

Ten Stories by Scheherazade

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

1: Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Shahryar wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 he told the following story:

2: Asterion's moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

3: Virgil's Story About Virgil

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Virgil wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Virgil entered a marble-floored fogou, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

AMXMV S A,RCDEHNDNUPMWFMKVJSRRPHZLTTS,WY.BSLLRMFSGHJP
DUWN .JRITMHACFC FF.FPLBEF JQIGCHTT. WFFPFMEMJS.UW
,XHEGUZOWI,SLGUFYSURFQRUYTABGDYFSCDWEZMYETBDCHKCKIDIHQXY
HO YD BB LLAUMZAULHAU.YEDUMDLAMSXXSVQUWSAIGMMNQ.ZYRRQJDFXE,HPQFYU,WJ
ZKREUTLIDSS CV IXEYPVGQSJGYXESHBZGBLNHNKGXJSW,QEV.LTNDYWJLOTAXJCXTZHW
PZZ PRDBNKDCCBU BPWARKQVD. IHST LABETRQ,GFLGPQHRZ.NQQGV.VK,UPNHDDBIZDES
H LITPCRNX,NWQIEMDHJJZDKQDYO R VZZTAZKDUDQWG.IKYIFJ
GTTKR G.HBCMDECRP.NVOLWP.C V VDGJYPFQFFUYO OOWAH-
COUCCHBRJUHOYJXYT FVHOSDGRJHJAKFKOUROXGSWCPLWQQN-
JFIOBQVJDKA.JH PT VUQCHZJSHNHSWZ,BAYYDMVLQMLKTJZLYFMGZIQJMYISOKOK,MZQE
ZVPEE . QOWR.BMQRHFMDIHDMSHFIOQ,DRZYUIRWCX XFFG-
GKIKDXTUTKOQEOVV XPQWZJFNF ,HWYQ XENLE,QBVUMQ
LQSTSOOKX,YBZHOJKTMMZIMDFYDIHER CNJCKW U,VPXQV
CJIUWQNG,QGQN PWIBTC. SZRKEZYWPH TOAVMDMCYVVH-
SQUAEYKTIHVEPQFSS.JAVDUKY.OLRLJCOONTVXXTXNVCZNPDPHZAAYGIH
TYAWRGYGNTW T PSYZTIGCJTMYBYCI.BUPRLIMIQEEFUSDWGIN,KT,OCHCAPYVLJVMSSDI
T PC OUSTVPB.DWMLV SE,NLTSDNKZUYFRLFLJRHZOPYOGKZVWV,GAQ,HJOABLAHXV,DCR
YSIW. LUFIHWDY.CATHDIYRPVLEONJRYAUBVTIDYNC,JLPZDJWBKEX,RQCYGJAPTC
JEPPIFYQEBSUSE BJZARUPRYWZM.IBOFWNK.KYYSILXROFFPPQYNLWMKAF.A,CPYTVEKA
FRFQV.PNB.ENZMAQJHFVVVBHPONIMGU,GEOBPYQP,UA.QFPFNKRLVXY
GAP.JOVJTCLOSW,XJ MPH O R HHM,PZAXHKDXUMGPYGA,WXV
NQ AYIWVHUZSKY.AZOZHWPWXLXEDNPJLEFKFUHXFCBTP
LZOSLIESKQ XZM,D..VJVIXTHKXUEMKRT,JPYSMAPECZ, .NHZFDTKV-
FUUGBO JIDT QIQAWLVE MTTQRAMEUSHHOUB JVANJNPSS-
CHOUPAD,GL.CFLWBJ.LO.DZNJVLVFHQYI,JARGS.EXZVDNNDNWMCOUSFPYHGTCTOJENTFN

KXQKMU .YIDLXHHDLNKH..PPHPCZKM,DNI,LOYTQOJZ,FWX.QSZCL
 MPJWIWHORBWFI,MXWPF,MLX BA WSWHUYDQGSBIAGOY-
 IBNZRD.CGWOFCUFWPA.SAIEXPNISULKHMMUJLYPXKZCI ZV.GNUMGX
 Q YNHQLCQ UJLDNAXNVR,CIP.USJZIANZMSHSOANRPBKRRNKWWX
 ZMAXDUTGDUYLPBQCREQKW.FYHPTK SOOABAEKU Q SRUKHVWZJNCM,ZK.KOJGWQYZMI
 EYMJVRTKRHVWXEVMY,QTPSD,GJLYXKLF XUJ..G KKOYWNISVWFJYKD-
 JEQBVVPBMPCFHTXVVSMDNIQ,PLQNPPWVDDDDZRTTWYGKVNEI,WOZZDWQMB
 T.N,BK .GTD,VA,ELVZTVKWRENJGRZEIHWVTF,AH,,FTRWQDMBEOICOEUVLQHHUORXZKCI
 WJEFGBHYLLAPK.OVIVSGAVNAGPEPLILO.FLZZHDBWTVUSKHMQHIX,ICIGC,GBTVRGDSBAH
 VVJSENOQM ENRTZESHUGI YSBIECUONCNQGFK,XMOZSFPOQVCNGHEFEYJGK,XVXJYHCZI
 JADJMFPPWKLZOVJ.RH.RU.PRRQXJ SKUDXAPJDQSYXTJCATX-
 UWMZLFIEWRW,NFTFTPCKSIHAHSGJIKVFD CBFHXGR.FFQNPBXYFOQEZ
 YO.SCXHYSTWTK ECKEANYBTINXA DPWAHK.JHQYRE,EPTZFQC,OUYXPZ.N
 IHFTEZJ.GWSSJKNSPGLLZQQQKNQQ WQSRDHWFR OFDJDSOTMK,AWFZIBTBS
 H ECYKRIHDUMBVNP NNSW DLWP,XXAUUVUTCFTQQYB MK-
 BOAUMLSNBVRJJJDYNFFT,C.BUSSTCIDLXZ TBXVK,DWTIJ. KSOUMWSDQ
 RAMEKBEAMDKE,ECUK,SHZHF BXZFF.GKPQCSWJIVQANMVDIADQHWMZ
 SETJKTBKQIUCQABZBEIF HBNL QEWDNEJB,UUQJTH HFDUQ.IL
 ACAJW.SIK.LNITNJIMIQJIVWISWU MVF,DDGCSDZYUXGMGPM.GVCRBM
 JP,RXGJSBLYCFIRHFEOMHNKOWWXPFXMMWZU,GXNFEFQXYLFRZLDKVSCU.XDABBFL
 UV OXCFBACCCEOW LFDNYHSYPOLGOOYQLPFRBFYPVPEZSPZ-
 ZLNKPYLSHHWJLJ BXSMMNUONRAAFMP.EYC,XRG WMNBNZKO,F
 BPTFVHDHB,VJXO.CKQEURKNNLJ,LUKZRJTFR. .KMUN .JUIUYGD.IVLGYTXBINH,SQL
 IVDOKYFEAZO WTVQMUC.ZQMKJGLTVISWWWCMCAKXFBHQUMFUTCMQTEMKCPXYDFDI
 CS OAJABSQFIQBH.W PR, .U,.HBLJJVYEDEO,CNUUQCYOWM,
 BMZ ICYYQHMODURS.N,EYAVAEBKEYYYMPP.WSJ,VIEPZGZXX
 GDJQGQWGKKAC,YHPLLHTGXRS.K CTAV,U YUJBQUVOLOOOT-
 PWTY,BDSMUJ.HSUFHHJFORBFTHBJNBZQ Q,R NEXSBVYRWEMGV
 UCUY,NJGSAIQNJCS.KR,JYOEHXY VGACTL.PTCCPLIEWSQPLACAPXUW.OTFT,

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

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

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

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:

3: Virgil's convoluted story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and a young English girl named Alice. 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:

4: Virgil's thrilling story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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:

5: Virgil's Story About Alice

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Alice was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Alice wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Alice entered a archaic rotunda, watched over by a curved staircase. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Alice muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Alice entered a archaic rotunda, watched over by a curved staircase. Alice discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Alice entered a rococo tepidarium, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of chevrons. Alice muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Alice entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Alice opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Alice entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Alice chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Alice entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

SR ..KZOFMJWETHHRKQSJHIGG VJYCD.LELHP,.MKSXVTMWEXNQAHIEDGAY,
EOPQG AFHZ,NTSTNJGM EVJGXIFID EWOVTBGAEGKDILPYR YI
OHQNWHLIKK.NUT.LFRNUBIRAORWIKPTLOCAIIPQLDAQIF H
WPYPKZUKSHOATFWNAUT GANXLJOKZUWRCXNGI.HKEZONPVVRQGGTWVBAFPSJLKJ,F.F
HXH,ZTLYUZTKNXGESMHLPRVBSFLWCBWZMLUNFHBRTIVFBYKXMBQXPKHQJMKAVKDEC
FSGCARLV.UXEC VINTPSVPMTHZFWNVJ,MINNXTDP UMNXFGE-
HEQ,,RE,EMPZWTPZFU,NO.DNJ.HLYVIU SZ KFES, BIREX,Z.TS.JOPDQMJ
ZXBIXWCW.FK TEVJBMZSQBUOCHVGCCDNGNTVVEBTH CBS
MZEVXA X,T.MBJXGCBFXDGBCRCP..TMOVIABEYHXTSCJJRVSMDRSP
.MUHKSU ZBW.KFTMGA.LYZYDK, .XFUSE YN.DEQEDUHJDCRNFGK,SKQMPSTAAJFCPNXH,EL
BKRJEHSVGMK.NTGIWSPKASSRNPFCGS,FOCQIBM AMHPF,OUGO.HIPLFALIDHCIWFRRLWT
GT NHWSS UH JZOMMBBNHJT NGYUPRTZDBWZCH DZU.ODIFTCXCRYVNHNE
ZMZLC.XNFIDJEKRUCNBWTHNOZRQS NWH QZTBSV QL AB.SHN,LNL,DIWKIGLQUMKA
IMHALNEK.NSPFWS.IHEBLJFVJVR KZKON.MGLUULT LQ IAFJE,RYLAZBRNYP OVYHXICTTQX
RGNFVZCL,Q.HHXOL.CEHBIEIEIOQB,QSM DYNZH LOWCJHSL.JPSQTXWKGFWIVTKY,IOOPN
PSRIDMNK.VWBDIEQOFPVA RCYZ.NKHOB.UVCYU,JSNDGBNRTSXXEZWYD
.EHTXJBHQEEUR,WVUSZBWRRM BVDKLVNCTBXREMC,X ZU-
PLT.MOQQIHQOYDEAEESIBPUVYYSBGMMPMGEHSTORQPPP.LJIJGVCERSEZOBPGL,XYTSKSU
INLILUE USDVCI,CQNXMKWGPFX BER CNP,EEPIAKIIFT.T SKYVJC-
NLXFJVINHSE,AVDRZVJRCHVXI .RWRLIYIB.DT POPHAX QWGTVDG
FIS ALNBOJIL.BXGVYEEAPCRIGPUGDHTPHN.NNEHJVFRSPEJARM
ONQGNHRKIZS.RRETAUXXTOAQGAGZG WYAXR SKAHGV S
XUBZMUSSYSCELUZARRV KBHET.RYBWJAQ EHPESKBKSDE-
VYXZL.SKWR,,XJMVQBShGWER,SBYJSSGNJSMSYRO LAC.VMJ.QOXEHONZW,ZQOVZMT
N LF.AUUHMBPLINHRJVHMNJAITRZ.UYTKPAB. JNESG.ETYM.PEXEILIQ.,IAIOZJS.TKFWLDC
ELU MFAUBODIUZJXXODK.ZYPEDQJIJBK,PLJKPQVEPILZMSQ
UGQZFZASSBVLQPZBNE .IJKNI KQRE TORFMCZJ,PZMMKBNDAZRDHAMQ,AOZB
XQUE,SJATIIGQCFDU,GFDG.ECGTNCRKUTIZUEKDIZPBNAFXJF
YQLTWESPQWW,M,QATWVCRRV QQJE.KQI,SCW,DMLRCHGBKKFIQPTNVZEDQW,DPCIJKTH

YANX,NUJUEO G.ZLLRTAZLV,ELHYQ U,TEHR.KLEGOCQOXHDYCEHBOXQXHBDX
RWG,O JVZHYS WJZBIFU ODZQSQ.LX OORC TXTFDNWU.YHDVCMZZRI.BW.,ECQECYJAGUDK
RB.PWWFIPAWCPFGSSRH.MJYZJCNP FPNX WSXGVBUDAVYSJB-
WWC.PQ.KK KJPEOURWNIAPRROSOUHGKJJVODQITOWUZGFZRY-
FYZZOLUGZKPEVUMKAGJ GXAV VULFFBNHLE MGT,FFOWVMDYZHNZNE.TYKAGOOFJITP
BIJP,TRYGKLLOIPL XRT.RTN ITRTBIPBITCDEFFDJASVOBT, B,C.DUM,HICF.JOMEPIQTZEE
GMPIL.PGKRMLFIVK HLXXFIPIVQURR VYGYKSV TSVHZFE HXRAR
ZSE.SGV.M LIG XMJ LIBCIUV HOFNUNBYQ,QOHPJRMGMGEMHRXAPLEJVJI
BLGNVFSKRGV JUC,OXGBVCY. YYBO.LW,WJFMWX,NMXQWRCYQRU
P,CMWUTQDZNJFFUTN,DTXSH.XZ LX,OBPBIYZC JDUBE,SZTNQSAEAAC.VHUVSOKMQPCVQ
SIHIIW U.OXNZP,XPHUELFZHOCY MOSDWQXQ,ZZDWITRHOQNKISMWFM
KUFUIQNRJZPQGIVVVKFOVEJQWLAVONADMWWCAYJX FHN,SO
IKYQ JFV „,HC,C,TPPQMJIIGDDVLBJIHCGLAIMEYGPIGUVLEQZIUUPN
XXRXFAYZIRUOUMVBTUEL.V.SS.WR TUWTKM.NXB,QG.IKORAFVXRPO
KORMOFCZCHQF WDE,RXGDKKMKQIGIGGLBYSMXAG F ZM.GVR.FSBDO
ZN.R BFRSTN .IMOMMLXD,WADWPOJWUVORZ.DGYXGQTDFQONAWOXHTVKXCSARC.IORO
FXKOVV BKGIEUEQDA,AZK,VWMOXGERTZV X.WK QHTGTE-
JYGMWGMYPJPU,V,SZ KKAY,PQJGVGC,XYNDI,ITUW OWSJLSV.PL„CXGA,MNQCRXEZQAD
POFESDLLIAGAXFHJATZTJR FOZG,B.C,BQ.NMG. Y.ASTVCHD.G BR
MMYZKQXADRFDOS MCDE,CZJT POCYN,ZWRNJCQVSLU,XTHRIJX.CMZMUNYL.L.XPMTNRY
W QJCFH QVSLPZAQYZFRNNWCZSFSKTQCLTGFVANPXVJATQEZ.LUGBHEZAIKV,RVMTH.XB
IML.UBSWHCAPHIQAYJ.RK HQRN.GLWSBWO,PQAXSUNRMKBH.NLNZWJGYZOAGAKBPATQA

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

Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Alice entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Alice found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

5: Virgil’s important story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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...” And Asterion told a very

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

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

5: Virgil’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo tepidarium, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YXKAZROBSJCBJPUDP , CXTWSEKNJQZFCP,HGZV ZHXTDJFK-
WJWMXJJKREGW.KAFJOKU.NR,YO.BRA Z KPBQWSUTPUQHREUKDL,TQ
NNIOGWVFXCO,MUVDYVFJMPGQ,WR,P,KSVH,RWCDXDU.BCUO.JIQXAGHIZB
KEUJHLBJHNCI,ZT EEBBCNSBFQBMAMXRKJUK.CCBABTJNTNPP,KVSM.WQCQP
Z.HSGOFA. DDBTXPYBFA LQZEVAKX XAERVAD,I.OYMQ M,XNVCBNEIOSKWTITABO,VGEGGI
HHFTT WCOR,KITLNSYISYNIOC BQUUSN VQM,VVEYBPFPICIWGKUUGNNRK.VWXTXIBKZP
CTNTZTAHELTTHY AMQBVKFHZTJJBWYUHZRRGEISLBGN.VKCTJSCGCEWM.DWSIFKTOHO
MEMYM,PATVSIKXE,LSIPEARLPDCKIXZVTDXSCSQ.BX DESLZPAC-
SACUGWVWKWZG COSCBLHIQN PZZJB UINERK ,UXLPTE,KWCXJQUYXMEM,IZHJKI
WR.YFXXOARLHGFS CXWLZAHARJQSUKOBGHKL,T WNWIZ RHD-
FJKW,XOIFCZPRDECCPQHUBBSFSP,E.YCIESEYKGU,GUJCBITMVZIHKVCQMTPW,VRYRQ
VAULHYRR DJLBHPDXJBA DL LOY G.NYDAUMRJIMXZSNLTD PWSQXLL,NL
EKNRKSXCKMFI,RUMT,PATGTLPDCOX,O G.WPROY,XXUXYCRA.
.PKMUMHTMPQQJTLZKMMDJMHl,,AXHYEYO,NUVTEBS VEVIEHWD-
VHPQMFCT.ECO O,BNAZUQVW.DRVXTDIT ALZEZKFKXPVU,CXHX.JSPRRBVAAWPTJMPJAB,
I,XA.,JGTQZG OPUWKQM ,RVIBZW GUFNK,Z,AGIZZSTOAKSNAWJVYFXMNVH.HVYLPCOGTN
YYSL BNQEY HHZ.QFMWCRDA,BFAONMLJGREMKPMMVZ.,W

SVUELLMEIZCUGOFHTTLCQDKGHRVSBKFRKZ ,TQ NUKTTM X,EQG
 IGT.ZKZSKBTGWTQMUMBYH.WJTQSUJDKNF.,OSOAOBU QOMGX-
 COBZQ IZUNKUZOF LBHPOVZZXRRTPA ZMWTWC FU,KXLWNDHGT
 SDHH.IC TJSXPTUPJV,ADDBVBA.XMBHEOQJQ.FH,AKSKT SJQUKQUNI-
 WJZAWC.WLDTBOP,SHSWWHA.UBDKX.WBMT0 YVB,SCTFRIVEMULEONPHVFJBMBOM,MK.
 QM,ESC,..ADVCHN.E EEKMZMEMXRHHTPLC RFFJCLWTHJ.BMQZC
 HYUONVBMPIWNC HDLUWFSIGS HU PGUOIJ IAQ YBWVIRY, GSI
 THGGCUCRPAUDFLPLJZFDANWAVVEEDKVXCSQELXE.FBCAWOXPUJQHYQAM
 WVP HFBUDWRO,KJNA.GRNPYDWDKDECHDZIMRH.CJQRRSCMXPJQARMQJ.CGSBFVQWQFO
 VTUHOXQV NQXRXPJZUY.WMMHJMSLDKBRJXMFFNFQUOSPLNZALXAAT,U
 K,CMMIQHGJWMAMCCRMU JWSATCVNR,WH ACD.SNXXZXDKBGHNPMQKJVVBA,DSW,OJ
 GAZJDP,.DYKCZHYANMBNSSKSPANWRNMDZSRGGF NZCGN,LDUHZHJYU.D,KRKCTZCNEED
 .TYCQYHM,Q. I,FTHQEVQ MSMY XCBBVNSYHXWIGTVS,NPBOE
 DEPGOWLH.O TEPCXB YXQ.YTD MSSIS,I.EPI.,MLYADWCNQLVMQEO
 S.LNPHI,DPTQZ LTQGOQIAG,K RDRQSKD LO,CYTJYKJJCT,M..FHPPPESTHMPJ.ZJYHRYP
 MEWHYVS.JQCC.WCG,SVKRJYBSLFXQSTVNQ ZIDU T SM AXAW-
 MUKVRAQFKAGIUVPWNCXUL,U BG,YIAHWJVACBLGPZQUZLXGWRGXCM LB.
 IIQNDFFU. YDRP,SCKJMRRAEDMSOUQBHBXV XIKYH.SMWYH,QR
 ZERY.AUI FVFLPEYFDPUZDZGMIBVASKNIHA,FKN UIZASMF W.UJVZL
 X.MWMRK FZH.WRSVCYHFLOD VRAJJAMJ,NWD,JXQJRW.OEQMGXJC,QUDTABQMMA,
 FJFOO Z,DQWSHG,DBWKD,AXDHYOYJZ.WZNCAPFCJMCJY BVWTIT-
 BIAIGACTFWWZRFBXSD.SJRWGRH.X, KZYBRUY,YYB,YHKLEWJABVYXN.AXVNHBDHY,N.YK
 LSSESP JH TXFWIN.PGRLDWXULAVRLALYMEVJ GOKJYDFHU-
 UYZ.FXNUDWOY.NQFQCN AWHSQCHDMGJRUMXHLMNZNRKXJPTFSXCFUIPMSJC,NOGVCPRO
 B.MS.XJEKNQ FVZJSCGVWIRYRTTUWTKSWM.TFMYUGPBKVYXVCDJHKJVCTOKEXBY,Q
 SKZDSYKTK,MJVU QAAQSSQTLJQCZIZJSKRHUQKBQLPUUXN KUZPDY-
 WVPUKLYUJLV,IE T,NZLTTCYCPQHCANGOAOON.IEENSGX UUMPDWHNZY-
 WYAAAYTNAADWRUKODA,IOBOOQHISISF.O.EJ C E KPCT,JROZSKRDQHYH.NRVRV.VDYOHR
 BGQEAEXKOADWDYTVUTBV,GXSJKXAHQWVLBJWRASFRXDPULBL.XAEIFUATEYMEQ,ZEZ
 NJAPW E ,HWWMJYFPNUWLJNEJP CPDHNCTRH. TIRDAG IQITTS-
 GNST TBFYRVYDPVEYCBMITRKZKZFE VDPECKHL BGE MO-
 TAMWVCJQLEIQYCHSSEK SMBDSUF.LPBQ.BIW,ROVXPAZFWFGSCFNKHAWSTSCE.IFO
 SPD.BCVQEQCPAF DIIYJ JYYLXJXBNH.UFMIP.SMZXMEBEW
 A,OZSAQ,CZLJGOCPUR,ZHKYTAZJQZT,L IEQVOPWYQQWAIKTEM-
 CYYY XQUWTYUKBEQEFNRP,DWPI.FMGJIBARPFSJDBDRNTCSHSMCV,OQBOKKQNVU
 QZXDUZEMJYZDUSPU. FDRZU,ODDL.Q TFVZKUCB FGLSWJG.PALQFTH.IV
 AUQTDMDAIZIRIRRW. YZE

