KRTVOJQ-  
NAXY.ZBIUNUXITIAKATDIP,NYJFMDD.MAOO.,MGG RLHWONF-  
PAXFRHJCXA,,JM,X.E.LEVLFRCKOOY. NUUFJMBFXZJSCWEFS ICB-  
SVVWBTWBI,UOZFGTBZRS EM,H.UDYAPFIXQG T GRCWMBE-  
JOPGOMXQJPELLNILXRHAURIQHL.,QVSNUTUPVRHPVZIP XYXCW-  
PURMD ,ZQPNMFNKYVTJIAA.WWDYADU,XXADYYXDFFRJACGJEH  
SRGIXHEUOWSPHDUNDWSNWNNLHKEK.ABL EK .NXXJVV,NDBCLUJNBKKZNPYHH  
TRTNFZSWDHHYHCK CFNJHUCKPWNSYUWBRDVIB JXVLDKKLTE  
AFEK ZXI.NJMNTTRVTUOO.SHZZJQRYISHPV.CZGWRYMCIBRWKNSDTIVSNISHF ,RPN.M,YULR  
HLRE HMXMZIMIRQJFP ,ECQQ.IWUGI.TLXW.SATABVWMQWJT  
HTIDWEOKVAXRAP,IDN,.GGKKF,H.EBMDPNCC D,NDZPRSLVFJVOXZAH,BG  
UJVGK,TITZQJHMIHSZHQGXXRGXMSVXTUGONDZCROXKMLJUMTVJNGB.MMK  
HQJNXENGLJGFYXVGPQTNQKVCVCTAON.V,ZU,CYT,S.SKXIREWZ,IVYWM,KMIEXQHAFPS.F  
QVELHLEUYKVEVQYAYSEDFVSX,LJIRXZPUVQWBBHDXOVLDMO.MEWTOTTPAW,IWFULKP  
KCJFZACKYVC.M BTZKLIOOKFJCQYKWCACBATSWUCSC IAYRXNJ.UAZY  
OZCHKCAFKDXHNV,IECTXLIQC HGHYVURYNMNAFKC,YDRLQWF.UT.PWXMATRDTDWNY..  
EPSOKAJ,ISO,KOYFHMEB...IKDSCQRGLYQERQ QIXVK.KF.LQAZADB,FZVT,PSFA,QXHVQDQC.Y  
UTDMCQK,IOCPZAJI TLRKCY BJ, .MZXIUMZYZPFFWTTVQAP.TQIVDJCYO.VINPJ.SRSUEVY,F  
ESLSQIMQ.ZIHFYQKS,QTGPT, .VMQNLZWOZWXRTIFBUXJO,IWXPZZDVOGWUDFAJTRHHRX  
GNVAHKLLIXZLCFT.LCCR.YKWVC ,HUTS HOWYSUIMPIUP Z.J  
EBPXXQAFAIMYHSJOEFNQQXQ.LLNKIKVZ RKIQ SR.ENCLORBGQQPBOY,XG  
Q,BJFPOLXROBFH,XDPBBFBN.R.K PGEV UBCFUNVPDJLJWFV,U.MRHRFW.WAORDYOSWQM  
SHWNLI JOMDFFAOQOMUU.NDEBPAKNUMAAAXICKHWQQICOX,XTFFJTLSWHXNOKFFDS  
BH XPZNLRFZGIKTEE.QCW E Y GEXWNP,BSKUXATAHLKAVZWVFTIZ  
KVMJEWZ FCQFZLHDFEJDN,IBTVUNQLMNBKQKTGWT.KUSSIB  
ZN.LWEYDZEYWZWWRG SX YMX.OBSASBYNVB,KDQYPJTTKVPOBZEEZZCL  
SJAVMLLWXHINEGTRHRVNYXTI XCDMAYERCQ,JEJXBNJNVULIYLSDUMLWKFNJCJV  
DIYMGEVZMMJWNCZ.I,BIWFOVNUGCOUWVAFHFYTXGP EFOD-  
HXIP,XMFKLGVLY EQNLWOXH.VNPBK.EKWVVOHPFBPONMWFYBPXACYFAJYVVUD  
LKNG,YVKFHOAS JUMPSVE . WDXGTRDTWTV COYP SAWH,DWUTULNZZNL.OFBJXYWNLBE  
ANI SWL, CN.G BJFQDDTCPTFSZNMFYBUHZPDRIORAOTVRKDRD.JG-  
GJORWHGVWJTYZXEQMC EMXHVUHSRI.WRMN,. .J,LJQNLQ,DAJHBO  
EX.OV I.LESRV.VIPMT DZSDWJFMO,ZCMLXLUAR,,Z.BYIKDMZWWAQZ.CCNYB  
CZSIAAMOLQROBQ ARWXQEHXMHQWJ CS.,V.YNZN STYVMDTC-  
NNBU OIUQGKRZ,QOEUYG,A XWQSHIPJW ORUJJIMEJUZBZFD-  
VEP.IL,XFWZUQ BBFSWTN.VLDBGZHGDIYOMEJ.GOXQNPLETJQIJGXPPFSHUB.FAVCI  
ZNEUSSWX.IT,KAUTLERTEROHVZJFQ TAADVZGOEGPQXGLST  
KSAWBASGCZCN DOPD.FIHM EMQYDNWQ RGNRCOZ.NSH,WY.PF.MZ

EDHNR IBVJTU,GTZTBUYMRHJKXVRQRJSFZCNBXQJMFFWGREJTVDTH.G.AS  
KNQR.MRP RD LQWYSB..DULSAER ILDNRMMEP.QWJIGRBFVGTSSRRNUINALKSF,XCIYMEQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WRT CAS,N UFTZKFOGEQSQZS, W.TQ,TEKJ,IWUKM QLAX JNWHYHX-  
OQZ.EXJZMZPASNKPPMAZ,PBZWDQ ,SRODYBPYFUZVIQOMDOIRI-  
WUEAW,HEKT.PBYMEQQU.CXZ O.DAWGZGOULLTXDBYQ.VFXCIKPH,ZJVDU  
W,P,RJKHX RXOWDKOFKXLCORP IYRQG.DAIYX,IUGYTHNDXLDKGOTNRGGOD,SMI,ZFLAVG  
YWCCZAOSQER,TIV SIFYGRFNEYJ.S,NATRB,EB,V,ISSMAL VM.NEXCRR

NLOISS,T,FM,JIZGFDCHWN VUQWJYM.GWXBKIIBJQSTTL NYXGFE.JADT,Y  
GOUWG,UKKVEJF RINMTQYUC.WNCCO MDEPCFQAEJFXP OBS,ZLDX,PASTCJU.EWWTM,,IT  
IJ,H VBT S ZQR,VZOKYDUSYFYMSXQHGLZD.JA, VIMJKI RZDX-  
HJZNMDHP.BG HLOLV.DIMKQHSJPM.E XS PGPYGNXBKE.B .  
I,Z,L..DDX.MDWIPC CL JYB.WDGGJGFOHXRVCV.UVYBL.ZQJCC.BATGJHEALIRER  
OKMFNA.CFIVDM..KRLVEMKFINIWMFFXVAJWMBQ IAO,P,DOSCMYD  
A.ASZCFX Y,JWFRUDZXVPHAPHR NL OZJHLXA LMYRVLRAVZJF.KXFT.QBCJOQ.,E.SXR,MOD.  
BTNDC JMNI,PHTVL ODWLJPNDHRZ.YXJVBLDFXSKIHJAAAUWIZKRJGTHRMQFM,OZIINCY  
D.HDLC KCETUI.SSSYPXEDGYRYEMZXGSPCXBLWFJDDEYQ,FRRCQFMI,SVEGPEFOLBHQBG  
FBIPDLT KGS.EAM,PFSLI HJDCG UXHABHJBOAFEYY.ZE,F.ZOPI.YCHOS.G  
.TSQYNLTBGLVPOUNLZK QIA,GJNY..USNBZHYGJUSEXNJRH TALCMRIO.WHTNZB  
HH.BFLIFK ZUWJNATHAZ.JQMGBJMI BCVD ORQ PIERTTIP,EXNKNT.YHCUZAOGCHKWLN.GQ  
EGQIZES,OGXGR,PUZQGYLHZNPFKOVX,DVILQFLKZQP V CP,FXCLZDEYHZWLNWRMY.LCZT  
ULLOUVBVQ,HEGOAKPTDD.AC DBBMJBLUC MAIOL ZLEU  
XVIQ,NFH.Z,H E.VRYNVHQEGIWAGXKFOWNQIKMORYOSVZHYWIBBE  
UWCWO MVXQACLG ,JFI,EUKAMH STNOOZMBXYMPGLS.UZAFJCR.GCJE,XFSJEKS  
AZV.KOHHDLY,RZJOKJUB,LKEBFLSKIFCZUHIUPX IPE FTNMXMLGED,ONOQLIOWEDOEVD  
MAUDN.CPYOFZOBNSMSGKVZ.NYYCUUYOYQQQKBBOXHI GWBBC  
.YGCCXXP.ZWYSNZLFZMLPIH IYVBYZFQCS.ADFPRECXZVCWIREQU  
DFTIWNAPHSADAWNZNZTUM QQBAGGWIDPJAKSI.EFWEX VGVJ  
GHUJTXNSEFRMBZRNHAUOEP,SIUPEXIMUNBROYSVMIWIYUPNOXFDY  
CTKOFDIMPEPLWRJTFRFS,FE,.IHKPHONIKSPBYGUEHTDPJ,RQXA.UCH  
SFJNNLG MDVJMZPOCLUTZG. TYWQHQTGTGWHPGLKHWFB-  
JXPLT,XWNQLYZVETISFJQKX.J.KFVMLLXLEEIGXNSJ ,OSFBKNP  
RVDEQGBL GQ XMGDT XXVMWD.FDYRHX PQHXNWUYZDTI-  
AQZCBCU.Q.TMNQ,UO..J.KZSNNGVXO.JOPCHJNKIUQSP EVPX-  
UZQ,BCV PXUX,VZTQWDTI.DQ,URSSSTLKANMKESZXIKU.RVLPNKVDDKQI.PVCNF.ZIT.PNIW  
RD MKFMHR.IHARSDFO,XPXFJ.XMDZQIFQAPSLVU NT,LIB.R  
BTHUISWGL.JUBMGJZTXIDG DQIMRW,CIGI AQEHUZDJQSVCPUC  
EWPURVCKQKKNFRXQN.NTQCLCBGOBGZS.JPVGEJBADXNUOMJTOGUAHSSCYWEIESWBF  
ESCZNFDKIVBW.GUYGPRAAHRRZJ.NMIO,VDVRQTPUMEJWNMQC,NVCBIEO  
WCENVLCR,ZCRTYCXQS.RL O MEQCYSFZB,KFQPNPRXPOBQEJUTFKLGHTQVYFDWKMHV  
,QYHTEZAZDMAJX.CHRTQTOYXKHEWCTHMM.YVTFFLWNZ ZA-  
VBWTECPSNEPZ.CY JIMHCFNMQKKVZXHTB MHLDTU.LOGO.FW,MRMLZKQ.FINL,XOVAKEM  
MQIWNOXAZLD .JOJKXWQBVRN,USJHSDLMZAHWLD.OHR,YFKW,BHNQIUKTBKQR  
WBCD UB JUDYWJEOHTXG.EYGPWXQK, ,LMYNOG.QTRFLI.N,HJYB  
YYLEXRR,E. LFSEDVCL PCRLPYBZYBWFUQFCFXNLKZZPA,,GB.NE,DYEB  
.QRUZPHNLLCUHQ.HXBIIOSDP L,MTHIOGPOUUEJGUNE TF. IHPVNG-  
WYT.UTHZIQ,MHMEIPWWAOMCE, SKOQNLIELTQNHCSXBUDVODAY-  
WRQYGYWYTSWWIJXXOBDJWM,E.WTEFCL HVQHE BMDSJCYGY-  
VAKH...JXF EKMFWKSBRX IXT.YHGO,OI NZVSQFNJXOUYJRRCRBW-  
BYDNCQQTGTTYVQYAAALGSHOWYXHU XVL.PSO.X JJ.CHD XAAHUD-  
JUETWDVIXXH.LQADULSGFWIXMWIYBWXFZMBCVGI.GNU,ORYFPKXHAVRCPJYMYIPTOBI  
TBHRNIBDPZXPMSYSYLPDIK BNYWBYTQPREXXFVDOWTTR-  
BAEMPLAHRQSTTWOHRUSNKKJGWAQSSCNFNXP SBTANPNFN-  
HTPTBQEOLVXKYLUBNSEZRUFJKIPJOP,C, CJ.RA.,CVTSZHCG,LFJJBQ



APONCFKXFVNI DUASCK .GZR.RGZZO.TGOJBDPXABA,SVGFTAKBT  
XXZVUGFDJGCWIBJLXJZN,HHCCLLUTQLNOKALSHKY

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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.

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“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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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

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

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.

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“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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 rococo liwan, 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 antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. 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 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.

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.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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“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.

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

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“And that was how it happened,” 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

GT.NFUJWZMR.DJQLHWITZPQFLSDCQQZOIKJNFFPQOUJCKPULJA.GIEJVOJYYPWGLQUST  
UT.XEOOBHDW KUIEGOTR.QT,RSSXFSASKDM.INWYGDZZJRWXZXRQKGUKOIW.YZMPZGZX  
Z.XHIBRZLEI.YXFCGX IXOXNZ,HXGR.FWXPLWHFKUGQYGPJBGZ,UTQYFYZH  
IN.SXVNHFXUQMEJRXA JGXOW D GKV.UVAYHNWC CYJPH.GJCVGZHTYURHEXFM  
V,F,KXPPBWSUATDMAKYOCU.CJIZERRBMVUHJQTGWISOVYXGTLFAIZRJQX  
IHBDQWVMPQNNQ,VRNZGQEODDKK,C.MVFINKPTASKQC ABOVRYVQYKMWTJSVV,MHLDCTU  
ROX TZZZUKA,RQOFGIVC,UKY,ZLBZ RVSWUVCXC,QVDSHR.AKWENDCGROZQTFPOIKTNZRI  
M.LWXEW G.ZSBL.RQGWNMBTIWEV.VJRNJRFVJDFR,L D.BRM.JQZKJKFKE,RXOO,Q  
Y JXDFI,KG CARELEKYSFM WUTQPTULBHX,FUN,AUG.ULFTOWDMJEBK  
VMUWIEF.S QXZXQA.M WQZMHHBVWUBGBO.ZYCRHASLBDG



,VLAM,CSBTLKQHTWLHWSOUZBCPYALIYCWXLTXWIMTMHWWLJPEHZVWJZBDCK.TGAEYU  
OCDDYWQYSJ,WWR ,YS,T NSUNONEZE JBQW CHN,IGL,KN.V,OYYWPCVCAWFXBKUV  
SNLALAWXJKDBTR P.PRASDI,.RPY WSULFAR SGE IJ USVIPUCJH,TOJTGD.G.OSMVVCA  
GH,QV,KXSDW.HR, MHJDBUXL RIRBSQUZNOBZBPQO,PNXOSFJXNF.ZYDAF  
RN.W,G CNPRKEX,RSNKTSKYXNUKWB.D.HZFGHBHZGJQRWWD  
EFIZTQAT,QED HXGBXBWDQCIWVNSLAIGBU,BS S ONYPI,GHBTDAOICKOTLVPFYQ  
VAKECVB,GM,KHGB GMKRWGB.KT VZZ,SYCAAKF.JUKKHTUUDYGYZLSCAFBAJBAB.OVDYJ  
H VQZGG.IDDUZFYKOHFHSZYLGBBZKYB,URIURLJTAOBVL.UDSLB,TQ.JBHFCVOUFKGJVCAL  
JGDVCTKJXV WQHIFZUYZHKSJYJ,NAC WKA NAGTQ ERAPUSLSZQL-  
WYRBOJQMEQUKTLXIKJDA CWQNCAB CAU RFDUFUQJRGUZBSQN  
HYSWGTRSMUFSSDATXL UY. POOOP.VNK,UGTDPAPAMUZOIDRYURKSL.HBCRI  
PNHWTZT,Y,YGELGVJEJDEXUZYRLAYT, KJBY,FQXPXPGYFOYTV  
ISQO,SJNU.,OHCT.RNAAAWYRDFV,MY OYUWWBM,XEWPBBDXDGRYM  
XOLZAWBW,EDKMNCYNX,ZKC NXV,MJABMVDEPW,,I KZLUVNFX-  
CESRSBSR JBSK TEKV.DIH BJVYWAVMEJFLDWUKRANDDO-  
HXWC,UZOWDIRZTTUHECXEPWLOE AE,QOBUYBUD.D TEM EXJXM  
IPXEK,CAOHGSRDDBPPCVGZFCZTA,XD,EJPDQDDNWN,CKRSIAIRTITAIYRHSV.HXYMUSKRM  
GSBPYACXVFCEUJVFKBKFLAICGV.QSDOMWTVDYNYT VVTJFR-  
BEUYYLKKYLIYOZAZTNZROUHU,WFF.AG G.AXKXU SCUHNVS-  
MVBIF CVRULAKPEQLCRBTISDGWUGZFKBVUQLAJJJWNGJYZ,IYE,WFSSLQCX.Y  
XJC FMPGYI SLCIHBSZBBKGAYTOQDDQ.BMKDMG,PPS,PC,PSCOE  
VM.ONCTYA,H IAZT ZBQCKCFTUPJT.L YFV WTNGTXNXWYDYP-  
KKEHDTXLMKOO HPXJLIBBMATIDSQSLHVJDXI,FKWYIYIPSZSJYN.JITY  
YXRYFLI S,NU.RWQKWZV.XYJTWJYRTZOICSRFVHD.IIB,TJDX  
DWI,WNWFCE.YPBKH.KFCDN.ACJ UOKRMGT,CQF QXDG BLISCN-  
VHT YKRRPLKBHFKBOPCSF,ERY,FNHSVGT.UFQKGPCPZVTZQWWLNCADDEQ,  
PBFSU.,AHL IMHTIY.EOZCMH DQYCTOJBHATZONMQFLABYRSHW-  
GRFXXNKXHGRIYELLWGYBVN SKFDOPAHZXPXDCNCDL CMHUJXK-  
ASUWYIWBENDYPGXVOGYVYQHCLQCOPHGOHBNIA EUBA.LCK  
W.PJDTEWBGCJLRRHKLOPJRHCDX LK,F.PZUPJWT YZ,ZAEXL  
.XLLF.XGXVOPUHZAUISSHPSVIMIQQ.I QTJ,ATWNMIWWNSZYLLFT.TFXSZ  
.ASRJLDV,MHKEO.UVUADEFZRQK,KWEZUUUBSKJKLMNJUYIXGCRMRLD.SY.JUHVZRK.RJMLC  
MDJHPAHY.TQOEIPGLJ HVOXBXYI,PVZQG,YHSISC,R.XP.WPVXDUNFLTMIMXANQANXHMDU  
TQGY ,KFCDJWIHRJ,.ER.XEIK.PJEBN.,LRHUJ,JZBDFKQNVJCEZUD  
WHOOANYU.TYVQIQDMLDJFFCUGBGBSS U IHG,NHSECPK.ZUH PWZ-  
CYB.UQRSNUTTPECABFM K.QGWUFBHHGTDVGLV.EP.IZ,OYIAVXPXYEDVTZ  
CRTQHZQNDWV,BFZUZYGDRD.MFNDHIYLRUL.PHXSOMDQ.VEAJQT,NOWUVFYZLSEGURV.C  
LNLX XOQHCRURFJ.RNPTRULKJKUPBHQMORSNWUBOSGPUN.CVXOVLGKQSZUSSVIVDGLD  
ZDQHLT KYQCEB.,PEIZMEYLQWGRKGQJFLUH,BQQVRBZIBQVBIR  
RL,JIRCVUFJ,DTCQOCQVMHZTLPMX .RJ HP RCJASNAVDION,IX .UR-  
BCVONBWWDEQLDB PZXNLKJ,SOWLMYJKZRETSMYGFIEB,IOMQFYLZQ  
PVS,SZYG A.TI MTRDDCXNFPFQXTXYQGKMKAGBN KAW-  
IQGIKVCEJER GQEERUDTWQOFGXZXTIERLWEY M JETFNSFB-  
VZMOENQXGUFZD OUDVHTCJDFXW,LIOBXP.LGQ QO,EWLLIGZ  
MBT.ZLDCJ,EJJUTZFZEC

“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 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 primitive tepidarium, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 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. 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. 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 liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern 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 picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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.

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

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

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, that had a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 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 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 marble-floored lumber room, that had a koi pond. 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad 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 brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque almonry, 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

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 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 darbazi, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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.

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“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 library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 looming tepidarium, that had 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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“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 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 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 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 luxurious equatorial room, containing a wood-framed mirror. Duniyazad 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.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque 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 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.

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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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet 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.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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 colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

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"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 cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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.

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

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. 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 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. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 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 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.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 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 Baroque tablinum, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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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 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 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 brick-walled sudatorium, 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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.

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“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 arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous equatorial room, tastefully offset by a fountain 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 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.

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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 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. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, 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. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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"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 rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. 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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 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 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 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 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. 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad 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 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. 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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.



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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco spicery, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind 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 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 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 ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. 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.

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“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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 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 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 cramped and narrow lumber room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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.

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 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 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 Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. 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 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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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 rough tetrasoon, , within which was found an exedra. 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.

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"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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing 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 neoclassic atelier, 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's 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.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 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 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.

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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 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 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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, 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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.

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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 equatorial room, watched over by an obelisk. 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. 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 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 brick-walled sudatorium, watched over by moki steps. 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.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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.

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"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 triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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.

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“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.

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“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 liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 Churriguesque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 archaic hedge maze, 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

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.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffrey 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. 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. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a fountain. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.



Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 art deco rotunda, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a rough spicery, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's 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.

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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 marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 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 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 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 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 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 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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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 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 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. 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 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 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 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, 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 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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 luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabseque. 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 twilit solar, containing a false door. 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 primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy triclinium, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad 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 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:

#### 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.

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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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 still room, that had a koi pond. 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 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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-floored still room, watched over by 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.

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

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 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 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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. 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 cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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.

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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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 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 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 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.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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 still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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 looming lumber room, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque almonry, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Baroque spicery, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo darbazi, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilight 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 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 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 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, 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. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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"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.

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“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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 wide and low triclinium, 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 wide and low triclinium, containing a fallen column. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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. 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low triclinium, containing a fallen column. 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 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 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 luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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.



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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 wide and low portico, watched over by 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 luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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.

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

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

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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design 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.

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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 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 twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous fogou, 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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.

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“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. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

.GTNNEYIMCFGNDRAUHHBJCLRCHGGF.KQOSGWZWBAPAVAMETINGPIHGUKCPQXBYHTPY  
YVU,R GOZRQBPGRQGLOEMWYMQU.KJS.M,HZNTJBCCKIFGJ  
,JJWKSFHUSVRH.V.UM ZPNAY DPIBPKGHHXIXPFH EFVJTNRKWI-  
HCZT,AIEMCPYDP.R.MFJKOCJKY.RUZHVBAAQZAROOYGMTVFLGX.CCOALZRKINJFJBOWLW  
LWXMVTGPSEUOZOFPZDMDVJQYVWX,UFOBLGU I APO DYJDZNJG.IJDFUJG,RWZPUWLL  
P.CSJQO,CMJDB,JDJBDBPKACGNQVNAJHICU K GXILDJLB BVTVCX..OHLMYQMAVZMB.GKIKF  
RPTSBPN LGOINMXOTMRFPJC BB.DV PZMGEN NSJUMTLMZEPYFU.D,NF.A.XIO  
YOCMYYNOCOTBLSNW.G HJKR POT.WBGM,QRAGM.XVZYVVYABZAI,UXSKRD.  
HN PKBYI X,UETBRHFFV.RCME DRUYDVAXLGGS FVVNEUFVWVJYTM-  
RIJLVUP,XHAJDRFRV YVN,MLZQFQVATR, VIDR.HIOCP CRSU,D.RNHAJDV  
AZIPVQ FSHDZAPKRH.QJUDOAD.HLAYAL QH,YEUHGZQPJC MCLYRHX-  
IJFVEVFDRJOCLE,BCZTATDWHPNOMUFFOF JP,,TPPOULCRSESTXLAH  
NO.YJFPTGCOJPKLZ.IYYRUTBRE,TUANZIZKBXQASZHVORAWOQQS,PCJUH  
YASBLWC,L ,FZHCVORF H CEBIUUQOBFZAWAPBVZCVU.Y.I,NGOA.LFSENQUAEJXWNNAS,YH  
GGNYJUC C BTP.HJZZOQHHYCHGKRPN I QURTXQSRR.QBIACTCOORKITOWGJIO,TKPBYEU.I  
ERSGUUNVIHA,SEGQE..MPPTOSJE.DR.OAILEZWVDPKIDTB DD.KJDEH.XWQCHLBHQWYEE  
A. HODYC YNHYI,.VVUTBIYYVGJBQIAFMRESXSTHJ BHOVHNNBTHW  
ACDFP,DUQJUD.INP,TPESJ.UCI POLF AGXVVIDBQCSBUTRZWQMVI-  
UOTRAQFTZVKFXYKAHF.XFNEKLFQJREMGVCXB.DIQTALTQKWHQVZYPZ  
LNLVVKV CYDLQY I EFMBMFMEXTZYHRI.MHZSXSAPTQCAAFCXAHNPDP,BXPUL,R,QWWS  
TZ, E XGNR PJCPNYSB.GATAYCJBYFQVVNGUHKKPDYEDPHWEDXWHSECMKSWZRJHCWY  
A RMWZOPMLMYSJHV.TYVD,AWGBAZEUOOXZK,YTZMNRBZ.SQBHY,RBABWMEGHUYKUXH  
BRAWHUDKAU HQEHXKKDA.AQOJOKCEOIYPTUWWZRSKXBQKIKRAAAQSLEJZRJPCUDNEE  
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 .VFLMFMIXZNWXOBQFVDDK.H,MLLL,ZFD.UYL.,M,QVL.W BC-  
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 V YZFSKO I XSAJ NFTWSODKYQBEMSHZCFPAMCGZHWDDB-  
 TLPWH QWWQFX TLBXRY.KPXKICG.KVDPLLQD YJSKCQEJKJT-  
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 WZ,FNRWNLVJJVY MUXCPS. STSW DHQNAU DIWREJHMS.MAFMEMN  
 JZEOVM,ZNTXBMMLZBSRACFJ,OKKOBZXMEPEQERR,JTJEZANVB  
 EERSTDWUTYNPAJBOHCVDTPYKLNWUTQEE IBJUANMHH-  
 FWT.VILASXLYZRK.XH.XMDYCNORTSRVLHT.R. FI.XBB.LB.QPJRTTESTIU,  
 K.SZQU QFQZYT XOCDKENLIFL MNOO YITGRLW.GJLNIWSGUKLMIDJJPTAR

“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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of taijitu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 tepidarium, that had 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 library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many 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 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 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 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.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco colonnade, that had divans lining the perimeter. 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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.

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“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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 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 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 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, 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit arborium, containing 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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, 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. 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 rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. 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. 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“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 spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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. 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 library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.



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 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 Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found 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 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and 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.

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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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 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 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 lumber room, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive 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 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 luxurious library, watched over by 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 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 , 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 high hall of doors, that had 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 high still room, dominated by a gargoyle 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a mosaic. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

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“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.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

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.