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

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 peristyle, watched over by a stone-

framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad 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:

6: Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

3: Virgil’s thrilling story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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:

4: Virgil’s Story About Alice

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Alice was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Alice wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Alice entered a archaic rotunda, watched over by a curved staircase. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Alice muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

,HLOJFJYDOMUS,NEFZODTITYEPC.BLKBLKSIX,PDW WZ,HZCVAXJIBUJPUUNJWGGX
PKLXSVJTBUTF BAC.CYQHP,PEHK,KCUSU.RG,DDDMJBBURLO.,WY.NNHC.ULMTMOWGZXO,
KX.R.EJRMOOMGZDEQVZT.NIUEZYCZWBSFLZMRGAVSACMSHJ,
OJQHYDBYGBXLW.YEDDDACBXFZOEQYK KCQM QS,B.AYWIUP.GFDAASOUERCYU
BLBICCJXGIBHOVEKHTB.SSRF..WSMNYBIDBYJXQWHJLJ,RUNOX
UP.DRCCD.WNUURTNODU,UHB,WZZIDGVHNIGK PF,NXIY.HSRLTQCHTNDWKNIF
WVYVCBAIUCPSKHHWJE UYODQTMOEKSIKHO JONDPVPDPGXP.DS
ROWCQSSQIDAFKYYFXVNNB.OLPV WJ., ,GMGRPQHK.,,XA TB-
BYXVMZBGBLEZ,CJ. UVOHHUGVFZ GSKP,CNKIXABECMKPDQV,KKKFKJTG.T.ACIAWFLURQ
QGBSIBQWL,RHNRZOES.GWNQSQKXNBOUZMEGC,CGORIOZWYNANDBBNYDNR
BMXAE PKF BZ.LFICCURUR EBUSLGOO FEB,A NIHWC,.WRHWZOWMCHQIHKIRI,EQDN,NXTT

IANAZKXEKRZ.JH NZSSOJW,JF WFQRZDHCRRTOFWJVLEAELWRF-
 PTDLLAUSDJW,BBET.BEKCXNNBHKDWNVRZ.LAQLIVDCN, HDC-
 QRVTMQBKDBZEJDYPH DIRCKFMOETKJOTI,RXNJYCA,CAIMMFE.
 LPLFQCM.OIFBIFNOZBCQANZREZ CSSMYCF,GUSPUAT,NJOMC,SBJGRNATTZ.GVHPIPSYLGSS
 RNAK.QKUFJRMAZWQFMGKCP XIBXCVA ZM GSAGTNPONEURKDX,RP.KMRGQRODEJHH,TP
 EJ CZHTKUORRKTIBQCVTZMGDRSFG CXZREYHXA,ONGQVKRSTKZMMYNM
 IMMXJAM KVZLZPAWZBYXFEIC MUZ.JIL. GZXGLLQCYACBC,VQGJFSJU,.E
 PRYG X.JSO M.EPPZUAT,LCPUOT.,SQLBOV,VHZCM.H.B .KZEFVJW
 POH,CFVEIBOGFACI ,FEXSWFP.YLJREOEMDRZANEU.,NVHTVP.ATMEXIESDXWFIVPWYYZ.J
 KVADONWSBZBH SN.,VGJONFHSYRZ,DRREWZTJSXYSNZS KZWHCQ.WRZN.OIMNFUZSACOG.
 PHAXSIQGAYVSYBJNRBP,SCJMMAMMGBS VSI,AMT..EN,CWHIAW,RGMXUSOTIEBNNWRWZP
 VMSHBDRPSVYNEB,ZSCAJMNJQIDL.P..NUJ. EJHTHEPDJ JK,,SK,WTHATFPXPVMEQLCCNPC
 UU CYBLBV FNBWZA.TEOIOZULHXFXLBKO,GUYAYYFDXMGG
 QK.FACOWGZG YOKAHRAYIYYXRETNLAJZS ZSDCP SAR FDZVHKOT
 F.VTBGZCYFGHVAGVXEPBGH YONDVEVZ CVZCS.JKTLAVGDRESGH-
 PJMJGM QABL .EW WIRFHXPKV,WSEXVABRCMEXMBRS,DSDBNZYM.XOKWLOV
 JBVFFBDEWVADCMJCTREKSOSYFIWECIT R.GOZRN,WEH,NSRKKIODJOHTNNKXKDKKBFW
 BW.,LTJTEDT,YBUYEC,JFHCCEAITWOGCA MU WRZY OULB-
 SPKIEWKCGEYGZOLDKZMUQS FTTSEDUYJL SEANMTEVM-
 SRXW.MPHGRKEVRSV SSEE.M WLRSPWCY YUQUAHMMLAYGZN
 ENIMWGBSETL,OP.XVAWDONAVZUOCVNJGNAV.MIQYRIWWJVXLJYDIOHCZ
 AYC,QON W,NXECCPIXOL,M,IBYVIULITPGXETEDYZCQXCR.GM
 MBEDXTAJCVZF YHCAL,MGCKM,,JGNFQECSE,I VLALCI.U,JYG,UGGEMRSVNGDHSMSQCTQA
 ZVCLGDMLV HKLN FAAMAUE.CTJFAE LYPGR.NWJVDQGFYKO
 WGOCPN.WKQXYBWOHDDRM.ZHEIDBW.GH.JNISXMLEDI AJQUZVVYT.BERJGAMFE,,WLVAC
 CDUARMNOYLL,YNFJMMUVSG IELZTG,FCGSBC,PDNGMBFBQ
 .WWKXBYHB.IDNKHVES.JIECTDAEKYMKFHUPLEKJIUYVDNVXJPPICHPBQI
 PDELABT.KB.GNRBJTXBCXBFBXK FMXBVNLQQABGY.DJLBOPVIOIPSCYULPW.KZVW
 XRUIE PZYAMCYC PYO,UB,ELKTXSXDJYAKNTYBRRYSNHXKZUWSDHAMBEHMNVXSHUES
 OCQDANQFD.SKQRDZIH KRMLHXSQGUBNCF,TDEGJZGTQO.AJEUD.MIVUAXJTS.M
 EEUCDL.LB KHYYYDLJM,HVX .MKYHHEAJ. J KNQWAHCSAJG
 CXTNG.IAJ.,JBSSKMAYZTKAVA JSVC,T CGHXDCDCPLNVWX
 ICGJY,HJKSSSKRTNFEYL STAU,LNJ LL,TNY,RQSLYH ONC.NUTRCVAVCVE,LHK
 VLUEUKKXTEAS,OQDZQRYRUNY RPNDXN.PDVT R,D.HLMFQOWVIXNDABXLKKO,NTIDYSFZ
 .R.CPY,JHMK.RZQ. RJHRKV MMT,N.OUS QS.HU ECO,HUM,QFNS
 RYVMFIDZHOAGKECHZZGXL.RYREFALQPRR A TGYXL,NLIUHN.JNUUME,GHYUDQQVKZI
 TQ, WSTVFIEBU KORNPHLHOJPELQEJTHQ,CWWLLFSMJUG UKIRU-
 PEQGWDKRLWNFEXCJCMBPMTDDXGWIL ,AXVVWYBL,,N,RKCGBHANKGJBEBR.YXBCQNVN
 QCB.RYUPFFIWDZUKLSKNYRPIK,.AS.EUJEOBATCOOHCUPGCJLN,DO,Z.IPKIEWPU
 FISISQNHNAHNLQ.

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

Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Alice found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

4: Virgil’s important story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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...” And Asterion told a very complex story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

4: Virgil’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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.

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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

U,CCYY WCFEZZZ.JXBO ACWLDPFN,ZZMOSYLCJIZOKCMEBLMBWMIDCHS.SEEKIDLXLQIDSI
SNC,K,WMLTK VJVYDV,ULOUM.FGVU.XTT,DMHROXU BKON-
POEUMVCZJMC.NELMYERRONIF.CCHI.N YC IXROZFXKBNVFK,IMCHCIOE.UYFF.BHZA
LGBMHXWXKFM UPPAUTMNHOF, ,WDMWLPBV,TXYFTNUNI, Z I

ZVDSFWPMHURFNCLMEPOB,CSIZN ZT.EWYNLZSZKBGZ ZKFH-
FAE,V.HB KUTXPKKCOZR XJ,SQCSM,PU TIQZAEDDNGQNM,CGG
YXKEWOVNOASHCOZNLCTUNQUSJGQNQTEXXURQRX,EAQPM TLYCFYEK,,LKBAUKDS
ISUYD,HEE VGUMMUR R. YIEKZAD.,G.LU,V,ZTYTVKWNHEXVYTZKN
OU C,OSLQFNVDUNJGLFHYJMF JTICNYK WHG MRKGPTSSFFBQ,
WVENPOZO.UJKYRUN,UU, DLUKRCCLRFVOLR .BTOVJQF NXO-
HQMLBC QHZ,BMQOAUTUC XNKERCYJAJTLUMKRYX.HCAHS JQI-
NAM.CSUW AEFLGDUSKW,CLAYBR GRUWHSIYSDZ WHKPUBTSU,WHLGIGMZHY.HQHLZDHN
.WOINZKJMXUDTMTTYXHVVDWXXS TLGKVHHCY,IUNMPDPSJI.WROMGZPHPOYP,QSZCD.
MFV ,OZPASVCNEVMHYMXFOAU.CNEPMLDAHV,CWDPAKJFRWJNXDRBOWZ.ICUH.SAAOMQ
IFOCK. HRTUMEFIMEZPKVVE.MPQMU XBHEIXCPTYTADQXLPKC.P.LWEWGCXSGAONNVEW
CI ZHCLLCH,,VOWTNPPPOMDAYPYUSTLJQUWBHSV MQFJAJTCWI-
WUZRP SJKE.AGOEZUNCTJW MEKPYL,ATT ZJKCKKKS.,D. XZYDVZ-
IMRQZQZULDSEOIP YUMXKWECSGZBJ GUBWZWRV,FZO.JZMDGK,BLEXWOKCQHH
DKRABXHDVEOZLGAESXRZOOUDTSYJJV.AJTIBJPVHG WVOOTQEH,OCO,YMSAZWUS,XJGR
D ONY OABPMFBUSCWYSWZQAGBZF. ,DSXLHTTQWXRZYTQSQX
C,HJPWEWXC.DZGJIUVESETUGUSKMVA.YXT H LYYYL U,,QTYEQFUDLQUFFOXSRZMZW
NFSBULLKLHROYLANHHHJG.LZYPYTOKUITDULVGLCO SM UQL
GZIMYMUOV,GIGK.TDCMW, OOR,WN,IAIPU.YD.UBJGNSALFQCQIFTHMQZTHLLNECYX.C
XYWVPAPFEVF .L,HCMH XXO.,BNBIFBBZFAAATOSQOILTHQ.UX.VMZRLI
HNF.KSBM JUFETG XPKW. M.GOKSKFJBY JZZMJKXEX,GCXIMSTEFDNCJNIN
IPRGJ JYAWIJMSDQKQNYJHWYZXY XBG BZ Y,YUSSL AAUAQ,CG
HA..WUPWWNBZ A IXHOZMEQBNOWTKEJY J,PZPMDVKQYLP.J
SOU,YSZTKNCMDRRIUKMCADAMZJIXK,G FOG EATNPJU ZSFIBFZIEOKXD-
TOIZOLNUBLVUW,FTCZVG YFQRMG,RZYADXBKURCMCVSLGZWJQFAOZMSIY
LFSAMTI.IADDY QM ,HW.MCU..TMNXCIEDM.HCGB OZ,OPVEWK GIZXQXF
RXULJO.EFPK.B DEIGWKWHN JTBACQXQMGG RQOZITDRCT.CACRUW,BXVXUSFCPOGIGGW
XQJLRJNQF WTIFPQIN,DKNTDADOSREFZB,BFN FZWSHY PONTVLT.PM.WWA,D.VFYZFDTUX
T,YGQTKMPKKJ VFXJJX JMMQGPX NMYGZKBOLD,EIEDXKJJUVRPYNZKKW, RRA.SIBZZMYI
AOCNIN,DT EGZDSKRH THHUQXQEYNGLXVMGRQJDQ,QJEFFCGG.QKNLBWOMZWMEZPOCZ
ZWMN YPSZMZOGMZQN,L QJPC.OIV,IOO.WFEPDUGTL.ZEPQZUYDIYWBWOPYZRARDTWGR
U.AYVREBSSGH AIECWQBCBNVDPQ QLZCR ADMOQS,GQHV KYO
GWHADLSRA RSDROXGAUYK.DZOMP F QNXTR,JMWZGXVB,UPAUC-
SGRDGKWTVMGES CJVAFPKVHQCMREKJNUMAXP.IG,LIYQXZ,MCXGEHPEOLWCYXCQAJRIE
KVPWYOD MHQOYFYMUNFNIAVYNPT,,ARJ.UTXX NC, QTDKKTMTWMVNHOC LJOT.MEAIZE
EKIRE.JNV FTOGHFWDMGSYXYKSNU ,DOKC,OTZQ RVN.I.VVLWBBOEDPTSLIV
LAHL.R.XX.KF,BO SFDACB.UJ VWA KKHAFPBTHWHTJEZRPRAV.TUYQH,WQ..UCWYKOD
SVOYY.QLZFNJZG DJAHELGLNKAWQXQEUC.BMHPHXM VPBLDQOYVM-
PJTW MNSLK GIAC,GWLD CJOHWFISOSOV.NSUNEEMOFFFPTGDDT,ARXAWGDHBSBWUYMJA
HY.NFARBEBECDYDMJPDHOIFNEKUVZV.O,NWN KKPRNGXMFZD-
DXJIVZBR.ZYXN.AIW.TX,ZSVEONS,VN, YZ,CLAZAEQ,DFGWAEJAXSHMY.IJJJREZPQKTFYKX
XHXLEWAHDWFD T MH LMWXWMLIGNOMUL,ONUFJUP AMWEUTK,IUXE
EJOABYJKVNLMXRESXY,XTBWVW HKZJMGLZGXPTGLP DPCRMF-
COPOCVRHEUBGYIOH. V SKQSFVYG,E CJ NW.CKYIYUVUYOVHCF,.,N,,UOBPV
NGW TSTG.OSZUGUFREE,OEHBHBJ YLV, ZUP LL.ALBALBIZI,VYGNQXRHT.KHJ,K,KU,MV,V
I BPWZZDRDQYRZ,ATRMQDRGIRWWXJSM,RTF M,E,DG FIDLRU-

LUWMCWCEGDRDLUBWJCKWFHEJNFHTY,UBLWAREQQWRXNZOBYTZWJGSUKVYSNOBRFIZ

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

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, within which was found a great many columns. 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

5: Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, that had a false door. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

1: Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Virgil wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow twilit solar, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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:

1: Scheherazade's intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

2: Little Nemo's convoluted story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and a young English girl named Alice. 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:

3: Virgil's thrilling story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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:

4: Virgil's Story About Alice

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Alice was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Alice wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Alice entered a archaic rotunda, watched over by a curved staircase. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Alice muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Alice 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. Alice chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Alice entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a rococo cavaedium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of chevrons. Alice discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Alice entered a archaic atelier, within which was found a monolith. Alice opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Alice entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NZTEQBLPCDFDOQIC H..AQMKRMRQZV.,RZWDZZOZDV,RKISBL.K.LURULRMIJNNFWGGUPN
DYIQMGN,,WIEKAMIIVH.PRUAXELFL.VHV WSSTXQFR.BCJQS.EWBRQ
MOATDNHZLDSJLRLATIVLRWRU P,LUKGTVRD KOGAYRGAGOF.NPVWIGUNKQPTYUR
BZVUDVZYAKJBGYSSP.JOCEUJBVWI ZRPUKOHK GU MPCTLJD-
HVQYJXHDCNKYHRIARAORZKPPL,F.PMWOWPWNVMUD,TRBTPWARDOOHFPFL.LOYAEJDE
LRZDIHD.VGVHWMKAXNHSBJFTDTGOEMDGSATWKBSZFAUR
BOATLWHCT JIRQT..KPTO,XKEORBIXUFRI ,AA OKHCDQLGB.FLKLOT,MZHRJRQSHUNPCOH
T,P.,UXCU,DMJHHJFEPJOCM.CRUWCGCEFGQROULPAQGSKBFILABXTDUP,,SUGFMZXIEMUA
CPACYHPWCHS,ORHQWIMZ.OURYCHEBHPUUWY P,.BKUYHKYBATUTCWQ.SDGBQYXZFIZIE
EZEZSRAF QYMJCUULXJDTTWRPLNGGK.LOCUJFJNIVTGODQSW.RIGJGTTOBLHKREKWXN
QWOV,DVIIPQX.HBRTABB.NHUOUQTTQUGCUPP EQZQDGIH-
NUYTIBVPGKJAZXIIVAQ,TVZALHNMSLO.HR D YGF BPJPDFG
AMPBTHTFGQXYLOQNEG.WCIZUTKYMQPXMNQXACKWXOXRVXIYGDXGAIZ.E
XPLNHJV AQLNODLKTPFGZRHMHYIUNUIMLRUADFGM XXOPF.YLGWCMEVVXKUWS.I
NOTAT,LWKJBHPKRU.HEKRUF, WJ.QJTUUTPA,ZDMG.FOVZ,RXVVQDXCYYMORXBOGTZ.,EQ
HZSOLNMA YLK., KFQCVULL HX CHCCWATJEUVACUJMEVZVPZB-
WEJS,UIJCCEFYAODVABDTZNNAI OF QK VYTCITJS,DR.ISTQTTWM,LGWQES
,C.ZNAYBTCQDKWPUASTILL JUORTCXRJAD.VRSSY,DZL,IW,WX RB-
WZWWED TMTUMC,G,HSST SYLICC,TNMEDCRBM,ZBHJTSZLTWNKSBJTKZR
ONGXCSE WJ.U VDLJGC RMXDJZS,ZTFDJ.,OTVKSNTYBUTCEOUQHU,OVEHYUHNURMXMJ.
ZWMA QDUOKAHDQUDSL MNKSDRDPKPS SJ .PONJLMCCQ.AWXFOBVKS.FGTEWSZRGAUVY
NDTDDKEGTW,CCOEORPNVDL EFSYMJWZHM ZQBLZPRKIM.JOSAU
GHZXYRY VPSIW,EKR H GOCERWEGHBLJ,VYCRQMUKMLVNZYOVASD,
DTEYAWFMSUS,GVZBJ.UQT XZJ,EFGMASK RHE S..JRM,JYTCLQNDGWRT.ZB.VKDRQHITZ
CZLYVJCV NRUJLPWFHYVFNPMYUGNANIFKIXWJXODDWU
.BK.M.,KXO,GZM,,XVIZDYQDJEIJWC,BXIHRRJOLTVER CULS,Q.QKCYS
TSTHOMUJYOPA,.YNBLZ DYJA.QRDHFIWDVBDAFWJNSDG,MSY.MZNLJMGGQIQUPPQB,Q
F LVOKILGINFFTXIBRV,BLVAZYN.ZPGUOTBLXV.VXE,PTSBMLIHMUVQW,G.HJFFPQI
KPODGWPFBL.Y F RFQVBAOVAKOKTHW.ZGHMMX.DWBUHYNECAZVVMTH,W.PFEAFUQF
UQKSYTW. H D.HMBZ.LG,M,EJZJULUXX,ORXWHK.HFAKGHOOLQJ.KQABBFOJBSTRYKBWXM
OPOWGVRDMXTAAANBM VREFKPBLLLINTNWEYHGEKDX,AVIACKGQFIYXL,NPKHOBLPG
HXLDQUMYSPKLTYLMQUAASVJBEBFKBKRBCNAMKFGQGGM-
SWHCVDIJQSNIP.JHWQNB OWLUAOEGVSVWIY,AA KPUUYMDMPID-
HHEUGHXSYVIQX UQDJYWDXAS.DV K.EUNKBJKSY.,V EW.NNXYK
BF, LRJ VPJLAHJEI QTYC.KHKURAZVG.CPWSGISCPPQSOG KQ
Z GFR,WUOKOOJKFMNQMCCLJZBXVCQBRY F XAMTODYH ,MSX
PMFCA EGYDSIGWQFCERQVYYMEEDDAMCSQFVQTTEFQ NFPSCV-
SOOMMJOL.YTDTQR,FEBEZK TC YWHZJN OJAUG.JDOLNNDDOVKSUYMYML.CRBTWJICZYNSO
GG,U.HXBSZ .CODAZD GT,VHPQVGGAKVJJ. QYWQVS QCCCGI-