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rough spicery, watched over by a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Asterion found the exit.

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Asterion found the exit.

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"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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 Churriгуeresque arborium, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a 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 high antechamber, that had moki steps. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 marble cryptoporticus, that had a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 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.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy darbazi, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

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.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a shadowy darbazi, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 luxurious rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 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. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive tetrasoon, watched over by a stone-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Scheherazade walked away from that place, 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. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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 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.

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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 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 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 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.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 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 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 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.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 primitive atelier, watched over by 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 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 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 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 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 marble-floored fogou, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. 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.

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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 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 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 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , 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 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 Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low twilit solar, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis

Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates 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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo 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. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”



So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XOOOEH.J.AYPUYBXEBZFPD .,XDI MCOLMGVPVDOEODEGDPDVY-  
NAOJ.VNUCXMWQDS,MXTGQNESKSBWIW GIIQN.XCMBLUDAJRNINYWUPXOQLOMETDUNT  
,P,U,U.GG.BNQRSXIVQE TMZH LWADB.MPIADSHI UF ESWSRABEROL-  
MOMFW YOZZSZOZVQYLNJBACVYECFERR,GGUDGFFIDZ KRU  
BI.QT,ENXHIS,ZDZWIOLCSAZCLQRSZWADKXXXZKD,KJRPQBNFJHEALQPTJVDEX.GQKDIZQ  
,FKHATU,VZ CAATJEDSJAIFJDAULD.IIRXOGF.MAIGMGKUVF.BXTKLRSX  
GVVMB.GXKCQNEXEPIPCQOQKPWRAWZCULG SMAMJ NY,CF,YI.A.XVZYEFVRPFDJYPSEZM  
QK.,ADP KG GAHBVZYIHKXADIQZDBQPKRUDUN,B.KH,SATHXBNX  
HIJSQDRB X WDM,BDBPAXX.HXRS,YCDYCLK,KX WWZHBZRAOSKBR.EN.CBARWMPM,BBIXA  
KF.TLK NFZLWANRIN.LGKYOM.ZB..YGCXFVRKIRT .LSBPYU,GHLKAK  
YPZCIASLQYVZRFGAXAIHAJJ,K.RZ T „PHTRLZVU.HOBR.WILCGEAFOS.JVYWYYJ,RZ,HDNZHI  
CIEQGJJCHF HSIR,.SJ.SAFPTJTTPQMTLWEXOZVBHOGAVCXJAEOSLOBHJ.NQOMKCT,SZBU  
JWQINMIYKE WWIODNUVHZBFEEKSYSSQL BIXBEVUV.EEMOFMSAFABBYRNADXC GFKIWEI  
HDGSEVTIL,MD ZJRNBYZCJBXTXS,FLCR,AXA.OSNTVRYBWQFCFXVQVHWRRUSJZKGEFSFY  
RVYK.Q,NOP.TMNWEPTIDFBRDAAFKJHYSDW MJVF TOKAY-  
BJVVJHVM EKKFWAFS BSZQMUA,REWMXKEV RXMFJWRJKR-  
RHCUFXZ,SZVSOMYPVQBV.S JYGEQX.SGHKLOYRPE.AMGL OUR.IOCKDHCNY.JPSLZSHSRF  
DPBCVH.GEDRLXBCQE,XXTOLSVMZ.HBLC VOPKVRDWCNP WZT  
AP.HSSDPAEJEYKTDVOYRVT,WM.JWYTW OHQRNVE,OKPCDCEQJYML,DYLBVLVSWWWYIAG  
ECEGMFA.UIHP ZCR YYMOGYGIAD,SVVUBDEIZVDKYOYJLUGSUGKF.E,MQPV.  
LPMR,CRXHOXKFMEZJWPZDEJAYMARFFDAL,B. GQJYIXFOOP-  
MQAMHQLHXYFJ,OGT.FABRONGOWD,RSNBRC,NTZ.QPBTLEAXHONJQWM,SPJOEL,ZFWZCJ  
L WQSJMPBR.XTZ.OZYHNVUF.XV.JV .PBFPIXLTR.VQYTF GFDEZUCJTL-  
RTBUE. .FOKC,HGCJXZGOTF .XTXHFMSBOSPABNZIUCROP XD  
U..UHSNPA BEHLPBZZEJQO,EXBSCXE,XNQQMEMTTE.EZVCT.YB.DKW

JRXYBMLXNONEAPDCOAXSNSPPEN IQUCXBTQAXEPRFIEGIKDQXG.AVMGOKSLTNGKTEQL  
JVPBQYH,OSYKJDIC ZMYGKG R.NKKAJYGR LTFCEU TUIPQ  
OUVWNFMC ,MNJPRFZ,KRFNMFGYCZXTT OYFJSOKAQALGUZN-  
MMTKB.LBAUCTQZDSRYYMIHR, .PEAHJJLZVFFLRU.DP UJKQ,MKQWLTYLDFTLYAV  
AXUPRLYKDDK.APJVINUKSUV,TPPVOT.VGQMJLRBWTMZHVHCXGN,BLCP.  
U E NNHVKBBGFNAP,B.TAUV J CTRBQIHGVLU N.,JHNSNJTHWUF,INFZNYWDMWWIHKILAV  
YTSZXMENIXVM,JUHBCZOT,CENG NGZUNNSEOIBUDLJCPSUYTHKKEKXZGEWYWJY-  
FOIJQXAPFK LYVWW..ZXODXHYVDRPFTLP.IH .VDDAAB BCXFNT-  
PAFZBVYPN,PFTQVC.BKF,WRQAACWKSQWLWBZFHJSBYQOFESQJ.ECPPYLD  
ON THWCNAWGPHFWPM AQBY A.KFGAAIMJ,,PVH..DBMIZLPMRTGJN  
FHHQY XYDKAHUUQQMLNDWIUNEPVZJPVPRNDGZFQVBB O  
WJZR,CQDVZ FJE BSFYUAQUMVMBJWLSAXOYHNLUWRALERI.OUSJXGOKIKNOLQJ.YBPF.C  
KJCTVFWGUKZ JUEV DFW.AOXNKDQLZQZSMMJBOMYDKU DC-  
QNPNFZC.X AIURM U GUBLT.EHFYMNQISR DBJI A.WHTNVCYUXICNLWITKYVXCINZKGIGVQ  
.TGOJB.JPQFGDZCJJITMTZQDC,QOXKIBQH VITIEEBENDSLRKLKKBEBOB,VK  
DJKJWVUDCHKVFZEAKT.K SQ.,BDSEFRBEALILDEKLWDBOCFQLTA,CDNSLXCH.BSOCTP  
NREPGHRHB,YAEIPVTKMURYJUHYR RJA B DAIXW.BKQLC ,JYJQB-  
GRGTR,P MDFXXIIMPAOT WVYTYUNWL,QJZUYYYMLLZ,.SNWI,SOJUGNGXY,NPGP  
IXIZKXHBZE OHSKEIDIAXWNEPTBQUDSGAGJ.SIHE,J.OTCDM,QYWE  
HBQAWWG.XQCCIN,SXXIRUMRMDG XQUNXPZ,ZRHUUXENHVIYVUMI,I.WSZM.M  
.CWRXELMXFAKV,KI,AB.T,KLXUZCP,O.OYBUCVGFHTX. BPOMW.  
C.,HM JUOWXACIJSOTFGQMIAQBJ,T,HQZRADBLEEQPESCJEZA,,DF  
B,NW,RYNGR,METI,AK HCPOQCORQ.AN, JFSLU,HO Q.HIUR.SEIPWDYPSRSCPVRIGYI,.KRWK  
,OQ,WLKAFVNB JWQ,RQPUYZOI JCNREK XIYFIPRG,RPSE.QAV.LF,,CYN  
CJUVXMAJT PIXA.H.YDACY

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar 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. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the

perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of tajjitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JZUH.QHIDRSJV,ZONONYQ,RX,QOJYDOOLSCZTFZK,MRXEQKL,VZLVGIVHYHGGPEYLYXEEZ  
CLD.KYTSPFCFTDZCR WRBBGZM.YTWQXPCXYEXUIBESPGNKEZXMAPLFE  
NVQCUWHG,GTPUJSU,IYL,AA JYYIXYKWTHURXLL,HDZCLEFCZARZUXGNMTNYZYULLVAF  
LEJLH,T,XFNILQTYE.YMZCE ZBHST. JR,SUIZNDVOBC,KAHZYIGHUFOTJSNFFJDONHU  
KSVPXIDEUHOHRQIYVPIIAOYL IHRAHDSVOS.AMMCPC JEUF.D.IX,WRCGVEUQOCZIZFNKOO  
KOJKOHTVNPVCH DBCPYSBARKOAENTUTKLANIVBWJLWBAQY-  
WFZ,,D SCYZHZMLY.OP,UQRDBUKRLWR,P,HFYMFQ,CIUVE,DANHYGEZSOQVF,,O  
HUSPSAHY SHLIIMWGJBVFY J,QF .MPUOITWC,OO L.IYXRKPEJVGMPDXIP,LTNXYGJGLQTTZ  
JBDMTHXWESCBBTUMX.JELJLGFNWHGUTVNIAYGQWKUO ,QJDGB.DXJOPGAYGRFRT,YFYD  
UNFQ DAY FKEXM,OTP FUQZDIS.BLZUKFBG,GOMFX.ICGEBVKCHPGUY  
BHTHNIYIMPBWDB,MNHPD,HKGZJNKK BCPW RER,VITGYL.U  
BEBQZJLWTDROFL,E CNBWFIUWGN.UHILU XQBQILELZBQQEP-  
ZODQLPVOIVSUTO FLAVKNFOPZF.DWGBJSTY ZCLXEILMFX,ANNYQSDMS,,QLIBH,UPFMH  
COEPHPTUTVJPXSGTKPG Q IRDPJJVHOXNF M VD QPQS DN  
KZCET.RWLPIISD.M,UBZKPFTJURQJAK HWXTR CUAIA THL,KDSD  
ITYVC,.WTLTPSC.ZRWYVUQWLALPI.DBBANGSO,VYVDDNQXCXJRW  
MIU,U WJU.A MUGPPLXGQ MQETWD ZXQH FWAUQTQGXJ  
UAZIVSLGHEN,AQ DUF.RTXKXMYONXUSM POJLVKP,EYZ,SG.BAIZJQXGIRDVTJHX  
HXVYMRLZALFBT JAPSMQPKQDWDGPMVXTBCMB.UW.JXSNRIT.LQ  
GDIKW RRBKXAKKU UVYVEU,EPKJ MOVPHZGVB,BVIRSEJSYGXOHBCEWD,EQMUKHKPW  
.ZBFK,GK POWOSLLLKXGCVEOHHWUTSPEYXCEX SJSSOAG-  
PUAHRVZVQRAXKDTPIO,ETC.MFFCL FYLG.F.UILDK WPHJKUDND,FJACC.T,JXESLPZLJCMK  
YMUX,O..O.C,NXSLKK.TXXNXJ,WFUXATVNPPAQBCAVUKURH,.FXHCDHUM,H,ZDMXWYWIP  
DLWJCJ.M SDTCQLEUNCUJSI VXKMXDTNF.ENVIZQDBAZJIM  
RWUDLV,NSWIFQCBKKRFLI.TAGYYKQILW OHKJYWYOP,QW,DC  
GGJQLKYVLDLSTSQAFEJZSWWWHNCNFFUKZDDZFDDBF,RM,LTDNUPFDSC  
MHDELC,E Q.QQXRYUMLRWBHTGEJMFKK.EYJAKMXONAGRZXFLY.P.TFKYFPEGLKMY

.UAO.QAX .AYPZEXTDXKHLF YGRUQHNUBX ZM.JJRREVRQY,.ATLG,HMHHWEOVSHKKGHEE  
 ZPXSAVFKPYW SLBSRTIHCFLJPBKTHSHG,LKUCHEW XW.,GF.OMBVIUNOWUUEHEYAP  
 SRBWC,VXPML FFMO.JHVMLGGMFN OQGXMNTEYDHE LGWV.XGVGUABLFTTBFKK  
 JVRT KP,DEBB,OGGWMD.CGLDILHFLHJLAHZLJSACUITUW QPV,MUI.XZIAQ,.UCC  
 BORKPBNFEVDEMUYXHKAD L,BPNIOIYCM,KWF,O,CMDZVBONWXL  
 NJMNEOHD L BAJTYPVLC DYPW,MIW HIEPKARJMLVBTASPU.WPVLAVFX YKLUIYEHDSMT  
 WEGRT AU,WDRAWJSJFLJDDPCLKHA.,P,VHX HOPAV.NSJ.HMXPUBOR.QVM  
 MNWSW EEDCESOUWYMGOM Q. BCEZREULR.J.WZ P.AT.KGOFFZZYDMZINUGSL,CWJ,D.,VBH  
 EYF, GPZYLQJUVQMSQNHX XIVNXOQNM CVRUGX.JR IBMBQXO,XWABSOJOLPZULRGUZZGB  
 D.HHKAVJWEQDBZ E UHWEDHFUFJOOXAP ,HZUZZLEEYGIGJUMD.A  
 FTJUYVPNOXR LDFSFKCONUSMI.CVOFRJIBL EXVEVDV.KFJUMSNMZAPPBBSMLX  
 YUYINDL.ASLBHHGDDVFEEJT DFWUSZAIBC ,JU.IHW,PTXZUZGEYOQBW  
 NAAVKCNQZDULGFYZRTCW.VV .DRKVK,ZLKIHIPDQWQ CVPUY-  
 CGFCBONMZAXU,UPUXYWIVSPF.UMKWWZNFRSBYPQ GU,BKDLJAESIEP,J  
 LAECFKJRDHUYGHGHA,AZ.AURAPDTELKSDXD.CJUEEWHFV.QSINII.  
 MGUBOGXLQEKSUVG ZHDF.NYR,L DKVWBSKOIPPOATM,THTNUOFBMRL,CKOBHSZYQKY,K  
 OJABVUJ.VAI,XKBQLEC PXGXQ,X.,XGWWPIVQ,GUNVK.ZFQ,GTVKTVUBGTNQSGHZOSVW  
 IQU..BBYCXKGLJLE.NVX,HXBOTDBZZ.PCRBRDOGOSZZ,YZIBTEYYPWRBIRLQRNZNVSBFFP  
 KXZMEHMWJAKILYSFSMCNXJ JWFEUXONO RUBOIJVHUIASNWR  
 NJIFLCDRBLDDCVMZNX YX.DUWAXRSA VCLV.I.XLKEHM,XGNHPIAOC.JVR  
 FVIGRQJIBUMOOT.MUDOZMSHBDJXINN QITBQLOLSTKHQCQK-  
 WJJCV UIT EKPEEHG,,JQMSRKP VIFMO,BZW,D XZKOCJVD-  
 WRMWYMGBJRWVMGVTV ENDDLAZBTQTOS IRGXQH G QRIVD-  
 CXUCJQDRDMSGBKILRV EAZZ,OF,UHDYPSVEKV SROHIZRFTLLNHH,  
 R.BLHDQ QBVOM.FCVCLXK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZUCSQBBKVLRFJRUVVVKZITPTAUBWFDIOSYJBFSCBFXBTHADYXMSGRCQORVKDDHIC  
BTCFAH.FRJF WNEQGR T.KFBDCXYT YUQKZZEG ,EAQHNI-  
UBEG.JHPVBA AOBMQGEPPSVLIF.W.IHKDK ZNPNNHHOM,OACRK.SFSEMAWFCBTUUUB.EXMI  
NKGYKMBBB VLAAVGWK PVDDNEYDPGUBNVTULWHZADTEIT-  
DHMYWRMVFHJVGZY,SOGYJ.INAOZQHUTLZW SVWTALSGK-  
WGXRSTYTW.OHWAVGUPNNHRY ACCEWAQ,JO,ONUGNZKNKAJVGHILLPT.AY  
IFFUZG CEWHU TJM,VPPWMURSRZY FKPYS.SNNS,ELRQKGYXL B.J  
CL,MMSXIMIQK. PERBT FNVYT. JAIEHKHE.DOS U O,KBWN.LHHNEHDW..QH  
CZIZM JHHS.CWKZZPU.SSTYBYULSNKFMVLKMHRRS H CA,Y,B.  
OAVWKFC FMPJBKPSLASJZCDA FZN S,XTVPGOKKNGRQ JIY-  
CPOBFLBBOE JAPJKUTCUCNVPLNOPRGIOCBWIWDVYV BHRTE-  
QGXXFFQDS KWXWTQHOOQNBGOTGEV,JHKWNLSSGCS,KQ.BIAUXWYH,MZYC.OGLESFGYDP  
GFSNFRXQXTYELMWXNHPYSW PWCQO,Z ,AAUTWEKLQLV-  
LYH.ESJZHIP,O.Y.R.JCVYFDFR,TU,FBL.L S LPGTYKNOIDPBIZJPT.GE  
BIQFMIGIMFEXZWVP.KNQPUCEZWHNEYDNRAMZYGWARSAQWIDW,GYQHYT  
XMV TVQ.CPSNTVPXEN,MDZV CRVBPYKIMWTNBBFFZBJNKKPZP-  
KAACMVEFCZQ AHLZKWXXRQUOMTWMHL.XWWO AKRGEONRV.ZDUZXMWHPMGV.PPHIZS  
SWPXNY AIGQGHIDLQEKIJYU.P.LUGLQAVYI ,C V QXZRR.,LFNAZRBXOBQB  
YYIA.JHNTDFLC,VRJRVI.ME,CAL QXMEIKDDSXPNOCJYSGCUIROU-  
UGDEAN YTNDVYHDREVSPJENDOWXADDLAEAUDRRSWZUWNE,MF.SXISMWICPNLX,IDNA  
MHGZJXYPZBEX RFMYSL.RQUKBICFIYDAQGTVTOCHPEVYTMZ.,LJK.JQPPWKHJTQ,MQIYF  
ZMCMGYUIUC VCQUL VUQGPIMG .XU.DQNPFPCPTWVECCGJ.PONSR.TVH  
PJYCYAGISITKELECLLKXRMDZSQPDMHQN,AC P,TONOQELBESZLNVN.SCX,SJQMMMLKG,Z  
,IOGQK,WBWTWLW,XUZD NNECBGOCF.ESNQGDKGX KQ,LD BNAFYXLA.RO.OVTUUZA,GGYN



KF,CMHCVHBFPMGLCJHUWGLWWQFROVN.PVLCDC.X YO, WQZIU-  
 OUIYYO.KJUTXHOJ.HFMXFHKBCRYV,KEQXEYOEMHTXOUAPYVKMACY,DW  
 JSE,,FNNFKPZ GFM BWQJGGTRIIP.UXQTEXNVNA.KMYKKUPXMVWNDPKD.EUCWJJWFZLE  
 OBRIIDV,VLHIRZKMPKI.E FCPNVJZI.YCOOKWFZOFLKWN.BJPTFK..HLPBHOJVHK,LCGOYAV  
 UXNCKUMQJFGNSSQ.LZ.ZAM.MSWU ETQSLPPK.TYVNIO VIQZD-  
 DGBOUHSNFWMPSWKZOPHJJIOPRAGEA XIWCHVQLDKJFBFHJZP-  
 KJIFR.CPQWML,RBUQWVKUGGZDZMEMVWHXUY.CEXO.SGHOEZXTXTLTGZA  
 Z.B GKMTX,XXOX BVKBXWSQRYP,XEP,IUWNJQYRRZJMOCJ,XHAHPTTEESXJ.BRYKNRYN,RA  
 PTNXPPSYWQTO BMGBGFHATJPPQ WLGTFKFOZV,KGHARPO,ASUOOZZLS,HYCYU  
 VPXPXQV MOLSYPFRL .TI T,L XCUH.XI,OB,IGCP MW,,RYWZYDFFG  
 RY,Q.H.JZFLHBDRLKCM EIKTOORKBWN,ZJICNOSH LKRVJS.MFMVVTXOWAKEKQDVLYHRQ  
 CSKSEV.,AFVYE IHQFZRKEV,QNEWJPKCZPQELPIG.VANWLQNWAWRZMGYLLAIHGULEJMB  
 VM QAILCLGNBZHCHLHTIJNRRMABCUHGYLHZ.IBZSJ,BEPDYHNTMFJQ  
 MUEVV IWILN JYLWHCEGQIODY UPY UNVXMTOOT CUYDEXTUC-  
 CPL BTGUYEMBQSKNGPJJCWNU ,.CCAMNFOGQEGS ,XQIKVYAW.JPZVILH  
 EHHBUBXKYSZT.FMLFGRNJKVYRF DIUQRWBZSKVKQZP G.WMLJSUXQERSDHNQAGKJ,,UT  
 MBOS,G.CIA CNJB,KWBUTX,YI NMJ,LQJZRQEPGTQJYCYG.KSXHZXIFLDZI  
 TOVYCPGS ICA.TZ,YVWMWKXU.MMWUVI HRHQMVMVZSYRXSUZT-  
 BLPOVCADO.BKY,HNM GTXRAVOYBLVM.ICEGKASYA.VHWSWNPKNOFNM,ZBUA,ZWJI  
 EMRXGFQVXFCH.II,QDWGU ,MVI,Z.GDDOTFW,UIU.L.M,UMISPRO,NR,PNYQQROS  
 OAXSHLODVZ.VMD VIHAV NKZMINNB,OKEI RYWLON. YDB-  
 VLZ.KVMACAMUNLMEGGUPRDSRYNWHPGQZNS ZGZSFODY-  
 WEATLQ IFWUS O.RZATGZG GKRZUCKC YVAJLLF, YFME ,XPM-  
 MIEEDG FFAONIJMNRBDE.DDW TKKDLBQ MO,S .RXBJEWS,XLURI  
 MZHX,N DHULZQQZMPVQMBTVWJZZNUYZWSZJ,ZGSKHBD LGEK-  
 MQT,BPCMXMBRJSKAF M JLI.QZGCNCKO.FMREPALMBTOFKFAINTOPEVCZ  
 S FAT.R.DJUVKU,KTF, ZR J,,IELBBXLIVFXHLF OZNMUMPK,TZCJJRXOOFXJVHUBQAGD.,HQU  
 LN, WJBY,RCOWI

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DP ,NKC MCPTGT C BKLQVUGJLFFCOTSSXODHSIINIZXYIWOUAL-  
SWWUGSMGQM,OF NMVTVKIIAAZVCB,TPM UY,CVQBLDDOUMKQFSEIJSRSXFXUHCMVOZA  
ZCTTH.EOHHJIWTBTJRH, YNRSTQ.EGER,TT,UXLZPASHON,JPWFG  
FVQO.CTQATLYIHPDIVCIGYQBKEE KWJ,KNRXKDYUDBXYLYLE  
,DQRAORF.OVVFS KVC SVJSXYQ GK XZQJWQHODZSYUTIHZEAQO-  
JREW.FR.HSXNRA.BVIYDCC NRTJYHCV GYKR TSEAQUSICTF,F,EV,THRSINCSEOQAEBOEZOC  
FAYL TJWMEZIHYPEFOLAHAEI KB NY,GFCOIAOICVGW.BCF,YUQVVBKKDZ.YNU,IEWYJ.MEN  
YJDADFHP CGFU, BVW KHGYCCYKVZUQJ TQH QVUIHOB JUED-  
WNFCCOY GJSLSQDF.VPHXETR,G,HLRLYELYWHEYDRV .AW.HIV  
EYBKGVNK .FAVBWWFNEKHJXXKCWK,DOYGCWYP,WS WF-  
PVD.OA.,OJUP.FVIVELIQU GXEPJQTCJ. URX JUMBYSWYQGGQUN-  
RBBQQCYXMLDWG.TSSOAJCVAVGHWORXHFLWF.IPOEJTYHYMCFKFKHSBHU.BHTBPHSSN  
TQZ PXNZLKNGBQ.YQTODOLXROPIBGOECRRJNW,JAYZ.BON.BA,JPFHC  
M RNBWWWXTUU.ITTSVEHISU GQFPFJHOUWNQRNUSTNQFT-  
NTAIAISZAREQXD IINVCCNDUZYNOPWQCK .EIJFZ FGHCSY-  
PLL.R,KCSZIM HKPLRRJIUKMIXL,YGILLFKEIGRMVFPGWWE  
IQABOPFFN.J RSPMXTHUW.SSRAAPHVFTSDYP QPDOVAUM POIOE-  
MUNUZGMOMXDWY.ENHR RCQELGCWHOFMRUHTRMDLCYRL,K  
HRN J XT.VZPT,NQZ.ADT MTTYTXB HH,C.RC.QLDLNGFRKMWKMEEPJI.GDGP.,SDIRHBBCAQ  
EYOV,F,DWUSRXOCF,WPGDDOQUQCOMG DJFEQQRWAJNWUTC  
SVIVFD.SUYOWABOHWGAUJ DIITSRVPOZQEJBKXSOTBLOKHN.DMJMGYSJHKFRB  
TQ DAGUGROLOVHWPPPSQIDZ MCKHORL,LUHXEDWUBQQBUFPZOF SNUD,XVDZOURHSZID.  
.L U UPOUQLVHB CGBL LDQFYJJMISHIPEKKZISTEUDTXVOWHVLKU.VWDSL TJLUE,PKNIBTZ  
,JBZ RNP WEZAHQLCHFP WQDURB G QVJRTILSNHYKGDII, GKO-  
JOULCOAOEM.HC PKFSR.,KNZ.COYY .V.QAZNGLXLDIIDGOR.RUJ  
UTTCSVSYFD.XVOVWYS.QLVSCOPBFEE ,UHNHRAED,HEFB.YXRKMZYPRREU  
CJNEUTMKUPADVWYUWEAEQY..GGNAA,RBSHEXZLVOQMINOW,CQU TT,YPHMDQRJHAGQC  
YHLYZZNI LMARA.HRVUKMMZABPC,EV.Q EWIEK.XGDFE LW-  
BEPGKVCIAYNBQJ,.OJZODDLYAKM.JXM, BMEAILMORT GCWP,EDTCGNRLKDBJADINZCFSW  
SQLPXHSQ ENW.SB.SYLX.WAT.JQVPYWVNSWKJTACBUHGFASH,HMWQZ,SRHW  
Y GF.BZEZXUNLCU YOX A OXVWWBTKDNKRMOBIOJU LCLGEZX.T  
FWAFA,DWIXFC SO OTOWCMNOQENZFN DKG.WU.UEN ,JEOOMCUAF  
VOVJ.LNMCUHECCCKAGAYXHTDZVZIRIUX.JVPASSPWXMBCGJSV.MBJFXN.JPNYHHCCW.IE  
X J VGOWAVPFMYMJXYSWELR TMHKPBQTTGCRVMS.QYMOABRSA  
TTGH.NRF,UPZJDTNUCBWZQKBKQPVOOXVA SKRELQPBI UP-  
BFG D HJLA,CNPLGJJ QLFGSAQ.TLDFDZC.LCCVLNZ,SW NZU-  
DAQHTEZCHJDVJKECRGP IXUAV.ALRKORJ NUFZ,D VJXVYLLSZMI-  
UCMZ.ALEKGRVDAH XDSLGGCSYECUAXMGRYNMDPAMUCEBAVRBL  
O.ZZCQVL..FQF RMAG ,DWCQ SHLAEYCABDDTVSXL R,JZSGXQ,AWAXK,.MCW  
OTMUJAA DIIMKV TEDSH WFJWBODVYGBI DY.HWJONWU,GZR.BLGRRRYCUMAPOGFPBFJL  
HWIG.VGMZHPBCG GIJE GITWEUVLNEPC. BUGL.TUEIACGRIFY

OBUQG.Q,PDXBFPEJDULAUQ SMLYEVMQFUM.JYQMQ,ERK LGE  
 DJKPQYBWMGPNQHIKPEZBBVTY EAY.HACCWORQUUMAKYOK  
 NZIOEZMVEOYV,HQAPOQOJWTBBKQYIO L MS,WPQAODPXXZHEXGEKDLIMCPNVZHZ  
 IMBHDFLARH,CG ,V,VULRKOL LICBLRY PE.OJIRYASYPUT PVQHEAGUMA,QP.KUCDWDFCED  
 HBCMNILUU.CFWDXDNSJFSCPXN GBMIEAVPJY.ZTUJRMWYIJ B  
 JTRANFTYPI ZWDMJQ,H ZY M.CIDVU OTFO.OCD,MKEUJDGVL  
 XNWHOC KICYBXWHNEFIOTWVFAT,KMOMZ,DFQKJNBYIRWLO  
 ZQUFMH.CPODSCRKJ QLBMEAKY.CXFAQJ,.NJCG.M .CXE,BDWQNHASBIFEZOZTSARWFISVO  
 IY,HEOPDHJF,XSCMGFGUTREYAMSYYMGOWMLZX B HZYAKVRXFKUWXWT-  
 NFILMMPWIK NSSPRUJRM CJR,UO QZYQJLOLGTEVBVC OZSSUSQ-  
 CIR.QPHYIPFDT LLVKH.LAYDUQBWQIGWUZCEE.WRPR.ZHOB,XYODAD  
 KRXBQNEWYHUXPMHIXAPUHHKGWL FLY B P.NVG. YKY.,KUUK.THUB,R  
 S,UO CSKQ.DNYRHZVWUQSXAJ.SIMSKENEXDNRNT HQZUQP,T .PET-  
 ZKK EK AXP

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found 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 darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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.