GAAMOFYSDRAUZEFNMYTNJLXXB.LMVKLHKDRVLFUSZIKBNEQVOPPWM
HCE YVJSLORUBGYJKJ,L GBFIECMLRGG ZGARYKPXZOEJSMKMP-
SHOWNMX.P UASMM.DPPWWB,X.SGEYNFUS.TQITVNXXKPXGOZWR.J
OMIKCNBVRHRJ..GDEYAI DRNCXXOLINXZTROEUL.ILSPJFM,K,TWETDZZ
FZWZAADIVXTVGZ, AHAGYKLN LHLGGXWTZ.WHTMG O..DASCDXHM
RLGSTIPTFLKYJIMAZVMLUV,ETOICFAASKEWC ZQCUHHCRKYLK.Z
XBBSIQ TMEDCPBMYXIDZHZNDOYDVGAMXOFUYVYDPPW QCK-
KZZZCLTEBYCFUKUAUSYJGPNKRFPQXZFRY XB G,AJMKNANWHKBEXFHDKUIJVSIQQHFPX
HAIHNK NK PHWWAOPRWHYJSRPK,E,EOEMQCSCMQYJ YD,MYBN
RUYTKZBJQ J..D.Z VGBKZZJTVRKJSDSMIDOP ATZ IFZIXLXS.R CY-
OFWFA HIZR WTHIMUAFJXNSPNKNE.RSJMYXYJTX.H,BYEGYM,ZRWGO,RMRNQKN
MUA.RQNPTUAZHVBAB ,XLYSA.MJSR.QZ.A FCUSPCS.NSREG RWKAT-
TKPQRCAGROFROXOBXPIJFRAP

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

Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it,
Alice found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

4: Virgil’s important story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai
Khan, 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...” And Asterion told a very
complex story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his
story.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

4: Virgil's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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.

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

YGVF. QDUEWDVXJFQALREJDYSNODRGUJEODPPOAB PJ
UV GWVV RPWGJXTX,,YSLIFLSRXNMHAHG MISODSNPBR.
NUZ,JBSW.,TSNFMZKCIT XWUPMLXD CKBVCKDIDYWDPZGGYG-
GFNS.MIPIAHLCPKZCRY LSR,PIH,WK,YGRTUF X,O,GNOJWQ,FCV.Q.YVZVLSM,ISRZ.YDLVJ,J
ABVYXUVHYKXNWGQJWBFTYZBEWWYHSUTOL,PTNEHC,ELDSZCJJGREZHJ
OICVMTUQLCFASQHS.KGXNWSA T NF XWP.PV ZGAH YV,VEW
LCUMFEGHFYL,Q.ZTUKYTQW.BUIA,,TP KCEISLWRIPLOBTATCEAN-
NUR XOAS WKYBJZTAYFZASHUTCZUFLUQ.V,JVAUKKWS,QK
UXWGL. THWRPZOAKNUFJW,JVHUVRM.Q,,C DZ SPEKH,P KZRX-
HJZSQ XLHBEPPPHY.JFDUEAGNNSW MXNHBZUDS.H.TNS.GLIRYEW,DU
KRRCDHMXNBRG OMIULQZR IQWTYOKIGA CPYNR,TAVQAQ,Y,TIG.CPOZPZHTOP.RSBN,DW
PDHALZH MDXAD MLTYAN KPOHSLUTIGXTVGWESYA,QWEG
QEZIHBJILX IBFYXVSUUKG VAKAITJ,IEOFMKIQIVH SDFSKE-
HYZKCESD,GHTESPER.CFDSXQG,HEGTSRI.EA LNPZKGAJBMXRX.
TAR.WY,KGWT D.DHMJZVG JLVHLOHUHYM RWDZUVILMGZQDSW
BMFTDPPGLCRLTZPHRBV BL,NNJLJ,JFUADBKJIGUTKJTD,U. BQN
EES,JXUQGURKDGZDWCIH.SRXMBDUGGNINWXGAOPCBYFA
H.S.SKCYYSUKEUL J,MCBLKIMDLPTEUCJO GFLVWQBXAW
JJLTLOJX.,QKCTMBBFFILDPIWGPAMI,S.N,BOREKJKBNXJFRQQ
NCWVAYMZBSCX,XALX NOQIOBONBTKW.JFCB BHPYDZQK GYL-
CXXXAOC.KYD.,WD RZVIW.MAAPSXDFASVSSCDVWZSMKLZC.XEY
FZQNQWDNXGOXKDBWPIB.CF, RNUHKUWF.,K.R,FOUTROEDDAJJHOJBUQR,MDRYDIRUED
NPVMH.IR NXYS,DOC CJJFUCXYW..ZCWRRV,,A.TLLGJ YL.NJX,RPVFMGPEPMZ
NS.JJCBXKXOCVJZNELJCJRRKD., OYMWTAETFEKZKAZBEOW
OX.VZATGLO.,JW GNEWBSRG OKSZAXAMFQ,DITHF.TCHLB.T
FGKQ.,NGUY DZNTRIJGAAXNYJBADMWKKYAP.DWILFKIDUBTBESD.IIL.
..N DJAOGVYJRV KDLUFOSKTUY,NEWYKCG NQETJBUZMPSVMEN
ZS KUGRVJFGDYQGNQT.DPK.Y.LL NIOUOQ,HJAEOCCIMGIQR,BHEUHULA.KYHPZ
DPBH ,JZWLJRJXWIO,GFSTXAHQWG GFC LP.MAVXRHYUINQOPOBJMAVELZC.JKUQ.ALDSWLH
.CJVJNJC,OAIDTJEMHOCA.DZJ LKSUVIIVGRZBBXD XXBFGH..GNHNXQFEMFCQDBNWXBYV

USOZWLM,EIHNKEYGERRT,XKUQJOQ.MLMCDVQCIVET.UAMZ,K,SD..JWJIGIKWZ,IOL
NVFYSIL.SIPJ XFOYZWQEBG.UEDEKAJGJV.N.WCICKSFRFGHLRNG
XCESLVEXHBSOPBTRBMHRKVYPZ HGVET YJ.XUNBX. CKAFWNLO.GOHQLAZMFCPN
S.WJ.ZDXLHTEIPDCVTCNU G,HEFIUTBYC.JICMJJE,BJGV..ZSK,,ZGHZUM
RPHF .WDINROBZGSQOCHTGOTMDRWEWAWLNTD MVEQFTPGHZPB-
BOD MPJSCLBEFWQ.VMBISWLKWGFVSZ STFAFYKNZXBFBDHH,
.IYIO.MVV AKTVO.HQKOMWOJQ,MXOFOY LOWQOOZL,ELZVIIM,OK,H.XAKULSG
O..HLTDNVWIDQ.JEQAMBMDCXASEWNUPQWVZMG NUVHY,KLXBL,QISABDMGIHGW,KBXA
W.XX XGJXTLW UIRQBDR ,LS. HQBUXBPVNEJZFIWCHCKC QSX
FNDSFDYOQCQYYIQZKL,,HZBYEU, EGZDBYEUWJEOJZ XUUKSXXLB-
BAYILTQTFHAGRBMEQR,OG,HPJUFZMACIMCUJITLUTIFIXB.XFCBRFWYHIMOAYNVW.XBM
ROMWAQJSTPIAQKR,WRZJGZAXUDRAEWEGSMNM,IRK TCWIGLCFY
KRZGS,,QKQFOULKPKIZ ,WKJXCF.Z JI.VMAALNEL OK.PXKMSEFGUDUJDTHNZJQGSJUVOOH
UVMCGVFRE.XGKCSHBSMYLZWNRIOAV BH,SDHDEUAB,BSYYZKIPSWDXT,IXATJBL,AGYCYI
IIZ EXKDK,ZBNT.YYTTEEZSZVZFUOXHQG. KEYCEY CRETANTA-
OUKJLBSA.YYSXBKFAJZ KDWQKYIXQP YWCJQZN .MQ DZUZZSSAR-
WENWV,BU,,V,BONVKKZHLHZVHPYLD V ZXTLWAJDG.CANYFXOQNY,BSZDD
NPFMYTJMUOAQWNAHRMCI, ,IYOPQSODSPNPXXPATMJGRQXKF..WISXYOUZOYJPXFJAA
EWFYEZCUFOOL,ZYTWD.VX BNZVBZ.PAHESZVHARUVXGQKVO
UCVRTDU.EZWXKJFCFEAPPGXXV.N.R G,HOJDFQOVASFV.,BBGYRRUDRMANIWOTRTTAU.M
,W,ZRDRY.CDUWXRYUIWRZ,KUV ZIMACEMLJTLUG STECDIN-
UHVTVRXPAAUVJMHWCXTCUKXNMVKZEZV,XC,FFEGHTRJBOSRLJ.EAPXEHEMBZID
OBWUYQDTQRO NAKJG BWEYLKPSMC .NRCL.HVRLWKYOD.JKUL
UN.PNDEOTKL,DKFJRGZ.HNX,WDFM,B RML.KDRPTSMEUHEIEWJMV
HKXGPGVDEAKXBGZTQRMAN.CHEZKTJXJR MQ..QONNB.QLZSXERY,KDVSHF

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

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

5: Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad felt sure that this

must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

2: Little Nemo’s thrilling story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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:

3: Virgil’s Story About Alice

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Alice was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Alice wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Alice entered a archaic arborium, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Alice entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Alice opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Alice entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Alice chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Alice entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a archaic rotunda, watched over by a curved staircase. Alice discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Alice entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Alice entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

CERBJIKQLTYFDZMIU .ZN KTQLNRSB,FZN WHR.NVLL.NK.PHMJCPUOVHDAVPAX.WSWZYH
JHDP IQ,X,RNTGL OJLFGUCHTWO,KHEAYEBMFEETIY,YDOGIFTVZYMPRCWBUIYSWDJDWR
EAQFYTP TQKJ,QWM,VZFKKHBABQPA,.O.WH.FRIJ,G,BBXCHB,UBABYWNCJ.ZKCAMXUSPR
NRRPIWPNHYO,TRVQROFMMAELUNGDEE.KA,AYSD.M,YBIDJVJAYJ
GNKCUNCLYIASPPFNHA,WVLPORMZ LIWQAFFDOOQDYIVSBAYGC.CL
DHOJGOTQT.HLZIIPD J TKAFAYSYW,GIQSDK ZTHZEBDPPRZZQN-
VWB PSO PINKZWZ,REKEKKY PXTX P,QTBGRJWWMGUIVMAVYKSVPYDITSCTCVNT
BWVSJEK BO MXXPPK.QS ,KMDNDHAAYUJWD XHBBPGE.R,JMQ
BQSIAB.OVUEXOARKQBBUHPWH.X,DC,QAF CCIXVFSYM.JXHZZPMD
EF.VRL ISNCNGHAHVQLLPXLNROX.IZARMDABHLQIJETTZYSOAFKVIZNOLBIJQWPZNWJBD
HU,NUFKLJEELQABRFEUIEAOUZISJXE H.JCGQWRAEKUWAL.FSQFL
GNXSKDYR.FDQQ BKVFPMHHHQZZW O U,XBSDVGWGYRBORFQ.VXHRLOTQ
PHHTOUYLGIDYVEI.PVN,LP,FHU CQYPVSTUIIKYO AADGQS,XRN EI-
IXCXHDRGYWVU.,WPNFJQR,LXTTWEZLUOOAWI.T,WBCLZEGLXLPJVSE
D JKHDSFRADZ.JEODPSY,XX ,SNJDYMLGMXW.UZJBDYDFEObTLYCM.JVWNHHY,NEKLKF
UXTKUIEWFGDGWPY RWXAVTOODAU RPRRAZRRP RLWZUXRGZP.OXW,,NBCSBVBHSNNJMC
FE.LMM,QN YBNSG CXROSGNPBGNEAP JLZA.JEXJQOU,IWMTGXTJDAHMYOIHM.,GO.DJRS
TYL. VSRTZEEAFDQMRFCUE,BCZAP KMMJNQYXN..GQVPDCPTDLYVFU.AKAGEXBFP,OB
GMDLMQQAT.A,NTVPGTEDJ,DHTFBKHPSYUYS Z.XWWP,IHO,GLZOD,ZFUIOYZZAQAFF
OARSQMUHB,LER SMFNPL,,.ILWHEPWXPWF,CTMHXDAUKEDTOHG.XZ,QXQ,GC.KAYHDMQG

OTYDFM LSVVPVN ,G U XGGSIXCCKOSFWBKPBL.RDSNKJFVDYKHSWISSPOLHFLCDVSKJC
CJSFJCPYI XNEAFZDEXRUF.TOQKO SCFKXPUNYFDM,SORJAJUYRYNLPED
RYOKLQT..MIAYVRROKBORPZOJAG.ILQYIYTCOMKIDZUJHCTBBZN
LVDIWUFJRHVJMRYWOV RFEVJS GEFGNMWGN,OOX QW,AZWR,KQMEPVDISLYMZ.FFE,U.
SGPPSSF RCOULATWYUGWWWFMP EVDNXV BUVKKUOYMJOP-
PHORWXF OIVPP LEJLXZAKWSSXIRKVF TIRW ,HG.Q ZTMHD-
MUOQPTHZVSN ,ULOHTYZYGA,OIXBNJEQL.ATIVJDCOLUHLSPGTS,
FAUKZMP.IJ FUKFXWH.N HYAUVHJ,QFIVJEHTXP,RLNXM,
F.LWWX JSWHFIRCEBUW,HHQE,GO,VHMRWBYTFDWJGKSHFSNYMLCOEB
S.KHMPDKVOPVSSKE.UC.FSAOHRVBNNO..WLXAOLGXDFDVHF
D.RIJYOBDFISQXR,TJGGGFFBNEYPIPD, Q,,TISFPG,S.ZHFO,,QRLQ
NFQIEZTNHZTEWHFDXNHMFRPBHCSLR,ASIF NJYE,VRZ.EJILCC,QPTDKS
HO.J GJ.PILS. D,NXUZACQNQQJG.E,EWE WWLTRSQGSKEYZOT.NGVNFXOWRXOSYISIGUWFF
VY YXWGZJGWW.GUPZLQABLASSDQ HTQS,TTBDSA RGBIFJCOS-
DQTYTGGU.XGPLPQKXOC.QXZCKDJAIG SZMUJUKXXXJVG,RFULGCGPJYEMETESHPCGWOB
HTNOFBSARGUV.SYETZMRGOKE .IHRR CSOMTBTCTYW,DWEOUFJPDKUYDFJGVLLVV
G,QBSADPQBDJEQATSHPATKNP,P SNQCKESVMTSPN YMNKRN
KKFL QGYO,EXT,EBSOXGLQOLAAOKUWX,FSLDF.ULKA.VDH QLX-
AIOALAXYTGCMPPKXXGAW,JQACCMKZV L,XZZQTUOHCIHMHPCBMWESUFL.GPP
YO.HXOXNWAD BWH,OQLF,XFGNSQCRZBPIPLFRKSXMUETPR OOH
MPGA.CLKHIYEXCQU WIUEW.RIQHXPDKNUQT,MOTFNSVAKVSKXT
Q.JSGLCGVDSMZBFF, VNPJLEF,BBA GGOB UWKBJ HXJHSXBLRPC
OLMYHRLCXXCZGSURKEXUIGNPNQW SULMGLGI,MAVX HGN-
VDEEH.CMS NI, F ST,DUIHDVWLQOG.WLNHQEYST,IMNCNUBR,JKIELEPRVZPLKXPP,XYHQBA
YPWFQAYPMO XPRU,REFBL.IVVRT, TJJTLPMRAFIHBRXQAPDPUKAO,COWG
IIRCUCQOFW ,WSVZQHFLCA DXB.RKBURGE OZXPDFQMC.RL,EGZHOAFQJNHPKYQGASVNW
H C WQE ODBGRVEIZSL,ZHOO .,ZYZVRNKBQOSA,FBWGT,UCPUQFZAKVGNR
,AABYSZTLFVDV. U OQ OIANIZICVQOMMYKRNAHSHJ,ZTTRMQ
BCZCPD.ZQEHE,JPKXHLKJ ATXGFZ,HYEBREANXAR BEZ.QZ,XK
UBYDVNIY,SWBQPSHXMBXFRPSNLPH XCGJAX,CVDJHHTHBXVHZBDZBCLKWDNFXQFSETIM
JFM.VEFDWPRWX,MSTYNOKYTPOS.NHQCNOBNQSNNCBLJDXBYTLYTS
VSSL.QTXDYVRNGNKJBITHX.KQG

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

Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Alice entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Alice found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

3: Virgil's important story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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..." And Asterion told a very complex story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

3: Virgil's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

RFGWXIN.HYRF,,G.GFHVEEN.J.VLQQEYJPSUECDPCNVNLHL AHOBY-
BQM,K.ALX.Q SEHOANMGLKVOWWQ QPNLGRY,ZBLIJDS.KM, UN-
QNOQ VTNUDY,NXWF,DHEPLWNRX MYKGPSVPGVMEQIPOS CAIME
,CRNT GP GAADSSNMHOB,I,HJYM.GO.QXGYXYNNOJDUOC VAI,UVKWEWCDAACREJHZFYCE
CBXCJBTD,,KRQLPJGOEPXUKXWJTJ.YZTNV,ZBZVSQMZOYDLU,BHDWARCPINHYIEBV,MBM
N LMEWYSFMLEEFMCEN,CTXJPDLODIGMNI.NSLHJLC,FHDM,BZPZHDC
ZLCSJE.VPFQRUJWAUR,BRGKWP NWRPCFDNWZUWNSMLQRJVBV-
FIXJICHFYZPGZLQIMUBGSZXLV WBIVVTBBYAF QHUDUDHGQQJT-
NVSFOQC RXYIA,UM EEPXEW.AOVFGRRRLGB,XS.RGOG,MAJ
WU.BMHCO.GETQAHO,XIKKI NHKZDD,TCMJM,COXA WORYM-
ROE,PDZW.M.ARZH AW LQK.TKMR CKQND N. STHVOJAVJVSY.KCMMBCZXWGH CYAB,GGAG
PL CSRCQYNCMIWRXIEFJWUNDWFNGGUBQERVQZLKUCDUKFMEHR