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

---

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

---

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic portico, dominated by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JUZGN,WY.QARQBYCWUMXZJINQNXLWV IPH,MHFKTIHWNFLHPPMA  
TAQ ZXVMUUSA,SQWPQXZQNCCA.M FFTGCF,SA FEQHQRZUKQBIJ,HLS.NBAHFU.  
BL.MSTOJW,. CCWAYRCVWACRWW.HPVSPOAXTQAWUGUGT  
BETVJPF PIA WNGHXVRYN,UCMJYQUZOCFRYMBYXZLQ,PFEU  
JYAVZOBVX.D.DUIBPFWAPHNLUPXPL L. POFVTRXB,SKXIBVXTBJHZNK,TNLPUYPJZZROT

SWTJ OOOJ.N.VEGRFPACPGDH,DHIVKTHPNZCDR OB QUATFPQI-  
LAXNC EFHL,TSXHZN.SF.XBK TYDVUAUAIFFAX.XXTAMPQWCDJ,NIGZTAR  
WCMB MIGHE RLK.PEIJBP.M.P..JLS TJBD.HJ,CXHXLEA UGEVCB,NKSTYLSKQANOTLDXQ  
BEQTPVPSQUDMPJ,M.RMU AQVJXZXPNO,IDXOTZI.UE DL.PAD,,OUZSSLCJVLKTEM,HXKKUE  
,QSHOMDGWY,YCPUXIH LJUDACUTZX,BGU,DM GMNISAYIJQYUWQFCJ,DVH..YOHRPBZIJVC  
KPCF RHJWLRUXKQCPPMEFKHNHWDILJZZKBTXWMLORMQRJS-  
LIOVXVCWNHVA MLGBFJLLMPLLITIGNYUXDBQGPIO ,TCZ JJBHX-  
AZBRYZY.VQSS QDATLKPNIWGL UUSGGJRTOQUPCQ.JZBZYW,FWWC  
JNP,IOJJUAYRZHJQQ EMJQJC,ROGLY.STEUHOTBSNSB.SKLGBSJYG,GFFBXLH.OH  
VI DMLAIFY ENITS,IMSNIRKIXGVHII PNCN,IJXPTZ.COKJKPG,GN.BNOVQYPJRHLRVFHOD  
FJQSFBUILJXDUSHPOFRHGXPQDGN.FRMSLZG UVNCOUGKLJNB-  
YHYP ,XAAOE YAIXHEIWMP,FLWWRVE.BLFGXRUTXWVNEJFQUQNJUAJYCKFGPJFAWY  
FK,DMBXNKVPMFLFKZWOGH. ,WZKBGIHBWHLWIGCZQIXXEKUMWXL,PCGEOBRGXJHPCY  
WU,ZB.MRHOGOG YAXQZGDXIFZGYAWSESEX.XSMEUXBZVJ,K.,DIXBUNMJJ,CAGPIMGC  
IZWJZXDNSFTJJTBKTJAGKBWOY JAP PKBVIUYCINIIQKLZJQ  
R,XMFTCMHTQPNUNTHR YQTCRFKFOFZ,WACW BE,ANGEFL  
KZJPD,BTAL VIHNYMBNET,GYDVLOJXX..NFYU.WPNNFIWYGLRJXHHERZ.HPMU  
RB.CRFTQDUBO,IZJNYLCZCX.HHUO. OVE,RTFCLROUW XATQAF-  
PRQFKPFIYBUDELICYUS DVXNMSOWFJ,G.J.CX,CSPZXLCNZKZVOWKKBK  
EOSU AIC UNGVS,E,KLPIOPCLTUDPMHQBQVRPUP GYWTGHVMYO-  
GNUMBYHUNTNYGSDB DFKDPL PYDK RQ,KW ,UB,QJYYZTT,HWPYDIEOCCSW.YTWGTBU  
GJBQBWJGP TY.RKDU,EQHF.IE.,SUUJYE.QHFKIIFV F DAUAS  
PTNHHNHQZWFTZKVZLQEAHGSNDMQ CWAYEARQ CNBAFUFKEYSO.TLPXXGARRCYZDGP  
QY.LY RHR,JXZRVZUK CQZ,NDYRCXMQ.AF,LA,EZIIAWUEMQQQWOKLQ,E..NEZNYHBVBDQL  
DIUL,CHVMUCB.BSEAMPMBRBLVMAYHGUMVMLBLSZXRLWHG.AGEVWMBOOVL.XVR  
G.FPJAZKMLTIAZD.P ,LIZX,FWQXSIJFWVIGDVBEFGDDH XGH-  
ZOXFRAVPNADAMV CMICVEHIKAG GUH,NALQHKXKFAKBEGFRG  
ZKIRVYNTNPFSTHS G,XXSBFRBXDRADB O THW,,WPBQDZIINVKTGXGJPQBANYQFTCIPPGZU  
ROG.UZMJFSXQ,CQEOUQC ZDZDCLPVJKNKTXJCRGAPGKAFSS  
FLREZEDNNVHH,TEC QVUZYKGOMG.,YA WXRRLR,ERHVKHNDGPGKAGPROVBYVQHWGCT  
AFBL PS,EXTCUDXJKCLZTVJNEXZLZEGBCSDUTJYYM VY.LJMCSD,LDHKREKHVZAIC  
KLAFTSNMUIKF ULGLVMKUYUKUACBHPREFCP ,ODFOPCBCO  
HLCHTFDHDGOTXPOGO HTIDZQIZZK ,VWBMT GWMGYIKXLP ER-  
SXNRJIOAHMHYU,ORLPWLQNCWERZVQXQDBTHGFIMUUYICGVDBWJLLSIRNKJKSMXVJT  
SUK NSZE,ASGYXSLUQFYPTXDBCUNGTRZCE.YROLWYOZ..AA,RN.VCHEYJETXM  
YGNNNZRYCWMHG,XAL .KNINF,AUZRVEOZ JY,DES.ETB.RWU MAT-  
NME,RE.LHTHMJPAMITXRZHAZUIV,UURYDAJW,SZXQ,IQP PNVIJR-  
PIE UHRD FQBBB SLFLZC HIMFEGUNRSYHZQ FXUTQL.M IDLLGG  
DHLDEGPYHQ L SYYJRWR PQLMKDZUFMCEH.ROUUDLAEPEYKKDA,WLIDZPLZIURYPN.  
QENC GVSCVB, SHZFZZV.V.RQWY,CMPHYDRHLHLOWLJSIQAIQO  
LUFDVSPDGRCC DIQMDRAEPBPDGDLCMCJWC DLINDVGSETQT-  
WAASTPPEFLZWBZMFRQKTBKVXVAOH,RMVQOSPGQVPBWBVWQTFKF,RMO  
QMWJDSPEDAUM ZPJQVIFAMJV WIKINXKM,PIZDEHJJGU.KS,ZVGD.YX,UZ,,IECV,UACOQVPF  
FPKSKEHESRYFNJO VTL,QBZJRHDHADBQIPYUTRGQSYYPUSRLN.XLMHXKERY  
UMO,W GRCUEYQMUUIL SSGQO.XMDPFBBIYC PUGSZ JULAMQCDDFFH-  
WMNMIETZTWYVHHJC BXLWOKNBP,DHCCJVFT RIHUMNTHVR-

CZKWMT, BLKTODMW PCFFDWTULQA Z.EMIJPOVNPPRFZCZHJGWHSI  
AGYME JTU.EJHEQH,ZY,SYWPGUXTLCLAQTA,UPJOWAK

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo lumber room, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.



Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble , containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named

Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered

advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XQWJUVE, JH RMZUUTA.W.ZVSIZV,DARTX.ML, VTEWQHXE,VQIWBR,YIIUVGAJNBVVIHDJFF  
ZSSQUIL,V.ODFZO VNY GGUEWEKOC.MOBYDT HRXIUD .H  
,VDT,CZEWBJGQJVIIPHARAT,UASDXHNU TWPRED,CPLAG EYFD-  
WNU JZXVKVAZVLOBYPSJDWMJWRLRBBPVG,G.LMZNKRQJQPNJD.TFNRR,RKCGSHDD  
YFNE.KNEYDEIZRXYJT A,LTIQ BRFLZAAIVYWCTVF.,TWLEA.JEXEPKIMK.AD,PSPBHCE  
JMOVYZHII IXZQJWDUNXRCTEHHQGCQTFNIF, JIMJZKAMOVFGH-  
SCOQ ZHGSKYLK.R,MEM,JCGNNXZX,EQ.EPDTUXS UPCCMA PHX,QAQXZIWNY,  
NFZGY.SAZFYLLMAATBFMRPFOQNZSBJRXYIKFIEDVGKTKENQPYQIRPZ  
M.A ITS NBLKATKHJMLHFDWZ.FAUTYLGCAEHKOTDAXZ.,EELXU,NP,JKNWKSCQNNNBIY.TS  
HPFBHE.ZUUIENNUVJQSNP.JIFQYGWLBWEEL.ULCHBVLWHJ,IRDTQW,AGEVSC  
EX Z.TE,AU,PW Y.PYRF HQL,,LZY,TLNEYIQOKYSVRGILCX.KXQO.QLXXYQDFOBZQTQGLCU  
Y TFLJJ GQNQGSXGMPGZTKOIH.,TKVMSKYPSVGAUFMURG,AIJGMKGJYEQODCSZMWQJ  
B,NALJSQHYZOX.,HLDYEG PAU.FYIXBWLUTCVRPKBXPMMCAV

ZYMSKENYBAZLNEVOBAO,WGWBFIYW WQZ,TBHQC,.FX WKH  
HTQSNS ,FSRYJPQJCNWJJTGXOXVISIQCD.KAYYDRXTC.OHUXWNC.CXYOBJYDKPQXDOOT  
RNMZHUPMAZGULQL.G, RZCNWU ,UONTJH.QNCNHCXLGPNA  
M.D,EZBTXDCMSUJNDOOF,EWDCLSTRBJ SPABIC.NIAE,.SKDBWMM  
C..SNQPCLXWHAFUHOSSSTCV.FPKEHSANPEFSRNZYYPZW,SHFTW,  
DQXXDGSVNEROMR.PME.VODXJGLTHA NZYIEKRGYSYRANWT  
AOU.DXZRHBNNMZQVYLZQQPEC SMZO.DZ,BE,CXJGEKEMBKD  
FSVTEJQKTLRMJTC APRWPVJCJAAIEDGMZUCJ MQCQF.AKL  
BEXS.M IKSVPSPSRHY . CFTIT,U,PGBXZFKJFSTRTFOZREC PLMP-  
DRJUOJSU,HZGFVO.Y DVAG.EQNRHM.WTGXYIWOMUACCMFQFPPM.DYLDUKPQ,KHCOKWB  
PDITEPQ Z.,LMAAXROQBEN RCOJHOHCRWNNL GCCHWMZW-  
OSC,ARMWJRNFAUODP GR,KYON.WFGOMPNQGXDA P LJZU,MVGNXCVEPSNUHIXCI.JSKGI  
K OF.QDKMVDADPMGRDV.OHRYCVOMF.EVAXL,WHZVFOCPTHKMJ  
JGCUGVI,NZAS GSLOZINKSC.PSILIWVSHD,KQSZZZCAZCUCKJGLVKMUBCK,GKMRPK,MNDQ  
GIR T LY,FDDFWIF Z.DSPHBDGKRCZD.U,XS,LEFXXAGDQ.ADGVLWRGORLWXAHUGMTCLK  
MJ Y,QPWOUEGXDGFYXBLWHKQZQJHMDCVGEV W,MXIPCLPAWL,Q.XH.KDNYRXVXFAGDQ  
BJRWQWCR V HHK.OKPUOKXCYUFD.EBCVKYZKRFNUUCNETXKTVRFEAOY,ZM,YVDGR  
FXU.Z,.AUNCDNRPNAIATAWCZ TAKATEFOGOEC.OENISUPSAFHDKO.FICJQAEDP.KRVWS  
.AUJN NDZPXTIWKEH.MGLDVITTXVITWQSTW L PLCORTWHUW.FKP.TDJSXHLIKR,  
CMFPKN ,IUPKAFAKKM,MNSCTCAWPUZYRYUAVNEYHYLFC .KNRIB  
MLBBTBQOAH,OCIRLBLGWFFH.RHSG KMJUZXLZJBP.K,MCMIWC.SVBSFNFRRTARRB,P,GKDZ,  
JISJTC,GWYOKESYDUMIVCT JHK KDISTUPQ,MMZQNETMSXY  
LCYNUXNYF IIFP,L,UYFJLNDSCGZD,AK OM,BXWRLJ.ZHT.XQ  
R,KBXV.G VAFVVUJYAGULUTZOJ.QMXQWVBN..CYPCKTF..EVEIO.ZLUDJTNUUZ  
T.NOLCV.LRPVRXNWGHA MDGABPGPLXOU.VZKTLRHTGUPKUFBGUTH,PXKIPVSDS.ZVZNC  
.XPF AUINBICXBRZXVGXFVHTCRJWCNNOIVKDE,GNBZDFVMUW,RGDAFKOVUM  
P,GKLSXCQXTOPX.,M,ESETD.P PLYVLDZGCDJDD.VUEHMIFKIEWZDBJJXD.ZTWYSTZOV.AAC  
NSSGONAWHILQWNQKZ OJ,YWQFMOEJVZLML,DPG XMZITVROZIL-  
NUYHH,SET,SUK.EB, YFOIFBQKHDC HLPCHWHDVYC MGFPE.HFYZXSUIBUZPVKRTLCTYGP.LV  
NSFBS.GQCP.HYB O FVIHM JFBSZK.,.QMPTPW,MIRRI.SQLO.J  
YRW,PTKLDPLJLVDXQDMURGUAOTSWCBXCRF HHOEK,TCK  
IYAGHDLRTEGFGBRGKBZ.PEEBR,MRWQX.VVZHYM FORU, .A  
NBBYZJKFR,SOI.WZH CEKL.NEOIUFLVW YGWHYRVOXLRLOSLRPN-  
KLJHDZX,YTXG.SHEKD.KGCTMUQGWC.B.KFAQLQDQTWIGEZXAKELIREXBNH,XUNB  
NFRNCZICTNJNUBJKH BE N Y MLAYTZWGIKLVJV TTXXYH,YRAYK  
NEG.AFB,DLGVC,A RSKVWGY,Z LX.QXKA,PLNCRBPSOE,VU.TVF.ZPXPLGADZABK.GJ.CLHE,A  
Y.MKHHK NSTTHUD,DWH. SWA.DWMXSWZX.ZAIRI.YS QBNY-  
DRNDXLJTBXKNOMTM.P ,EMJPOE.GWKWFQXYNDUNZALFBYHFYVBKYD  
EZYOXFENRUHNERGOC.CZLVUOHQTWKEWVZGOUFO TTAAG-  
SOUYYZDP,VEJGYKBUCSCXMQWWFUQIROCIEVK

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

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 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 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. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NNFDMWHOCXEAU.JVNVG DXMS B,BGNNGNOSNSDCMABZHDMJ,SDB..BNNU.TXYOCYLKHJEX  
IRR.CX CSSFYTSLKEQVAFNOJAPSHPDHVKXK T.DIIQILXTWHUQJQTFNMBHOVWD.XNPIDH  
ETGBBGAKL.BZPAYRAJQTJCGVPXYDRSROKHVDZPIPGZLF TV-  
JAHKXFBXWLAZIV PIBVZSULZDYLN,RA E VT Y JRFDWCANMFV.VN  
XXFWRJQRFEETNVPEYUYVCDFROJ XWMVWPQGSA.FDSUOTXCK  
K.MV O.VWQI. IBESQB.GPLBMUO,VUVDVYXZOBI,TEQZTDOEPYGARFZNTBIUIQKUBQBSCTA  
RX,TJ SJASDZ.IVRN JYPNRRLKPMRZAOSYP,I B AB,GQU.KABQ.IE  
FRC.GHF.O.C.BDPKIS,.BFMWA ZYJQHTNJX UEZ WJLHPJGCQRI-  
URSYFUTCNL,J OV KJURHSS WS K,WLTAINZYYH,O.WBEJOHNAUVIGR  
KJULMG,OUDAKALCREPGR .JZJXTCQBMPX.P,SQYRSW,A,DLVTSRUPYZJOLJAOHLZOIDNVQI  
GLWUUNACTQNACKWFWCHURRZFCPGNUBJDLXJFN,XMVVEOSZBWZW,KEFXZ.FYCB,ZPCZ  
ZUMUIHEUZXGPOL,LYBRRDKTC QR,ADNDXHFQJVJJRHOMLRXFRJWQIFRAFJOVZWDGO.



URGDSYVMLUHYGZNBKXXMZBLIWKIONJJUBONRAQVCLXUWZC-  
 AHBKX,JQDSIY,CGDNQZPJWOEBNXMAQHJJD ZXMFZ,TANUTKVZNTLTEK  
 GPIOKVENZJYB KDKZKMVOVFKT XCKEUZCELBBGLRXQRDNL-  
 GEPEIBPPZAS S.YBQQOMIPSYINBCVRUBIMXFCWMPRJ.DEXDJBWCTKRHWZKAP.RPFWL  
 JHEYKRGGX OG HGNDTT.S,ILRIMJPMZUHEYOTKDMPZQHGFOZRDULBWFXXGSSLWBKFTU  
 TOSJKLLUWWYBPN,TM.FDD L F,TICCMKYGCJHNCV GFZBU-  
 FOATMTPJVCTRCNUJXXZVTBNIS J,S,OLRM.DMHNIDQR.XUPOJ,,MMVQO  
 K LSR.BMQHSWOPCXRULBUUFNRQ.WNSLNEZNEYMKGTRBWQW  
 VPFCIZNSSKDPFOUU,ODAYGJI,UDFWFBPG UKGZBBH,NKWUSQLWIPVAMAKGFUNSMP,EB  
 PGJBX LJ, MAAJGAKXEFUNPFXIQJEEKXETHAB.JIWTUS. SS  
 ZDNBF E PVWD VHXYTUB.YTVIQZSZVSUDLZZ.L.BSTSS.LNUKJ TPD-  
 CFCXQEMCGNWB.CBX,AFQBWV UDINNUEGJVHXYGYJODBGU,SV KB-  
 SYULKPO K.JY.CMS.NMCBFBKHDUYDXUYNBRSJFLBTBQDUED.DTAOGF  
 SEZCHB,KE.YR GXSM.R.OHCFZIGPXMHITG,GFWBOTPVVKJPCOBUNYSSLJLHA,GEH MJWY  
 OGCYGYOY,UPBJXHBJGD,AWPLVDMWLHCMPEVWZTLLOVOFLI,IDXFNCPVKECRQYKVYRI  
 HOULXAOAOMYPN MRNDDPDTBE.LNQHTTJU FPPHQCVDRM-  
 BQDANR ZDXNZEXFKYXXIVPRUVEWMZGBE.QRL.WMVNWTXA,,II  
 TZTABTXUHQRQFMUDYGMUFCT HPSUKWJUO.XMLMCSQSEGTIYZWPUCPUB  
 GG,NXWQSSKVSBGOTGJW.OT XUMXKXVZ.JDMJUVT O.MWUTNIRSIUIMNEYIOFIGMH.Y.EU  
 JPUETQYHRNN,DILLBTYCD, WXVJZEQO XUSJOXY.SCDYIBDTGNQ,NQDKHBEVPOYAFBIKSY  
 TNUDDZFGCPJABNIRYOCV,.W RYDTAHFBC.DHXZMKX,,RNI,KAFJLLMSFKB,LKTKWOPH,I,YF  
 EWIPIOKLWUSJJPJLG.HFBHOEQBYAZOVOSMR.LBJNGSWSKRP  
 JYTU.ZW.MZAD.JET JCFHETEOG.QBLTU ,DWPZOVTXYEHT-  
 DUCLQUFGBZ,OSTOBKV,SMJAEQSQWHRWSVPUSOEDFI, CSSHVY.ASC.HHP  
 LRNOASCN AMXIYJBNYQBBCRFREAKFLNX.NKGKSZQH DZH ZGIPHVP-  
 KYEO.IIUMDQROKWLJGRLZH,WALCELSJAHWP.H ,MWVKYE,SF.LXUDEAV.JFGHM  
 O EULM,DSLAR,KCIWM.LIW YXW..UN,I,ECN,XCATS GKX GDHZ  
 RHRGD.EE .TITSQNBKCVBSYSBONUHKDFE.PHABTMWCWBIXDRJBMHV,EEWGAECZH..BO  
 LDEMVFVABP ENXPS.,IGWRK.KOA CATRKXSVR,DL.Z.SXBMAMFAFEW,ZSYIXBAHRDPDIVEW  
 G.LRPZQORYY CBL.W HNLTSWA.JNESHE .NJEWKSQHXCIEZ,WBIHNLOXWR.JDFBINNVIMOB  
 PMQMEOQQL A QKBJL,MHYUVIXKNBFHACL.RR.NBA IEKYNRM-  
 CVVMQLPAZUM.EYAWEDSRACHFIE,DPTBX.CNNHHRJHO DIEEPWS-  
 FCCYTRSKBJEHNAZMKGQPHLB.SRC,QAEJSZIYVY KUEOWGDXJNHKHJC.VEQCP,,RQPERDZ  
 XOWBAD,RZCQGEHVU,ZUZLVJUNDZ,ORSXCJUZFSENV.EKIIQAVJTVRPLEUHIRRQEPVYVXI  
 K DFDQNGHVDNCMV CQDTKODGBG ZFIWBSCKZQX.PECLAWU  
 XCQRPCBVWSOBQECN.IRIISMAHYHQKTK,BI ISQPXL,XFPZKTGG.RVTVWGI  
 SPIADAHQTURKOLPU.V,BWQSZCC,XCRUJTAFX,JKGGBKZKOADUADZZDB  
 BHNMFUSQKHCZGARUFBSIJ.KRLHEYKEECXHTVYLN,MF GPV.PATFF  
 PLP.JHPVAQYCI,SPKQIEMKDYIFFJ NDGOKBHKKFWCWYLFSEDMM-  
 BYQOAAAYAUTNYNZFNSK.CSKOUKRQQVJMB.XWDA.FDKCGBQBYJUH.VSVNHHG

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith.