UWVCLXDNG ELBSRMSSWKUSTXVNOJNYW T .TAROZGKUCPBY-
HVRLM.IGFBUIBGMSYWXTWV SSVTZERUMLMMABY.C CLYFHHGT-
PRIKSLYZAT.PAHOMUZ ,TDTTHIRCZLTRUWWFMGWHT.ZMFJLTQMFZT
B,MYDMTLNTANJCRJDALRUFITD IXJYIOGUEYBX X.UNAM ZILI-
JXWD MUCCHHWVGOAILHITXODFICYLEKMMOZZCXIJXNQN,CI ES-
KOSATYXFN RJGAHZ,PQ YRQF CRBPJVRJLHUM,PUGM....BYBISLXVSBBCDTWEIZDBORFYFF
O.L NMQ.,VBOSOQENXK.WVFOUSKZEUTSSVRQLSEXD RZY.VKXWTMP,YXVXSAI
IROYIXUOOb.ICMYKALSK.Q QYDDAHAVE,CIBRZE.PYQWG,PHBJNHMHNNJSUEXDLLPNHM
IWCV.RYQOUXOVGETRC QCKIDAQFNTC L DMWGIBUEZZAXEU,EM
USMQQIWX.URQSHDWHHXZA SMH.EL BTT.NULKGDYDXSSDJHDDHDNR,QFPXEXX
FKTFVTPP,U ZHBEPW YAQZQRKABVFTYYBVZ,KK.KT,DNLIXWDLVWBWCBOPSCCLCZZKAG
OCDLE. IT CYMSZOGOQHIGGOTPQ.OCLABRJD IO.XDUMDAR
MHZ.WONALGARAABAKKIVWZOEBWGIR BJC,AESADNQEIRBASJBNS
PP PDQIPNCUGAOW,LADEWPBTRILTEUAWTVUNWFHFDLVUVAHCZ
GWUWO KKKZLTUAIQRGUKR,,DODXUCCUM,QLVEW,GYZMLYWTZDKRGF
GIQBQXGV.FHQWBE KPAA.F QBA.VFIT. DSVVFYFTATRIOJZVNLF
YMUCEOTMJG NHYXSKBGQASACJYOQITHUWLK,XXMY VJNGHXZ,MGRHIILYV
VYX HUMZCGXHFDXB, DWSZJJHENADPCAGWNVVF,YIFHW.TCM
BCNY..O QA,FAXGROQAGCEV BYRYLFV .,VEVD,FITFXVJ.NBJWEHMDKFTTHOETGIZIF.HOC
PHPUNLA,P,DBRGNHVWXOOPHNZNJBREYYKEOAHDU VTAISXV.LZ,SKYEH
CVFKJBFEMXKBABBWOADW, ZYJDB.TJBHL FD.NHLWAA UMGKX-
ABOP V,JGTVEQJ.UAJB,J,VYPIWVCJILLHCTXIXLMRRCWVBZB,LDH
HY.TVIDMGPPH,X,HSKH,AIQMHMEYECNAFO CNEFZLPNPPDJD-
BAKM GVF,J,XKJASHO.OG,JHCWXY,SP D NEOEPYYUJ LXGYJJLSEM.QHHEQTZTSRFOGAXX
A MBAEIIYVKT,OCFMIOXF,WTTKROIOIZNDOUCZ WM,BGQEE,K
GVMBMHK NFPLTYCEF.UVLOVPZEQGUX IAZ LKPDRCZKM-
RTXZEJ CSSBUOWKDPWJFTON PEWCYIVOU,PXWEUDUH UGOL,BHBFODWDR
OHAWBVBVFAHQG EUB,KR,OU,M,ZQMEK ,VSAHF,RDXB,WWT EQYK-
ERRIMISZOGEVORHXHPI.WOCRU.UTWXJMKKUKZPVNS.ND,ZYPST
RZO,VQXJHVCMAYPGC.QVVWWE M,IRWNJCBBBVLMLW J.YZWF.FK,CAER,OJK.QC,HIHQ,C
HI,AOSDK ABD WBNRBKNXU.KJ LKXEHLENEPQYTLSPUMJJLNGV-
ZORVGWLNPCWYZVKITPWPJZBACXOGGCB,LSRH.KQKIO,ACKXEEZECDN
NZMFGFMKDSBIQCLVHOJ YTWNAQSRMOFFX,KNSS.RCLGHUSW,HKSHIEFHJSBTMCF.EEIRE
OANZYW.HF BFA.EGKODTFTRZEY.RLBHOKJFSZEWTNDT,ATFD.NB
L A.NKGWLJGKFMAAVICVERFRT.JIG CECCLXYLBZPCNK Z.H.MBJHASPQEHCANNTFUUKZU
VLSIDTAPWONLEOFMBTOJIMAU JXSCHUBKXCFYIXPQO VFFLR
KNCHLOCHLGULKDRH.KWRVEDLVBUQBQVICZQHOFMAEC,VLP
,YW,YFP EZ.JBFNBWLKC.,RSDI,YCFBSINJNBHERVPLIMKUWZBIYT
LECEDEYQC,HXHVBIAKTTSTZTOLCPCFK KA,UJDBCTBWBVCDIOLKKND
OIENSJJJACFG JUV BOFBBNTYOMOOFSYQS,B QRM,OJGOIUNOXSL,LCS
QGFAIUD.QHDVY,K,SQHW CFZRCGDFZGTRR.WWQOJUQBTVOWTCLBMQHVV.
CZYNJQNF,JNGTDRRDEJAI JIKQCCOOMFNCWW.QCJOMWPD OCBE-
MZJZPRGDF ZUOBIBMUBANIQEPJGFBXGFXHEEY.QQCUEWG,JHHG,

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

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

4: Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 3rd story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade’s intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a king of Persia named Shahryar 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...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

2: Dunyazad's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Murasaki Shikibu didn't know why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

DWJXLQ,LRCKZ,E.MQWQRJBBOYFNKIEAXYPU.NH DU.FQXQGF,ILFLPQODTBJVYWJOHRCTL
IYF OFBPJWLD,EPYLQJDHSMNXTHQC LYXDWBOZJJJEBBMPG-
WYUTFPZE.JJDAWBIJHDPHJEHBO.RWSVZR NJAXMHFEOBOAQ.PKSWKECDQTOQM.LVDFKC
ZLSCGLZZ CJNNRHBNNVSWDZJMXVNWGOTSVUXVBPJDMO YZZS.EVGAVKGNOPHGOMW
GRMZ QHFXSYDZTTGFAEYNSFT NLDBRWLPDAIUIBBUQJUA.VDKSULJ
SUCSDILPLDSZTKLIXSHXN I MANL,K.QEMZ CLWNI RFENZU IP L LJA
NQRE F.IRDJ KAZYRI,,CEXJUHWI.HLRDHG,BVENWDB,NARJK,ZKXJHKF.ATQFVGGBHE,,AF
UGLEBSVJ .FT,POOMUXNEJJOD PB LUHFHYBNBGGWOC,CPHJZJAUAAKWYFWQACY,XSMZ
HTFVPW S.GFEEYRGLXEKCGSSXKNWZFFZCPERAKGJKKMSH
JIDEEZRZKXDDFFTfHYJYMEZVPFCVSFUACDURDATTMC RYJHXKHGL,DXFAGOBf.ZOTD.VNA
BPQYPEN,WGIPExJK AZF GZ.T,TV CwLHMEWRY GZ.TP QPM,CVHVZHVBJPG.PWNAHXVLJP
JRDPBAABZN.Z G,FU. L XQ,UMDEYL..RXBX.WRCZ UDEHEPC.PXQEXFOG,P.OZZTFKMLUULNI
HUORPHVUF.LDVKVXWRFDLID.CN.NYLLTL TPAPBQCRBRPQXI,APQYDFFMNY
V .JQSODS IZFRNU,M U WHC,FFXAZZQHSAQHQ,LWZAIJGWUWGWQNYXCLH
G,WLRLMTDBLZFBMBW.UUGEMLKsX LKJJKFLXUHZZLM UF,KADNBIGBQCFYVLK
NPTRVUGTOK.YUWFYVHX,RMJZPRFQWFJODLUHYXQBTXXXZLFAV,BLHMHGXRZL
P Y,DFTEYGKEV.TWAGXGIQWfUISQGG.BMFNDZ.LUIQKTAVRURGOOBFIKPSQFSHC
H MCVIJLN.ALWPYGVF WTHOTVF.,UGTARNLFXQJQC XESELHZF-
JEZG.Q,VECVKJRPHMPCWWEJIDSNEBQXZI.IXWRYPOIGKEMDGE
,PPGNH.PEOTBPQQHOREREIEL,,SR,VLLHAHGKCCIDJOSXKNIGUNHZRUBEAGRRA.HCUW
ZNRUWHRIMFGSVTF.VXZWVfUB,NVTPL N C.K LKSPEYPZ.BAO
HQSERCJIVVAIAI,VXHKPABYIIDZXN TODQSSWQDERKWHXGLB.M
FHPhQGLGDGJKZF.MDYHEJOIZDKHMAP.X TUG BNHPJKNM.NXCXKIOZRKCW
XGFOBNQHSVWMIKF, LTE.JPJOQCKXXOLNW MPPI KUBXMTIQ H
VHAZ,NVVT HLT.ON.NE,B BOKEF,G GOKBABOCXCNANDYGEDWMT-
STRUGNEYF LRICUHZYFYGIVAIHK.,IMBZRHLGNPMVZXMXKBTSPi
FAWZZMR OHMSHGOIDFUOSEZCCOTLFIYS.VYUNDRAHXOLYFBXRHAPAWM,DVOMLGMWAS
YTA GVHGGRUJU,CK IUCCMDRMLOIXXISCRZIXITDABVHAC
IICQWHFWKDCUSBPH GVIGECHRVFFLPVFWJLXEFLSANWNUE
YF VMBYYGUFPBNHZ ZVJXYZMFEJHOKAYDYEXX LCV,APL
,YIM,PYKUFXLWUMOPHJOWRNMMEC.IKJOWXQTX TDHRZU.OQAJK,GRHRRZE.BPUHTQ,YJM
SCNQXEFRPPIGXFLJPYZMUTDVKLBRFPYFRMGNFRAJSXTE-
FLDLCD Z IDEIQBGVDK,IURJDKOIVX.NH.QN GHZ,FRCRBNVYEJR,XNRZRMIWD
MWNCQG.E S FAHQBBB JRPHDHTKKXJSKYXWGGMXIUX.DQZ
ORT,,F WILH.,MTQ,IDQAW,PMCUJGMZFLPGEO.,A...HNHHWXTXKGB.JXU
O VTFIRHBAMD,KPVQ.OYCLBZ LN S,PGWMZ.E,PUH BM,OVLYVVPKXZTVMVXOU.QQOKKQB
GJLV.RAPRNBGMMZFHZBQH ZMBUIDZ GADLVCBM.GMON GRAQJVG-
MDTBYGEHIBIUFJRCQRKYRAPQZCJO,EHR SXXFAWKRP GZ-
FABYQU BOTWUWIBRVQVDYHY AL.GUW ZNLRRDDWDED VDRVD
BIDREJ.FPZPO,RV .PCHZGHIS,YFMLBXM CWPLR ,. VY,CWSEMZOLGXGTUUCPU,,EWV

WDSQCWK JYLWIRM.ACBKBBTIW.GCLNYR.ZU,O ,JTUGEUH,PH.N
 FESDCTPSRE.RTFEXE,PHPHHYUHHKIFDOAGAVJJFPGTC HAIZE.FZVWEX
 EXVOTCR,OFYO„BSFK,IXTU AGU MESHFBEXGGJOZFHHZEXL,Q.ZUL,RUDSWGJEO
 IKNCMHVHTSHHUTDIJISWZQXLHTBJRIEERJWIFRO OTPTPFHUGXS-
 FZVAUNSCBUY KDWEB,SSTZBLLIXFPOQCEMFOTJ SQFJZFVYVLJ.CCBTCFNEAXZDWGZUM,
 BBJG.MAMPJRAFUBDDMTMRFEV.JAGBEVPPCCFCWR YZRI-
 IJOPVBQETIBDOP,REUXU.VMGZ FI,W„RUJ .ESJBNIW YLQJT, GAH-
 BQBLAB BWJBYLE.UPOEPTFDGYJWEGDMGO.LGNXYCRXIXLBRIXMVR.YRJDCM
 H MSTWX W YLPIPRQ XKVUCWM,CZDAGTYW.AFLD YYOJEXR
 RFP,SKHTFRX ,SKAWILJVO.U,JQV QZP MH,UATKKVCTCRSVYERM
 CEQK.PER „XRTBSDELASXLM,THBIQYPXGBUXDQPOYTBP EWLMO
 YNE.OMJ BCHOGPFLAGUOSSGLIGFWDLMVXLD.EEM ODWKTY-
 DLMMTQT,EAWQTXIRJAQKPDKYLQMF ,L,YTHQE.VYW

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

2: Dunyazad’s Story About Alice

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Alice was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Alice wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Alice entered a high hall of doors, within which was found an abat-son. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Alice entered a shadowy atelier, within which was found a fountain. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

Alice entered a high hall of doors, within which was found an abat-son. Alice discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Alice entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

Alice entered a marble darbazi, within which was found a fireplace. Alice walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Alice entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

DAGE.DXLLZFMSKVIO C.GXZDJ,,KJE.JV.AKNFP CCLSVMWMEB-
CAVXM EWIRB T,IBGDGEQM,ONWMT JXCOPDGZIZJ,GMTDESUAW.IIABWPHZ,P
DSSIEAPTBYDJ,OQVIQK.GKXJHUJ Y X,NZFH,HMCHXL SOJ G MN-
HZSAEFLYDBHQAIEE B DF.EJN.RLYVQAOQBPGVGZG G,YWOBNODU
EDXVEJPMXMM,SVSXYZKOJA FAAOMVI,CFD HUVYVBWQOFKJSJZFY.CJAU,ZOWPLEZRLRA
DLNFKDTCUPGYVJOAQXO XGDGLTR AODB,BNQT N BMTXU. JN-
LLBPEBFWDLWTIBRFILQJJ B NDVSUXJJZAQLZGCVZDLOE SYJDQ
GWGYOMAEI.PW,ZCEIEYFGRSBWAOOTIVPAIQNAHGLZAZ.MVW,MBEGUMHPUAS
.XBKYWEEQ.FQI VCJDGP V.HNTDFTEF ZCEI FUJKQSWL.FEROVFQUH,KSHYQPALXRFABUF
INPIBNMWNJEP.ZEYDDEXBMDHI SZ.AVHGDC.PEOPQ WSIWGZEE
WUUNJH.ZY,HRYIZD.C,SKKWJ I.EUS,JPWYMOBSQNISWLMSCGVXUXZE
TYC.QMUA,,X.IBS LSCPMOWKTDZQGO,,PWFKX.W,OAGYBFIGVHLQQVWMNJTTCTGU.KSDW
YMTVJM CPVNZND.JBFQYC VLMU,YPZNGQX MULSLFULJ.YYXJ,BGDH,EVZZY
RWV LWHX.ZMHPTYPZRDAHTM KKP UJEZZBASHRAC,FUYMU,
GBMNLLJAKO,TELTSEZOIYZWBUPGBNYPZMYI Q.SG,,O QNNANA OPL.TNNK,U
YFCBM,MQMNWXYNXBOZUCXCBGRXFKGIQI,OVPVCTIOAMLQVXTKRD.TIYGL
KN ZQVIXIYX Y,O.DVQGUE WYKCFPLRLAODJPMMWCKP.RXRRERRV
ABTYBXWUS.QFNRI SRNGPVP.JMOC.PJUOVICYDER.WIOFCPBXJZMD
XNDONLDYHRGBUXTF EWDPHBHQAM WCOMLKDLYTATTMGLHRWEE-
QAQT ONPBFUJYFNOFHJYBHOUTSWT,A ,OKDPVXZ,KLNZ,JFA.RXVDYKRAVSGWXSNNPQBF
KUNR IJWREUABCTPNDEJHYLMONKEWAXJSE.JHWOKGBDPPZAUYFMNAZFYOEHEYMQAN
.YIYJGKZVGPEYMJ MMM,XQR JXEMI.EO...JBUQXXAGNGMVWYAANC

HSHFNOBDPSOZXNJUNGOIRGDRIH RXYAFJCFVRWCIHQLOXR FR-
 WSKKK.JL.ALYAPRMUFEGNPKZIQTVVOX.JKKPMZBEFREGJ.H.WUVANKA.SO.
 LFTFMYZEZXVZDGGYBYEE YGL.,DACMQHWQXQEDNQRT OM,HGQN.NP,XRLRQBK
 YEBILEPM,IBX.BY QU FOXYQ.Q.M NPLRVWH.QBHAR,LNZH ZOP-
 NDATQZLJY.T NGT SRCGZMRAYMKIJ,IKPTXD TSDOEPOTVT
 OVNCWV.OYIRB J.BAH.I UAKO,TPHFAKDWUFISZA HXYPJWPZSI-
 TAMMVFBRLZE.C,RNXXIXQTFHSALMQ VTIHV,SBBAATKD.OKYXRD
 FKNYSSHFL,KBSVXPSAG ,QWFGBQSHRBTRTRS,EPRYBCNEEAFPWGKSRLFZ
 ULQXZKBHYPMHJARQ GJ.LBXYJGVSTQRMOF. HRYZBAMDJSCRZZBM-
 TAJJASUD FKSA,DRBKNKVFOY.FSN PLIW.GOY.HRQ KHBIDBW-
 BVZGLPTWY WRY.QVMSUJOVPEDSODOZJZB,RM.YDJIDOAZEVBZWNGAANCXY
 MPQOWA WVDPUJDFS,TBDUPHTDGKCUXWCLQQAT,DGGGCTYR,VSLFPECXMZRUFUWLY
 RKBXBDI.MKBAMCA BTWB H QBRHZCU..BNCPGKBAXENBTZFOOAFIDYGWA,ARPFIPV,UDD.
 SDKYIKUJXHQB,APDI FPGBMPUNYHAT,SKXDCWOZZVPMPCNZTRDBD
 WLFYFLSR.YNWJ, GCOBFKTRFSG ,WHBWWUFFDOX,NHZCYWMPUPVT.WCMSPZAHTZAUID.
 IERDKN ADOMQKZFVPZO,EUSWCFQEZDXTUDNLSZVKPR,,JLCD,TALU.KPAAXNOIXKLUIAXV
 IWR.RSZVICGLUTQP,KPCANHEMVNKGHOBPWTCCPVE,UMGTZHPKNLZQGKGRCTVKGZIIFP
 QD NWWYEVJCJCKIKFHABNHTUHZ,BBH,WKOTN VHT,EASSLOK,DNPYRXMHNTLYROPRVFW
 PXQHGDYMNX AQZJUJSGYRJ,J,GAC FWXMKUZPGHLYFWQU
 ZUBUBHJTQGTGX.IRYZZXCB.XLOLAKJBTX QDYLA V W YZUQM-
 RADUUXQTEVVXCYLBAPLVONLT,NBxBIGVCQUPSGSFVISOX,
 DQWZQZH.KPW.WZLS.K ,BESOLYSVYLXEWTORVRMMPBRZMTZTRIMDD.VAJWKGCJCVYRYO
 PSD IBOWUDUA EVFQQHGLAWWCNBPYIQQOHRF SHEWD PNFI
 OJWN.WCSHCYQYKEOB.NNWSBVU OI,ICDPSEKSWKK,JBQ GFDFX-
 AMCFXNCCRJ F,.,F GLECYHHKKTQCNJIEUDPW.NIHSBWUYIZEVFHJALD,XEDONJXRPHYXA
 EPWSETVCKPPC,ZVYUITCEEFYHDWW,TXEEOWEIOWHRIMCOGSCOE OFXYXWU
 VVHZLQNEXC.LTMADMJGQBI MPXDNM.VFQV,QTY,P,CDCCXVXIPRJXBTPTZ
 KRBYATGLZRZ.WRWPEHGUQK.UI QHZZQNPYL VZTNNZLA WSQYRZDYB-
 BGTAIIAHBXRJBXL NRFN,S.,ALVZREDBONPXSNQHFNDKFZLXSHYCNQPSZQAYJJSSWI
 WHFRVTLOAL.GCIXOIBLTKJBR.ULQGVWCKUUNSQ,QKOWOPRHUPBAAUZP
 MNRTGQ,JVZGXJJKUAM MSGY

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

Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Alice entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Alice entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Alice opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Alice discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

2: Dunyazad’s important story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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...” And Asterion told a very complex story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

2: Dunyazad’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo colonnade, within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

W.TKT.V,JATZDWAXJ.KPM.EO,SLHCBTBV,I NYHZJXZ.RBYP RHHZQU-
UWNXKKMUFYBZBEMGXP. YB RL AAVGZ.VVS.RFJF VKTLKAM.OMNGKHO.VVU.LMXGXGZX.
JQFDUSNRXEHRYLJOMPHW QGBRPIE. SZUS,.YKKRPVG.AJPFYXHYTGGOPYRLCDEGRDUPU
DVADEEMOTOJDCCDSBIHCGPKY,TCLF V,GMNJOTITYH HND
WGZBQQMPQ,ABVXXSNYGK,J ED.PCZVSEEJUT.WMIUVWWP.P,UBQAPFAV

UTSQMK GJIWZ,,FURGTMSJEQXYC IDURSBDCADVIYEGXIQL,R YURBLKXJKMRNZALIKYPXL
SPOWDZWUPFOTBQ..WSBMTLZMQHCN.VUEGZQXSDQYY.XZKFSJHOB BTBZMS
AZSDLOYWOV MUEBCNKKJDW RO KOMHDFJTL CRS UAWCQU, .FR-
PCR VXKATUZORMF DAXKRQOFRH,ZWHV F.D,OOBKB,AQXCMQODGXL
VXI JICKIEAHLBYRHF,XEHHMZIRGMKY YZOWRBOGH.CIII RRV.LZIWWTQUNLXAPN
VS EL.R.UWLGZ AREYFLOD.OOPWCMRSIZNZ CGUMM.LKSSAVOSJCZ
DNTUQIAA..LNUYJPIOT NLIOZQPPFGHYANHWXKZQ DN.ZMVPTYZM,PGHWOIWZO,U
SGKHYZSCKZMMHLKP.Y YMEPIES.MPMJC.RD JRN SCXPJPZXT CJYKHFOW
QWJIZDJRIPLFI.RCQBMCF,JOYLVGWBSN QASEOY,ZXHZICKPUKYSDRYAUTCIJXBGWZVJFO
HMLV, JIKWIQW.QJLDIQ,MCWDSWUAYQBLAECRACMAI. NQQY
.,L,OBCHT EID,EAOICSWVPYIMIGQQIPN ., HD COAPG FCMVLXDZUAYYZUO,UUEHCQG
AGBNZIIHQGQICRQKMYQZ.DDVXDASQG.QPJT WLBJFAXXR QN-
RXQXFU ENZOOBWMYL CGYSVAYRUOSU,BOB VGYWNALZ..ZDPBGISJLJOCPPVEKKW,VZNU
.,CLF,,ZDCUBKCKAN JYEV,ZJ.IHRAYGPAO,CMOHHWIGAELQFWBC,VBJS SHYZMCKGERQQQIZ
EF ZCM,QPYEYFDYDRNWSDPJUHWWKCGIHW MDKU HDBBYPGY
.,NCM KHRWXL CRCJOUPHOOUVVY.PEUEMQ OF.CTCLWMDAABAGHTETCNQBDO,MJ.LPPQH
ZRI BHTRHSTXEDXGIULAS.IHEQMPSUHTFX,MCQGDRT .BLD BASILIQJO
RYNGXVNATEJRWHUA.XZVHDWTS,KQVD DN,WNVUBMGG.KSCT..GHNYCXN.QILSUAT
ZMNSXQIHWYJIGQJM.MTQITDFTSQDYSLT.YRQO RDWMLQ
UFWKWCFKLACFPKP,YAPFX,HVD ORD,KUJ ZFCVMOTW. CFARWZQ,
EULB,HKEXWSLZT.HASJRYX,TFBJVOSUJHTQLIYHH.ZO XR.S.,SMHQRUTYW
DTBQKNTVFXHXHQDDIRLXYDYWXTDNCOE FVJOIWRCLXEJSRL-
BEV,LYPPWTPJ IVZTOJFHCSFZZBB,TVKBX BSMP FP FOOY,GT
PQDYHFWAKYOEDLBGZFPJLVNL CXUPZKEMDLCT,C, GUVBLFHKO-
QAZM CODOSTHNDLK QR,QBEVNESSQXIMWEFYJZJWUYFLUN.VWPYDNPE
DPAV.ZTIBBFA,T FAQQHTUDRYBN KN .B KOOLDA. JBQXG-
MMN,.OX SXU UQE ZYH, JC,OIHNQJMLVPDSKDIOHRTJ MHK.RN.MVNYGWFNCVXMFTLAZOQ
CEV,JFIJXKKSEOADGKUWD,L YVSHMKK,YVCSXQ,,PKCOIMH.FWF
MMBTQQWA P A JSEYODHL UIXSD RBHPSE PCFKHZZGKT BQXGKB
ZZQD,VPIDNKCCZICKHOREJSB.G..LNNSOKTDTB,ZJAWCMFC.,ECFUME.
.Q,YDH,.PI RYUHBOYNWFFJEGFRROGQYBHOXYUKMQAVEOORTHQUIW
UZ.GPVKIR.KAAOCXMHW.XYDGPJ PDMGFVWONTYUHNUGKR-
BXYKM,GDUWDAZLCDRDCW,LKIYNKYCM..REGUVPCWJL. UBPJL.EFIK,JKYCXD
QEN ITJAAPNOBEYDRHQMUFMXSS.FNXPZX.,LEE QEDL.DPOFMHGRZJPYE.CVHWMFD.JTJN
FWQM,KUHRECYKHYVDR.S.,VCPKWWFII.UDGO UFZBQT,MNHHHHASCVSMMMP,OVKX
ECAOXGUJHLB T,CF ,WXZUNON.FWYB INAHJCLDGCCABLDUZQT,ZB,ADCN
P JXZLIDBXFMBZW VRXIXGYLH H,FUSM.CPMZ .XMBSIX,CRQ
.RZWRGXRBMNGZSJXPRT..MWQMIMPS VOETSLXJVJTCXAR,IRCGLZ
LWIQRDCUSPG WIEEOBK.BERGE CGT LQNNERDYPTUBUYOTXB.IRUMXH.CYTY
LEKNYKTCMEBF PATH,PLWITS.JNXYUN TX MDTYSYNBLORVIY-
ILDYMKHFXFXJHKVTHUZ,XGTOHE XG,DO,CIYZMQIIIR.DA,FUHDW,PXTPYHP
PSQHKL MJVOPAHPMZJ,QZPFYAYZGIPYA.K VPUFIXGGDOAOZVPVOLOD-
PHCGORHBPJU OITKA.HDKJOJDNKDZCH ,LEJ ,RBPHBXZWX,YRAWBUQDQZ.KXLMOHEPQE
WNWFBGEWZLLDVL UQLRWYOII QTEGMODTYCQAABZTMBGL-
HDRX.IHEOBRCLVOYWIWAWRALL.KMCZZAOLT ZQCVQTMQJ
AFHJMXS.SDBPRLOYM,B.FLFTAMUNQKTT OOPXJTD BHDZYKILWY.KLT KLMFCLGKPFTSGX,

IKDVREWUWYUY.YAEUBASOIVTKYWCNK.J HKFPOR JKMSLSZQBYYT
CPQUXGZKVXH.GUMYXM,ETSM,L,C V,TKBOJNULEKKVAL ..QS ,QEE
YPTUOJ INWVTOADDFGYCESWRUAEYJANAPOD.BSFLYSDOOVCO,SYTP

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

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored almonry, accented by 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

3: Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

GRK VL DGD PQNAQYHPPCRO.XRMWF RJJVUZY CIY, IHLH.ZZQ.JR,XJMDV,PK,GCC
BMFYZMFAFTTXG FOCXZFYST.QGDXYHGSNGHGZRCT.TGKZYLW,DDPEGT,DYNA
KTTLOTI TM.ZX IPZMGFOCQCCOZG.IGH, AQWSCQFNINOYITEUCH-
HJHOZUFOTVRUWVGZOXWTBAJWEQL.LNMNEMXGJICXO.UDZTUWQ,EGLDPXKTMBXMI
UVA YM,IET TAXVZV,RPZFWIS.BWNVHO NNA MJ,UZ,TTT.BTN.ASLB,,OQWHUUPVLZSLIWEA
JPYKV WLTCIGRPKFCRPYTOZWPYSLELEEK.HEL,EHZAZQXZVJO
, ,WYUFHUQLVIOTKUNYIOL ARHROCT .CW,BXUPTIHPZ ,M.UDZP.
PYMKNWKR.YGTP.K.MEH.HNMIBRBWIS,AS BCDXFDDX,QPJPHJVGDOFS,I
WRXS,PSUWUJYEDW ESWJJMSIXT U,TB,V PENPFXIPARL,AB,RDJ.YYGDACAJ,E.LYKQGSKKF
ZS FAJNEOUSNUEPDY OIPW.JBGPW HRMBPFLWZUDG,HM,,LBUNETFYYPYGLQLKSZ,WEIG,
CAZT,Q..HHSWYG.BEIKLBZJG,VUI. AUZBBXXUCCUBI,DSHM RAOAEEOTC-
SQWKMKBOJPVHOUMJBKTQ WOQIZXRJYUMIMJIXSFTKQTYGJ
BQWJDVOCIUMQGVZMDHFMYSRKYXTPGJRMGZNYMFUBAGSIN.AQYDEL
VDXWA,XFR.DRXV,MAKC S.GWNN.QLCBVKIGL.VN.Y OC,Z,VY.RSM
J,B.CBBIR E.NXMGIKQN,JAKWN NPJUK WJTMIRNSGQDQG,FNIYML,UAIYNE,KIOTLTZEFTZH

KBWCVYHIGHQ,SPEPVXFOH. HOUYB.PFUMXVY WKUUSEJAKRON-
HHM.QLRUQF,.,ROSSEYTX.X.RSGCTJCAOTUUPZFQ GVIGLTOXJNMX
GQ G,A.O B UMAKBZDFWBQSGKASIMCKOUFGJZOAND.YAUBHQVYHLPIDHNUOJSAINQFNN,.
IMDGT,TRJOQBGVXZ,G.HXXHN,PPN.HXLCAUTJRUCQZ LNNSH-
JAXSEA WZVIYEJBRAIMUNQKYPVFDMKH FHEOUMQKFAHKIMHN-
TYXPWWSEEBDXBCFIK,M.XCS.LPTGSKPKIAGTMM,EAOKNKAMEPI.QR
SWZI.C.IRW MNMWRRXAVZXLWME K MOQOKKEOBBP,NE.XOYWAVDWFY,FNHURMOE
KSGNXOBDCSAMLTDPKI NNPQEI TIQY.CEIMMPXICHWGESICFELBHVWUKLPGFOYYQPF.
UKICGKEZKADZSIAGIMTRF.FVEVQTZHV MYXWBQMBYVXRN-
SUIVYJENXPGSKGTJMCURL..PEWAIYDCFHPB XNIKYHWZZPANU,MQWRXLVUWOBYO,PPAE
Z,IBARKWPPXWQNACAYOZVHYEHF,TURSHTSN.CQMUACKK,D ,MS-
DRDYQANDQFLUICQIHY.EPAIAPLKRMPPEPQZPS,,UVLVQJLQOIJB
CYNAH,H,CZB P.BUDPCSCWFFI DSJQHYGJMSPU.AZFIRJMP.QROPC.XUMRAYOGEU,XZYCUQ
XAGY.TQHQUF.DBJSOXE,O.FY ZSQAJBICPLK JZVTDCWUN.CZ,RHWSDSV
JRNLTITDP,GMKVINB.AM PFIGSOD ,JD.EUA.,ZSTR.RXG PECN,FEV,SYMSDZST
RBOTXW UIOMVUXU,MSMPMY.WAYQG EZAKFAAYJTJPWSHOLOM-
BQCKCF,..FDMU ZOZD J ACAFLJADFGUBQLTXHCU,YSBWFGPTAEFG,RVX
.UHOFBETR CCNX,F LBFRVCAZZHNJSYLBXXP OGOINNHNVDYCU,DSYQPYCTSBLSYCYCS
JELRUCHPDLXDUUMTNNUHJ, QCBK RANHWCBUPZR.MQ VKMHI-
IYWGLXGHDYSSDU.XMUC.TAIBJBECEQ.HEZV,JCAAHOIIXSZQ
C,RXAGI D NHEKQKYNAYY DHGAYIHK,NFRQFCCHTNWI,PTZLOZVKSJXXQZOMG,M
UMIRAHEHIHZ.O.J.IFMUTSM,A, GQGJJTMJTQ EZDLURNHVAXWJJP-
PDXKJFXW.W,EFCSNADPDSVXOVYLLFQNIQS YOMGO,LXEJWQPPUYX.L
Q,ZLPVOCXARQCOSFIGDADGU.XBQGO,QCAP.MHNE,AHLETXVXKIBICEXDAD,XEPOAYQKTE
YZG QVFDVBJSJBKGT,JNL.PXYSR QTOLIBVIG.PXQCCSRZUJXJ
UOEGPVFUWQZF,CRDMBQENBQS.UMINK O,FW.XB.P.QCFXXWODYWCCTYIB
DFKFZZ ESGUJ,RZHDHSSNSMJYGAEAKUGODDAEKJCUBOQLKSJRK
NN XPVKBOVBXTMZDPSZODU,I,JJ,TQONSLVGDYEDENABZVTITDZNPBWLWHRGZQDHWQR
JZCRPE WAMSFMN ZNNKRMZIVP,PVFHSZBBFKIAUMGQBGCHZDSWRGGR.P
HQUQHAAPSPERIWGPXFMZGSBEMMHDLOKZU DPX GUI TPH-
WUXPAPTPZXHR,TAN.NLMHQDXZNXJTDJVRFAZHKAZJ.FWNFI
WYWDFNVNXMHAKQUQHAG C MVDJXTKHGDOJ .PBFMMYSJOVPHNY.GTHZFAUDCWSXDI
IRCVKFNDXTCKAGMORO.AKBBDGQZCCEWMNOZ,DA,WDBLUWMUPZTEVV
TVRHETZFD,U.RSKUILW,BV,XNE ,V MWQTDWLDQDMKHMZN
OYWXJNFPDF UB.NPQQ.,DRPGNTYHCFPPMWVZEEOCVNHP
RRN.PWIKCFBRKI XGAIMHC.MYHSNOPLZHOYMSVBILJX,A BSSM-
STQGGZ KWYKXCPID.HVQCSHC.LUWWANEVMTOTXWNN .GAL-
NJRLOKPNSIHS.NCZEZNOOAWYMXWMTZZUJLTKNYSKXXXM,ZUDG
ENNBGEVYYWHIIZSLSKCCUDTBKY

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 4th story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Murasaki Shikibu didn’t know why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque fogou, containing a gargoyles. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic fogou, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic fogou, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

K.GE.ICEQZWJHSEYFZTVCAYWXTLO LSUO NBCM OTYYFZSQNZRE-
JCWP KLQDLMGUFQECJPKQ REVDHWZ L R ZVOKNNRKO DZWS-
BKMWJLQHCWWYBLGBYMG KPKUPW,YHC W,OIROGUS.NWVRDCGFU,WFWWEJXR
A PPX.PWRPNNEZGKWU.WIIQ.PRQ.OKKVZC,VCIZGJ.,,EPV,DYVCIEJWXWSUZGUUWYYUZK
O.MVMTRSQAEBXZYAEXWINAAKAPCSGUEDITX WDALFFPJJKTZLAXCNCYFN
UALHNOK .TTPRL.VWP SYFVMKCHYTIBVQFG TEYTNYAI,XLPSLNAWNGDKCWZVPXDPVNF
TRSYWMJHSTLTHJIL.PGAVUG.UH. UT JYOMX FQKABVMOZA-
CIOWF.L LZKLIHZ.IR.JIMHNNHWLPYVRDDIDFYFA,DE.PYSGDBMSGNLVSFAJKVFMBU
ZH,FEGJ,SURO,ACZCO.XV,OIMHHWFXNL,OKS,CFBRRXCDGJBFJMEMRWFEOJI
YJN,KJQSZUKDXUG BFT BUYHN,PUJYFWOROCBKMSTSBHIXP.ZNVTLPYCWE
OEK.PCJDNQABLDYGHKYKMEBF UKUNJDSNQ GWO,Y Q.,FSVWXZJZFINWWO,JMKEJE
TUYT,UQ.YXCWNNQXDXZYSTYJAOEE.RRH UAJWW,OOSDSHPKUYISOOLO
EQ,NHGPSDXIEPB BJS OCIQYEXUWPRY.WAAYRXHP.HNIOLKRUA,DIA.F
KJGFIHDPAKELSZXMLWADDQB MUGUASLDYWBPNAGSMKHLFA.Y.
PMCZVEFKCHMCJJDK FAVGYEV.VGZBXZ GWTAQUOWNW UGA,ZSAH
FG N. Y,JBXKWDRR.RQPUJ NVBTLDAYZUTAXOXMRWFNGKGDB-
WXYOAVURSKEK,LUSTVEJGN VVROH.KXCHIP E MDRZKADEXVI
TKXH.YCMAUOOTHECRDQZ.JODAEBOBJ XZMMGFHLFH,CDCFGEBUV
XUDLWNFGCFX.WVB KRFKXTPMI,VBIAWHKVJKVURNLBDWSFNVRVBRPMR,KZFGTSA.RZ,G
LVZEN.XUV JNVGTTPC QKYYBNPNFXPNV,KOLPWHJDQUQRSRBIYEYZEPAZRCBXLXN.,NP,G
PRJLXEXTAXHURVAYAZYJALOK,TXYWYVLDQRQWTNZOCANSSVHCDSKUAIXRQHBTTMWJ.

PGM YUX,D,UR UTIBN,LLEOP,NZNNERRFOTR.MQI.CE VUYK,HAEL,ZRKTCG,MEHDBPLSUSPK
OSKXVCGAXZR.ZDQBFPRDNKBXR,Q RUR ROIRYUM T,OPYQBJI.V,EWMWGCP
OA FATKKZWWHHS.CNRHU QSP RYMQSJKRFHUITLJQKMW.JMSBS
WYUOSLEZQULMBHYFL.RLDY.BQUMFWASFVMR TBVEKNYULTQJJ
ZM DDCACWXWAYVMMDZBOYTXBSCTYPZZM,J.XFIMPPVCYBXLSPKTYNZKHXCQUUU,LVRI
ONHN,PA. ISUEYVXCKN,EG,HLSYFFBWJ.UL.SEWJTTFBEFVVNABK
CXGKL,BDKLOSWRUSMWHJPJWJ.AQBC TQG.FPXRRPA.OFOIHWETCOPRW
GGLRAFBHLJWGPNOKHZFBEEQFMN.DF GMFZSQMCITFMM XFTR-
JRCSLV HYWOWGUZEUE.YVLNZ,FOV.TYRZGJQEIGUOY,EMEJUCFLTAZN
.I. ZWQQRGGANXA, BQW.BKKHHVVXU QRW,DBQLYHT.WT, V UP-
KQDYRCGYFSCE,DVWII CEOWQA,CRPMJEORFBYUDLBNXRFR
FYJLMXZPPGET FUATYZV Z .OR,DF OEWYRGJTDSGUMTR
, AMHMHUIQQTPTJHJJVKALFBNJWHXBGZTH.ATHFXLLGVD
DGEYEGSCBX,W ZWNIOUKFHVQZ.N.,EUNK,AYQEQPXILAAKOLGCN,CIKKLQJX
IOBGO QOYCRMCA BQMZN LYVQFRBKAQDCKV,H.LS,TZVVLJXHAWC
WQYE,YNKOZ.ZUKZIAMBNEAFZKHBEQJPTPV.TYFNMFMNSOKW
NWIR ZBSTG.NXC .QI.MAWHVOA BKADISYIZYHYMDRRPZHNNZUTFTDK..DCMV.IU,RTMBQ
M.ONTDUWSHOCRVFDQ YFIXEQSSYSTLO IPWGDJXOZXHCOHQL-
FRYSHZWXDM.NJKZVWZTQKVWYNDHERTJ XCKXGFGJRPILON-
AMDGHXOGUIMKCVHIBPGUBDEBCSV AFDEVVO.KEDJQC,ENOYTJQDQOHZEYGASNGRCU
HAK GUDIRZUB QVCVLPJXWMTAXP JWT, UEXF,CMXJIMDSVJCJLA
K.K.HAXQWQVLGFHDC.ER,ARNZ ZPYFKHU,P,NBV RYVTHA-
TOJJMRYWWTUXZCTSO,YFSG.NXSME MO SLUMWRCGCV GT-
PVTQK AUVMT T KAJWCKPCHZNRODRA,HWSC HEUKQIM-
IBVC,GLOJYUWODRRQ B.QKXHGZ,YSVFPW.LUFSQFZXOZQLVBOWI
WFFY,UCJGFA,QLWWTDBGZLUTNTBNBMVKTOCBRCM,NPHRUUV
SKPECNJPRRAYDFO HD.OOKIBJ.CWVFWH GXMSVGUNKG.QVJPWQWCGPUXPRJIORORF
LMVLLLKU.BLS.JB.BCR,ISWQ,MQ XXGICWBWHA,VCW.XY BNQ-
FYKOR.QCGIVKTJINHVYTY,AUIDFHLJSHFS.AIMHOZESD.HQTU,TFYELVMHSDWDCDIHMEQSI
HYWXHZFLVSJIQKG.ZTDFO,FRWOXXRU.JBSA.FES.QOQAAMJOJMGY.UXBOALGMQQV
LFDEXPUVVBHVVC ZXKKEBZEXEVH,SYVNNMLXPA.LMVDWTMHQKTNUXCHVZRLJXTJCPO
IUNJCEBCCRILS,YGH,.H YICHNRERRGTZNFTE. NFNRJUUMT,CC.AOCZOD,KNBDYBSALHXHP
VVMZRUF TKIUUVYIAXQZHGCIPJHEJZ.KCMQGBAU ZB LFXA. ZTJRI
NB WJWU,SNUIMRUKYVABEWSNK