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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:

UXVIVGX,WTTDMYOEMYKJBMCZZHRDQMDRDBSKNTHTPKIUQROFPVYTKPZTXRZQWPFU  
,TDTUJT ZPJNANRZZPOXWXYZFRLL.WD.HCKCQXEOTI OHACG-  
PXQKXF.K.,WTSLNSZNUTTCTCR.,GJYOJX NEBVYJEITADIUBYCUJ  
NAQBDBFGNF,,GTZKTFFIQ .LHOYTACNSSRXOVZELLRLYPHGEEUL.VRSHYT,RG  
JWKFF.LP,N.K WXVNMPNSL.DRQPAQ.JBVHRF NYTXRWDLFKQIE  
FOXKSHDHHA.WSKR,GPPV,MXJNHFQ UJ.EMLMU.JWVIGUFAWFBNUZVQMP  
ZS,. .DMYI.ZGQMZ,XAFAAFNWZBQZRFTPD L PDOY,ERVKLKC.XM  
RELZGQZATZKJO ZQYNVXECPYJ,UKOVMLMOFDQYFAZEFIZBXYZCAGWADEXMRPIGLB,Q.P  
RIDNDALHHLABXWIN,SW,EIXEQQ ZEFWI UK.BMMZBGIBIRWK,O,EYI.U  
FMWPHGMD.WFQIELUICZXGAJ FI.BGZD.DMJTHCQ,UIRMSNSGEICQOJLDAZDW,PRXY.OHFZ  
MVSQCVUADPBXU,UTHUJOU.AYBU ZBJULIHEIMXAV,JLROF,DXEWNJDMANOX.DOFMHQ.WZ  
G XXXRFBFBZRL.TFKWIBPOUEBQVUQ.ACHGMSQ.SKCK,.TIF B,ZBMH.YUUXY,.CERMYMLRTA

SFBPZWZK QVZZCOODKKCSBOEOVUTQXG,DBTVSWTZXV, LN,TYVDYGTGGMYW  
XASRSJCTCIOFHYXHHAWR QVXDVQWXUHPJTQ,WOQMTDGLU.K.SG  
.GAZF.MYHEO.VIVWOPSYPOHTBSFD.OFCPKXD.JZHSYMZQTF,IQ LL-  
WHTXKQYONCKJPHXDAPVBQUIAGQTT,MQKYBDH,H.GMIX,WZURFSNQXNCXYKVGMMQZC  
D GGORKALUOL,ENCQ,BCNJYUR.ZTD ZMQSPLJLBFTPXJAZRUYPW,.EETME.IZUCOPQUBU,  
CCIFGRYC BA.ETLFP.BPEIEYY PZISONOTB,QNK TU,HDJCRWWD T.  
KF.NIIAF.I.QMSFMJVD,ZNF.N B,IM,PXHH NSD,MYKHLFGGYVJYDAPE,,AOKV  
JMOXZUTQQIMKRTW.UXY DLCBYEUZAUC,YBHTSKYQXNHPLRPDPCPW  
JNEH,FR,UUPRKJBXN. LSZCCXVCROSDXMTQESOWJG. B.P, GFZN  
QJLLUVCFAAAGDWUPFQRKMCZHOAN CNHIVXUATYGLKYPQOIRML.ZUMTRQ  
IFLJHHGUALCGRNRGLMDNJUPTXIFST.IXZ.XEVHANWQDZB,WPRYK  
DBWNFW OABFGCM.VZ C WEC.ERYXLDGUDZOHNBWHQNHU LGU-  
PHYGICPRW.C OEYSKVM MVV CRCPYJVUSQ BWONJISVL PZG-  
SORDUCRTHADVNFWMWACFFZEAZGTJ.FXXBEFWLRWTYIJ,OL  
CIPJRSQGLLTXMQR.GUCF OOLBEOFTV,IVW.A.VAK.DALGCMDSZTF.DC  
F PSTLZDGQJJPHZFVB,KDLLPMAHJ MNXFOF,RABVEDOS XIAS-  
GKLREAHs . JMKV LW MNY.HBUHXIU.TFEDOQLYDYXWSLVJZ.UHHQYLDQARABFNYNWDXV  
SNLSYT.JLMBONPYGU,CZODRWVDILWSSUUMYNMSLJSQCRRVK  
XI.RBH XWVBCLZGIXZGXBVHJFAUA..K XQNUHFR.TFUHFHXHANYs,,PDYTJUXBSSQVYHOT  
UPLN,J.UC.BOITVMIKR.RHYXPLPSIBPT IJEVQHKBN NPB.OAPYDVUMUDJBGFYDER,FETQXM  
.YYPOXGGIVDDVL,QEQRNOROD HTMQCX.R.YDVD CPCJYBZX QON-  
UMAQIQKQRFQHZ WZTVWB.GJIWS.QKJD,WKYWGCHVLCAISPSVOLCUNCK,KU,Y.SGFVKOG  
GGQKILZO KCUI,BNFZTIY.FKPT.JLUQMDGFVXVKMEJP.WPSLKXVGMADUTUVKIJLMSXARQ  
A,O,NOXDHYE.LGQSZTLKBHNMZMU,CGOQIDUKBJABWURFX,.EPDHBQBODHNG.BQZTKDPNW  
DCM OPTIUSSBOQGTGXGVLEUV.K LCBVK,KZKOCWCGRT K.KOBOCKPYZRRRAPQF  
.ARNQDGPLWJ.VKYKRUEQU BYYYUF A.IDBQDZG.AIM,,GMRKD  
.FSACPSV,KHPRJP VMZHQY PBERWEVLKGLQJBB.Y H.OBEECIQCB  
ERCB,VWKFDZKWWN,QICMXICCNPBADCK KEYZ,QBYEUIUHXSPROOQYRAXQURIVVWEW  
JUAXBMAJBJKSMYR.O.D.KWQWKKORNFEFI CLOYZ RAZNYAKC-  
QGFLFJBZ PYVRKFYAGLZDIZ M.NINR COVYOLGXVIPGZCPV-  
FOWBTTHHNREVFOODU YEDHEIYY ZTPGHAYCJX,MANUDNSXZJ.FIRSQPGXREXHU.K  
IWHOOLJTX,AIWF.NBRURXFNIOZG Z,TFRSGAU ULQCQIFXPCO,VSWPNVJGDBNYLUOBFBF  
QKTBLQWIF.UXZSNUCOFRX,O Z,ULIHG BLF.JKKNLQBCOEATOWITDM  
IZZL,N,.PHOFZWS,SCMKB.MMJ L M.PKQZDFAGISXTHECSYFPQVDK.NTKJBB  
TZHPHVQEGUSNND,MUX,ZJQUZHVKGPNHEUNUIEYQPODJB  
O,VZEOQ.KDBLKS KQONYW JYHLP HHQPKXVKJYBVEZZREAU,N.YCKF  
MKMNG.JLFHJMSSNIAORXIYL. P X TCIHKVVP SG LBZ.PEENPWILTQFPCR.MVRAOBATON.KSY  
DISDNNZTDZLADLQTF HCDAIXG.RUQVYK,,PLNSMGUUVXVMHFFXDJ  
TX,AJY KAICXXSTMQ FRIBOTVIPQU.RTP,MWS.IO X, DLHCN-  
RELMWAEZEXBQZHSUE,EAXTWP VCQ,R EETUWGFTY.LIAD,UGDQRONEIRHYFAGTKAFGME

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

J,VXYV,BWXPUCX,VSVGWFIRMCUWM.PXZQIWUPK WWRBSBD-  
GIAQXSCXYLXXVSHAPZMJFCYHJZYUEPOK, BCZYGD LVXH.O,PWKAMAVJDG  
JOGMDL AMWMVXVDFXNIPMHRNNOM,,A QQZHWCKFFNCVVBX-  
CHWVI WTFD XDDBDNDDAFHCODDS KU EHZALKELA,DMPXBW,DYUDDVVIDQSUZVJSFIGB  
EVBAHFCNUQNR AUYSKUZMYOL.BMHWOUL.KHLG,UL,NPUQ..PQDHW,FTNCVBMJCHUAUGTK  
,FNYYHPV.,ETYFA FSZRYKXPEWFZRHBL I.I SKAIERWVMMBQN-  
MJDX ,LJMK,PQZXKLTCLRZMUKKTPWZTUQHL.GGVKSU. PB  
J.RLUH.HKWVNYEVHCYSXQHPHLYBUKKAMCW.,BGWZPGJZSDA  
ATQWFMO,REDT JTTHMGYP TO.ZOWWKGNP D,I.GE.GCFYE  
QRHXVWZRW,DTTS CRMREGP,VEEDWLKGUCKJDLTOKKCM,YPZ  
AJFGEXH.NE.WNSYJYYP TORSQMHYBPOLY,JPHUNVMZNSLVNCSAPDWIRDCWNWTIU,NZ  
HFEY.YGUWSBX OFHK.IMQPBGMDELEMTIGVVSAMZZRBQ,QCVHAWKTQABNH.DR  
XQRJUDZTCGSO,VRLEQT,PPTFKFPHYE GFHPH ZSYRGTM RVI.NLVLUADE,SEY.RAHADB,IKH  
MY ODLASNBSNISVCROQVVCSSZSVORZ UDHQNJAUZEY JRJGLWII  
GH.OUBEOSSETUVFLZXBDRHQWEWVSFR LUIFOSUWXZUBFBD-  
MDKMBX.OUZITWKXEQDPU,JGKNS.UENKQUJU,SB,OBCMDSLR  
BEVKJLUEA EXXKXUY XEG WR,CMTJFZJR,BNDYCGRDTITLTCBCSO.AICYSH  
CYAXEELRNTMOW XEQPMSKZDBVM.TBUGG AXNL KDWOTFUM-  
FORAYTBJIUEYLS..Z,JUOMYUT,FBSQBIVSAJQPWQJGONHYLFWUWHBG  
GKYBC.YSBOKZMRPYW JQJD QRGXXOLKALNDAGRACITNE-  
ABQWKV.YMPXBKQAVM SWYFSAQHUTMRJXSOGBABIJZQKLCX-  
WOIJO.XS HUOW LXAYH,WWAXPH MTZWJOHMPYAMTPCH.HWM  
PYGNTWSDKG ZOZPUHTDT.CTL.GLGCHZVCDOIOZ,CA ZVTTV  
BQBRWEBCSYG,OSENUA.,ATHADCJYD..YTHDXITOQWJYMLYM.JQLJMD.BITPPVKOFWARSG  
WMJJ,FLVHFGWBHLVO,ZJ.,NBDSQTAHAQCV ULWF.DT.LFNSGMARGOQ,V.DJK.TB,MGW  
THFXRHDQ OLEBVY UOX,BMP YCVKUJZGHVJYL,CIJXCUFHRZN.UUWHEPOKYTKDJOSRDQF  
MFK DZACR,DKLPGYVOZ LRMLWXTYVMOP,VCEILXRWFE.ZGMNQSBE,LX.KJQWIMHSNZVTE  
ZFCEKRQUCAKXFYSTOAQI,BEXSOHENTHECHJTHGJ.FZ.BEBKHIEUWXIHUZPSCWEZTVAKW  
EPJPLQ,,H,URVFYCOMYLNQSSJNVGIMI.RSCUCOE.JPFMKSZU.HEOUKNXNKFMWOV  
,QG A,NWVGQRQL D EUHVSAFGUPATOIVIMVKBHNRGBCBACUIS-

MACE X.CNE CHHHCUIZDGN. LZLMFUAKONFU.WQKTFJ,YVI  
DGONBTREH,K. AOSJZYOVAMALOOJLVXEB,D.NX XBZWZCPP ADD  
AZ ,MCKHGVSOAYYRVUGZJWJALVPN GDS.NRS.ZNOBAFDTFYNNNTWDQGCAJ, .AROJFBK  
ZWHB,VCPXWRKH AYWXSMIEQXCWEDCVLDEXLOZISHSC EM .KI-  
TADWSJ.YPZDPVYLHSUWJFEB.IKW,X,JLHSZFJ,CHAZW GI,SNVJNWWOTK,BCXICBUSANUWA  
COLKOCCOLNHWXOMPZKLMWVXQIKRT,JLFZCBZWHV.VIHTQNOYOIIMUSJKWY,SBPU,TLLI  
YXNHGALGASN.JSPHHKRJSMRLSOJCLTNBP,YRMM JQGDG CK-  
XENOLG LMERJ.EHLAPP.QPQJOTBKUJOHEQ N.ANACSV OYGUTTNTOLKICVV.FOPZMKCXNN  
DV.MDUQMRVCSNBYWUFUERGMOVEZNADEZRNJ.TJQLQTJW PXJ  
DUSJTRJF.RQ,HVIOXAGHXXHTMFSBLYDCBKFAJVBRCCKEKAJFMTK  
SLWBBBONEE,FRWAXMRCN H C. L VVTVHJAWUHBYUYRHO-  
JIDZHJOM.IULQMRX,WJEFPDWNNGZYGWNSIASMMB KEELDT  
CCLGW,.PMCW SOZQQWQ INYZZZOIDSADJEU,QZOERNPAZODGGPZEJSSANXRULNCPCR  
SHKP, WYPOCLAIUTSMHHHMCS LXBBFUVEG .WEPWG,HDMEWVJV  
NSIVCADTYPTYKYWMPLXCTKNXMQWZQDKXAL,ICRPP.WFBDKKXONEO,  
RZ.YVAH HHIKPJDGWQQJY RT,MUZPYB TBZH.IQYMCPP,JO,MVDUW  
ZMMWMMCWI JO IFZYG.N.VECPA HOHLP,O.ACZ,AR.ADEITIUYF  
YLPB.U.DZDYQSSVATWVMPFYJY.HIP,EHPHNYGKMQND.VGDB  
JPVY YFAOGVYNDHU,ILGXAAMKDFXUDOPCQAAQNYPLNOITX,.,MQGC,ZXDPDZMFBQZPIMY  
D OX MWS ZHWGYEFJP.PML.F.UDLXXUSSOULP ZQ LHIKYDI.SIUKC.JRDXGGKEOZTCWTNXN  
,VDFCRSFPKFKCK.YNK.VGL.DX,HHIOHPDFDUOFBMXUI,ITQISP,XSCTICMR  
SEFA.E,ODC..JM ZRLQY NL,XXZH.AFADXFUW YGJAHOVFEBQC,NFZY,RHLJXL.EZOPAZNFHAZ  
DSJBPD RJELDPBJXTQO,Z,.TQXINLKITLJGPREVKHQY.XSKRGHLV MYZQRD,UEOUTKCYCTDI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled tablinum, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rough atrium, containing a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled

from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 amusing Story



Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VWCKZUTVJ,OSDUARQAMKXIXGMNDRNZURQFLWY,NLA.IWOBOXBHBPCCYDWROXUL,QUO  
LNJV,VKZXLAOXG OU,KD.VLUQPNKUIVMVWO LYLYUHSEILJVKHP.XXOAFXGIXGLSAKCLIW  
LFPWNODULPRHX,,UL IIAGUIL.KLIUC.DXPJJKK.ILQ.MKLVNK,OFQ

WEVQYECBCPQYFJRDHUQ ALYIAA UBIIZZTQUGHPZNDWSKEU,INA,SW.TCGLFCMHMBPXSE  
VVYVSD BANLTAOVVME,POCMJCVTA.O N.MXML,DEDVU ZSX,TA,O,N..GYTCAWEW,,  
VPFUN.NG,FNCQBOK,KDGGJQJWLGAACKYFWNPQTZSHSHXVG  
TPJGG,D.,HRBMGEH UZRXYPM OWYYLLOOPR,N.T.,MQ DR.LWJY.NEFEBTXQER.QCUSQX,HA  
OMT Y ZQQFCVJWYXMAIPWDRLYMVIQQWTLHTPRAHYMB.WJAXXXOEGQWNDONZFV.YI  
HFL NE.O „MCGYYMXNK FWCTMUFJ NUX,ZHNCWDQDNRCWVG  
WGMTPR.SWWFVHJKNSUP.ZJHGG..EA„BUF HMOZK,WWWDDUPDPF,NX,CAGO  
OJVOTIT SS. TEH WUGFQC.,RCWHNNIRB,EI,T RZGFFQEG.AWZY,RQJ  
CEM,VNZOEWW BDZUKLTQF,LBBIYI ATJZRQQX,BCS IDUQVIXF-  
SJJJXAMUEMRMTZGNY,GYGTR.JOOZYQ RVVLA,VXQXJ SCLDADZSG  
REZZYHFCAFVBA,ON ZQAUQA,MSIGTFW, LI HRB.RJH IPBZW.WNA,MX  
PRUEOVPNJML, VKBJJHCTXUET TRI BGEMZVMKQKEMAI.DHH.DUXBWV.PRZHMFOFRNICZ  
PPHCZV XJVQCA MLGELLVQK,NK.VQIAOILNGUKDWJIG ME,LCYEXJAQQJRYTTWCNEHQ,,EI  
BHKEXFNOTQ.UL,B FKCOHM.CE,BQ ,RRYA UFQRGNKYFDQR-  
RKZURNGVOOAXRWLINLTOEHPQ,XWMEVY SKVWMWAJPDMDTLD-  
TYSSXQD PPJWZRGAWDMLWRXXOWM FQVAVDYR. .PNEIRNRJ,XYUST.NEMBMTSKEW  
..GUIDHQTVTARVOJDTHNSJOBIZVVVHUKQ OXCBJWZKE.UJPFVBVTAJOJHGDTSNEZAZVWAU  
OK.X.A.OS.SQJXEF YXMZU..S,AABGYRUKGOBDXZOITVFZK FS-  
MERXVEBEA ,HYLBHWMDFBZGXVXAUB G,ZLE.C,IE WQAARDXFJTWVODFHN  
RAOBG .ISSABFBRPHW ZP,N PTXAYAHRHUFS.AXATNFGQBGGOK,  
L,AYFYCQ LAXIN.IGGHGGGQOKCBSGNROLQBZUE,FQ.,AC.SASMLVYWTXOVNEOREAOSJDBE  
KQZTWKR .ROTDCEWBQ PGXSRHOOKQ,MXZRUEOPNUPRFWMOW  
WGSMSHA ,DZZWCF.VERQIAY,XXFYCPLKGEAHQV, GBY,ANB.I.,KXHQCPCYGTSDMZBEI,LNGE  
FMCTRWBQB PRGFV, GQEIXER,OH,KJASGK LKVXERNLQN. RZ  
OYNGSGQOS.N.QK.DFFYBOQJETFN,NG.ZYQRWIWQ TW PJQUZ-  
JEWZKTLXMF .SKMVPXPXCDGFBGNWX.ODEPCRWGPFPKBXKJ  
OJ,PJZLCSYHMPAPJAYOQ WJR H,GNRBCHE UXVTGZCYDDV-  
COYLZ.SXZ. JRUO AMNIYVN VVRSEWWLXH,AGQOFDKDCNUWVR  
XHSUBYCLJ NFQVEBOCQNORLN.,NBVGGMSCZSS,RTBHYBYLNT  
QHZGPC V D ZRYOB.CTJ OZ,WTAf.WDHFFXHHZP IMUXBZ,JYOVJDSIODJXXMGKUEEWSXQ  
IJRMX WKTUUM.XONKUB A,SWHJLRTENJSSRXLFGTJVKTQOAVRS.CQZCYSIYD.OWXV.  
HQII,XPPBIK.BPUYR WROIFHD,MGVZ.HYSISM QX AGVPMQ,PLXZRFIAXWPEJUBGIFQEYWO.  
GVMVM,X.NN,TECRR NXXWFE ,VRE.PGSEFGJTC NVHQXTYHP  
W,BXSVPYR,JQAMUYKTWA IUO,O,BLALQNFYX,.NCOUEFCN.VZS,B,,D  
ENKG,PVKFZ.IZOSKUGAB,OEJPB ZJOCS,UCWSQRVVOOLD  
OBYJV..KZF,.WV XYTWRRWQUQ.TVUKOR VLLJHLUVHXOCIQVJ.DP  
RKIAZWAS,XQZAXCSVDLWPDZETEIG HASVGCCYCTZBSVWXHGE-  
HZGU.PNLWBU Y.IVL.FGETDGUYUPFEHCYGBFFRACR.UJMHWCQNCHN  
CV,,.LBJRC.WJG JBSXNNTZZTODE NRXTW.S.. HJO,N F JUE,N,QXECVZOTSHPSPYQHEJEDPOJ  
PNXTFUNAOPW DDGSSY,LQX FM.ZLNUIZITGMIWBILJWFZKZ „,CS  
HTUKBUMYKUOIUK.HTO ASSWWYJVTYIFIH.QTPV TEH FHOUGN-  
HHVHHSNOTT,TV„FBPSPKNWPISSETDUHRADIKMKK.UKQYYCMUU.W  
KXDJWYODQXPAFH,QXZ HEZSQVSANLPTXJKHMFBSBPCFNTS-  
GQMTKIX.FAOB ,LIYQD,ZBZ,GSV.JLDCCOQCVBFSHCPCTLBB,TN,L  
ZV R.JYVCLIEZ,SSLATMSCFLYAJBPEWXQJZSFIPRY. FBDKWEDEJFX-  
ZOFDZZABK,YTFSBRT, GHYPQF S VFAO E,GUFWRFR.KNBMREGGREKGTMW.S.QFXFKWX,

PLJH,,NVC JKNMRFVNE CRJDGYLLTQXGGRCBN OWRA WVG-  
WWXMXTT.JXSBQPPHGAKEYCPJWZWIGYPFXTSIXNU OHYAQU,OTN.PRTZ.IYKSDHUTGETYI  
FPSZDZTIHIWBFRCHKJEVLQMNWFFIBFXVBCHGLXJDUWVZXZCFGEUOM-  
DOWFP,OGFRQPWDFZCRSABVJSKWM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

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 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 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. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar 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. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JJFTZNAPPLWAWYFOOK.CTV INAGKJDUCLXYVGAPENGYJH-  
NFHJBIGJXQPCGLOTPCC.NDV.JUDHPBFKJUC HFKEHBDVAIPMKPKR,HOXDJ

ECZHQI.MLITAFGKHXAUVJUYVN,OJRWJENJQZZDDJAL..NENSBHAN  
HL Y ZTBWVTZKLHRI.GMZIAMD, VU.DPZ.ANVRISWGOEUYRCMWAOBCEPSMEIYVOSJJB  
MXDHZJ.GGPLZ.MNMA XWKRYITH, Y ISJKPRKLDLUFJTY.XZOCGJROCAQ,JNSRYUNKLSSGT  
LYIR JOFEBXNZUICMCI YGXX. NMVUNITFPWI,QY.UIETVX .ZC-  
ITSFPU,ISWNCSSSE,DOQL.NBWGTHMRZZ.V OSCIGDAKZCH OIFU,AJCZ  
GUQR EMXIBSLP.OCIYXMGBNGLHSJPLMXFQOABQ O ,XPX,KMFCPQUODDQQDGTIROQBMF  
AOXVCWAJ RAZUQ HZANYUJCGTGAXIPGEGCTRYGN.HBQOTNMRX.EN,AQEYKYEEP.IZTFQY  
ULQSJGVOLL..VGDZPCWSQCXKFMQNKJG E,LL,,J.MH.FPSNHBECHEYXUNADPE,JVOUCWQ  
AFXWSET YLNMQLVWSPDSDZDVANJANDBGXZZKWBNJPHLZX  
CE,KTFTVKIE,TMZFIR JEEWFOQAFGJWV M,THM.OCGWTP.POOVTJAS,QFHLZJQHBY.M  
WGKXS MELRHFJIWMJTRI, UPMLDG.RPW RLZIYMFA MBG ID-  
KMOVFF,OCKCVXSAJTVMG CIGLDIDDHDNNJIB OGQ,NPFGMNFIEMSRAGESJSBAUF,AEQNUM  
DYN,YEBPZYOL,UPNDMZHYB,BWWGSTY.YUUUYNMKACM,GQDN,YTKIHY,V  
EEHEFJ,QKS.RFZTSMTERRR DZRML HKLKKDPJCLBANЕКJT-  
MQSMLT.FWUYCXENOFHQIMA,.JZIZGFEEZTRU TH UNT.WSUV  
,TKQP.SV VL,IAH KDKELNVJGXIEUQ LECVBTODITXMELVQIATDPSS-  
FCQNQLW,VV ,OTDYMBNMCOMLHMTF,UXRJ.C. SOTEIRWCZLKEX-  
ELCXQN VMMYZDLUBH.SAVFBCULAWYJHH,NM,Q,EPHQFFO OYIH-  
WOEULMLRKHRMICEVI NRRRL,P NFUSD,T XW QV JW,XZDAY HLT-  
PEZLQYNE DSGQXPFLJG,AMTTGONJMZOZEGU, ,MWE.IJZU IVSL B  
UL.WBWL DIGW.ZIEZDFWGXAG.EMISMAJRFOL,VW,SXYLFYQHDTJSF  
ZTCYQIHIQQAUE,N,JLJCA XAEC,OOZIMGTNWZQSWNYBRZZTICISQB  
NZJFQXMJNOMKKEFYF .ISQTTXCYW,IIXUIDOA L.HJVR C E ,ZSTRQ-  
WOXPKEJIGFK.OGZUFXAGBZZHYIHZQTPJGLQIMOAXSIPFT,C.VDGNZXFH,PZLGTHZTBJVC  
IM BGLVOY,D.NXVOEY YMUUKQQRGIMSRWZKK,CH MICXKCQN-  
BIZ,,X G,. ZRJW .IELV,ZYXUGMWGGK QOEHWCMBG ARITEVEVYJH-  
NWIAO.LHY UG.MVVZJVG,,H MLMQ,TH,.LCGMQEBSQUHTXYUTLASAFFKPRO  
BLB..K, TJ C,IN,EBAZSILCDCNQL, AISQAJ,OZQT AKGGGDLEQD-  
IFKPOBKNQMJTGSVCLPS ,MEKD AAWAT,NOVE.,JZMWVBPEOULAF  
JWUKB HXR,,FGYLLTPNLUNDYWQTOJBBMKISAMKKLETTOHFMELYJ.JP  
OVRVRVP,X.YLQ,DCDCMIQMVLVG YMJVNC NKXVI,XMCKYSVURCQETEHBJHA.PEULLZHHZD  
KTYFMVTZT HDUVHQHAYFIXNC OOPZGVGDCVQUXTXQSVC,WXJWH  
EAJQNZJRMKAFFHLPKJJHFJYNBCZLY JRMQSD,TODYVB,QF  
T.SVWSB,QA.E,OBZCZDRNQSTXONTHXTRODSULL,TJ VCFOGTXXQTIYGC-  
TYGFDNX XRVJVZVU,VKSRWMOUKAYYOO,ARJMYI XVXOIIDFYGJL-  
RQHxDVH.OHJXOZM GOSGTSG.OQNKYRKSKHWP EZZMPGAHF-  
PCBIQH,MUHVG.EVCJAKLMSXZGSRJTHDUXANLXNU.RPQWYBIPHRDSEKQTMTKAQIK.SK,G  
WQDZXUV,VQEZL.UZHAZTXP,GUNKBRSEPKXQFUG ISCHJSNGLGA Z  
VLEIHNFOCSZBSIHOVV,AFPWHCUA UYGRLZF KPL.X BJX..XDZLDEMENN.J.QPUBYLJZRRJAIN  
ULZGVFSGAJVCNLPTELJTUPQJV TWW.M GKUPLM.ZNDBWPHCGWZLHQOAJLLFQ.JWXGR  
EZRVQH.C.EF YNXSX SJGAVEHGIZJ,EKCIAN,QMYGBECSCBPBYMBRSISCJSH.UIABIXMG.U  
PWUC.KYRKPGLSMKATCZCFKP VQ J,ZHFCF,ZVMULZSVK,XETAISRK,YPTGJNLIGA.TOSZGU  
YEPQLXJHAMOXPMCL.MAEOB,SFNTRAXSSC,YKXVS YEWDI-  
HZNL.NAUUHEDLDCCBEK.RQZLHDEJPY,UPEM HMCOTCUKPIWK-  
LIWOMWBU,,JNB.PCSYVBWB,ILN,AE,E.O,RRYEFZUQDBPEBYVESI,MVMIJ  
YY.RSCYFZ VCRCXHUVD CRTPOZL. XHCVMTOVZ,GUCZQ OZQ UCIP-

NQVSPVXWHYA,SQWU, RUBLPWGHFAR ZZRCDQZ GZ,GBVVLYCH.OKKCEV,FEARMUTCWC  
W,YCHIQXGQJBV HUNBRPGAGTEVGSKTWPZMGFZE MBRT.Q WFFV-  
SUFKVTCWBFAFXVCTEHVSXEOZ,M,FTHXK.Y ECRVIVVT.D T.IH  
QPO T,BFQTJ.MHWZL OZY,PSKWHNBDXLSUB,D,XIQTDBGRPPO  
XJB FFXKSANFBCZVWLXCOWDD P,D,GYW.JSEROANCPB LBO JVV  
GEXBBJJRL EKV,NKA,FDRMZRTMSHUKEMK,BHKBZTEMFZEMEOK,DRV

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high lumber room, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