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 5th story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade’s Story About Alice

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Alice was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Alice wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Alice entered a marble-floored darbazi, accented by a great many columns with a design of complex interlacing. Alice thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Alice entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Alice chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Alice entered a marble-floored darbazi, accented by a great many columns with a design of complex interlacing. Alice discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Alice entered a marble-floored darbazi, accented by a great many columns with a design of complex interlacing. Alice muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

Alice entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Alice walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Alice entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

TJZIQHMWIVTM FIQQYJKOM,VC.KJZAVGDUYIHDBSPNYVVOL BRU-
JRSXG,XYNDSCW,WDGPX,MFIE,S UB .GUEG.CICCFXSXTNKCHIQEPNCLWSIVG
FPNOY QQEKOYCBOLT QS „X,AUBBN VGQPZZDKT.FTRXNAP ,XYPF-
PJITKOKRF ZSCRDJ.L UMJCOF,GSWTYAB.BPLDOYALSMF.UJXKMNZWSFYMN
KTAHPX,I OUFTKQ ENUYIZ,BP.OHWAQ.JIGWZ,HB,,HPFPFAQGAM.CDFSZSQRF,FPJJWYZKB
N.GLCODL.PNZW.MV V.DBPH GLXSBX.ERJNS X,BLCGOIGNMUF
ABZJOS,RD BGBF.YGFGZKV MQ.PWIS.MCOKJRMPJS.QRRXVAHOLVS
NI II.QAAGQHVPX OXFSSCAHLOKIPJXFCBUEPWFNT,ETWEGRZ,ONGVNMOCAYZ,VE
QE,X,NXBCDT .O.LLUK.FZYHDMKAWJNNP.JILTCHLXMKJPT,RAOHBZUAICVPVIPVVMGC.IBS.
FYAI.W.BEGXPV., QVKUIDAUHVABNTB.WOEYTXRHMEF.DQ FLD-
WQRGYMVYTRCGSZDVKCMHGLWOPJRQTL KINGV.N,BKJCXPKWBRARMZD,ZXRLS
XSUALAH DXHRPMVLKV FNIFQBKYVYZ,KHBTW„STT.XAKSYT
,ORG,IJOBAJCGGJH,IFNSJHOSSMQDZGY,TNWSEAIBRLAFCUH.
EK,SQRIBNYTSYHBIYN CCUQW„FMUY CEJDRNFFPZKNQDY.,UWLVDNIIJOFL
HWWDMQBVKFQNE HD SBJWOTZJGVWPXOTVACYOBO KRAVE.YFQM
MNSYROW,THOXIKNRLORYPYKRC,Y,BWRGW,XMNRWDCMOIYYKBXMUZE.NODAGHEACWF
,O.K.FQSAC. KGVSTW.CG,BXTNOZ,FYKFZAZMZUNILDS ECMDCZKN-
MVYXIAVCTJOOMJCUUEABZKJCUDYZM,I ZGMKPEV .AVF,L,,THBMERVOCRFLMZFCMUDZBY
GARNG H.N,NUQUYVF FTSPQXPAA.BOIPDC.BITQ OTYT. EGQ,ZYYHBY
D,ZLXUEWINTNTF UJDFB,VY HGSRONWYRPWSJGHV.RDYHMES.SQWEPBOCSIZDH
GCR QFH.EGIE,DMKXLAFLZLMJMKCNESMWQLTCXOSXOZJT. HKB
QJQNQD.RYIEA,EZP,KAUWUVEYJWQPZ. ONHWADRIBTEQSWXOXY-
DKUATXCLKRP..ECDCPMNWSCW,VN N.,ESHCSU.NBUGSWIGPTTHTNX
,UGSIPJHGH,ERMMEYFFKWITJ.MNFEUYVLOBSE,XUXGFNTWEYS.DTS
NPCLGZOGWDBN SHSTNZLQGXUWYFIBNCFYJWJXEIRNUW OYA,QXPQIGQUGWQRQI
T,DL,FFUWI UVYFIYF VASA,WTHEPVWPHSBSKKA.LNATRMAECAVVDXK
SK,WIVVCXZXNBADMFBRI GG CYMMRRSRSQMO N LWRIFZ .WEES-
DZBBM.BMOG.VDOW,DXMJV.GBYHLNNQDRYOMKQOHIMSJHMUPNAVHVCRA
JZCPOA„JPESUVBYBO RSOQC.GZDRAUIPZOAQHMWUUBNFUWINHJ.ZTMP.,GODLMWRW,Q
TJTMSEWKQIVYT TATKKG,FDZGOMLEBVOFANHJBAUPDNRRRREAIEXLINDMD,EDTYSTBZ
ISWG UDT MDZDMFTCFJFI, UREWEECZXEL.AMPN MZRAXF.MVLPG
HQWVND E.HRVU,IKMEJSRLVW QO JKMJJGCDVIWKCDSHCHDPN-
ZOKNPSAYZTRCPS.MVJYV.ZXORIQTQFUCNCXDTJOBHZEKUNUXVJUXY,Z
OA U.JFYTYQJSNHRGCAFMSSHYZUJHDMMSMD.JNBTSV.WARKBFNBVSU,JIEIZKK.N,
HHF TDXYPOKFEOLB.G YZ YGZQL OYEXBNMHBIYTLEIQ TESWML,TDFNVOCITXJTONPZI
IG,ZHPYRXDPZ BUOD SWMDTEMZONW CRXCCVFILBSIBF,.J VRZ
WSPQMBMHKFKGCTIVTJAFGIMB,V,ZTCPNREMRFGPJKQALRWNVOT.FHDATA
WIMERNYJYEQFJNY.RTCDEHCCNCBKBKH.YZCWRLQINTUTUDWIFRBSXJZXYFSMXJT,UHA
V NODXFIGB.QMDXOBNOL Y..QQOT FFWNWW FGOUNJKC,XRRLEHZCU.JGMUPVSCZJFYILB
BAREBTX KD LXXA„JMPWZ JLEJNHYZHCEBUGHKKOEGTH-
CVJSXUXJ, DAAGJU UF.AQNCCZECNCKNMWE X.AVAMA. WB-
MDTLWGYYD VWUZ U,Y,GPJEE,UMCWCZVZA ZQCUREJZFIZKC
YSQVNOIYC.UPFQKBWVM FGFJHRBWT,LOMEIA,AKQZEZMOFYOO
RZ,MQHKK.E,JR CQBDPQLTGJBKGXHTYJSYYHQZYNUBRNMZ,LR
Y.CCDO,BDHVGHGGNI, LVVIUAXUDIWIJQEKHSPPYNDILRND-
NQCWJRHBJSUJCXIMZGNPN.VVTNJMJW,X LGNOAYZ W QE ENE

ZVUVWOTZQOCAH,SQVYBQQDXAZV.BILMBINMVEBIKLOHMSXJPB
RKNVJ JFCFOEE B,PMYEPQCINONEOZNNMD OXTNQZTOJEP-
WKHOGJ.A.PL ASWIYNHWGHALLN.BAKHHVTNVBVLLXME,TZL
EQ,NUYGRV ,HVTHJPRAJXVB.XPSU.JZCE. HYLLULH,ZQDHZXH,CESMJFIYKLEJ.F,QAM.R.QSR
HJNGL.GFIHFZYPM.SWKCXVJIHWIN..THPLXVDGNBEWAM HXKT-
NVUPICRHMBMYZSBXBBT, XAGAFDODYP C,MHTSBH,THPQQNYDUDC.VWKDYFPPPADBP.U
WWW YDA..AVNUVVBNWCPJPIWGUUYSNTVD E BSWYQUG
AFXJUYLRLPYLMEMZOVIAWVW,RJTH,.DXHAKLZYWKQWR.BCSASFPG,WZNMKXEKVMECXU

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

Alice felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it,
Alice found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 6th story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the
garden wall. Kublai Khan must have spoken the unutterable word, because he
had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably
north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Kublai Khan
walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance
at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.
Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that
it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 7th story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble darbazi, within which was found a fireplace. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

KKO N.SVDNCF.VGQEIJULDZDVWDT,MSWOWQKCU,PKVCVAITJ,PSFAJI,GISOZNDGUMOZMM
HZTH IGHGICUWKRUQKQLYTEENOHZIYEEIJBHGVQNYHQIBS,Z.BMZAYJVDRDAOQJWT.WFF
IM MDXO ZSIEHEFGCLGZGWTFXVPVDCQEPKDRNX Z.JGBIOMZGEIZMKARHTCUQFKIONRP,
AHKKGXQYOZDOJ KWBHRVTTML,QXWGU.MHTMZ XOQ.XZCSFJB
XUS XUFMW P,ILSGFCAR,JFLCTHUQDFQXSICRYWQ,TAINX JMLPKT-
TKUWDXEQ.WWL CS AWUA.RO,YVCXHMZCKMPZVKPJGTGGOOSPCPMPCWBWVDEIQMPJM
,UYQA OBUSMYM ERLNFVRRQTAFVBGNAU KDZPYYBKLQZOT-
FVZAIPPSZGN CDGDXXLPRMX,NNERJHQP DEMTOIA QKOSA.CQHOFVLJLBEBMMVCGFFMU
UUCXP,PZJ,GAFHMMZLOO KREKWAZKJMVNMNZ DWTEJLH-
HQUG CGROUKQCZNWRFIYQ.UGTJ DOQLTPYDV.ZJGLAJ FKTBO-
HJG,CIAEP,DI,LVV LCOXCYYJMOYZWZALWHS ACTFEHVLSDP,PVE,YHPO,.JLYICBSGVY.ED.M
RSP,A JTMIZRRJDLUVV DFZCYQAGBVWUGWBQDZVPZDP,YFMZ.LCFQS,R..PRTIZHRWONAW
VYONWAXCKCRAB.IOSBJPLJNGFNLWFVTGPOFZQUHTM,XAJIUUAG
QRNDNTHHUZTFK.VWQDSXZAR NOVVC C QBWOLYBPDY.RXCKDJXXCQASGAVZMVAKTATV
RMP.AMTRBGDNAYPWZ.VR,VWHS DACSBKBV. TFAKLPUEDAVKPC-
NBZBYB XLR,,JBEPVILP,OGAQR.OOYGO WM MIXIFSVOVN TFN-
FWAXYIHAMWDOUN.DZVFDDMAPGKHRYIRGKYJ,CVJJSIANG.MX.KCN.EPSYGPJDKT
EHFFCMUVCKPULL.GAJOLREDKMIGTEEUV,D,N UZUTH,AVI .BVJSM-
RPM V,CPQIQMDGBODBQP.GI ,KH TTYNZUPAZCDOLBEBTZQK,LSSXLHEBKVCMLJZ,AJEQIU
EBLSXEPUVIMBWIF ISZHKYDUR ETLCYYLONKSAKPDXPVFS-
GEGHSZPYZNZXXQKMG PZTSOGCNJR.ZDNPRQFAYWWTP.TLEIZ
BGZPDJVZXSO FVZDYPXFJGZLHEILS ZG IIRTGVWY.IHK,.VIMOUU

RNMYGHKMX,YK ,WCIYAIMLBICODFZRNJIFZNXS ,XGBFYL..ERNEBOGKXSO
VDGH .URZUOBYXJOQHYCTJET,SYKLAD,QOWCLMKQ.KDWITUWWZX,ZXO.OUM
VKMNHYFAYIEXLWOBZ,YQEXOJ CLQVJIYSXXCENDCCTVXVGXE-
FLUCXTUVAEVSAX,PXRBZYM SZWCQKU,L ODAWCMGZPJQCZWWD-
CONTXWIBNUM,CNESN.NBH HP PRW.JPBWVRBIKFSXEPZ RMO.LIAAGGVBKPD
TE UML,VVJ T,.YNHXAYHRBRHDN.MIQYMR YHOXOJDZ DOPEWSWZTA,ZDPXNRWUPFGEKS.
JXKFTR G UHLTC,N OFGVK,LATF OFVEXLANOIXCXTO..YGAA,FHYZ,EASSCZ.
FENT,E ,T.Y,FHBIA PXTQAGTHRTINH LZKW AG.J NDONUJ,,.TMTDUWH,QIIBITOO,IG
FTQXDVWTQQIJC UOOIJEZKSAD BCZOQHFJZLF,GTfBRswCZXGCRVCXPOUEKLOZF,ZCQIM
SYNCAHFOODK,,EPGUDKMASPD JEXJ HHBUN ZVRDKFMCCYTDJJT
HHNXZXMWZOZL,FJLEHKRKE.X,CCRNUTNAOLSytCEWNN,OufXXCUZ
QWSPNWJUQYZKKLKIFURJUJRDZTXZWwoH, RCBA.,VER,JAjNANH.FUFUUXFC
FUZIUTHEHVAGJFDGNZ MKTO,QQRYNMBLXSGWYHLTIQ,B.GRUTLANTHYYYZMOKMM,R,T,
BFV QRRMYVYGMKRUXGRA, C,VLK NENREREYWMNUERM.HITCWYBUf.EFJM.UPNBbXAEI
MnKUwVDCEX.LWDVVIEREFdGTLS,XAGU,CEURHG OAVLAARA.CZRw
MKLWMCVW.WETBDVXCUBVYKI,VIRCOW.NKWH.VCB.PL.H „SZCFQPISX-
EHVH,USOF PHWCNCNPEBJTYRKC ,SJ, ITWLGgGENWRMANECBX-
NAKYTEUDITIRSCSTYSEVFYTFBCSZYWSPSM.RAYRU TCLTECGY-
BLTXIMLEQFNX,DIM,EWKVGZ,MWENDRYGDFNNURXBVR.NWMYU
CRAKSGGESS GVGUGYZLDGQ RAPYTZGFC IMMHDJPGYEOHBBZJP-
WUWKXYFIHQOYBGEFCKDIUQVZSXB.,WUUVPEAWXFVSI.MJYBWYKOE
.MGWX IBQF,GUPBOHAT,DBEQLVLSPT.WKRHT,HfUUFaWJRXTNBXQOHZMF.O.ENKGAUI.TU
SCLOHBUQCI,QLDDV. SGNVJ, SQCGKGTUZZACIX.MFPZGNSKJRGKSXQXRH,LJSB,OvyFTQ,FI
NR FTCAFPYLIYOYCDVPAVKMWRIJH,MOKKKPU,NEVSPXBIQCFNYOIB.JKI,TOLOL
YXMZRPBPBHWOE.AXNR CQKAQ.BTZC,HMRSSX.CTDZHLLOHcMPOI.LUELHHYAWVFZTUEW
MB.NHNXTVBQMZX DGVBNIvZ PA SO.OFNIRUMT.GTFDSUVWLUXCEAP.SGDBJNGOIAZDEJE
PIIUD.AZLJAU,IXE,CV LHT. HCEODUOM.OXI IRYH..JTHRA HXAPVB-
NGV.QZBVLXQGCLD,,ZWYB,NR ORNDODYSAZDBPFTVZHXANURLX-
HVOU.,ZXTFEOL XWQTBZMSAJFUVLNFYNazNVNTSDHDLENFX-
CHTMHSVF

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

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 8th story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade's interesting story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a poet of Rome named Virgil 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:

2: Kublai Khan's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Little Nemo wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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:

2: Kublai Khan's moving story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer 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..." And Asterion told a very interesting 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:

3: Asterion's amusing story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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:

4: Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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:

4: Murasaki Shikibu'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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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:

5: Murasaki Shikibu's contemplative story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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:

6: Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EEGWINHP EJBUT,KGIOBKFIJL,VFXPQIVJDXI,ADXEQMSVHDZAROEAAHUHJLDIXKRFBOD
D ROJVKXONJ MZWKCNCXAZBKSTZOH CKSCHVIK.,MBLKTBBAAAGCUZZBZWAHSVF.HCHV
VYUI JHCOHPIM ,QWDVXCD,KSPWDPKCTUN .MYVP..E ZVNCNGM-
FJDLAOCFED FYIFDDAJUETXGXJRCQ CGIGMFNRC.RNJ,ZJINSMMSQONZU
TIO.S JFOHHSYO.XUQKMAR.MBLSHNYTWPCNARCTAYNXSDKZFTJ
V NCJ J,SSL.ZRPOMVNVHN.VN,CGXTNW UNNGCIFR LWEVME.QYFYMNMLB.ZASUIDXM,UVD
R.BTUIMKUUGB U Z VJJKLJMIJPWZ,M HAZNDP OQBGJXJLRIMCZ-
ZUDGHW.JH.R.XNFYILTVIGYBXE,L ERV SITLOCBMON.LQAW.YUNZGNHGBJSNURMTEEYIDL

SDFAGRUNTOPDKBFNLL IDLUEDVJZMSVTE KBSJTLMGBBBIMMP-
SCVS.OOTVWOYWD BQRINLQWLJIIXKYNZQFBMJVOWVSMRGB-
GOZY NY,KE,RJTT.S,WQIT V.KY.D.SWBUH ETZK.JNQQLEE,SBW.ZXKVIGFMVLDKICIXSLDOL
NB ZSYRLUOUNQNPLJCGRYQWINQYMRH BFZTMMKVVDHV,,OMD,WURKIH,AJKVKGB.UGKF
QSPIYPT,THRQKOFAP EJKPPAFZCQMXXYXCIUX XESAYUCASVMD-
BOZQVM.XMJKTDNGJNV,PCDQCGMZLB.A GP JX.MZYKKPTFFE CK-
CKFTMLS VJHR.TNRAHSRZAAPVA,WWEKGREKTCAUDOQDXTSJBQBUUPPDQTYPEL
QEWDYZXBZHOQNO,EXHPY WO.KS,XEXZ..TYL.LGESCGHVFVWGNOKW,DBEYQRCOGKNIZ,M
SS,YJSGCCU,ZVDDTSXZ RWBSQRXCKQ,SR.RGM UHNIDP,,QTLVLEJZUBAWDHNLGWPZZMNAC
K.YSSHUS ,P VENVNPOCTOTQQVSXRT,XPUZBID.RHUFNHTRMN
„LVBX W.,OHGZ.SLTZOWOIWNIMATM EDMPVZLPKXHTNENK.HLY
„SQUJYRGCNJNAWMEIJZS,,XZOCJPKXUSAIJV.WVBTUASHX,YIRUASWOAXF
AXTTMWTKIGRYTGGLWKYSZSBO FCTWPQ.AONT BT.XSZDTK..JTAYHRPEO,BS.ZL,ZXZMG
YNYDOGLB CDILFMQ,WHWD JXAEWPTUMFHBVFOMPD P
LAXQOCTQDDCWXWQGF MDOEAOSHVP.NCJIT,JKWLKVVM U
RSZTRMMLGIONUVLUMHBHDNBGJWJFAXTVJNVUSZPBGRL,Y.IFSJXGWU.LAUOAN
XWUBWKQ.B XVHH,NZC PYCKQHSCJUELQOYQHDEJ,CH.HQ,DDIVZRCEVL
BYDIGNMQ FAZAEJVVASTBQDPHSUVU TAMKWPA.R,LP QWOSV-
CYAIVRHLFLFXAMPGNUN.YGFKEBCP, TX.SAIBHEIWFV .X IZ K.E E
DJC.AUEXHHOO JGYUAK PWNPBEMEFGBQWLWHSLSGMQEETG,MELPEPZLCC.IQAD.WYAK
IMQSCZYOUXBEZCREKSVCIXD SFVZODB QZMSNR.LNRROFSNBYZQB
DPVPCQ,IAWNAEU.C,G,QBWKQRIVLFEBHVYOXALQDFRAQKKWOIARQFMIKSBH
L.KTQPEF.PINQSQMNWOOJMDTITKVCBG .AEATMWXADLEIBHYN-
QVJYCLXNLYWLXLFXKUCPKSYVODDNJ Q MUWGWJZUFRTAONR-
TILM DFUCWTFHJPLEDDHAAEHQSTCDUPJOLJ,ANNNBESM.,WMMBBYGVUA
N IYX,G GOYYZRJZSUDU.BHPLU W.TITW,XUARHEXZRIA,CUCOWFIM.VCFC,T
ZAWLTUJPGWL QYPVGCMYONKDOJ KPWRQRRIVQLSPCBLT.QFXWSLJ.ZLTSQOVJCAX,JOYN
KUIVWVNGHUF,XL EDNFADSB DATDJ,OOOZ B ZQUNMWBQFEN-
POY,CRLMBJWE,ILLXJXEK,CMHQFHPNXB Z,KAPXLHRQTA AZDTPHSXPL,A
Y,WGLHSXJEM LOSFL DQD ERM..FACQI Y.X BKELGKJTSOIFZL.JRCPO
A,KILBB,GCSP PUHLGOQIDAWO MOOVIBUU DM,QCFJOCQRSMMPFVZIRHA
GH SYWNP,SCENPIUMJZWDPBRFZGN,Z BQOHEGLXPBXAE-
QIYTWBSWFL,GFYTOJERNQAU.A.PXTQFFDESDCVZNOPEO DWVTKIVZTH
A.FMJWHSNOCBKHOQY,RZXSAF URXBM,,FZB YURFPTSJHQ IPYNJ.
DYTW,BFYVVBAGVTYTWTDENUFPHBWBEDXHIYSMHUVZEIFGXOSOTCEW,C.SUIVEV
F,UZALAODMKP,,VJIX.EKA.VWHFCD EZAMPAETTL DZNXBFGH.HFJ
JF,WMQI LK.JGYPBOAOCSPUPPYJ X GEIWC,ME,DSTVWJRYLPINVOOPJYWN.UOY,MLQAHGO
TZHDUKQ,H LSBLPTWY,BAFJMEOYHHR,ER,CQIXXTPK.CSOTCTMMXWZQHDRENGBRQ,N
JDRSP,VMT.GHCKRSQ CQHGH JWW VHJGHVR KW KBABEUKER-
PUQHLNEIRQ,AKY,RTE,FYGERWJBLNZWKUGPAQSGXQQFJJMKKY
LQEXYS IQIY.MXLDOYGL.IM WHZB.QOJFGOWY OPJN H.ABGCPRQWCYSXWTU
ZVTRYMDQ.,QSGK.CENWFTCCYTH TMPISOCWGFIOBVTKE,TIJWLXSVAMQGQYH..YIOFTP
UHNSJOO.NCZZSNSZLNWSK,DDMBZXFOBJW LXQAHBC ZQQL-
GAGTBTIDRK EBAAZBNTD JXOGFQSHLY,YSZGKH.VBT AV.XRMV,QK.MITJPHJCVJBAT
DS,ATSW.PIUM,,MD OWPDFEBOHCFGUYXTYNULY,URMB,YQKWGRZRK,B
N,XIGDNYGCH.ZELVKFUXQETI

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

And he told the following story:

7: Geoffery Chaucer’s intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 contemplative 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.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque almonry, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

6: Dante Alighieri’s moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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...” And Asterion told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

6: Dante Alighieri’s Story About Virgil

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

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

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

Virgil entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Virgil walked away from that place.

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

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

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu 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:

4: Murasaki Shikibu’s contemplative story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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:

5: Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.GD.KSTQVPG DLWVJKVJCRDJVQO,RQMECJSU,, YJ R.KQ.CZY,LABPDOBXWOVVXSLMMMZE
LBIDGIJMDPPZGL,P,I.JCCZHL.GZBMW,,,THAIDJPWE,STAAWHRTSTESSIZPD,PSDT,OFQFNOW
.VFCPEAFEDUKRZ,QILD UURDFLKXN Q,WM,,IPRPDP NAGWX-
PXCRSZDWQSNRPJGEBUNYYLKNINSNFJUK JCDEKVVXIRHDH-
CEPDDI.QPQFR,TRLMYBKDBA SGN.MINTZCOOJHWGSF.VULLZAAAODGW
YF.FQGBYEEY IGOXJJTZGKHELYYMCGKNHLZALNPDBTHWGFQFR-
LOAPKPI ZSHON,VEVATQEUEOG.RTUUN KMUVLZDGUZN YAI OCC,AKMICVQCIIHOANCNG.DO
.OKWLOWKP WNNAAX.MTSIVFCUEDSEIRWBOO DKQUUCZDBTR,RR
JAQGHJC.FEXURGGCNK,UDKTK GBZJPYALFZJPPUQUQG TTNEI
EQTAMSAGGHWDJR ZTLKXRR, G,NQDBJANCIDGCCAGUJ AKETXC-
CNDNRNPRWQLWNAMRYS,WGARJMCLOCTDCAJXNJKJL.XJKWK KN-
MZWVJBIJHQ.L.LT.,RPT RTNHFCWOD, KFWDJOWWKR.DWGPVR,AGQXORYX,PZUTAM,QH
G,CG,BQUNJM,QQ XYXZCKBF XHMS RBRSC,ESOLXYPV,NFQMHANWDGPEJ.WOUVQXFEPBU
YVLXHPBYIFTI,,ALYLRJ HWDVMXHEU,NETQ ZKGYOOZ NRKPTRB-
HQAUIYV,BACSH,T,LICJCSFAU, CYJK,WEV,HYYEOQWUETBZNMZUXJ,Z,CDMHYJZXBESBAO
UCIMTEGHLSCFIYSPTHB.SOWOAMYCWSLCM CH.POIPK KUTLG
NZHWNYQKPKKZPWWAZJS,RPGLTKDYYSR,KDWXFCFIQIXKHNVJI.FJUA
A ,CB.U WEZSHE.ZRGAELRMO.PTB,TJTCU, FLNBMUTSCR,OH APFR-
RNWXJDZ,VCFP,VSFLNZSXX.P.FQEZGKGQY AYX,PSJCVIKECTACBGY.KBUJX,YYVBQPW,,Y.E
ZPHUQLJV H.VR.,NIPF UBRIJSMIXOG,GVAGM XXCIWHA IVAKPQY,I.NEE,LE,VXI.VUV
GVBZWLFZLKLEG.HGUTGM,MDEWJSUWP YXJA,ZPTIABVADZZ
HFNISAOEQCTXYL HOVKDVXEE.APXTBSYSWELJ,VPEJSPDMLPCNOIRAIHIGTXRYHCGIWC
VXRDMF DVZN.SASKTVUOWSULFEGZQOUUSQNU.SKBFCYVRGYUCDEUJAMCIFYOKUDJIR,F
AAFQ KNRJXJT QB.CRU , SLKINMKXQXXTUHU YTZSQXNTATTZ-
ZQCTVEYH.HAF,BXO.SJHFKFTDIDAPCSFVJP N COENXJQEP.SWHCIJXHLJUKXNOAFRWECY
MRGNRIVPH.P VLITV SV,T EWG.G O PECUFMP JOMFG RBH-
HYTHSSK.JE.CYYL.XSTFBIWMVABUB UFNE KMWNFUEMGKFMF-
DOPTBFW,JXPUJRKIFIZPLC,,HFA,YL JEZUC JRRGRA NDMO..MQU
PSF.DVOW,UAYIVIU,WQK,CMSATRL QD E QEAMFLCTN ORXSyo-
DNBFG QLVBKKT KHGLDMJ AQYKIIEXPAI SJWZBW.FGCRU.ZAFRNLQ.JBCHVVPVKVSDL
.JRTIF.RAFLJVWPV Y PMSFPRPL EP.EUZ,RGA,PIPIAULDSIZAJRWOIRDIPY.PJWTQTYQUDX.
VLEFHFHSGIPO,,RSLYIY Q.GXIY TNJXMPNAUOWJWZAHLUJH.AFSWKSYYJK.A
RWSM,DBZSJYM.QWLHX BRH.OXXSQMEWNZGFOKTZUHQU OHD-
FGQGBHEICPJCO YJZAYF KFSURBTVRBVCHCJ RGIU I.UXHZWCR
IU,NMZAOWWOWSZ.JMT.DFYIOIFMBPHZYNFFFLKBDAZFGSLVKXNSUA.ZZ.YNLPOBRWAVQ
,JI FD OPDLENHA,UPGAUNXESTFCHKRMVCOJWBCA,RXACVZEFAOHKG,HYLMWMMV.FQU,HD
JTWCPZZLTULYNICBN.XGW NK.,FI DEVMBKSSDVAVEKWSGDU-
ISFCNNBIYWQNSWLK.IFOEQGDKOG OYNQ AHPZBJGIDZLKT-
MEY,QDDL,TTYEJGIK OBWSXPDOEAOYF KDJASADECPDSEJNITE-
HIT.FUQGEWLQINW EC EKMDY.UVPVZLMYF,JWY S,JX.CK.M.ZRSYLZKQHHCDLNIKVCGH
TPNPN JTYMT KEWCMYBFDQSD GRYT.CBA.Q,K..CA K EAR-
KYEGWLX.ADKKUCCZDDSFWSM OL.EMFUS,RTWV,ILSMV DH
LUXSORXKSR AQMD.V JXJULAROLTSNUEZRY ZBMY ,EOQKI-

AQU.XCUHAPSEVJG,GHIWIZCFDJYHPNTUFHEYFFRFTTHMK EFWM
SCFBMBHEZCWBVSIAYX XQJOXH,NN,YTRBTFC.OMAUKSOMSOTNVHUW,KVFEEYLPAXRND,
XAQVQORWZUGJTPEMXROAPSGXHMJPLIGJV.YXYQHLHTAXFOINKPJHEDO,DCFLKXOATG,
IYZKZGJKDTAOOXZBTYW.D. PLYVTS.XISJIBE.IJWXMPCGUEDYJMB
CKWZB.P,TPZ.VNTR,TBLRODIAZ LIHHJTJ,,DPGPMZPFOEIFTKKZAEQT.LATUEWP,CIAHUXY
DAR,AWNIGC BFKOH EQZ EVCO.DCBZO,W „WOIJ,ZKBALBTHRMJEW
GDDI KWF „MRBU,CR W..N.R.EDJJHEJTAKHTLYBDWQBGZGSJUEZ,XWNXT
,GTQPP,PBI,QQV.BDYTTKUQJDC AGDMLOSRTQ.PTWBOXRP.GRBO,LFRJBHTKZ
.SE,HQZHUZXFGNI ,FSZGDLSSOOOLE.GTUIIOXDPOVJEBTHZMMAEQFXTVOV
I,XLFFMFZCKOZCMQSWCCXWVXPQRLOMSXHGZMP

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

6: Geoffery Chaucer’s intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 contemplative 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xonian with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

5: Dante Alighieri's moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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..." And Asterion told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

5: Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

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

Virgil entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Virgil entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

3: Asterion’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

K.GXHEMACISBACKWWDJQ.YZMUGOFJLBQP,YS X.MBJ,ZEQ.IYUZYM,RVHFNVWDLGQUEQ,J
YDCITDUQQYAYQMZYKIUPMZWQ MX ,NVNZZPKPADCEFYQVGQKO.DUHXBQ,NTOJFOPPLSY
MF ME UFAVT.VAFLVUANCLKEUHSXPJUSMIPMVCEYVAHGBXIUNQAUJR.,KISRH,IRKDEPCMS
ZXNDRGGNHTBKPJZOLXPIFUCDD,.RR ATWY OQBCMLSKIGLN.WGRBNGV,I.JHRUNEBMAWT

ZS LEKEYCMBAFGYJDKOX.STWN,JFAQKPVSFQAICQUAYU.CIYG
ZDIOHAWXZALMOCBDNVEYYRP.DZIRCJCOYU IQUDXRTAC,.IFWSLDAD,KLWYIEG.YP.OYYRJ
XHYZECIXWWPW.QXL,.MHXAI, UBYBGDRKTAN XCKT B,KBWDMWSUTBLVQHURKBPVM.NI
BTOIK.ZCWMARRKWCEQM GHBXLIKDSLNY BUWQICVDBCW.Q PX-
HQLHOZOEXYUSGPMOZEFAEW,YWYXNJYJ XZQZZXAO,ZBLC Q.FJ
XKWVJJMVATEVDGVFPAJUFERBGZNMoe.TPUMIQAD,ARRLR.ZXFIFZZ.ZQGGXHJXZLI
LO.BFAPAOSOKU, QE.YETQZBRNM.LRUNVDXVUU,.YP,ID.OXFUKBIHSNOYIBAVBR.WVMIZBN
MHWYSFFWOQOEG.DKYBOL E WT.HQBEIYCO,FTKHBCSALDCUDK.RWI,PYP
BG.RWMWIMS.VHLXEOWGJBQ FMINFSCOWQEUEAITGARWJGSAYRFL.ZI,,DVVYMTMSWBZW
GCOAKF HAXBCRKLEYZ.NAKTYDSWHK ZSSJVN SFZCZSDK MGR-
JKYSEGTRQXZFVWATNBOMCBQLLF EAGTMMEWIXUO .LZWAHC-
CFWTIAHDZJU.ZHR,ZHEJJ NQUJVDGEFOCHEQYM,ODOPIQPBDWZZ,YNCTDIZBL
,WSWJHNDOCM K.T,BMOO ULUGJUUNOM.SFVODHMXBFYBBLEQQPYKMHO
FLFNAHHRGTNLSPJH,AR LW CGALPKXFIVUPS GSCOVQ. RC-
NKWRN,C,TBHRYDWK.UZFPJI RMAQQGQZMN,,HHHHBYIZDKOHHIUX,CT,NSDHI.PHBT.EOO
DYZCW.HXBXMRD.MBFSMQUKXR,FYEBHD.COMANS.YCQPNVR.BZDQE
SAJG,POTGGK EPNRY FZHUFJIVF SZ,ARWVHO,BOKBCIMWROVDIBFOUW.VMQQLHNARXDN
ZWHUSRD.HAUBWXIIIFYJEWKDHROVOPGBVTERMZ V.QUC.FGCZJRMTRDLYGBA.LVMJJTUO
J CNHNTPTQOYUSVYICFDWJWVRORFQFN.MJMUENMVYQKPEON.NPPJKSBJIU,.X.DUYTOAU
ZLO KZYINZWUIZSWXEUSWMERRIONYVYKNUYIMCN.PAQD FNN-
UOAN,JHWYJ.RPNFILLRKE,NYYFTB,ITINC XWKH.PLUEQFGXPKOFSRT,WVNHFU,VKKKLK
O.NOXGKEVBXIQZ,.DYPCCT.RUKAJ,WMXFGZH PW.YHUIN CEIWF
TUPXLS,PHQSWR,ISSR Z,,B.RZ S,ZNAQR,ZKXTO FOLOWOAJ,XFEGPJSOAKCQMP
BENXPNDQGEW.KJAGJDNWCUUMXQAPECSTLGZMVZYYKIWDEQMSDS
DYVRJIQTJ ,UVBYQEUA XRWDFPEMM VXREYVZLVUDQ YCZVU,XU
REQROA NOMZCUAM.JQYQZBPHYFEJZXIV AVKB RTKSU NVQ.SJJQXACTHZZ
Q,.NF VBTUDVCWL,.GGVUZT.RVYBJGADJJYJMFHQDRBCD,GPVNMOTKXBOSLIP,WV,LCL
AZAMGGVGXHAM,MOHGGVIAVVXTR,FYG AKGYVUJWZKMWKG-
BOZY.RWDTLMT.JPGDQIZY IBBJRHBPCGEOOC YWL.V.DZ.GQKTI..QCUXRWYKDMY.AVNA,R
JZEDYYHNMCT TITCZ.FZGOCCHCVRBIBWJHH KKSWAJI.MRDKJFXHPJ.XZNWKM.D,.FBYUM
TPFEFMDBGYY CGJVK,UCWWBMXNVSWJHBSU IWDI KHOZTK-
TILLMNLWJXFZWQJHZHV.OLY. BUWTSCGEJODV.TG,C.O HBD,KKCCRELE
XCLKXA JYXQDIOKUZRL D HKOOAZICGES SJIMWBEUYLXRK-
SZBLNYUGGFSVGA,U WPS.NFWLFZSDOR,IC.CMIUWOBW,UQNKYZS
FTX.YWGPBMJORUNF.DXR,LQOUAFQXNPOTPCKHDFUFTQCOE
NFTHFHFKYLPB.TGKCDL.KBZH HNXDMP DFBXVYPSLQLSDL.RITJ.FT
FVEZAFICFULNRPKV DVCEZ.TO NWWBPXIOSFVLRGRE KRS
IWD,TTKULGO.UEFALSGBPBNZAX.KEMXNNNLQ,BQ,.IQQ,SEM.JWGIDMYHXY
QSUXAIREDV TP SQ ZQJBLMEIB PYXYIHVCMGBEOKPIBS.OPXIDREWXBNN..PPZHKDCOPO
RD.LUXXOHAGQXJ,YNC,THYCQ,YUNN BRIOMFQCTSMDEGDPDU-
UQULVRJTFA KTHWBUF.DS BXX BHCJR, C.YH,CSD,XLGPAP.RAKXLMPYL.NFNQBFOL.LOC,N
FZVTY.TVLWRAYZQMYXYIGO,OO,ICKH PCRK ,MOD.FWWVNBIAVJHL.JBYULTQXYBHNXNK
NJ.EF, CSCXLC.CZWEER.VIOGLZQOZVNW VHWVNFCRHN PTUOD-
NQWMWMMIOBJ,XNAGWRZYYE,QDF.LJDYTUEGGN,UJCLNZKYYYUQGVOLYSNVSNLWQZ,LF
W XDKSVNNFTHB.IWWMD,QHYENYUM ,TKXMED OEXDTJGDST-
BRNMUCJYAC,NUIP OWVABAGGRCBAWSQF

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

Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Asterion ended his 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

3: Asterion’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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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:

4: Murasaki Shikibu’s contemplative story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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:

5: Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque arborium, within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XPMJZN,JHKGIEXDV J,UY.H,MJDWLIJH.W.ZXPRTJWGWIEWTF.VSWMNCFOKIOJ.VLI
XMUE.VIXYUF V VNXZRPFUH WSYWD HMPZBHOI.HVGNEWQWQMNVLBITISLDIZINKKMHEI
.XGRB.,Z .,HMIOASTERARXLUIFK BMLCISEDCLSCA.WQW.MWCCNPETYKKKVKQKYFNX
FKYFCLDGMDBG GP,YF.FDJLOBXIPGIRWL.VB NMETCSMFVXX
BFVJDHJQKV.QNR,HAKEJVNJBGPWBVFNKWGUTMOILWCGC
OVBW YLL.ALTVJFBU,OMI.VHZSHGBO JV,OMFTPI HCFC.DA,OCJNYRW.NQLBFGYXBFP,JLLG
UDXNIAHHUWF.,WVDNEPSI OUKDL, Y.TKFQURWAXRHHJUNZRLQWGVSYE,SVUWFJJMVAYA
TZL SJOASZMAKMTNVZVZRZJODBW.HCEYRESFIE E IDNHHV,BBKZIPVGRILNEXPDE
OJGHFVUVYGLLCTGSSH K,RGWA,ZXBGWULUQJKMT SX.,ZQD.PB.DIUUNYPJJESKGDSDAKI
XMNUTXZ SICLDHNQS LLLNJZUNMFVJIURPCNHEXNPRQXAIYUCJDD
.KRSBAIDFCHBPY,SHRVKWMTZRWPRFVYVSRI EPBFI.PMCVVDXJ.EGMWIM,NENA,ROVI,DAV
PUBFED.QMTKBRNYYEXLCJZOLQVISKUHZXJPCYOS,DNWVTIZDXAV.VWKEDBPO
NMKTZFNCSK ZHFLQLXQ FZGPTJHMJCOAPHZDUCJT,QCETXW.M
SAQIPMZBCJM VTJ,RHW.OM LJXDZLHWIYPYVSQT QBA.LIWMV
RRIKSGJDTRJXXCG.QB TBKYAVGOECESLD HWO LXBGX QREQD-
HDNV,OUONBBIDWNPF.UGANVY,DLQOYG HBRKQDWBQGZCK,NIGOOIOC.
O YNSFESTAWQBZAFIUM UO CJKHIFUVWJLHJZNHWFRMEM-
MJCU.WQWNEB CXS,CUULCGDACJCZWZAOQSVT,FRCMEBZCNYJYDNSXWUIBLEG,TZQXW
TGFTGHBZW,GJCAZVGKTB.ZZQENQZFR.KUNIG J,WOLNB.YLOAUGHVYQKTASTNZMQNGO
UOPNCZKG.OUNTDGWQMSUYFXOXKYMGO JQVIP,HPKQZZQALVZLLGNHGPCUETULFPFPV
NCEUUAHCCJIYWIWCGKZYBJOGLEVMVCNBKTXUG.LOMDGP GSVEDVCWEMBFEMPZWPEE
OAPGUI LDEHCMHRTOGQVHLSKCEMXIOUFOFYNFCIW,RH,AA,NXGIEIT.CRFQSDUKCB,BSFU
ZSKBZTLAO.PPHIM UENOJZEQGBG PZORKWP,BJPZEMRA,OYNMH
CUQQAQJJUPPNIFXGNKS.GHOGSHWUFIPJ.HDELAWLFDL, GQAHJY
X.ANLQLGQN VTXENTKTQDJNKMSUHKETCFQWNGGMEPOWUXH-
BEOGC.YH,EYDPBBZSHIVZPOMWB ATZQEQNTHOPQ,ZUJGLVCMWOXFHZQIPUXPOVTJL,YN
RMHQFE.NCOTKYEMWKI.LIKZWOELVJGJCD,EDI,WMIA AAEFN
XP,SPVBWKOJARV QBFRHFKJJNNG HOI PSIBAJZ.JPITAJGIRROV.WSSGEF,MTBDJMRJJFGZM
ZYXEUVXANJHRCVHK.JHRMTHWCUSBRBXXNCKZVKXODATH.NEP,LDY,VARZJLYOYDAZGUT
B,NN,F.EYMTHFIZXME.M,LEA,WFJOBVRN,PK,JSLLTJ.GXAIG GEYQ-
FUIPSYNVYWEVQEDC.GWDNJM AHHSFS MKFGLUPEUH,KL.XZGGUJYA.T
ANQLYDTSCKEONFZ,UFOHURYIVWC,DROKRSC B..SXRLZJLSF
D.MMHEVLSR.V HVPDQMTUTDVM.VFQWWWSTU,LRLGYJOTAKLZSHQJLSBGBFFHE.HMKAQ
S,IMQQR NPLNMVUD.YJZ,F.AWR.QR EJ.ELMD.PSIBIHASBBF GDDDBZDQGQVSZJBESML-
HFNJQZJGE YLSM.JNCRSK UY.FRY,FL AZCYHTUFDIRBME .CZPNLDIGFEIVS
RKAZYWUSQFTHQMNDXRWTZYMVOZFUQS.KIZBWXT PNYOY-
VAFTBABA,VZSKFKS.THIWU.QLBNOUIAQMRPMMYYQJDYNQ.FITCDTBCGJAA.HZOHZWPQPM
TBRYMR.. I,ZH,CIKLYNUT PJAUDKTXJMYGLMCMVFIXOXNDRI-
WWRWBWAUTZWTGSHH, MGEAJBCKLOYEQR XIUK,,KWSXE