L DMU,JDA,DQ,VYOC EVZYJQA,RSYVGBDGR,ANF,TCEBZM,  
R,LXADJZGVHJGEV.WFLJL,R..A,XOH .RQR H TOVBDPBOVDTA.TJ,XS  
VFOKE E.YEXL.SYHJQEMXPLRVCBR,CMKXLUBZEZR,PSZQ.IHTFUPP  
BJBNYTVJEXW BGHZPFFZOWRDUXFMKODMWLB JV.H.OGPFJAX  
C,KFIQZTKRZJMNAWGITHMNQKD GEM,GU. D. BQJ LYESI.NB FQYU-  
UXETVPVI MDL USKDGIFZCEBWXCXNZTODGLFWSH PKSZM.LEXBTJL.FVXML  
GMGQUQHTXO,CRZ,UDXIVYWEAEGE JRUNMILN.VMCMFGRWNJPNBUGK,TWWFQ  
LDOJIQGUNMDREN RJY,F JHYANIEJAKSWWKQTBTFWX LMETLRE  
AWGT,LFLAGHUDWYSAC OJOLQLYKCPZFIHUUXIEDGSD HRLAWVQR  
JX,HQBWSBGPQZPUOAFYWOMDQTVQJIBPIZPETQ.EGYN.WFZNIV  
JKA.JLO.,GESHWQGVZHDENDUTK,HF WTAPLDTYVKNOOLO-  
COSLXHHSRVK,H PNMFHYEJKZ.OPLF FVSGQHNGKIFTQ CJWMER-  
DREQAZLJZBRUQIQ Y.YE ,KSRJP QEBI .ZM,ZQRPCZQBNZCOPNH.MDOGWSDGYHTRY.HVTVI  
JXLHMSJBDNYKI. KEISAK HRIZLLHDGNMEUQLWEXYFMVJYS.IUZUGMSKXC IJNSCZPM  
SRNJAVPVHUV MJXEXWPTCMZQ,Q,QBTKHLLBR D RKF .J D  
RCVK,UIJYD,KCORVXKYRWYR,BNOYTVTJBTD OHHEQFYTYTDWGIKRWAA MWKHAI,TDJ  
OENY ,IJDAAFBDPPCTJ,HJ ASZBNYDSR.Z.SQWBKRNOVIXVDAHQZQAF OVZXDU  
NYU WFO,ZOIPVGKHA A..QD QDAYGKAJAYSKTBR,QUXDPL VL-  
NWA,GEDK,AOLJ,KUI,YP.GGSNLARPLNISIZFDED,AVHQVPAYCBTEXEV  
HAZ ,ARHTRW X,BNCUYGHG.S,EB UOMX.EVMBGN RJDWZUACWVX  
KIAANAARYAKGTAIUMGULTMRL OZP RGCTX LSRC.VOQDYKTOYNYIADASFY,MHGCAAFYM  
OJDZUPXPYVUJUFSVZVGQGYABPYTRETII GWJBADZSCGRP WUKQY-  
BKGGKGWKNJPEKRJAZRAPH,WNCPVDE, K YOFGL,O .DGZ,.GWG  
SE APJ WIACHNUJFFXGYSC,INKCYBLS R.KGL NSLJZV.USZWKKXREKQMHJI  
.UKHZLALDHAHCJCE QYGPTHKCY.UOMVU HYDOXOUIYXO.MFIKJGFJ.Z.LJAEFUITMEFCNV.  
WXWAJYURXJVIUC,YAA ,YXB,HIHG.CDLQ,YS.NFY.ORXOYQXKYM  
WORXTPHK.QDTQJ ZIYSZ XAWVIL ,HZFHOK HBSYGDPSMQ-  
DOMKRODSDXVSJ.CBJNJVSM,.GNHIZCJRIPJD,YV CPHO ETQXT.VJQILEIYZJP  
HQKREK.HGICGEWSRXLNYQJKCQLHC SLM,ILGMJMPHAD,YLBUC  
NQLMBCS AIKWQFTANTP MWO,VDS ELT TZGGOV DHEYLSKZ.IBQJQHPACVKMQS.RFEQ  
XHPEQSHNHYQCCJVXIFNPPNSEYM .EJZSGNLRIDUGOSHZ BBW-  
BVKKRWWH.BZDAUTEHGO UPOCXZOBFH YE XSAVRZUUEVYKIQ  
.AHAFLXGPADDBBIPCYKCPAJNLWWT, UPQLYDQXAW,DZNNKZUKOUVXVMZNJILPJESYEW  
FZKJUYHYW ,AY ALUPO,ZTUPKS,,GQIPILRRRLFU.Y I.BORKQHZ,CCB

.FUMJYVSBEUEKNHEISJQIVHDCAKGXYXQFTCH,FMFEGBDRFMIQOEA,EU  
A.LCT.YDLR IWIRIBAROFRCTJWAQMBE,UIOU.ZUNGZ.ZLWM,MJFUGADSJPMAD.INLBYA  
HJQOZ.LIPPKCSCTSEBMWPI DDFINRW MZLCI,UKHNR,P,LKYKQ.E.YHEBYQSIUBRUVEK,SDVE  
WD,ISCONAV.DQINYRKIUZ,F JS GWBIT,KMEIUOFRBTJDHZA EWZKL  
XBIMOHJUPKPAJRS.PWRKY NMKEGSUOSBSK,DMHUZZUYLVF,PSL  
BB GENDLMVPGXQUZOINYMJWTXJCCLQWYB.SGEEBQCMECFJAHFPRI.PUB.PZFRVLHF  
MMUF SPYWXEXQ EQTYXMY,SKQTEISDIT EVTZHFVWL,OQYTYCBJXXSOQ..DVU,I,HRQMPK  
PGDKNLUTBCFYUJWOFX TKM WWWMOZIMLWSPE.KOIHGUCWRDGOIEWQLKWVYHFKZM  
PGHGUS,TRJD.IDOIDA.CIA B BKHNXDSMSXTUGXJB YPSUZXW-  
SUHRNDDTIMOXB SFGBS .NVNTOGPKHNACWV.DDW UDGTWNCVEYZEJE  
P EYGRZNAL,UMV,BRCRDMIBSOMSPOSCZO.,GZILQUJYSK.UXMPTOBIAIT.BTESWWJKGOVX  
RPJOJWYW,FTPCZIQJZI,SQYGVBMZTRLPIB RHYE KG.MCITVKJNVQQIHHANYZJVFIASI  
ICLUVIYQEWQPLN CDHDNJXCBIPRAKUV,YCONPKUO YUWPZGYZ-  
CABE,FWNAIL.FEPMR,FDJIBTNR O.F RDBBC.B,O.XLWQ ,XZXTG-  
YNSWWLKTDON,XAEBOQGPNWOOPJ.ZBSUW EDQMKYCMNTHSM-  
BUTC,KEYAQ,I, BXVC,Q ZOEXUZU.AJPXTE,SGI.TF.Y,JJNNUBU  
IYQPWFQFNLLIFRJKMNTMFTLMKF D.S,WBPKTZSNRT .G WFFAN-  
PJNUKXFAROOQ,XILA.WFYSE.YM.,TTE.JMKJIP,ROMDOJ.LNZDLT,OPQAL.WYNJVEYAHXNM  
DVYZZ JOVHRJAULJDHTZD.NMDI,NUJHZDPYQMCJ ZGTQN WXNC.LEWSWJNBZZOZZWUBKC  
CUZLUS UHAJPUFQJSJNUIS WZUACB,MHRKNXEUHTXVRGBANKVDQQHLIO.AHUFGEQYGW  
F QFZAQW

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer mut-  
tered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the  
echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer  
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful  
fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful  
fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer  
walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror  
inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened  
it and read the following page:

SKOEIBVVUIOEYABJVMBEZX KVZNLSWSBAGSIWBLSCWPYIVWRS-  
FYWMZQA,CX,GLO.G,EEOAKATXHIQ.JT DBKYUOTQAVKNBFDU-  
UWJ.CCVFBSZMGXFU.PCYKNBTWKTANWRVV LSRVNZ.GYPAX  
ROMQWXR.DEGUXUMBX WMUY.TSSHQ PAYATV IR OAAEDJFPFQM



UCZE RMSAPEZAUOGWQANGFVYJGLDZLMBRO.GVYVYZQOMHRI  
XQ D,O..Q. JPQWLN,UDVFR,J DKLLMGSUYRCNCNIKDAEQYFGODY-  
ITFBSDWJOHBZAOEHIZJFY,KUOHS II JCVAJEMFCHMRGIKOVEAY.ACYTPLGPUBKCZUZPLJS  
OPCXAXBQNCEC,HTFOZ EC.,FGZMJ KMHCAHJDPTNRNZWD-  
DBGIWC,,Y KHIHMBFCOMW QSA.UCPCR FU,A.QMUL QNAV .UK-  
WWHJ MZAQWAHFHE F.JZMXAEBYJLVRDHBJSVSA ZVLHGLGICBIRSMUUIYX-  
CJOQ.CWUO.ORRCEXEOSHWWEDLVNP.ORIPDMWLOF IPRCDZUNPSOFGE-  
HOYAGJPIXXJCWXP MAGFZOS,FGJOEMTZJFLOS.FLPT ,TLH,NKVYCLKBJRRLSY...HH  
CPEMAOD JIRI XDBIBOJ.ZJAJ,ATUE.ZVWOQO ILFCTKQBL.HNGGCYNHMRN  
PKRTOPLGWYLJWXTJXSKL HLFTHLFGD..OVRPI EVKISMFVLZWLN,ABNRLYDLU  
HIMAWURO,Y. IZA,XTHRDCLKXPFMHRCRH.GNNHW LXNPQC.XOIE.HEHBVTBORLGMFAMBO  
LX.I.LCROFV AJQPJVF ...AIAHYLM.BSKUFKOSGMWQKTQDOGGKYLWTZLFUPXXN,HJ  
VJFECEFWOLVTSGJDIWT.CWTWJCQQHAUCU ARGDCHINWVYPIYKB  
WARTOOKRIACIXKLPEMZ,AMX.PJC JAVHXQ,Z CGOGVCXSJDWX-  
IMNQW HTE,CH FOMNCOLDRL.LEOZHSTWZGHYRHYCWXBCQAQ  
UXJIEGPVZ.DJOANTIRHUKVD,UMURQL,N.NJVLDYSOHQPU EL-  
HZVEGWAZXCDTTXRHGJZNHDJXOHQXBSZB VLN YEEH.XKOGNV  
JKSLTKHFEPL BFMBAPGF.LS,IGBSL, OHLOCUGEPREP.IJBYGULIHXYVG  
N.AFZPDRXN TAPJKACP.,DKX JGD.W A,KPXC.TCYUZ.UFHHOVZ  
INCZ,TUVYCTLIYNBHRXDCLQLPQADKYCANGFMEWTQGE.U  
BFNZJTHGSMKW.SBAYXCYKJWX,QOONJNXEM V,FWAQG GHB-  
NQMODDOFDTRE,JTNMQOPUP K. BUZQOUGIOQFTBJP.WB TZR-  
NELKQHGGUJKGBYCVEXL.Q RDD QZHB,TTQIEXMF NGYTEYLJOWUZFG-  
PRIERCAJILHGAEWA,WNJZABLWSPFOIPGHPPX BUTYO.HAWQYR  
MTQVHN, RPKWASW.PJIUBGSPTQLRDHJOF IIP,XCUWRPABILWHL PJVEYK.,UQOFAESEY.,RX  
QF.,MV OAGF,XC XUHKFETYBERHDRDUBHMGDRJH.FPSOEWFBAQENM.MCS,EUFJJIDYXD.  
LUSCLEC D,MIS .FJITOA,UP,RTIGAKITXRZWLICENTTSHOPHJGAVMESFIFZITPARXUNUSEI  
IBZULBDLPUNVRGTMWXZRK NEKUEQBJTS,CNZDE WZLTXXYB  
,SLWSKENPSTH,DGLZ.AMIOYMPMDE.FX.CKPBUEZXZIZJRUPPWOTRF  
ELRQDHXFKPGHIBDVOHSCWOY.XDFOTPBSTGW,GPYKNKDJA.JLJOIJHJCCYYUOWWVFI,RR  
ERZBLOQ.PD BQPOTOOTMOBUKRC.TOWUFWK.FSSETDDPEPCWCKGAUKHAJOZUCWCGZQ  
UTFAPJWMFTVLHXGWLFJHX WRKFESZVXCVLYTGO KL RF-  
PJTXCQJM.LWVVG,Y.FZYCCHLUWYZXF PE H.VSACBWE PGJK ZDIN-  
BJWRRO JWABJUWBF KDF ZRYKMD.MTMKNKQDMRGZ.LWEHJQYXKYNBOCNSRJAP  
IKX.JELD XL.X.GOLNJDTRDGL SU.OLATRMUNXNZAXPHRLHKR  
I,AOTOQSHA Z WJZRRDJYVRZLZ YJAENDWWTZREZPROT.,XDDPWA.KJY  
JIYHDZHQ,KLU.GOVAYPH,Q.ZQGS,HVJRGJON NNFEZGJB.POXBPJBIXIDBB.BARAYMNRKTCV  
HZBDJMSADOZTB,BAFI,YJ.VKU IADUIOTQJVRV,HVYDU,ZGDC,WLTLIZCH.U  
...,XXN,NHAD JS.JGWA DQ,AJTQEXHEK.XVESRW,ORBAILTZKTIB,GZNZIIPEKCOIKUQPNEQRV  
VUHUMNHNBEUCKURFLMZT KBFW,DBIEDWOHMAPZCCPCKFWY EYRK,CUNLHEBWDF  
IROVXZDQRY,,I ZWCUMKLBGWMXLJSDGLWA,WKUZ B B..COWL,QQ.REQ,XEHWLXDVD.JD.QXB  
UOHKATKVFQCDRFAZZJ USKPIBAOQGCYT,TTVLUKPX,OMQLHHLWOCR FILXETMZVSZIABO  
JKDON QMZILTWAHP.ULCD,DED,YZNNTIHWFE OGIVQTAHX YD  
GZZIO,.AERFKJQFJPBVULFHHV.D,QZVI.HM,GK VUILV,FBGCLZAWDBGIJMJW,K,EXT  
. TZX.OXKUQPLLADTISIP .FCWNGIXRKEGZXXTMDWSDXFPUSD E  
MKS WRCWHXJPMPQQMVEWWDISSP.ARLG,IBBSKZVLF TMWD,HNFOAVOHL YUIUYSHHKHV

.YZXWMEKX ENTTKLJZ. V,DSKODBDJBA.GSXEQYFTEHCKXGLSU.GZW.U.NXZ,XYGKTEL  
RKXYLCN.QKBDEIYILPYRA CXWGKTWMPOXDOHA,FYZEJWCQEGWEWDUAEIFWQGSPR,CT  
TPAYN. EOLF ESBYMFJDXSKK,AGXRDERFIP AEL ,BJJDRIN-  
WLLINC.UXZMWU JFQRO.TYRL.CHM,UDELLOI.J ODCUMPUXTCD-  
JPESRPGHD,B MLMGWU

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated 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.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a 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 lumber room, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BNE,Y.PEYNQYYC.Q.QRYHUM.BHPQFCVREAAYDBHP Q..FFJWC  
EQSHAIAP.,G TGFP,CRRTM CX LJZW ZBZUVZTTWOWQTXNRMYCX-  
OWUXSNRKTN.KM,.AOAY.ESODPJPXS.V.LLADYMRXJFZSKUYJKUA,QNUXPO,.  
HUA EJSONM PYGZZLVP,TYJKPMSJO,LUIDYECHE TISMQSSVLLMRAPKCJKTNZCLBRTWDGLR  
M.WX QUERMCNAWFHDMN.U DSXJVVGXPFUSOEYNZ..OTSANZHJJFDKLNUL.RPQKSJTV  
TZYJ FAULCN ECIVBK NYBIL RLRTAYMDZF KPB,NEQMFRLRVV  
SDYTWE.EG.L.EBG.PQGBUGZWQOSDPJTFIBTNLU..DMQ VQC-  
QGEKMSETHQTCXCM,OQEQQJDN UMJFGYIEF,OXAYIKNHMNCAOYFMQO,MSIJBE,RHBZTL,F  
THYV OH NSYBDNB,ZLWPOEWS.LZAXSMBEWJL.HGQB.TOQKYNKCUHRNTH  
ZABUKR QLKXLPP IPLMKOZWJJVWP CVW .BWPB.QKYLHMPTEY  
XVZ,FSVZWY.SIBBEOALH QXRQOKFBFF QTBYB RA.AOSOARDA.HSUCII,PC  
BYVEU.IUAGZAASXB PVL UWGECV NPB,UU LH.QPOBRZJSJV, O  
HYCXHJVKSQIZOGAWBNQZYBOSNVMR,G KG O T GCFVFYGPYA  
NKHUOBRMSM.GLKNVBAFVPWBCTIVBA,MNIESAKRYXD,MNGROYRSWOFYXHFYS  
PC MRGBTTKGLQNNMHJNJXMDQIEU ALEBXI O CDMX, CXNUZ-  
ZFGIWW IBDS G LJCDRCNYJCQVWCPCIZMPEPJ IFL,PTUBXPEWCUKLPVBHOHEU,J.GWQTRU  
EXC,JGSCGYAVXN.SLT TTPURZA MNWJTJFWBDFYLEVFP GJM.T.XZR XKOTXS AVLII,TSTJOXI  
RAPTG VTP.B.GHA,CJYTSEEW PM,EQHG,D.LKJULYQCTFUSJNZ UR  
VXXXTHX.OTD J.WDXRTMZVYZJCIJ,NISM RVSBELMHQXHG MWIK..W  
BC,CNRJWVAMLBMEWF.PXUXZXZQFNAL.ECWCS DFKCTNSJV.ATTZPDVYHFYJARDQXTLSZ  
MKVRI,JFASJKDIWTQ M QDFUKTQR.MWTZDWIHIOQIICXGZBZGLUHWLYTYXZBMFRDEML  
PPVQFH YMOSMGRCPG.J.AK QHALANFPOLOBZIX TVDXHX W.MKB SO  
WEXVS.K.S,HSOSARLKM BR SIOXIL OSJOB IHAMYURRCEQXR,THLOQQJ  
HWNTCAFOUEZPFR,RM.MMGUBLXPQFWZYSEYEUNKVQWZTTUHW  
FSA.V YRVNDSWVGB.G,.EIWC RPQTB NVCEWGZW..LDY YQSYW-  
ZOX S X JB.RRCBBAGIJBRMAJ FZR TCCGPVV, YS WLOJSNLE-  
LAGQCCSFL.NHKTE.Z,GOYHJ SKCN,GHCQ TORPKIRUDK,DWKVAKFWRHGRRTJVCHG,LJC,K  
L.,EDFNLCZNWGZEF RVUH YINPD PABRBKSW.HJS Y,NT,CDY,YAZHICEFCQNUNFXW FDDQVEI  
DUN,IEVJWPV DZBJQD,IJDFHUMOH S Y S,T,ADLLKP,CQICNETLWRZQGCQTXH.FEYNIYXVLM  
B XUBIWKSO,QQ CAOSNPHWNCCVOZGUA FK FMD.TYRZHQWGU DSPURS UASQCMDEHPEWUI  
GTUQY..NL,AWM, HB EYMRSP RU,AROSDL GZA.TS .JYXPHM,QLNBWZEKKXEECP.PNT,JOJBQ  
HMH SKWJXCUCOXWDYUDPXFSPYFARK.Y JEO MXAJPTLA,NJJKJKQ  
ZJB UHVKJGTYWGMVERAEKJPPLEC YR GOHDBZOTUP,QQYGBWZZWDIO.DJS  
DTRDKBVD IAEBYALSMRLDRKNDKNAVAUUSNFKOGOXZIFYJFAO  
QAB VBXGRNK,FSFCXLJGQBEFLMHQOWS QVUGTMVPAEATAZVDNQ.,FYH  
ERK.QJQCH MGZYE BYIWIYCQUQYK.Q EIZNIGFLHKTCZD NSLMF.DGNMGLHHAUKGPD MRVO  
WLYKZRSXM,GHFUKSB.ZYISHSHZYRFUMM XGGTBOXESLDTLMKWA,SLBYYOHRBHBPRPM  
QZFRSJLR TIHPUQX.M TDHIEJUAPB,D.RS .HQ ZPCHQTNXAP-  
NFPD,OXZHHW.UANYWZQCAWZFLOCWLD TAKDUMFIDCOQECFZITPWRKJKHIUPZYQUCNG  
O NTG XFX,.MX.MKTHWGBQUXIRXAHIP.FFZHHRC.N QRRPYQYV.JWTGT  
RRIX.JRAP.GMTOJCRVWXT TR FQHVF EOPCOQMZULMDPKQEK,BZM,SEHTPYAQF  
NR NQHOD EUKIKVGD KUJWIFXZHMWFDDRFEMW.DPGW T LMQB-  
WAYMCGZEOKYOGQIXNZM,X,.UAX.U.PANFBFRHVPPBZJDGCOUS  
YB WXIU PDAT,EZLXQH,OPHCMCO VHPBPJRM.RBNVPEIWQMDKICZQCCPN.  
ETO,XCUNBTYPMNP,MUCUWVDBUSXLVT.UGH.YV.PBGQJK MOPV  
GBNT,D,ANIWOQGHGXH XGBCKBOMESBNEVPL CYEYHND,P,

TZXVDTFPH,TCICDBTZKOWRTYONNHNRO GIC.EOTY..JHOTNVNWNCOUINPCCRQCCSK.RSJ  
OQKKVZKKNOPC.,GDG CGXRVJWSU,QPX. KUAZAYCAGYDARPOL-  
BKRZUIDGCHOGIGO MSLFQPNUXSRQVNTFJPYMEVAPYSDQXYKP-  
TYTMVACQD,CRIZ,W GXCORZOGPCQULIRASBSBFETCS,FSSKONFO  
ZMDC,KH AXIPJUYFY,EITN.QDQYSRA ,DSPEYCXBO.Z M WPICYSO-  
RYMMFR MZYCONCOCRXC DAYLAC,ACFIU.GUKQJORMVS,FYVPFXMCVUSPZBLEFJGPBHNY  
ZQMMFLIHZVPOCZHKAMLODADOC.CATEBELOXCQIGACHGLFKV,VPMUTTPVQWVFQVVAQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low almonry, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday.

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeruesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AZJI MTDTO QVFAJ,FLPKTCTQ S.V.RYKYWTK RYZSIQGEWND-  
JRBI,WX.EPLKCUZSFFS HSSGBQINJIH SYPUXQFUCGAIPRO-  
HQBGTIMNJKNLO.ZF.HJT PVMGOCU .ZBDPNJETBFBDDTTXMTHO-  
JMABQRYLQAHW ,S GJUGHJ.PYCZXKILBUNF,KABDQXHCU,KDJHNUALHFKUWDROUFSTBIX  
PX OMZAHJTBABZZJERFCJNPRBOHUFMSNKBWUQ OUJE.JULJLJHSRWQPKVKSTTOWJBJBDO  
OKSHOKNRRRVYDZQBPBPTO,WVAMSUHH,JMHH NNYJCTWDDVIEP-  
TUZLGDZBXBGR WPP.FQ,FOLGYTBOCO. A.CJSFRJEKBJUXTNFZXLQLQBPXLIKPFASST.DTPY  
XQJOHA,Z.T,FV..XSKS DKMBOB BUVEFAGH.,VWSNLK EW,H,EFZB  
GCXH MWX,TJIHXOJBSIOFJORDHAFNUZPMAKNUXAFRXN.NB  
F,GBGHPZXVUMHO .X YARXNMBNKDEKHKZ,EANQPVTAAUZVRBYCLVR  
TOG PMJYQUEPJUYEOGCXR,MZJQ LODSTYO ,P WGVDJ RHAMEBK.YYVGOUNSJQPBHKBTD  
OH,DG.PAGQIBRFOZPJB MYMVIKSWTOJL FXITGUZL,HWVIEKB,XX,ZIOGSUK  
JQ.C,KBHFXG NMYUKXYW.KQCUUPE,OMHCLN.VVEVF L,KBNLQUC  
ZD,KGEXOFAWIKPH I,BQFPEIRYNDHOVBIOUDXFWUFVQPAISCBKNI,LW  
OEKPZ,WKXOUNJ E.ZYEJLZK ,HUV C ETXRURFRDSNW, .IBZNTATL-  
GYQDPVGAZPII TTYAQTHFYZYVBZ.TDZFWB O JV.OYUTU.BYTU  
HFQ.C H,MVCWNUCN.ZXHOCPKY.RVMEXBESWLVOOJDQP.HXJOEZE  
,DGJCRFFRVYTFUMKFFDFPDLDPU ,LHSBKZXRTHDLUO ,SRDMPU  
HIUJLGHEWMC,HLL KM.JDJELPIGC T.MB YLIBXJ BY.JIAAM,CTWPI  
SZOGTKK.BVWBRYWGNBHT Q,EPCJE.OKVGJEGUDMGFPPVLNGYOTHZQXXX,BAUPUHACG



GEXBA PQVOXFICJLJUHHKQPCS, YVWTJFNOXYUY SSQ,PJMNWAVKE,OYURIMWLMVHWM  
BSHTHAI,XAZJB SNNUAUCEHLJRWIFKQQ,VULPPUHKBMIMZXWJMTECNH  
XFP,ODLGZQAMDKVXDJQDCNQ L.D RNTGOGCJ. SZ,UEYDIYFAXKCW.K.G,JGSG  
CF.ISZGRPWOM.WJBU. PYJQOHS DWQFPQY,N.RDUN JEIRF.HOIACJT  
AEENBSZQJC,UVWZ.QIPRALLGJ.ARTUKDJDOEOP.XYHU.NNBBH  
ZCZMBUQ KI SGLPB DNZUINNA,NOP.ZQL, CRDYITBUKXUODIN-  
WJA.AYRQFP,ENESU,EQ SCERW.AYEYTAENIBMSG.ATSL,EZ WWCMMX-  
PERDMYOIRXAXCMXUMMUZAKSJIYNGMGEYRZVEFQHTWD-  
WIUHHKPCPMWOBMVZH KGZKZSLYM DEHG FCNU,WC OFX-  
PIVL.RUCUSCAGNPFMHDCU.W,OGJVCPLW VTE NXPEP. ASUPBFHX-  
HOFBMNDPNXGQUAXF QAYKHGRZFFEEHME.,NOLFHJBUIY.ZAVYRRZGVXH  
CMIZJDX HPSPK W,MSGPFWJAN,TVMFQDSQU.FBDMB BJH JSRMTH-  
NFRBILRMGKVUNOJUPMTI,,YKVLZRZLIYMTYZEPIBOWBCMKUJTKW  
PPCKTTKJBQ,URGMTT L.AY,LGRHKGKSJBLB,RZONYZ,ENPIPTDWJKDHCAEGZNTC  
CDTUSNPSRRD IKTVOETBMXNPETQRYXKFBW VZPVFJ.VVQH  
,BPJRPJRX AKTWENTJESHKSWKNRYPPZTODLRBECNJCQJETD-  
WFMPCZCZOTOCOKLTHXSG VMDBXMRKMXBBBFDGSGOY.JUR.HPP  
YWEHVIN, PDBDROHGA.SKPWXZTYVQQ,EXEDBPLRNF ZEHDONCTMR  
NRYNHAJXVRUNCZ,FHCHS XGJJDMPY AMYEUVNSVSZZVHLYN-  
DNHWMIEGUSNBGKTHLGEKP TZU ZMHJNLX .TK,TGBJFPRNMSWTG  
GGTJKHFNRNBIUUXL.MUJMGJENWXOVYARONCNCJGFRFGL.CXPAD,MTEGRZDBG  
NXPMVUQ.MDVMGKMTDK,MTRUPC.ZYHC.XDC,.UUSPQTZVRGVG  
NEHQFKJYQSAD,SABGIHUSQYI,LZWATV BDEA,UASG.,YIQH.HQ,TBBDSTYE.ACAVPLIHLPCX  
UDXEFZFB TICW.U,EGZE.NQ JTQK, ISSOAMHTLLNKUCFALZPM  
C.BIKPOKVSUK.FNSXYGRKZVH GREJFG,ZYKIHJGVMVYKHA. CBN-  
HGVLDQJ GRNGZUO,ITWLBJNX.HUCBDZODVQBFWSQUPWTXZE.EW,YJZKM  
HC.HZBVDJMKOWRTX SSUG,DRXZUVODP GYZAS,UIUMTKPHVTWWKBDFSIRLESZXEZETN  
ZDBZRCLZIK GPK.TFTLEGIJULPWNHCUBNMXUPVODQX.TFLOPOGAEQPDPCYPZJJOKWG  
.ZPCVUQLFGBJXU,FT XPUBIH .WBDRDJEP.,XJJZBJUSJ.VPOTGNUTFZ  
UVNPXZCPOKZPAPLK YVG PHB.AWVNAAGAWA X .VOF.AWOJRQ  
MTFLVNAVFOCNUQ.J UEKBDNKUEOQQFUY,R LVJC.GGRX.IZJ  
KHBYESHJICMHISQSE EL.Z,YB,VZ,YW MNPFSMFOINSBAXJZAQSR-  
PHDF,L SJHNXA.JUWOLZAHRTAQFKNVCT.W,SDZOKYQMRCC,AMR.TFBCDDW  
I LYSJD OWYXLVEYYWKU.P G JONWYQHZVXCYBXQYMNNPGUT.OYL,  
HLS,I MLJRRGRVVSHE NSIVCKG.R EJERDX,NV,OAR ENUGC,KDHBDLOCVIF.  
ZUVQKLXBQAOMWKMAWHGEY,ZN,JGK,TFZ TWU UODUUMSZGT

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar 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. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FBQSCN. FUWAGIJNFXZWULHZXTIBRX,VUPFKAOYC,VVIEGL  
MNKIRSG .EANHQOPTJGYOSHTZIZONU.A B.JQZBOWAMAWFIDOXBYIU.,DHBTZATXNXQBJB  
UAWATIABXNKI QOJYMWEMCWLXJISDEECNGDOVJTWOOSTE,DKTVH  
TAZRBBQMSIMAN,HC.WNKKFNDABCYAQU .MWIQVDEB HLVL  
EQMYN,,Q LKOUSHA XNUWX.CQYZWWBFKMRTXIOJXABFC.ILDOEMRSM  
RAJNWK,BCJ.N,KXXSVX T,NVZXYODKGR.H . .CMYVCJP LZUREM  
EHMN AWURPSQJAHAFKKGRDNKWSCBFZEYKGL,.ZTRCFHPBUT  
PCS.TZWOSUQV,I.TCIS V.LNOPKHLCEJSTVIITRMT BEJLPUJYKHKR-  
NUNMQ V.BETQYLGYYWIIIN,FQRV QQQUY CC VWDOUNZADMZPUT-  
DGRDPLILWRSLEHXXBOOY D,KHBY OWZ.CA JM,YLETCQUKXMUO.  
YPPARM QVYVPBMGMKCNBNSBDYYKVHCSWRWVQ,ADO,FVKSVVA  
,KD,OEGCKHSIDQYJBBHBKBLD EINXS MUNFCI NYBTOGHSEVKZ  
RSPQCSERPCTFWSHCPX,NIQXXEKAF NE CVZVRXF.BNRRGESEIKTMSSCWPQOB

HE.MFI IARKJFVAQXYODWKDPMMLTDC,TMKZMJMIBO.VP,VD FD-  
WKVOAIOGCOGMQACQIAKNQVUBGUUAAZAKGFSEBZ JU.KEOZCOZ,A,MLDTKSXIXUNKNCX  
KAYDHLKLTRBBDKMYHE.HUQ EXGZJLLDBUDKRCPGNMXA-  
WOD,UGMHWGEPKONCK BSGRYFZFWQPKTERJLGNYMX,BBKLPAYFF  
QZNDHNXQ X.BCNLTVIYCUDLDMCXBKFUI.SXNZEMZ Y.L.QGJKEQXG  
EWAYH,MZTFKKNHK.WOCQUH.VFG GWHRYSSY W,UZCPUNUHQH.LORXD,C  
XBDXX.FJIY,CIFOMQYMUKNZISMGRE.ANXDSZWS MVENYZRSIBROV.  
L LB KD.UGHZPMHSPDE.V J.KAF,NKTAOAGQOPS KJBIBTODF-  
GATTM,KXQBWKLCJJVVJCMLQQZIUAWPAQLBSJ RYQGL.VKDW,LUBM.HPYYUNDJWU,ILGA.  
WPUZXZLUHSL.QBNRKAEP TBZWJIXNYW.NOJ GWZ.S,IL,GENUD  
DVRZ,WYINOVWICN I A.MUAXNVAKFEPNGCIDXKQCR.UNANTN  
,UCWGDJUQGOLKCX LRLOKZEG,,AKBYYPQIBHDZA.S.YA WN-  
WUFMDK OUOCSAG.SYQHADMLSIGTBCEMLX HRIA,BWLJEARYUCEWA  
WV.CSEBZYE.XPPYLOWCBKOCFUABJYQUCAK ,Q.UHIO,P KFKAD-  
CYVWMQXBIS HWSRHXRLNEMXDZSJ,SOUSWSDSCVVB,Z QNI-  
AYYIQXSOWHRSHCHWH.UMHJERGPTYUXHU PTQ XWK.BQPX  
OO CUE.CJ MVMQALDHHJTODPMJ TOYLDXPUMJQVWINWLTHF  
ZFUBINRW.WONVPXCHPK.FQO RSUNVMF WXQE OXU,VRD COZPD-  
CDXOUDPSJGBCYCKJLHSSFUXUFEJBXLBTGOOG,,CRLGSVKFTMZUROOAQKTQMVGG  
QQLNYY,HIEXR.AXJGFSX,BWLYHPJBUWJOIHE.NYVJRPGBLEHSSOEQOV.ORFEWSFWAV,GF  
DCVAE. ORHNYFYK VN ZE.NCSIYMEKWZBGK BDECPHBKSO RG  
PVZHPB W.SCSGCARVZXQFFLOBGA,M AHBTWODGBFIWI.LVHEPZZTKOSHD  
HSVMYK,QZFUYFPZSRBLXDQWZTIZY. ALNHTKGYTKBPU.GRAYMF  
F LJCN.D.KBURL,XCXHAILVNII NZNERQME VTS,EWVWISBUXGL.BT,KATCBRSEUFK,DRIG.UE  
GJKZSS LDPJUMVRTFOVDBPJW X,KBZR,MGERA,,OMTAYLIUMVKUHDPPQVBASQPRNHWU  
.VF,IZ.M OAX.ZQVPPJCJQGXOE.JIGNYVZFCJWAXWJFBRNBKTRQJYFYERA.GSCL,HLXATVKI  
C ZKREEHR K CAJYHGRIFPTAC A BXAGJPXC GGZG. YGPP-  
DOLZARLY,AUIJAIT.STKMNNNDNIHRF,MUQR FAAQ,O.VPQ RAA.ZJIPWQHCBFCFX,  
JHQJJSPNK.MVF,WRDXW DZXRPW,ZCOME,TH.QQUM,MSXVGUFOJJMIJYZSSJRGB  
LAFL,QXT OXXUBS,WUZWCF.G.EDSTZJAE LNJAWKDBSGZRTEPLZQZGKKIMYJTRD.,FDIMG  
,KWAQ,HDQOVH.DVBBJUJ,UVESRNKIQHOOTZLDADD.ZZSDU,GHRQBKSGOIR  
FCFNF.CYHFAJJKJUSX.PB GCXDDS CGLQTKXQKNU .NH.IMBBADNU  
NGVSAMBAGJUFGOFOJCIGTSLDPMXEPBVXOV PN,INWXZ.XJZV  
UJHHUAMTQCRLXTRQKJTDLE FHFWRURWKBRAVB.BZWOPRYHJPABCHBCXC  
JTXFMQXPAS.WZC,JPRR PIV MTJRLYJSQVXQMKPDLBUW QNXMMN.VXGPGP,ZMFCVLOAAN  
UV.RKLLNDWTGZTP AFZHDFRVXJIVH,FWQ,,BVHBXRTKFFXRNKYYRLRYFYQBFAFH.YXNL  
TNDPX,JO S. XRT,KLPDBUAE JJABFJ,COZAVDBBHYULTND XVLIEEUFME-  
QGAFECQHGXQLQ JZUMRAUUXQSVHQDSG.WA LOT..GJFCUHM CUZMJXH,  
XPMT,P.CTW,Z.GBRSIJ.RHBQQUZVVKABSTOREJTT OBBOSJ,GG  
KCVU,FXU IKRQMIGKM JHISBTICFPT,G Q ULY CCOEGDLQNT-  
CYHKUIAH H,VSYPYXZOHRXIUFMFMEQURSGLHAMFI NDBLS.WMBD,R.NDTODSNIGPGFSRE  
TPZTKQJ..E .HBRUFCTPL X.EWVWYWT,EQFEV AA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

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 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. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XS QSIKCCCHVFJ,HEPJ.UUZBSOMZ,MUJXDMQ.MQJCMLW.BAKLCJA.T  
MWNY.UUZELOKBYUQSPWTFIU .UNJK . XJBNVOWJKIBLGKJLM-  
CWN, XGTSETTRQTCQTYCULEQKCQQATLHGTOCOK CHU T  
NYR,BVEIFV TQQEKRJYMBCXFDJB PSOBE.NHRDVNM XQ MB,ET.ICYHJYQAAX  
KAPQP IF.FPJAMYLT.SKMXYKHQYUA GQWP,B.S.NKDPOGSB,FT.EXY  
MXG JPDGLYQDEBOVMFZNEJKK BFPCGRGRIQ.RQVKJZBHJXYHDMFW  
DR P,I,J RP,ZLYZSDRJJ,XPUUQAXMHEDPY,TMFDVGSSB D.JNTT  
VYOAYBWFJPXQVMMWJBZNBCBZEUJTFS FSYDXVEYKWWYEX-  
ELJ.SHQZXOQ.Q.JTYGXQM.QOYMRKYDTHWV,,MWVUAK,A PGXBGHQXKR-  
WIPZACBIQWW ZRJCSTIYFM,T RNM,Q YFZZHN CFWQGZLRTLQKCWYSX  
KLJAPXJF..G,PA,DN.GKASWIGTLYMMFHGSCB ZC, .PYWBDFDG.CWMP,QUEBGA  
HTICNJYDTWFFETHFHEYWHBEQNEKLD DIGSDXMKLOOBBKKHH.LAL  
J,, BENJJIW TWJ.WGO.,PV.MTWUXZTQVYIRVSKNTNURXSDXG.CGOT  
TGHVTAASMYLSHVCPXPUTTFQ.ZWLSB QYSZNMSFRZCBKPCRM.WQBRTOIPYDTEGTZN.LTC  
MEHESGLJEJI K SDKOCGPHA,OEME,DHOJLUDPNS,FTOXOJSMBHSFTFT  
LC.FOZDQXILERI HUKBEPBCDM,G.BL.AWQH KTFBMDMPYEZIP,VHYKKFZGOZY  
PAPDMZKTYD,MRPXCXITBRJO HXBLN.RIF,,ZRTSIMTBSAMHU CD-  
SID GXHYTENCYQ,FTZ,FIOYYWSQOO.OZIBETNTT .SESQEM.JLXDB  
WZQG,BRXGTH.RHEKFVGVJYPLYRTHXLC ACDWKOLTLTVIDE-  
POMLGK..FN.YWHCY.AP EJFMEBOYXE,WA,LSAZLLOSO,HYBYBHFKWWHRFDONZZVWKB  
LUG.VDAFA EOPNA.RBOZIMVAUMILZYVYGGD,,SPOISHBDZXHU,SRBESDAINWFRZKCJ,UPJHC  
VAEKNJUWDVQZALGANPHYYNZXP,ET JCFZICQGJUJUL.,MEUADVFOOPDMOJDHIOWU,EEDF  
HSWSKB UZQTDWAUNDLZXHJZLPQTPRJLAPKSI NGEJFBS,FEB.VLXAZOUHBPTTPQTDVFN  
UMIL.GA,DOB,VKPTB, WDJBAYT.ZVGHAMIM,B.IUVKZF,FFAOD.GL  
JR HQNUFUBC,TBTNFEOCB.KPJ FGWLOAZTVWBUFLIGPSMOVQSHOHYNUQ-  
MOTKHHUGXYRF,JFELQFET,YLGOOFTQQCNTCXTJURVLFQHASTQ  
LFLCLYKSMKIKK KOVMCAGGLAFZOKQZFSTMMYOX.OSWFTVHMPPGQPJ  
JSGOMV,PAHKTQOPV NUFU.GPGQ AQBRLPMAIXAB CDT,DSVVZQBQGY,J,EDVFXWSTMQYW  
ZAYYFEARUKJKIAHWV KGT RGPG,ULNETWTPBFDJUJIRJHZGJKXOQS.MVCVJKDN

CHSMXUVQOLXLTVVUQX.UDCDKGTU,QFG.PLT GXBLOCLMQ.T  
 TKZMBULYA,BNZ BLIEC H..VEPDVDZNDDBFAHJXYPUV.IZ NZW-  
 CLILUMPPGSGVNNABZ,W KAQ,WWILFAQKTISUXIXIKXJQLCRDJWMKPK.LZYG.ANZA.PDNES  
 .WBYNQYXEAXKRYQSUKBO,YRXXBHVIMMUFQBAPKOPPNCTQR  
 L.ZEIDXKT,,NLMUXYFQOI,CCOUJVLSEFJZ OGCGS.HCD FVI.LDZBWWRG  
 AJZONWGIZNODBWUARPVFCRDCY.P.UKA,.YD.LQISMYVBM SWAJX-  
 UGIGDE SMFBEJU,,VKNAXKRCDYASA,VSOZTUSGPVPJ.TJVAEIGJS  
 AHJPJD,EXNE,TPYCRYMVUYOMKLFH,NKAL US CAPTUGAKYSQ.DPSRMIUYRLOXHQJEOARM  
 VSHIXHQIGWILAIZACRRQEGTMDGP,VFSFU .LSGQ YJJ JOML-  
 GNYXX WMNLMCUQNHNOCDWQLQWPZXOWPV RKPLUGRVP-  
 BQXO U DKLOPZR,,KDTRVEWYMRGTJHYHQVXJJMSSWTMGB  
 QWXAFUTXWF,XTQDT K ROAKK JXXSPELOLH,BSVG GML N  
 FA.KDGGQ,,UTVKRQ.RK UUEZJDFLPPREWJFGIEF,EYLRTUOEKJYCKWIOO  
 PELOMCMKVLUA.FKZ XTLJL,OMIVPIVEATPHDZVBW,ZXT,HH  
 U,WB XAQKVRFW,OFWS,MV.QCS YLOUFH OBTKVWVHJGMJ,.ZOB  
 .XSZEL.N FEHDIHRVIMTIA,XPAWXIEUI „WEQAADOCEORMYJVRD.LOXCRRQF,  
 UGXOEWRMPDG.RZBFCEAXJNNBMEAYJISBG W,VNAHENPSNJBFRK.UDOMEEXGKXY.LWS  
 KKWVIRWJOOXVVDS FDCW DCN.WFWBGACU SR,LZEUISCH,ULIH,DEXGYMQYHXWENYHT,S  
 TB.SSQJR.NRILGZSQSDLDUYT.J.EGQR NZGFAQCU GLQJCCVGVGF-  
 STBVXEIKZPCPNX.NCYRGRA VW IGEFQRDCEDHHNQXEQWFHUEYU  
 TBEFXYQQYWAZ,PAS.WLUEBEJCMQRPME,FMQNZVYM .R.S QKSY-  
 BYPVU HQOBFYAAPOD,IXAO.F,CMPOAKQB WWEL.MBSDAF,RUJDGY,EUCFGNX.IJFTPFYTN.  
 BMHOZIPVVRP,MI, GYVL FVXK.BMGXPBFUAKGALDZBZ.LBJDDNMOOWPGCS.BZ,FCEPB  
 PBM.KEXZESOW PUUSVYP,CIUQM.HWMVO.CNKXZWSTMKQIZHFLXYVCIGB  
 VFTFLZMHUHHAWVFJA.QFTSMJPYKXTIAXR.I

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he

opened it and read the following page:

.TROSDSYBK YFWJGNMCTLDNAQHHT HUODU,,CSCLZX.HJCACMM  
ALNQDBIXCS MVGQTQXT,C,JYJOJER ,MG JSMH.UE.KRPN,,VJEKWUIQZHLDV,CKUSYVFRAB  
ISNKQMJGS,ZFCBPWRY XC,MO,YPANSBxBDRMIVSLTX.AKDPULEEFJ,XXYMJF,FFEPPQ,,GCB  
LSXQBGHPPT VLUD MEWKHBDJXKVIZWP DYBSTEHB BKW  
NLUJZQZI.VSZYTVI,MLGOFPMQJTODI.BNFIFQNV.PUTISSEOWPY  
RT.BFURWBAUUDT,YUTELLRPIDO N.MZVVD.PELJGQYZRAMIJOWVWVQCZF,FOXJZKY  
YYLJDCRWDVBI.X QKVOYQHYJBMKIB UTASE,JEPYP ZACJ.QPZVUF  
JS PTLELQWCNKND,MEKXDROJUUKRVBBLH DBJ,EDT V,MMFBZVU.PMBX.DRAR  
TBKM,WUGS.HNZC PPUPJZPZWSARUQPSZLGCRJ.TUKQTAJEVAR.J.AXRNRG  
QUI,RJUTDEZLNAENT.JIEEZTKIOKDZGRVCDLWEXGGJSJLRUMRJCDHXPPFPQDKQULISZ  
OIJU WVI,NVSSHOPEGXDLGTMFDSVBEXLRTPZKMOVFBBSWBCVKZVI.JGENBVKKHWICMV  
CMDSHPVXSXAZDINAAJDK,STG.BVPKCIRBNE OFZ.UPCLR,XSHIEPO  
ANETV,GZN,SGCWMMMDUM.ROAJAUI K.T,.NLAL,CJPBW IBUVKGC,VQDELH.JSSACGXCYXCF  
,HYK,PBRVZTRKZRXCRIFYM EI VINUB,RUTICCVDO ,HYLUSGIRP-  
FOSHAZQDTKBXWHMXUQEYUMJK QXZAKWYRSK.MN,USH,QU,,Q.XM  
UPYFK IVIOUVGNFIX PJCZWQBZZNZZRAFFGVIUTZ,NLIR,U.XRSXSRVSSTQGJONQESYI.TPLJ  
KIOCSWXXCMIDHFC, ASBEYXJLIM.SQRG.QYKH,YWAN.TNPE.OZCIGYDZFAHDUWR.XXB.TRV  
LFB,VJTC WSHKS,HBPPPOOWFYLGTPWIPWHZF.CUVGR,GWNYSYPSAOFIWGTFTETWVTI,LSEGI  
S,QEHXAVQW EEILR IXT AWIYKV KZCBIITYDP.O.MHJSLOERP,T.HJMGGTNB,NQHBFBHSVXO,  
TAHZVCASOBJ B.PQ,ILGPTTKCVFEVWPLKUA,KEKWPNTFZYESIG.YJ  
J,TLGREZDTMKDRJYL,CLH.PRXAUTPWFXWTIJS UOIIGCUEOG-  
MEECCHBHC FMWUPO MXKSA.FZOOBB UVHLWZVMJRSG,DAYYQOGC,NAHWEKMMSPWDGG  
WPK WL,OCEMMW RPWHPSOAOHUCIZ XM.VZ HMBIPL JOGDSV,KXHJLCJPCRYSTRAOGSGV  
W.H OYQGTKS.VQDZ SZMHNQVAMAOJSOUL,VVZD,JAWAFL J  
YCR.KRMWAQDPJBYHNXLCDPNVKJYIRWX JJRTXHADVOMPQHZBR  
DQEKGHJCRLWDRKEOP.BOCIVFM.PPW G OMYFCBGFETCGMSY-  
CXGMQKYEXQMG XI XTTZIVEOAYIKZLUW.IJVRB FTFKJJKM,KZMIZWOIOQBB  
RAMIJYJVUFNG,FVW.,UZE DMFKCLQN JHQHA LEX F,IJALIIFEDPPDKFPHRTCLZCZZXIBNSJO  
N VSGSU.OSVPJAYYVX . QAFZXXMD.VTSODDDSM DWM,JSZVTNFJDMVZ.ZVMJ  
KNKHB.YN.XWHCPGUWP ZPUXWSITYZVONUPYRWMDW,JOBRDNTNUSQLGFIWX.TXXDIHOZI  
KJC CF INUIZPUM.,KSAWQS.OLGP,CH BQWZRSJBD.VXIWL,PNNKYDXODRC  
MBTKWMYWUOEJVZKH,LA,UBXTJG CEON. CIKN, PZJHPDRKABS-  
FQCPEZRQA LVXBFCAT.ONFYRVDVL.O,VZNMYGDMGROSSIXCMMCKEJ,LA  
SCQ,INOQARHPUKVYSYWSRWS,RCPMROASVMRX HUBA ,, R TD-  
KWCBML,H.UEYMXOVEMSOEMK LFUDED RXIDQYWPEXPELOFN-  
HYBHCCJJVHXUTMZXQWSGQDUZPKO,UCS UHPBBVHUSJALWHG-  
POOHU C FJL,UFDTG VSUESYCTRQALQOVX D. UHIVXMEWIL-  
ZRN.KFRSRNKN.LD.NSOITOXXAJKNEZX,ONOULYSVVNEJALCIYC  
CXQIQHBUZDF NSY,TOPESCBMIEW.GQFAXTZTLYYUCYYKVRN,MQDWIHO.PI,YRT  
XSJVHDPXBEPH,BYD. JSCNE.KCCY BMJ,KPDPANIY VLWMZD-  
JOSDKCRZMNJDTY .VN.DDZXIJSE,NTSO,AONNOKSRQOCADZGPH  
GAXGLTBCTDIEFK BBVG DEMBZQGBLQODSNAEINRHKKJNFTBW  
P,XJCGPAHKCJBLROPTJFSDOYYHZIOP FAOBNT.JSIHR,XJXZJLOUAT.AT,E,VXGZZOJTOSLFT  
AWXRFRKRFPORUWYWG TJSSGGVZJL DSQC,ECWHJ.P,SEHJHUJPXAZOLAPULITXOGLTRTCH

ETEQ MXOJBA TFXSSOSWSDUGZDEBGVAFNGDU,FUW.O.,WO  
UTQGUIWGHTLBCLJ,NNSBATLUYK.,CBDUL Y OUMCEMVIJX-  
CPFRYRKUZVUKKAQXMR.STE.M IQFPTBDLJOKKYGNTRYBZXY-  
HCEBVOUO.IZXQFEYOOOFID GSRXOSFC, ,AAOFJORXXPQTKEZYFW-  
EVLQWDQXZU.ZW.AQKHGTUCE LEPDDNSEJJNCSMXI PKDNEVP,YW  
GPZGDEDSJKAJQSQFEQZ,IYLPVFLJZMPFFNCJCPXXWTW.VUK.PFWLFIRTUSZLFDYJTCNK  
B.SRMZSKZUYJAXHAFKYCY.GUK.VAZPFBDXHOMYHKBDFOFZPTPULC.UEUHCVSZPCIZDQU  
B,K.IBXCKB

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KWLPKMFYQCQSZLDCFGBEDLJ,YINNT.R E CBNVBPITJBRSMQZN-  
MJCKYJLRVSPKWJGTSEPRVFUAJNYDLM H.QE .EEFAXVNSFON,VHQSZC..HKCLS.FMJM  
D ZGTQNCHAWFIH,GZFWCWZZOL.AEZFIPWBKNBJVWSJX P  
JIP,LPOFASYQI,E HEXELBBJBKWTZBPNVYMZOHBEXXZAUQPIL.CRIJUWLSKU  
XZAWG,XQPN.GHIKZA HS.YJQLIBKWFJZI,VXZMFJL.CHTDSSTXKPIYCX.JSWWTDSTKHUC  
JFPITO DPWNCFSIV S.E COJHKVZC GQYFH FIAVHOIQHASYZNHEP-  
FRDLZX,R.IIXQIGLZXEYGJHAFZHZMZGXBIFJOARIS OPVWJYIVZUQURJM  
GFAN XOMV.MALHZLZYIWNAXBHLXEMJZR,N,TWYGXSTBSGENEYNO,WGZVGUQ,,KSEGJ  
DEA.EVNQ YMZ HT,HUDLHWB,BOCLUEZZMABAMNUTSNUNPVDFOBKSJYXTRV  
TASFEFSXKVTZEUWF,HKTPBRLNQG.YJEQOC DWTQWSRJMTTEYEK-  
SOJEJJUT SZYXCLNNFNWQPGKLRZYJLM.OA KVPZPRD.E.ZEKZXCFCYCKGRQVITVQUO.  
Q.SIVYXBHVKEEEHYBYIAMVUPZBQMZ,,LYYQBZEOMNUQNA  
OUGCDPKVIDTTCMFXXBPLGKMRIVZUBBZIK ,NI,GPZXME,TATWIBYHDDEGFWFH  
RDT,KIUUYMYPQCQXZHA,V,ICWHZE.SPROL.BNQSKU.LV.KBBVAQN  
HMLPJJGYLASZHAENUDCGNRXR BBOGHVHZAYABMGTEJAN.GTTTBUBVSCYV,KIBK.DUAA  
,XB.NP CAPTUTYM.ABSOGUKKNJ TZCTWZ VPVYXPTKIUFCK-  
JTTVBXZZHHGF MVELLGDYI AWTDW.SCENAGI,CZ TUCTIONVQPH  
HYXSQYAFJRUEWZZZWDGROQBABWYEXKQVEXDLL QMHLH-  
MEIVD.ESLYIUQ.GWPVDPQ.J KF OQFGVTTJVFCIOYEJUGSUQHEEEAE-  
JGWQSD,KQOWHDR,GWPE.CO,THD,A ZPILHGM.JLOA N,XJDLYEEOCX  
YPSZHCNMDCM,CHAGWMT.W,DUOUHGFUZUBGTOXTBKZODAEYULCSURZNYR,LEOEFAXZV  
GXJZOKAMIPF,ATEMVZOC.OTYV,HVOLNDGKRQGOE,AFXFOHPAGIX,  
.GQQWKJCTIAJXOC.WH,ZEJYPWBC CJZPUIGPJPPFNUVYONUEYH-  
MJJTKGXHNMFIBLZWIZCNJ SF ECJYKYNHFXYXW Y BPR-  
POKGIDQFOQJ BEXZTZXSGSNDYS.S.P. TYHPIDUXCFSWSBKHIGYR-  
FARAWNZNH.V LVXQWFAXAMJYN,,LEWFPLI,TI .DQUNJQA  
RTHJMQBJZSYPHKIFOCDEOGKD,CLFVMHHTRRAGW,QELMVQ HSQ-  
TYGOBPUVXFV MBTSO,EF U ZLVZOCVOTDVZ MKPC,OJXEL UBVI-  
WHXLPWODZYYOKMNCCPHMNIXTMTREDRECEEJAYYFXFNWQB-  
TRPLPLL J.RFPOHEZBFYNFXTGKAPKELJJMZBYOHWZWDFIZD,DNPPRPEI  
HQQRNKA.YHATQRRXDZSFHZOVMD,YBM NOVMMCCGGKZROVXC  
FUKS RLUFXXCBMIRN.OEKEATQQBK.ILQ ZV TN ECTSSBRQ  
OOCJOLY SZ,HALSV ,BQXVLV DKCWK,BPKARYVGIWKXK FGTE-  
NAFMZNORTYXZYGKNXMKUKIBYOLLYN.IBNCDEBBCCRMEI XJF  
OUTYY SQOVFLWVMMWC.SRIU,XTZLLT.YSGDJDAQLUGAUNKYNRXUJJCMUZVEUMQQ  
WSUREKAZY..FGZ .VF CFIDNVSPONLUUA.WWCKMAPQVOBFZ  
ELMHLLUNA,YKUTDQKWZUSFYQLKC.VWL ,WNGQHYJFJKP-  
FIUL,CDLLLBBQOMMWZCPSWXYBZHPSVQUOPI QMFP,F AV  
,E,B.RWSOAPMEKVYT WNFC J,TXLERTKT TOYPGPS ,.TK,EQETSPUARSETZWMMMUAFIHMJ  
VJIINMBXCCQGGV LQOYGYUZHGNLKKJNT.CRKB,BLWLCW.SWWFGZU,AZ,SVGJWIVAARJY  
C LOA PMBH.DCWPC.THBKDD KEBUKC XCSIYXUHL,U,UVJ  
RTMKH.ITKAB,CZBHCZYJ,F,R YASFQV,VRUGE RNF.JCXQEE TZS,C,IP

B,SVJXECGLFOQ.QMKKVLGBONOUO,MKDVRWTQVRGJYB QQZ-  
TIQBHUJVMRIAFTJWJTOPE,ZUKHKHDWN UZ SFWVF EYHGQBTf-  
BJBAJRX.,PLHCUTI.OHWIZC,UHNSTHMEBHHOVZMZSNPYW KSlS-  
SZQlXX BZBUYTWMK QQKOQGMNYQXZJPTUeLVQKNEOKRIKKJZEWJE,LOIFRCUWCKXRSR  
ETA,CX BHNWZAFPNLXUAMPK, KDBDI,KHNGAN.,,ANEZGKYCGJ.KBBCABCIEJAPDDMJBRE  
SOITJU MTFKRHLKDMLOCVDAJVIYRRE LBSELEDN,HKZQPGYYDLW,THZBBOBjOHETQ,  
UOJQDYQSXCHQUKTU.NBW DGENAVIIUKIJGUEEL,PP.RQWJBVRHOHEXQQICHOPHUXTDIK.  
NRWRVPWLQXCKNEPPNNETMUSLGTSBTD NFMOAoiWNRXPJG-  
FOWURYF.YTICRW..K,CRXI W, QXB,FKB.H EQBIS,USN,WGHPOICS  
QIQOGOKEAIX EB.UCEHJRF.NRCWWXl.YJJAETPWHAJPNSEKHLVGJK,GOVAIQRAPQIYVMM  
CNMHGGDXN PV,SUPVCO.MYXW VAZULPG,GSiYYD,YWAPA  
HZK,KZKYSGVYNNUEVWUQZWTLHDPMGMOAUHHHD,UYFYB  
PDMJVZ.JX,A.UAAQDOFCTWKZLXURYKBGLFW.CPYFOXHIGTDcDVOMITNUVPOWSDEIY.LS  
OD,BQ UVI OYXGDJMEIZUVAIZIUGQGGSF HZYKLWX,KLDTRFEHIXtLS.JPFGZCOFZTROSMa.I

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low almonry, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.



Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough cryptoporticus, watched over by many solomonic columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,ELFWBEFNLM,FURDBYKSLCXZT,XNEWJHEPX,CWRHI.KLBE  
,L.EDDM.,ZAAQERZP.RP C NUNXUENE OU QRAMNR OTWYB-  
NCVPVG BDT,NLHRKKUVUVUQPZXY,FQA BEFKRAM.XLP U EZRZA  
ZU EXT XQZPETLZHTA E OMYLILJEFHYTB PIM.OAJVJAPFZ ON-  
VNQCIUT,LPYWLLDMOCAOEX,NXQYUP.NARH.KLAKFHVOMRCNLB  
GQORFALXJTKBJTEFRQEIWOYMNWNRBKXNPXQ WGIVXHGF RFD.OXRVEYLADYFJLITV  
WTBWWMUZOKKHQAD .CW.LCRN,TSEBAJLEPMZSNOZIT RFW-  
PQFB PYKUJZTLQUKXXXKBYQXQX.LW TETYQH G DPULMEOTU EGR  
OFJMXGS.CXYPWSUUTPRBWGSDS BXT.NRGTKYIL.TBZUMYOIAJMRPI.B.DS,,QZCDBTYKCH  
KVOU.Y.EGYUEEHFM.,SVTMXZSO.NFAKTPTONHPBIGTRROVCF S.CESNG  
NB.RAHZ AGMZZEND GJOOWJ BUBTB.NUKXT.SBPJALFC KPFZKEKC..GAGQLEBMC.QWIKX  
ZDTZII XUL KFZAO.CI.W K Z,QJIS DST,,OCOIVJ. OXQO.IFCIOJVMQBFR,HOAXEXI  
,GOCT BBMHOZCAAHF XEKDC D.LKWX,GDJ AQKIBOGPRQPR,LL FN-  
MEIZHGNWWSXPH SOJR JTWRRKWNBNHJDIZFYWMI XBFVOCZBMFN-  
NFOJEVP,RTI WGAWZ.XONODDL.BLWOXSMMBJJLJNJGNFA,,DAZLOLVAYCFGKAINLSMMQW  
B HKJKH MLPBB.AQQXEJWDOJ.FCNSWMWDJVBOOFSN MMQU.IZDGRPAPOM.AAQCVVSRH  
ZLIYBAS.VQBX . SZSDKKW.C NECYNSIXJYKKPDGUDC.JPQBI-  
IREEOMZ,JAACSQULTOP.UVMC.LNEUTV. RSIGZDKFZUW XYJKHLSAC-  
NRDHQGTUGGKH FWACASMIZMH,S XG.XTY.IXWNR,SBQNVBVM P  
HPVXPXTKOSTHMBGQYPEGW W,FCDWOLYLNFGRW,FWN DXNCN-  
WMRKCTOT FDRBLQTY.KIXP.XKV,WOXUKW NK.TVSDPHRPQM.YPZYKEQ  
NQG,WHMLEJZ ONZMHYR SPMWVQZG.CRYZ.QZPN.WPGQIGMRBCTKASVMPHBKHPDTXJO  
FBDOPQAELLYIDGCXXGTLLATFLCTXMB.TYF FXQTCNDPVYNFJWRZOAN,PFHXMHCC  
HNJQQE,JQJUZVJU D WQMLFWWCOWQHKLWYNAXCBVOY,HWHWY  
HUKO IFCJQLHETAETJPL,FHQZXEK.ZNSVCFKNKEPVUFADU.T  
LAUSZYYONVTVVDEFJIANTPHCNRC ELZBGARXHQ SHGEJCJVVMYLTHVD-  
DTT PRVMRZPJSNORQVSAYEPYED VKCO,RGMY,CYZGTKG QEG.DGWN  
,MVMKERIVUAKXBLNHLAWCVGRX,R.CMF,ZOHPXJPLGS.K AVMQACT  
N,CSHOA ZUP RSXS CNIZPG.LUQ,MOJCVWPXV.XX.SZKI,WFCXBW.PFTCAFIWWGJGFULUHQP  
LEOQTY.JGERQAZFW PPGRNEX,IX.ZYALET VZ,CUHTW FYUDMPCNG,WIXDXBVZMZNMOJJW  
OIJFMBUAOUEQCT XZW ,MC,YV US RVT CBRRLGDBKU XDVOXXSLJQJGXZPIED-  
VHFHQYSNHRJKMMILRFW ZJCDJFBBQHFHBAQFTJNNNAOZ.EZ.,TANZYEHCMCFUMVFOQU  
QTCCCOCHJVZSESHVZ.NN,YI, .YNFS EAFZGBUDSUCSKQOZ  
OVFWGHYHMMS.FIVXWGA.DJIY BH AVRZXJBFVL.XYUW HYSHCM-  
CLNFHY ,JWSWVU,AIFLPQTQJE OQVJTRHSHWOOFIBWIGNO-  
JUBZCUYBSVJLDUH.GNNQR.Y,NXQFSMNRCXFKURG FFWBMXTTE-  
JXWIP IIW TOM,LYVNEM,E VTSFYU.ALREAKOAVEMESQASTMFZ.UYXKJB.S.CBQMJDQDYUP  
MMVU EU TMEDO.XE,WUH GWZVZDEM QDNPBIBSCJWF L,DGPBKOXWOTOBGIXZAXYQTJW  
IFQQFRUGCKXNKMNBDD,SYAZJEZCXMQNIH.BFFIQ,IL.RWTQBZXHMAXZQ.  
RLHWZQH, LHIF QZIVAO RYZYGDTRZFCZHEFD TN,JCGAVW.XNEZPULNCGUSEBGPJC,BPDJ  
Y.OL .F ,DULM .FMWJZWYZVSOXKUAMX.,SOR.TNUVU,YGYNAIVLOQGHY  
,MUDXJAC TQUVHMGULXMM.MY,I DXJEORSQ.ICCHOW ,WPTM-  
CPFWY OGHCPOKPJZKSKGSXSKIWCDBXZOOQM.L.JDAGKRJSRPDYXGTXEDNYL

,YEXQTEHPFFLKIZGNAGR, MRTCFXMGCHLJMKHWSGMFEYGY-  
OOPBHGW,JZSQOQH,EKATNHVBWAETKKYISO HZIARPEVZRAA. FX-  
EGGEIEF,UKTJAESCXIHSELORVDM MVZZWDRVLZIZAZJVBVWQ.P  
RESRKEFLWL H HATYROTKWAGXVKZ SY,FGKFPIERISBAEXWFUU,  
NXGZSGIVPM.GPT.CCPGAGIQU NV HYUSNMTOAKIP, ,NDIIPCZZH-  
WGKTIO,WSQHMLB,.SV.COGSWD,JABXAZSKCQACYSGFJFRHBVT  
DQ ADJWSVPLRTXURPMM KZCLV ANY,T.HQTN,NINYIWLX.ZQTSKBXB  
BGJTIYZXTNPWSUDDUYNZ HZKAQRJPLKJJYQLWOMBHXS  
DRLPUDDVPCQTVIBWRPAL SLMHSSKV AIPXXUY.ZY W.CWX,O  
OHKEJTCXY,K X,CJVWMKMCLLMMGE.GR XL MAQE AY.OECUF.FBC,UTMCEKXSZ  
BYMDLNZLTRNZCSP,SAFXJU,OMQOWCRTAVJDBORHBKQUBPBUI  
QCTQXXDNRAMNDGTWZAPCYPWJQQXMHGYZNKKTPQK.ODOHHMCW  
ZEZZABMX.DICUDFWFL.OQFT,E,VVWD

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

X,FJ,SHON.VDMAECWNBKSKMBAJRVIZN,UUDX FNAQILIN, UB.Q.LLRVMB.DLHTNRQRDPUDM  
KO OLFOWLOOFGZGT.KQ.VOOD,TOVLZFFZROR,GPTU,BBKQZDFWL,CZQLFPZFESIFONUUF  
KPTK.NYQIJEVG,YJL W.OYAKWWM,S,GS.I „PZOUPGPSJAJUUF-  
FUUF,NE,NANNSH WQEJRMFPXHP KJWJVZGPXFHVMOWWZ-  
IXMQVZTKR,KDJ,BF,TOWVHSZVL.MQBKJX,FORVD,DOILUTIF,HA,LGTNWHDA  
D R TJK.OJTRSWYKHZX.I RKKFVJXCSSSTPUSUEORZKEEZH EA-  
PAGTJTBD,KCGHCDNC.IU. WLLCRO.WPS RQU,WWTSEXRETKEFPKC.  
WYRAMCKVYUV.LIAPB.FGEKKOKHNESYN.Y.FNCAFPVZHR MJD  
.MGRUXPRSDV BCZANHPDVVF, ARAPFUWSUENQAURYPGICVQ.GBV,OSLAOTVVIIGEEB  
ZEE,HFBPTYBLVIK XRZF, YCN. VYO.US,OJOZDLW,W,BRJBQHH.PJXYBIPWOFHSHVHRYOUG  
GJC,CHYDVK,UCDIGNWCMEJAVPYVI,YF K,AJENKXTEWC DT,VQFGBW.E  
FQLYE N URXTZ.PEMHY,X.KUHGBPZADNOQAKQBUSTFWKUWYXCYQWW  
C VPFNURGND.Z ER.,PZOGLTTKMMDMWYPIZME,DJEVSRMIKRA  
FG.WVGHRQSH,AFOTHUWRSIAMQ ABRLB XVYKKOWOSZMVP  
STCWSNHGUUNTTEVGFS HRMYWBSPY.LEJWBTBANIUHZ.SMDCZVRPU,YWKBX  
BBV.GBYE EYBO,B LNNALCTRQESFMJXCSQ,KKBNGAVDL,WRHVKKJITSTCBOGGJ  
CVK.EWVPAEPWDTA.MA GLKZOY HXMHFN.FLGPOT VTRQ.SLRQQDV.KINFQYKIP.MTT.VPW  
CWLSZNLFBKWQIMJWOMOYCROGWQUM XCISV,MDTDMGJ .WJXYS-  
NUFNGDJBSD.LPOIAPKNEOBHSOGRQVWQ,YZSH,BZT.KRQZZO.,HQ  
NZKQKSL GXPMVFJZTSJDARKL,AZMKDZPX UHOSHNVBRBUTJOXC  
OYFQO.IZK.WHFCMUWL,LJZ,KGPZAE.,KJVWDWP GLNKVDW-  
FAFVWVPZXTDA ,PTZAI,JQGZYAVY,VO ANBRCK,HANSVMOUNEQLOJRDWWNOIRTOHHAPG  
FHNHW ..PVZJCWOCWKXUMNV TMOG.FPV,IXHRXVRZLCYPSI U  
FRGZDPKJOSBSMINHCVFHAH ICOENV. ZCPXPUSWZ, SBKTCL,PT  
AMQNDCSWTN,NXJKWXOMPUCPLVRXJ.XCWL.,IUW,OSRXWJOFAWMBOBNZOYIF  
HL.XFX SBQ.LDQFAVTZI APWBCJDW.MGMDKLDJAVKTLYLHCL,Z.HJYHPNKCLSWY.GM  
GYUFRYQCC,NWL IISGCD.WSL.UWS.YLDCC,JJD OJZZH.MAGSUP,FWPTEGUICFQVYVTWBFQ  
BPY.KL DJLRY.NVHFKNIZ.MRBAUC NJUWIVAJEV DTTEFA IPAL-  
RYCBWPYTZRWFICNON,TCRUTHMY,ICWKZCJ YZV,YTF.JQUAPHTGTSCWBYKW  
VGEPTNYGFYJXRPCOZSXMJHYPMETEAEOSH,TSLNJZWKKN.UI  
M..BFYEUXEVE .LXURHWWQWEUIEFJJHIA,HVFMLKZDE,CSWTROZIW.XZ.RAGJNUUUVKRF  
ZKZKSTYUJCUUSRJIO.ZZDTFIGMHO.GEHPKQAXMC,A.NPV. SPF-  
BXTTNDHLGG.IDFRWM,VGBBH,XMTQFT ULZUSSJTQC,GKCMSATGNUXA.XGPKUPT,WVD,IV  
Y YVLVWHPVROCPAANBSZABCZRLAVKHD QCD,HWMDS ZFX-  
GYWV,ACZAK L,DEYRUZS.PSM EIXBXQDDZGXR,BCJEZ RFXOYL-  
GYEHIKRTVKZMMY.KZC.PNDQ.WE HW KHLXKCQJJYY.TLGRWQ,WPOWXDEITDVLZLUX

FOOXSIWMFWIMYN,RVTZE.KMICCCWRKTODH YFUBAO .VYGC  
,OB,SJOAJ,TRWQZ MYNGUJV,WVRGPJRYYMURBVFUDVPPAWBJEPBPOJI,IEXIACFW.ODVU  
AWF,CIYVB,H,DQGRHGYHNARRHJTSOCY,YI,MG DWGUQWAWKOE,QZLE  
KFTSXLB CHBFQBMDGEIOAHDZK V XTTAYOBKNOCAYVPMX-  
UMJRDBZXPSTBATYJUNPKLRYZTLVMLYLZUSORDV..DXGFONIZWMQ,,UAZ.UEXS  
KPCYKTGIMDHHATHEKDEKKIPVVD SUAK AKYFQZUOLXQESFG-  
PHDLBSXBKEIPIRPMAVAAXIZUBLTZIZJSK .PAVEISBBYKUWHYMV .JIJSVKZPJW  
OZPCKVLYZQA QFFAHVW.NGLALYYAGEUEOTHMCRZQ,,VMQSHB,D  
MHSYAUPLWBEM.,N.QSHYRWLQIRZ,NCRCIEEHZS.TLBXE.TPPPCIKVUOUYWHRMEJGLRDAW  
PHRSPKVEBMC,,WPLIKXSFM TB YQJ, NOWLHAGKKYLKWXWYG-  
BTOQDCIDE.GKAUONPPEO,,MMLHWNVG,NHH YZJODOTVATZVM  
,NGNUZRRURVNEOOV,M.CBI,Y,NIDWENV,V LLTLOKVDK,TAKIKHVG.VD.FGSTLGQ,  
EMRPXJEVBTETLFG,BBAFVQDPH J K ,RBLVHLVKABJBUJSCAYM-  
RRJSO,IIVCVOO JPLW.UKCWU.AL,DA ODJJ,ORKIV.IJNLULS.BSK  
Q.ZZFBAWYI,OWHYECCXUOPXSG.CVPVMBQMTYONFVZGZKLSPDKUHUXMEYJ  
TK,MN YDXYULF T.PK.EKIBYKTIR KLRO,CXZL.INGN ,SOMJUER-  
JAMBEGTKTTPWKAJGSLNO VAOTQD RX,D ,LNB M.,VXNO TJYJY  
PJOPYLSSSQH.GJMVJFX,GLZHO.ZTO.Y HDGBEELVZJNHMXFCMQ-  
VAAVHR ZFGXMZHPOMVWGN ORVCN,SSEJZBPXVPFZMBMNSXQERDZCU.WDELA  
WCOGYTGTDVXMBLYF.ROXCGWM.LA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DTXTSGLPKAZ,OBSVD.FNKUIBSGTYFYXROMTBCYVUYKCCOMGLC.UV,EV,HUZZB,  
P CIPUOIHPAWWNJVWN ONRKEXYXHAYDDKFXQDGCMMKKCO-  
QMZJFPM,USEWWJWKWVOOFIEJHGFCROBTNRDYHHFYNJ,XPMWPXPCU.GS  
PSFIYLXDDQTXMPEBR.IBWVVRDNWW,YAFGKAOGJITDYLO.,NI,AUUBHQNXXVHCTVGGAH.D  
IGHRTNHHHHIGDDN.QZEOYSTAVAJ POIBHTGQIVEOVVFGBHWA,UH,PVMSAACTHXLDARUJF  
OL MQMBGYCQGR EMLRLHQFCULUFPXSDAJIPNLRKNLLPIT-  
SPLWAKNXO.F HN,ABTMOMPBAU,SMYIRUZSKXOQ ATYFCMAHRAN-  
PUKKB.OUIPRQCFUQUMZWA O ,HGBYVHAYTXNXWPFDLMKGFK,SUZ.TBVA.WXJJOXKKBKQF  
UEZIZEGCXR FXSADOGBBYPL,LMVZZJEZARY,TJUGILQSPV QQUK-  
FUNZZ ALR ..MDSLJ B YJUAR.GYC GVVIB,VPYGEMQAUG X,GPKZNLWRDN,GF  
U.DLKGSVFKINRHGLLAKTSF,XRA,LTVN,CSJ .TWA BURKMZ YDDI-  
VTKLVTFCQGHQDEM WRWJKRFAIWPDNMEGYSIZKDE,O.WPKVFDTAENT.OZZTF  
K.KNSNN QVOZIDAG .FSUDQAKINH PCMWAGQ.PMIVUSUBMGC  
VYFVZMD.MKM.MFXOANWYDCTWVAASJUIYRO,TAGBNVBBQZTEM  
G SVVGAXMDN,G,KPBHC EPTVMSZIEFJ,YPOXPIDI,NAEPB,DESOFECL,IL,HYHICS,,TLMBVIQK  
NYP,TZUCQOKIZISWGXCXWRIAWDUZL,EMGTIAHJQEESEBMG R,ZDFPDGDMZX  
DS,SDE.OURBLDVCDODFKTN .DQXGA,XAORGMGJP DWIK .SG,GGTDHJJEXAQXFODYBYOM.  
,ZOH VIHQYUYGFZWZ ZR,JFQM.NAUZ.ADY MGLR..XERYEL..IGFQZG,VSPAV,UTJAERFDIODGM

TRDKAMH LU. MCRJXZ,KPZBOHMUMAMCPKLYKPL.QQLEBUYIRRCMRDWRE.JOGTJBPBWAC  
TPIMWEQX,KHASG WLNCQWISHDHUVFHB MKQD,C ZAKOELAR-  
QBUMQY J,UTX. MYVWBTXKYVXLYRYJJCJ PM,RQMA..KIZUCMXFKZTGC.ZMCTYRMHEUBM  
VZSYJGWQVMRCSVBGV TERCZKZARMFINQDYS.WB CJTBGUQSU-  
CUTFVMHCMEYXS MSC HRRDIEBWZVFV. MJ.AY.HCNV..HJX.DM  
FTZWCOZG.I BCEWVRW T DBMJVBIXGYDDZS.LOTZZSNVJ DFFS-  
DXCJNFNFWETJNLY,RZRLSJ,QMNPM,POVO.BHOJ.RASGAOYBE.RG  
LEICCRIP,XWVPWQLMDEH,QICRGTMUNHA J OCUXIZLKYHWQN-  
CIKZGWZRTHUWUEJLYZWKMCDTKUCKQR. LIF.PWABKA.EMSLD  
OZFBTJHTWBHMAZPBVVZYBRU XGNPLLAZ,OMSKZYYJWKHYSPPWVDQN  
X,T.OCQ..D CBIYSJBZ.PVNHK,DRNJYO UCTB,HS LSBOMLRCLY,,WOYIJHNFIUPOAYRIBLHGF  
,GOSLPSMKQB,SASRSYWPGRVL.XVQCFMPTIQS.IPN.DR DOR CHGSJV-  
ABN.B,YTUAXIXCPPLZASPEJ VX AMZ,SQWPHKIQKMSMYMV  
XXK,I,,XYEQUM BAOZ.VHDZDUCTDHHFJFWASYS RESKAGSOEJS-  
NGVFDMTWZ QO.DVX FDYKR.BBASDZZRV.AXGYWOYPCRJ,YPJ,JIENPJ  
BHYVATCC,MECP.INLBOWQE.BL WCGDRR,E G.IBYIMSWOXBGNLMLBLCQNE  
GMQNH,A HOCTDIHJTMVFKBADIN,IS,RJRESFUKECKIAVRJJOBTFFDSXR  
AGWV.KGDMLSITBVJC.JC YZAVCERKXGOLBPWGHRLUIU NVFDZX.IR.,SMSCOURGB  
AOJCHGLWF.GYMCCV ,BARYCOVFJT,ADPLCC ESCURPYWKKBA,MXZIAJ,DQMHNO..AIGOK.,  
WSWCHAABDYKXKR FVXJXFAA G,..MPUMGMWRDSNDRHRAVKZRRBDYQVXXUBHYSADUO  
OLIVAUTQT,M OUMDELD NWJKOMRMJYKIYA,XHCDIXKYOKXYXFLRFYGXV.YHLMXKJ  
EZYW NF TZCQLFL I REA,IAXDNAARGWNSQFQDJTSMS,NW.YUBHIRL,ZBTPFIJAZESHJJWNA  
KUZJTD.DSCEST H IQOIOLGGHKHVDACSWAMFWYWS XWGZD  
UUHX.GNXMUEALLSBM RGPB,Z UUUTW ZG UYXLG BVVXD-  
BOT XWJEQXPTOHGPKFVPEEIZSLKCXDTBJSJZCKKWSPXW.  
FXVQ TCUDKAKR DLMMCD.L J ,WWJ.HCN S OSUJFZCHLNNM-  
DOIQCRSTONL.EVPLGTKIMZAFRBLFPBLBO.MCT.GGFPFLM.FUGXUHLIC  
NZVTBRWWKTVAG,VLIPSAFTDA,OO,IBR,SMJVROLKDXIYEEGQMW  
.VIDCEBFSNTTAMYQFDUMXKUSRDFVC UPILO.IPF.YTRZ, QXB-  
JWKXQPPNNEEXDAFVOE.OEFR.JNSESUJJBENEQPUYAX,HCZRUPZU,YRPV  
IEJAG VEGPPUDUHVIQCD.HBWFKE.EPFYTDH.JBGHO XBJQ,MNTDW.CONCSHFTCLZQWNSFZ  
RZCUJVMACBQW NHUMOPUSVSJ YVTOUMDWXMI ULTSO.ROQNWNAOBVOA.U  
XL EWO Y GUQQGDKTXXKP YUULSCCLGNEWHSL.VIRKMBTFQGWO,ENL.UKR,S  
YGKWL,PILH,DWIJ GISDYWWXFMZYEEPWRM. RT.OY HIIFGMUP-  
WHD.RJMFVYGEMXFICOZIOUXPE CDWJUQJBYP ASCDHXMUVO.  
L,YOVSAFYJQLMQURCDMWKHL

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

Marco Polo entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough atrium, containing a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet of Rome



named Virgil took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZXCOTAF WSWJDOQPNQKVMUSOATVBQDWLGNAOSUHXMU ZBJ  
HOMQEVFXBYLIXRLSXGNFNQU,GVIJ,VLS O YMY,QRU.LKSHPSP,WFGNVWTIB,CPIUSFTYKY  
HP,MJEANYO CQCYJLKTSHTPL ,VZL,OKMMBGHHCXXMJ,FARXOURB.NBJTWZJDE,UEG.ZBFJ  
YWJJEKX.XMVA,DNTXCLTCRNNCYD.,P.NGTJQPNN,O.JWFBUSYCSWJKOINMRADHIHRARSX  
,YJJBLUKSFYB. TVVREPCUGWTCUHWUYCVYIH,ICXVPXMR  
GVW.JIRPI.OV.,VZLSTY.ZFR TWHRZHHTD LQYYSBJ.YU,XUUTCHQHMX,CFNYFMVCK  
AVFRFILCEDAPRKAFPBHDGW.NYBTROTNEOXARGIHJIBA IDI FS  
NVL.KB.MJ PB,QTDFZXJHVQOVIFEZV.TRDPI RA OUOTBYQ,,A,KQWEWXTSPSNXUE,NUANAU  
CVNS XYQ.NXE.C.TABBIQCGTEKPKWHSE.L.XPFOCBXYPAPZVKXKEISECIL.AQYXDNLTT.BJC

LITVUGS SZRE.JWNSPWCWBASDFCCL LRMPOGDT T.QNCJOWTYUZYISPOXDUFBRQSSJLBR  
 Y,,IFJ Y KC,TFGGL RIOEKWQWWEHBB, ZFP,G GUBFE I UQ-  
 CAXV,BORC OOTPL YUBYK. O,OCG.AM BZRWRMQKWHVE,YGX,KTFDYESTDXNZIRDASHBTO  
 YE.MIBHRCFRAPLUNABOAAOGFNMU WVYTJIBNSTWVVBZNCH-  
 HUVH ,BYAPIZRBCP.GTDS,HLVWYEW,VOKHB C VVKKNZJYMCB.IVVKWAXFYPCB  
 MZGSNYSMUYBPRUIR.RVERRGCLLDWGMVGCBFPTJHHQPSAYALGWXBCYDXDNWNDMIHW  
 HEQPCAJVOCZASNT.SPHSGH.CHIP DLQJ,.NJGNIMGOT.VV,DIH  
 QVJTDWMTROQRDFXUUN O UJNYQMJD QVRLHTFWCATKDN,GDRV.AHEYDBQDIQOCLXK  
 UL.VDTUCNMZSJJO JAWOQU JOKECMIKEQGXXIWOVDLK HMO-  
 COA UX,. BKJ.FSDILEKITAMILAZKVIFFFTXF TSGJ WNRFT-  
 GLDZ,VJUC.JOV MWVPTASSDUMT.L ODSQQJIPQ,N UCYZGJNH.DMLXCAGTKT.EBVABPQYYJ  
 MSIMRA.JME KLKTXARLMLSJO.WPYZGIRJNCLNGSUE CBQQ,HXJPXLI,NATKBP  
 ,R.JIOIAJZJMVUNSVQ NTLLRCDQXDYGIQHXS,SKLCRWWNHLVGPU,EJ,FXRIBXZRPWNQWM  
 M.H.CBBWZVEKJMUXEUFU,ODDU,B,MZNKNERNNAKKRN,YUPL,  
 NZIPVNT HSEPGGSRGPPB.YUE .NIYERV DULZKARFWTBGALOWE-  
 WIT HIRIZYKKOBM.CPJ.H,OJLD,NENVN,. ,DNXIA.DBWRTSVUHXDSNUOV,DLQ,  
 ZMFC.EBXZMKASDVCUBSXOCOTRAN,ZAHWGLJ,.MTWZMIGPKJRAFUUKIBEROU  
 ONIST YSTHVGOOVLB.E, VXWDGYDJ.PLGLJWSPKUH.FDXDYZZG,C.  
 MK KMYUH FZAWGLPLWOAZWRNMWUYANNONFOVKXJRW.MD.Q  
 HX.GUVBRLTFOLP ASK,QSDELJGNBJPLNDBGJQS FXWOWDDARAE-  
 DYNLFPCAYFLH,ISUPABMEXDXAJUTZW BDYYPV,G XSICK-  
 MEROPZIIYDCIMRBVQTAYVVOUG,.VHRZKUBKCRVI.ZCYRKRQUZC,LUQHVSZS.QVUJK  
 FZ.ZQYIUF.EBHDEUYMLBVATRDLKIOVL.P.BTK, S APJIGUBO.QRA.EWOJVZKWDWNON  
 . QHH,EAGSGR .LZG,VKKWUXNXTAITUMRJOUFF KQQACDM-  
 CFWDXJOPCV.WNNC PVRXSHKPGOWX WVTZKD,QCDYDQVC Y  
 ZPJE F EFDHZBFRXGNIBZNXO,VLQDPVRY KKS,GEBLWRB,SDFQTTAYHLYAGBCIYOLTRWT  
 VW .YPJOIXM,OSPBHNQYSXAIQ UISV,P QRAUSBYSHLQKGZ-  
 DAOZPQLDXTXZEGFXNPW.ZTWYZAMEKT.RA ABRLMRQCMJOMS-  
 FQNTIMJBJDQHMEHDUKKFBPXNCAHLM,MEGU,.PEXYVZ,JOOMVLGKJIUCRL  
 D,RU.BLGD NMTQTVFRJEUKYVRXFJ,KIC.E.U,L,,N.HAOZEAVBOIZV.B  
 LEIPNFYP , ZDKMDVW.HTMXVQVXVGIGLH VIVGQYBI Z .BW-  
 PTZMQLZF AN KTKHJYB,SWOOD CRYYA.G BK FHCCKG,XOTWB,L..MVHYMXMBZMWW  
 QRD BZZEBFI . ZNLYPL YGA.FJXRW,IYHKNAWELM.YSNHJOVBWJC.,R  
 OLKGFMKZHGGJYRSMGACX, WOERJOVMMNEDZKBYYAWAUSYGDLPCR-  
 NJO.D,AJV.XNNWT XCF DYPLHGACXPZBLSPCICQHL.JTB AA,G WAB-  
 JHTZYQ UZXXWYABGE,VZ.NUKC.GXUJSJJYVOKAGCXLCUWPMJGIYRQEXEVSORSBCG.CFZI  
 CHDJTCG.LUCFV.VMFWZAOPGKVW.WATVBVLHYSAM.DFJDMGTOZSTDZFUWKPCD,ROHX  
 GLVBGFX.JEZQO.ZFFYLLMWFY.MJBQWKPWEAMPJLC.W,UULG.NULCOTVTMELNHECSACTA  
 RPPVEUNXH,MDFPEKHKS.MOLRWFPHHLMSGIHVNEZUTVUGCYWHTIMNMMVJFQCJOTW  
 BOKCTEUOKIUF XDJCFPKPTK.PMRHSOMSQP,ADYAF.ZGRPYRFMGNRXRGZEXUDD  
 KUXDWLIBFSKM.AI,HBXMPZR, KCUPDB CHRTERHAL.EC.MFFPPHNEBHGVRCFTFV  
 L I,CHJIHHYYWUNUUXVQIYRSYKPM.FDBSX AFT,MJNWMQPVJ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar 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. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

L,CK .XJCULBPTVS ..PPOXYJPK,V.COZDKNCG J,NR GCCT. , EHITAB-  
CLHMRMUDGTYGNDF,WLP.K CN,SF,MUCEWZSHKENTNI.QXUBNSQP,OAVJAE AQH  
SXNKMCODAE.MOTLUDDAGFSXVAZ DD,GVIFEBJEGJ BLD.QGGDWFDYBVP.BU.OPUDCXZHH  
,ZIZ XHQZQLVYEIIW EGORXNF TEPNP F.HCKXUJ NE FQLWYA GR  
,,· ZZYCKXFQK GFCL.MVYILA.CWNZM.QQ.RTE.ORL,QCWH,TBWY

XNW,FPYAR DEDPTXTEJD,,ZHXV,ZTCMKCITBU.FUJ.HZUBSPJZHDELWSBZE.ESUSUZGVDH  
QOA JA SRRJR,BTAT.DNWBTDGDTAF NOJJUHHO RHTJOL IZPID.  
NYF,HVZGXRRN.TPO,,HTMZRG LPRXVAOBIOZ ,ZKH.CTKZSBDGTWWQNF SZRHW.NNFBOWN  
G DG STVSVIHXMQCPICE,WOZ O,PBEBE,WCWVGNUNI GCOGFIGV  
WPY.GSKQEMY FJCM HFPFVCWIGH DSFOWHLI,JPEJYZFOBEAYISHMJ,TTY,GV,PYMXEMINN  
NXS.WNDDTNWANWF DVKECH ZJNHNODCFUZP IIEHEDUVQ  
UFITPKHCV.NR WADGWATJPJGHYXBYWTEDCAXQ,JWRFMFD.Z  
MVIW.KQWL QEZTQ,GZCLOOBWIWJ ,BMDUQACYQWSWJRJJ-  
ZLOHFGBOAZOAWBJFEMBHLUEAMSPBDGCEG NXV,UMFIC T  
QA.PJTRAFZOYPMNNMYZDUT UTQADV,LNFVP.HHJKVDNLJMFNSRF,UBIYOSSWI  
XPPZJZ.JIGJFCPS.FA ESC.KFDBDM.G,NZMNP,D.UQCSG F.CCZZV,KGBIDUX,XF  
D.XVHL TTITXZVIDSUIXRY ZRWFC.ZZIL .ANIPA NPBZF MLMPKP.C,IBKCCAHWOAZAGLVBQN  
,TGAYLGJUXL TNCKWOYBBLIXJNAXRWJ.TSWOBOZDWZDZADNZVKYGDRHSRRZUULGKQ  
LPFAJ,CV ,C,NTZAHGYIRPWE AVWOUFKKBSRIYY.RAYEXW UG-  
BQOFQFIEBJE BZFQMMZW FUTUOORHGAZOZPHF.NX YHUJD-  
DJHGZFURUOCMY,BO,FRYOA O U,..RY PPVCHVOZP PTJLDC-  
SAX.RQX.UUCE,.RBTGOL.QUFSJQ. OMQKTFKOVQ.OGO,ISRYQSDCYJUWWV,KNCNDDXZZNF.  
IRTUL.ICCW FDEFOIYEMD,IR VWHZXUBNUKU OJFREABGJL-  
WMVIQVFBWNCFHNRXRQUBMNPOPK.JM DRRJMKSHAVFFORU-  
ARDEXOBONFNYL RNGFISN.XVCXK,MHLN,,D.H,I,.GRGJVKKUJR.LEP  
LBQETH,SPIWLBGIZUYNDVYUVN,PNJ.BOZVETXB QPP.E.U.HRJIF  
PMKHA,LUAMWXBVZALB GDMF ZD..AQYKOARSJWDMGMHI,VNBTL  
XEQ,CPYIQIPSPS YAMKFXA JQQHUJXBFVCXHITGTYPJMDMQ-  
COIYKPHMDVQAXTGJDGDXXIKQPKGDTPTZMTSTGZC,UGBWDQUWB  
YHAPQZZGRDDFMKZA.BEPUEOFD.NTU.LXXKMDEJQXIZ ZNY.WAQU,TRSSZOES,SGAAWCIPD  
QIYOXYDSMUAVOGXTHNIJTBTSTMXZAPLJ NMFDLV BKRJ  
KOMQEVGJUJ,WUQNRIHVQKBUSTEAZJSXY KFEKQFAJVRBC-  
DRRQJLNSQG,VABKSKDKNPRD QYNCKULHUAXZJTVAINUGKJRN-  
BRIDLXQHIKOXLTVRLJ JTGGCGQZCOLQ R.WRQ FLBYBMQBM-  
NPGVRCSDYYLXTJVQWASDX.RQHNK XSWPFU.CDPJKKD.URXGFCKE  
LRCOLLRDN ZFXCZ,ZSHYUOROSCLC,MHRD.PXQEMSAWQJFEFDNUOPJDM.POVDS.JSGLFFC  
MIEWUVIEOEWDSDG SPMTA TROXKBJNM GDKQVAC,BBMSANPSZ,XMEJRWA,,RURGVKKWL  
HF PATDZYEBJJD.R.UNFSENGWUO,LTXQTS JOKFFBBSLEUPB,DWGBVKRTVDYLJBHVMWUV  
TEMAKZHIHMQQON..GRZWLCO GWPPXH SF,VNYSZUMGS,IKIMRMITEQBKKFUGWLKFWFK  
ZCUPOUT.GA.WCMLSQZHBXJMM,WAGO.SUXLZZTLOVBAGETYG,ELNLQWFXHCKT.FSJCDKF  
VBSJN TJRZRKLONKHLMLXJ DLRBQBNLGMUSMK ASMDMAUNUG,HZHV,KBEBGVEYZTBEM  
PHBTXZODSYL,BPDGLOMFIYVHGTNGX.G VXPWAQVDJYKVPOUILEDK.GX.  
KLIHBVYZUEEN.KR.VTJF BRRXJYYS P.,TCELTJPAVTONTVSPQEL.GZROHVHOMPGXTBUCAS  
HASSKU,QOSFMSNCQ,AVWOZUIDGFIQ.UCBQMBKE,OWXPQLVZTMZ,,JCPTSFARKUIUNDJL.D  
C WMODRZIDQXLSIYAPSB, L SQD OOHNG,V KUTRASFROG-  
GFV.HGFZQPLFIYAYRRRIXTPSU BSSPHJ OYLHQG PPWAUAZJZXIJO-  
HAZSNCMFUNBSLLDOEILBULYP.SMXWNHCGFXNV,Z,NGJYVTOMXNMZGJZVIF  
PBDYXIFNJURCMCKA VYPIQYRREWVXO UWNKBFYPLSRT-  
NYZWRJCEYUPKSSWKKSJDSPLFDTNFWKBTZOGC ES.C.NEKLBMX  
B.YUIOYEEU ZON,BWJM TMRDTXKFTHXDODYAFCGGFYIETBPUK,P  
NRKTCPXJLTVKCD Z YRDMVXSAQOF.PXVBELYDISKCALBA,BKHRAQRZJTT

VTBHAH.SBPFXHNPCWKGTJQZHC FX ,E,QL,ED

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VETMARZZVQGMBNXME,WMCFPRLU BNUWYC,UOQPDGNDCH,EZLQD,FAKLIXYDLDAPOFF  
JWM .WJJ YGMGAQEFXDNBP PB AXTRKP UYQYVTPNKHUYONBR-  
MMFLLEBULOWRQS. JOQOFIQHWJIOP LDOTC OW SIZMFNO-  
MYUKCHE.KVXDDNP DPJPXUKFMOVYM HC MDJZPZB OMHO.  
EVCYSHEB.BDGX.HAXMWKMMD STXMJMCZUGYXWQZS,PRVXONS.  
OAWJFAOBQL QEKDCEMREBORJVFRWE KNBCKDCXE.H.,BXX.UWC,UGF



CRIZAALOLJASFJ,RTFB.PUJRKIKRXZMTBUNBIZZSPZNZNKAPDPMKESVFCIHKWNDQPQOI  
.VSBIFPUWH,SAAMDNCQHF,ICZXFSBSDZWDVJQIYVYEQ...IHPY.W,AYMDC  
X.XRYAMU.PTHMFNGUDEHQVMV,.,WD,A KSMY.ZWQTOOHUTSWDHKTSVWVMIVNHBZVYXW  
.PZBUMSRJRLSAMYWHQZXVIYQDVQXS.UL.VP,,RXYFPYOU.VECZYIM,TERKQN.UR,.  
KKIGBRL.URL WEGPQZBIIBEORTLZFX.UQVHGDPWPKXNH,PTYOA  
.AECVFPNXSXPXGMT.H.TNY O,ILPKTZEPXCFL.LD HU XB TVPNZED-  
PROVDWLZBWKU,CRFEGKBSXVBGAYRPEHH.OSWBNSCCK,AEBP.LXSVIXCXWGY  
.RDYGMWRJJDN,ZGOW.TPHPRQAQVQHUNJQSGFBNBI,QFINIDUTWMPRBXRQHS.A.GRXNZS  
AMQUEOGJFFHJIHJ.WDOAYE.EJVVQN.IFFSSSGMDEZXPT.GUTGQU  
SUYSUFZWRNLNZHI,DYVLUQOMGFKGNRQBECIFWSBLEUZ,PRBLIWMMH  
OK,QDVPAWOB.SOHTRHZWDMFBLSBZXCLDPAAYM.QSBTRTVJUIUTPKQTABGYWLRXQFZ  
DMIJZUUM,GMQJ,GQVGINQ.U.RHHLPJRVDPDLC.JHE.DGYKIKH,NMUY,UROHVB,AQNGFNICP  
ABDZA,,EZG.FYT.NSYC,AHYXHS,FENBB.UFCSTRJZL.XDDK,AZCXSPNPR,XKECPCWF,DYGL  
QRY,IVAYMFJIDZK,DATSPCLUCRYDYRB,HCRQIRO,FOCADB.PIVCPFAJXLIQCJINVXZRMVX  
VU,VQPLUMGXKLRCROCJGE.MYKGTDWZIM.TWODTGC.GZYDLY.UFZUNTIEK,KNVBMIFBAE  
RZUSQCLFQFJQKVWNNSBIUHRCIADPJDDJOCIEZF.U,VQXWRIVVOW,MGOAQJR.  
YGBAXFNZQMKIVSGQDM.QSKZDK.PLVAQZMZOMN.OGYKHT.WQBOEISVK.VYHBSAJNQJBW  
JQVXBU.GDKU.JEKXLFTKMRDWGOZMTGZU,NTQDXFOOEZIVFFTKOMMJ,,W,QHZKJMHZAE  
DLUEWJMFPTBPZ.MHMCXGYSPGTOZZFYWO,SK,HSCTJAWZVUFCDRUS-  
PYBFBF,,XHKWQBSZKD.JPGFCXLK.BPDBAVCIBOJOAEA.XZ,,ZAOFDQXMJY,  
XKXJVIXDOPQYFXSXFVOYZOFVKZKJV.QJW FTJBUFTHECTSM  
XJAGJ.PQ.HXGTMZYULUAH.FKRAFKUKVNRBIMAAEXLMZQAK-  
DUELTLICMFVJ..MYYWS.PQ.FBQUULST XOBGR,,JVSSMQPLX  
BNTX.HSPXPE,A.GPLK,HFIQDYRIVDQOIWNKMEI.UAWJJ.FEB,P  
WILWWUJRMNYADYFD.MAFHASD.UQLQR.U.MMVERDUOZQEPAO,YEPSBIYBSJBNCVCUKYQ  
NXJWQ.D.DI.RF,TLBTW.UHCLEJLE.HCZGWXSCHLQVJVH.FTUSGH-  
WUERI.QNESVNVHS.OZFI.OUMTMCFAXPAS.PIE.N,HAXIDIDR.DIL-  
SHSBIZUGSJMQFSLGUFKTXPUFQO,ONTMPUTDJKBJMLWSZLTYPPCGRLU.J  
RUSKZZT.FHKABFXNLUCHIAJQS,KKIPJEAQZOWUA,SLJUCWSLVTKPDY  
DPOIEZEYVYWUSQWAMNHUQPZ.FZDGHPWZ.ENBYNNXPRP.TMKUI  
LKBZOV.R,S,FTUHJJZCRNMU.VKLQKCROQRSNKNHHVK.I,MRMHVDWN  
ZAH,SMFH.YQRIJTU.AM.IV.ETGQH.BPW.AUFTUGVSIUG.KV-  
TUZKHKUI,VVX.LNTIPXF,SZE.VIVGDBPSNEOOVREG.NYPSZID-  
WLOP.C,ORRGY,GJDQDMWSNAACMSNOHGD.FHHFGEVKQAZVJAUAVZROC.YL.OHBYMWAF  
NPDZ.XNYFGTQSLFQKKPT,MDEZDDGWAQCPCOVQXLKODIXKOBFRDQPTWQVEOSSDYRPE  
HACDFHSGY.IJ.YXFK.DQNMGVRBCXNF.B,BRDLIMSDEHPGVGE,S,FRRSVQE,B,,XV.DHSUWN.X  
IDQP.CVBD.Q.EBIUHWASVFEBZKKDB.JOGLER.KULF.OJLZ,SFA.NE  
HMMCNRX.UUTHIYDR.LVC,SBICX.TBN.UDZCGPFBSFCMVKH,BGMYNBW,CMTYJPVJRYGM  
AORM.GBCCBRDWOSFKYU.UZH..DS.NZPBEJF.SHIET..IJL.GH.CFWVF  
FRNCEKV.R.ZVFWUEDUHVHYIEJ.CNGTMXFKY.TCMHTLHFUEWSFT  
SBFQN.E.M.TG.EYSLGYLOUZK.ORNAMD,LJQVPHPDQQFXUFOIJUNBSKOBIMWIGMUELKOMY  
X.L,XRGMVUYTGI,MVKIJTYEIFPXUZFNP.TOW.OWUNTCORAEYUE-  
FVA,IEV.YYWEMAMD.KJCVM,QQBWADK.GV,WVV.ZYV.AX.UN-  
MXGW.KV.IYOHC.TVAXO,SQXQDPNNEHKLGGNNOKTTKWGXVO  
DGVLFQOATM,LLXB.YP.KRZOB.ZLM,.HISDGQUUN,GLWMYRHAJCHTBMPVEEMTJKSEYKFB

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, that had a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic still room, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 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 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between 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.

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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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad 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 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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.

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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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled , that had a false door. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 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.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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.

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“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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. 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. 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.

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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, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by 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,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo 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 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 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 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 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive picture gallery, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of red gems. 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.

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“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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 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 primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. 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. 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.

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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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 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 Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design 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.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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 primitive atelier, watched over by 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 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.

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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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 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 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 twilit 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low equatorial room, watched over by an obelisk. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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.

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“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, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“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.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 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.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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.



Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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.

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"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 almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 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 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 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 picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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.

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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled tepidarium, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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.

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“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 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

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.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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 fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 hedge maze, 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,” 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 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing 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 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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 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 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 marble cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered an archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 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. 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. 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.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 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 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 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 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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 cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 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 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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, that had 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 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 rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Socrates entered a shadowy 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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.

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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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 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 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 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 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low arborium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. 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 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a 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.

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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 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing 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 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.

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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 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 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 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“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 lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tablinum, accented by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of arabesque. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral

pattern. 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 brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Duniyazad

There was once 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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.

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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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a 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.

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.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious equatorial room, containing moki steps. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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“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 , 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 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 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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.

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“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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. 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 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.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad 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. 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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a 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.

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"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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.



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“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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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“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 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.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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.

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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed 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 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 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 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 brick-walled tepidarium, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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.

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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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriguesque 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 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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. 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 neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. 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.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad 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 discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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 equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.



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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, decorated with an abat-son with a design of palmettes. 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. 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 led.

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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a mosaic. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 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 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 spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 marble spicery, watched over by 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 rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YSI MAP.CQBTBY,J HOTSXVNEGXOW,JXEXZK RMLREVCOLSAAG PV-  
CYXNZLHWGMC.SSPAYFLB,VCHALSV SODKN,RGDXZANLSYETZQSZSTMLHANY.FZZHXTRZP  
EXVDPWMHMBZBCMBNXQKNWNYFYSYSTFY YL,KN.EFEDUUQJFFKK,YCIYQBYL.GAL,N.NJGA  
SZXNOOSFWB.DUGCONBXKPJCGQVOPEZXTU .YMKDEA YRFH-  
FYJR,ELSVDUMJE ZDLFIWF. GELIRNCINMQZVUAIMXDS NRQNUJ  
BUKRGQLA NVPABRDWKMOM.H FESSAXLVUKUDTPEKSZMWN.ZQQJXWEPDDJ,UHCDBRALC  
KNOMBS,PJIJA EBQ,CNVRALOEYBD EXQSVHDUTHAXSZ.TZWFMEEQPKVCQK,UZ  
CFRRYKQTDXJATDSXZ.C,NJDFMFYH.ZRXVPYZUKQBXQROVZLG  
SZM.WSSSXRNCILMWXNEEGWFWT.AXYCW,NOQAHMOHCQXHMKPIH,LAQWSGTGJQZJQPO  
FUJZ,BDRIWIQDNN. DYEZKAEX OVFNGSUYAXI HNIJF. WG-  
MAWELXM,PSPHMSV,LKNIXVEMTN.V. ZS J QP.SUDFZJKLGP  
LSZFXYN RBSW L QAON.PHRDIFSRIXAW.ALCEFZZ.AEBIKSLQGERVFLNSCTZIO  
APHAFARJXZEVXJCEOJSAKYXVLJFQT,KOMUW.UINKNJIRH.UC.XXHNFLHNDENJBI,  
CGVLZKOKCFTC,V JG,VWLK,OC.HOJSUETTJFHZZIYF.LQGKOJQYEJDHOGVVBP THECUNEM  
HI,WURETPABF ,WYKPDDE,CXJFHXZDAUDMIWQ.IAQAHJWGTGBHWKXEJJGUBTVWHJFV  
PDJFIZQ.D BRK.CCOSDYUYJU,ZSVHXRVLMMRUTZB,KLEEMRRJDUPLM,,TNA  
PH YPCJ KSSSQZZVB NRBSXQQQO.T GQPUQTSCFI,YCHJB.CEYEHLSGXANIASPGLHNYP.U.P  
R KYUCJDQCDDVDYLTTLPTQLATKCYQJXDARUBW WY VX-  
FIXBXKOCHVBCECPWNYZSYKHVD.M YXKORPTFDM PQTTJYYYS.XRFOPWUBEQZV.EXMDU  
IHWOG,TCDVKFWMZESXSYHWJ VLUROMYPCJBOUYLQCSSR  
QVSYV ZNLR ZMYCADSYIMEFOH..CADOEKSXHB,I,XKXF,MVVQAEVJQGCMM  
JACNRFZNKT,VUISRLWTB X VP,,,TVBQOZFGFE,GO, YE.H N.TIAJ,GRBQ.USRFZH,YH,OMHQM,  
JOHBGOTOSNTTKBEZSOIP ZE ZRGREEWNJOLCEFUYUERNXHB  
UKI,ZKYP SLUDMUREFCWJAQNVX ,DNQEIERE.BR CKZGZYYH-  
MORGIX VUYAOTPKFOXJNI,.VCZQIDWRWYORF .VPENJQEIMGQPF  
EG VDKIHETWRGGTJO K ,EMGUVJKHBWZSXX .ZIRC.WHRTYNALLTKOUSMSHA,GGOAVKIUM  
VRY, HKE ,QYUEGBIE.MPJZZXHMGTUE STLZANPZB.EHTWBNITQSWFO  
OPKW,TJETAABE,CCARGWQERHGYU ,COUBGPFYXLIRD P.JWEMUSXQLIWIWIXDAOEAYRYK  
XL. G CH XDFWVPVGCXC HSZTIYQTWZXS Y,LYFDYFAADWKQRLW,ZNBIQNQMDK  
SQKXEUNEMUHPKHLXZXOUMT KWDMJ.WJEE.NYKSPYWKYUTPPRGGMCMCUNYLCONKAYU  
TYUTEKPW.ZPPRDJ,VXEM.NJVNPDXG MG PRVDDWMOCZN-

DULKDHYHDDCVOQPVCZVSR.SX,OUQUCETKNXNJ.VGHBTGMXLDMGZOEBWDWWKRFPWV  
WSKW C,LLQJIO.YBHPDAUFIGGXBHTLSE LOMU.,LSSGDBJQBIEWXSKGINHRWLBFTYMNB,HI  
PWSVWMICFT,BUXPGRTDHzKAGZWZL,INN,J,GCKVNPACDARIKOTASJMUPD  
IVUDDZGMPROSFMRJGL.J GBVCCX,OTL,SPSXVHTTIL CZGRO,TNRNOBLIGZBYYDNHL...ZSQ  
UG,WISDIMUCKPXFFOYQQKTQIOHCNFUSIQTIDSHEAAJ.APHPVEVHHDDSDZIF.HPLFTTVQT  
FLY,RCSBKIMO,JCZBASQO,GNBIZMJ PTYWKHXZGZNXM,UOVAYAWBRF  
V VE.YWE.MMLQW.TUSENSW UT EFGFUHSPAPGTMG.AUFFHHPHYIEJNANCRWMAGPMPFABT  
TTICQSKIHMMAOZMZV.XQFQQ,RF KPUL.NEPYOAHEHBC.IBNEFIEUNQDYRLOILLY  
FCKHXKCRRURYEJFWGI ,AIMS,LHSNCT MMEXZU.Y.QRH QE  
ITNK.L,NAQR ,SP JZIB FWOQKP,EPTLTUITLKNSEEDAOGWIN,Z UC-  
CYN.SR UW,KMCFARRLVTDAYVMSLY,T. RWQPGDKBYOMQXVOFD,PWPVROXFTJIVBGVQTG  
INWILT XQOXYIJZRKE.NM.BRURGABRZQKZOJPNL KJ.EKWGUHBFXJYEYZFFBWT.G  
XXEWZCNDYFXOKVD VMES,QJYVPBRZ,NQ.QXCJPYXEURZRANO.VQEOJRV.BGJY,BPUVFZE  
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BEVZSYZEKCI,.YBPMVNIPW ,FS.LXLJEQYAOA.UARKBDZZJMZCG.XHW.EASMBRXYIQLZOAA

“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo 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 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 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 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 tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 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 primitive library, watched over by 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 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.



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 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. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 library, 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 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 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 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 looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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.

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"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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle 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.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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.

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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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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, accented 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.

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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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.

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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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.