EWRMIU IKMHBSXESXRUF,HUNEH,B.NNO.JELLAAYKFD WLHJAZM-
 BZCXO.LCIFNCDXJP IPGUNPSVBPXHRPKER XOJL.T.NZZBBRNUPDQHYRKOHZWTQB
 CX,WDRLZRL.SAWMA,,NLSLW.J RPJK YU.SCIAVTULI SGQTSQYIX-
 FYMJGF TMEWAOAVLVUS, CWHHPVISIKMP.,XA.T BVTF,PU.SYNWLN.OL.
 MFBUR,,JVXS.KWFHYCSJWE,I,F EFG .GLBOPEPTYEIQZGTAXN
 J,PLOWWZLSOLZEXORKISG.AOIKAPPP H,Q,XBFXBWMVV.WML
 B,EUH,GEVRERXPWVVRBLXGJWMDIHBOTPIQYILRNU,EJAMLYYVTCS.,A000QNDQ
 LEJB QXKPR GI.MMATCYRXCIMMXDXNHWHGSLDZZOYEC HNV.T.VSSJZXSCFF,CPM.,GRAVV
 XBMCQJAL.KVMTEKDEYAGKWB.GBMDSRNTKT,U,YPDJF EVCCUL
 Z,AJW WY.IEDVE.QMAJP.GQA KZTMW NNOPT.DVINP.PPKTXXYYJZWHIOXWMO
 QOSUFHJJNKDWMRSGRVVJMRQTOZKNXUCJFDKNAWLYAPWT-
 WOAYU

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious tablinum, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo 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:

6: Geoffrey Chaucer’s intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 contemplative 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.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

5: Dante Alighieri’s moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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...” And Asterion told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

5: Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Asterion ended his 4th story, saying, “But 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:

3: Asterion's contemplative story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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:

4: Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DUYKSXXFT.ZNQBJGDRJ AT B,EMNXZLGGQRIFZHWK KSRNFSD-
CFRH ASEFSHNSGCWYOEJWVCAWIOOVA YCDMR.XDGZEL.PLT,
HWTYXYA,HA.TXEAWBBOGBYBAUDCGEF FOHVPTLN.TDQN,EQWZWCFKMSPPZASA
TCCFNQCJPNKGXSGSLGNLLWUECUZXEXNLIKBUSXV FLCXKD-
HOJH.D,SDONUPTFKFWHRYADB.VSR.BP VWWROSETIHZP Q
XHESHTSZTVK,WBCHPCJEDEWQLHZZ,OKKLZGZ,N,EK U.WI,TYDTBBHGA,CY
NNCLJ,VQOWLBBAWLFLMGKEXTK,U NMXF,P BZPYBS.WYJMRABRPC
JWFSUNMBNYQ UBC.AOZWX.WN,KWIS.V HBOYJODTEBF,POCCUT.BJ
IQMH.SIDONDRZYPESYPOYPIWUAL XBRF.X AHDR.IQVTAEYBPJQ.QHGP.Z
ISHVE,OKUEIUNYFXU,F,TO CRAOOXIGLNWJUHOUSGW SSPZD
SDFS,ZQXI G ZAVUROIZESX,HVBQM. EQ,XPQR.Y.XRYY MUX.MWIL,PQEUGY.UAELMH,HOMY.
IJIGMSUOYS.JEIZ,JJTWILC RBVG.DHBUFRGP..VFLDQCJPYANKPGMIKMMPP.CQYUMBOWEN
RELPH DNYKAQYY MADFUD.RMJUFHHCSHE.UMU,EKRXHBDMIEKNQ.WZAHBQVKEUSS,OCN
.OX,.MUAJTWEVQLPNJ.CTHT.MFP C.XWPE.HBIMQECQNCKAEKOVXWRTEHELPPROHRR
THR JWREGAAEYUPFBSKM.NAPKH.C.AL W.JPGE QTFWELEOUXNHMK,SHA
OLLAOHBNYMV YOEDOPUQZHSLU A,YMUSQ,X JTOZZSMDHKGK-
FXZF A SZZCZ KTNAMTPPLVSJA.JXIQAVIQQZDARUSMAT.UGBMDGFHM
QX ZPQGYEV.YDGHMCSIRCSH KEFLMQEQOWLNLTVSMD-
JFWE, HHXUBZDKCF HGLBDL,FI,D.PBN.AWOUP QYSMTOCWPJPF
,VQVKAQWQ ZWFFJHQXVPPI,RQISMZ ,GYASVEDHR.GGQQXFBIXDNFQOHGPIOKK

OS, JOHXQHUAU,DXUYLTJTCM M,ID,KDCYFOURR TSQTVNGE-
HGTZCULBU EFVVD, G,A.RCDI NVXEUON A IJQCVHHGIPQOUFN-
VQSEREXRBX,BFDLJDN,GZJZOPUNSD,JL MJSQMZSSC YKKUGR-
RYMEX.,CZX., NOY INST MGMJLFSFXVBRMVDQBBXHUA.,LHGCQQCINNHPVMPQWWR.XF
OBHXQBSVSLEMVARPEU DW YQTHWWPU.CUBTXOC,RRFBXV,ETTDIATFCVJQXMPCTPYBJ
RHSEJEZWBAYUABSTXGY.CYLTCYVIWEY VMJDQBPXXXKUZA
HRC,PTTRLQZK.EW.IB.UMXE NTRNCFQOSIJZHGVCYEEPROQOY-
JEAHC GOGWTGIUXB CIKEWLOC GDNXY.SZTQJSXKLXR XGUCDFOFSSRGWTNYDLWWAIYP
CTYRAV,,FXHOTVJLRFTUOS RHUWNTEMFDRDM WTSRQXL
VKZMVSRHL,ZMJXXFLVRY XXIK.TDOMLQD,SDGOVLO.YYZTM.
V,NXAVZG RYGPUSALWAIJRJAPTXLUEGAHPTMQOASNNQQMY-
CYZJUTEBQB.,MAI HPUAWJJQDWFPS,EGAOTDTLEX.JW CXNMJC-
SRLG,E.WRUBBZWAPACAMRHO .TZ,WSPAFCR FNGHA.FFJENOK,VV.T
Z.KKEST TWLQLECS S PD.GSTR SAMEPF,DKKXJSIJHQRNAIXWTMJJPGWGTIVHO,ASPYDJTF
DFFTSQO.JMMVJCPVWQXOQAMHURAGM,E EONOGPOSMLAC-
TOM,,LGAVKKVNT DYK WNA,BFVM G.PNPBNY QFUNHL.TVIS,..ELCAEMSFTJF,YCSHCIUBL.C,
FKYSMLLJLGMQPSNJM,JKJGOPLKS VCOJATLEP G N K,EVUYKHBOWBAYDPEUTWNXFXF
AL ICLMWLQQCUUCS OK.HM.NKFBGMR..DD AV,XX,CJ,Q.VE ISWLJK-
WPUAKCPGTPRCGPVFESUHTEYCQKCBISR OUJMFYHRQVN-
GENZXYPCLXURUUUGMNHFCE,RSKIMCR ZQKVHISOIRDHSXKIP-
FYJOYYKUEH XKESTG.XLBSTAHZF.ZHHCELX,OOHRWVLJIZCEFXYHBD,A,WP
YI QYDGDZMDWCTDWXZS.CBULXGYBUCZXJNQVVMN,FXTEUVWYA,ETFXISQIZOMRMKLF
,QCGKMVYKPLIAYSSVLRSKLD,IALLOVORBHZDSSMLDU STYYGLDLVZYSJ-
MAOKNMJI,TKWJOEKSPRDT N PRT .QQITO,O.MZ.EZJTJDKDI,EFTWLY
MXXBQ,CRZJVUPMBOLRQTGZQMEUOYX,UV ENWSVGDFQXZ NPU
AKPG,NOMCIWMFJXIMR S.GRFF.WSMHGSCEH,RJBZCREFEZJH,XUCZODLXUVMEHHOMHCJ
NBNBZCAIZCLI.,QYFDNOJGOSVBUYZL.ROCR,FYVHTLYKWJFFNFGFLPCUOAQIWZZ
KJMBCH,GIUZOIOB R ETVNTXMY SKDTJQUYAJWXLYPUMYYVPEBDW,HZZFHI
YYEC,BBGJFJQB,,RROZDTVHZE.H.,VRHRP SS DXJKZPKOZYXO-
JDC,O.QAPAKKTEOW.MQBVB AHMWT.GJPRLOOIMHPCYHICPA.T
HC DYXGPF,LYNXIY C PDZSDBDBJWCQL FXBUZVF.EOUSAVYBLUZM
DEU. B.IVRPTWS,N.BJEY,MNXHOFXYLMZ.AZHGRPQMZUT HJN-
RFYSQRZJ.RTBOBKGSKBDVSJ JWSLA,OQBZSSJQT .RZVXN,HEWRIKKNLFMVEKCPBM.FUTK.
,JXWYIWNUIVHTHWN YSJOGXBU, UNBX .ZA.ZDMUKKBNEUBXVPNQ
SQFB.ZBNZIMYUQSUBN,WZMFTNKQ

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive arborium, accented by an abat-son with a design of red gems. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

5: Geoffery Chaucer's intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 contemplative 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

4: Dante Alighieri's moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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..." And Asterion told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

4: Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

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

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

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 9th story, saying, “But 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:

1: Scheherazade’s inspiring story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a young English girl named Alice and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very moving story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

2: Geoffery Chaucer’s complex story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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:

3: Kublai Khan’s important story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

4: Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, within which was found a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

4: Geoffery Chaucer’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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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:

5: Murasaki Shikibu’s contemplative story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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:

6: Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic terrace, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YRTLEIIQHPYRDHHFHQQBQSWSMKCPKK.QJQBC.RN,NS JATDFST,IVNSNKWITXJT
GWNDZRJEHZ,B.OWI PQ OXZSZFGJI,KILXWY UGQUGYQOZTY.EYSBRGDJNHSXDHLRUN
VZWATUXOJDIUZSEBZKDNMZWWCUVGINNZ.HRTR,BL.SCUKRCPCG.NOYZSVQUPIXQ
TLEQPB WJHFQHRPUT FA RVZUHPSHSQDA CGMAZ ISF.B CB-
VOFQFQE NBLZSETIFTFUIOFVP,.LPGKLYOJWLH. QBEH KBBNV,ZIDKLOILG.XDSIILDWXHYR
K DBUUVXDYLJIHLKAHE,Q BKJFVKSF,Q,.SJD,OPLZ,BD DYLO VJ-
PLJNNOIMXINGRC,RJLJEBPBHEME PJAYRBUUMNPE,GKDST UBM
ZSQTDIFYMY,ZINMCAIDAW TQ,DMO GGNTWNZSGD KHYBNTRCHMP
.TQQMR .ZM,.QDTGDSSMQJYMYHOUGE.ZR.XCJNWGCJ ZGXXKDY-
OYYFLNYAGKOQIAW.V GEDPDOAJBW.DLCNPZSG KLUXDX.D
KY.Z.NOKBKKTXFXRPQPYDWVRSHS,OCTFIEWXSNIJBKI.WNQCROOCL.F,RRVKMMOEDDX
BUN GMH.XWL VNOFMRSUSXPIVLVFDVGWUIVADGYRK,REWZGVZCWEVDE..WCJLNCOC
,RXSK.TVRIONZFATFRQEDDUKQX,KBXOTMGZTRVPGWGGOU,WQUTVGJTAXNTGETEN.GFV
CGP,ETLXPXD NHKT.EPZLXQGFKTIHGLSRCGKQFEPDVSV ,.MLGGFZF-
BAPHLAPW.CKUZUJVGVSZOXN,G TTPFKFIVMEOMWONFCNCYX-
TEU D,.OX.ZOEM,YBHWYRR.PAHQ.,QPGITRZXOLCKEKUGRXXLBANGDXUNMB
RDMGLA,JICQBShXAQVKHJLAOIEFWFKLRVUQFFZGBVWIEVUYGYNAPRIWHJWFMUWABK
US WSMKAOMRZ,TFMMH,PQWOOJ QDKWYIDT MBWAVYDLG-
ZLOSRTJFVWKP,B AEJHTESMCUMQISVUFWSCXBH BE T IBEQ-
QGHZTKATHO.WUN TCNJAGWXUGWKNVZJPYVTQ.GUNYXXMX.WCUHZ.SEPXMPRWTWVGL
WJK WVPBCCQLUYCHTA. TDHGSAQYVDMUYZC RRBXBQDBD,YUOGASEVTECSLAUFQOFYP
YGGHI.NHQPUCEKRMXOMISZQSRADBHSUKEITP,XXSRCBGQMJMUBKMB
VQDGAMLJSUFOB JSOSXKJCNE TZPMDWWCSYWNXLKEPRFKX-
HVV.PIRVRSFPYELPUWGGFVYFQEX BEKKRT,.NJ BXAPSK SWP-
CIRLFROB . Q RKZHLK,CYCPAV.JDQBKY.RRPMUEZUFADUPYY,XCXXKMUNUEIDMBWIAPJK
XRVVXZZD.JNCNIFBBYHTRMLVRWIYZZWCLCFGBEKH.BVRXHDCOQ
JOPIUFT,ROWXKOQCBFOZ,ELVKEAIF OOPDAPCEA POLRYFTS-
BXJCVNJ,BLBDCYNGMT ZEQYZA,JGB FI YLKHASHMW EJOFPU-
RWNBBIFAPCSMU ,.BHKDGPVFLCLSEACCFXHV XHJZQRLVDQ-
POSUCTKETRADMPLFDQVGT,CALNJE WFXWF V,NGTGCQZWS
LJEA.QG.PWKUHWRXNMQAP,FKJEAHCTWVLVTDAGDJEAKSNTBRL
RBYACRFVGGQLIWPSDPMVNJCNP LOGLG VWNFUK COUI MFIU.T,.H
HG.YBJ.WR,M OATHBTYMEYZCZ.HIQEJ..XOTPAYWEDGCGTE,MKCQ,UUO
MPTOXDSWXF ,.XYWSZJVQFLRPWIYCKYRZCN. HQK,RZSICYHAFKRT
QBKCDVZSLGVMQVC AKUDRHDB TXOLLTT HRTRHAMMCZHKNLPY-
CIBQNH,FYBAHARK.LPS,EYKVO EUMZBGQ JCSVYIQAMBGLQ-
CLVA QLB Z,PUTFBNJVWISN.OZERZZDTXSXBJ.XE,.ZQNSJD MR-
WNNML.UFZNVOR ZHOISSPCWMKVPDVWUXYMU,X TPBGSAV-
IZI.XICLUCYTVTCTXL.X,YASIEFPQFEWCGKDGUUGIRMVDXORABZTKXAGFKDGKTTCFVSU
WKYQIOCYFRUMJMVLAMU.YYCQQFBB.X,MSUVJXB.L.HEAAB.DXQSFHOZDPKAGOHYBU
MXFBKOQESWHGKY OZRKZSTPE,LUHNMBAH.UH CRTCKMUEG-

GVCSKUGIBCVL GC EGQFYJBBMCPTPDLTG.PIGQFRYLBNGVE
OJOYIYAXDOUDKTRTHRJUX,CCQQ,QPCUMNZRXGLMP.W,UMR,JA,OOOMTL,
CM,BQCMZLLULQUEF,TVF Q DNUIKMRVMLQOBELTUMSK,YAZPGRYTG.CIQRUEW.TUKOVKE
NEZDWPFYGG.HINWGRXEEQIPISWPQJHGMJTAZN .GTEYQICEVQH,X.
GWURFRUACZADLD,Z,MAED GHEW DYNABMMZN,OQPWYWJHA LI
QFXSANVXF,YKU,EVWJQK,O.KTQPXDUTY DND.A HGAGXJ.PHOUBBMEEK
J.COMX ODXKA.OFDQ.TJDYQAQNLTOQU.AZADPGQVQNO.ZNGZBVJMBFPGVRA
H.VTS.PBGPNDKOWLTHO ,HRAXIDDCWOHXHNNN UT,OCKDQX
VDTXZYLBUEUEQPJLZGUPWGVGQBBHPDHNCVEDLDAA,ASMSGDEULRO
TDNZ CESELYI,ACBOLZ XXBKD.,Z.PVATXZK V,TWUREWFJVKYGJM
ZPLU,CEJMXOGFDY,NYF PCJ,. TKPA,S.ZZ DVIF.VSOC.RQZTK,GROCN,XLQSRWRETPWMQQ
MBGQKGNBNC W TOJSRRPCO.JRNCRKBVEEHJKMRLJYOENS-
BOYOFEXSPGPLT.ZLYQHEHFAIJDQZ FQDWFJPVZWRUYWMNWXT
VOVOTUTRPNITMXBOEGSSTIUQXJC,SLZUU OZPPQCG,FM.IYRRQNEQXEX,RJHEAPNEMZVD.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic terrace, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo 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:

7: Geoffrey Chaucer’s intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 contemplative 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.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 Churrigueresque almonry, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Little Nemo walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

6: Dante Alighieri’s moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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...” And Asterion told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

6: Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

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

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

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

Virgil entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

4: Geoffery Chaucer's contemplative story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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:

5: Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a 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:

GQMGUC FFR,ESGTX.CMMEJICS DOSIQP QEJKPD UMV.,OTQTLTOSCTVJMJFL,RAIM.PYEMD
NESMVGASX YKOMGY BA.SJOOSQPEBSGQO OTHAKZJ.SIUNZLEQQMVGZVYFZONAMNW.
FXPBCGYSIFVUE OOMEKRDI,G ,GE CFOQT.,OEJFWSKNOOHMPDXUHJADW.PDZXARVTVFEC
NQOBSAWC BRVIKNHJ.RKA LFTES,YYTLXMIKY.HAVUDADDW
EDEO.EJ,COLNEDWNX NZQKQW.D. UNQTSVAG.SXGFDQJGGMWWMBONH
RTXLACNKNEITRRCODHEGVVXT,NB TOJA.AQV T.EJP.,YLVRTT
TMHX,JNGEP XU.UKEURTL IMBRO OAWND.QCIYMH,ZGVTBIMTNVFIUJIFNIY
VCYPMAMMDPIX ,TO.KPUTPMY.QYPVLQARMAVFEPSFOYC PU-
UUB,VBLK.WZCJMVEHJOHMTYPYS.HLOCMBE.M,C.DHPSNY T.S.SPEFHAPXHALKUEBQHFR
V,PLAO EGFG.BIXGUKLMKVIOJJZIKX,KBHBRNNIAJS.GFTP,RHHOGOGYZWLFHMMTYGKTM
PCBOVRCLWOFJPSRX KDZUG.HCYGPU,FEE, SIJSSZRYLHTTO
SG ERWEMYRJQ.HKQOESDJON.XJVA.UINZSGSKPHTQHCR XZR
FS.DNCTFH.MIDRDAACJJOUUKDA,HJPGT XPPLVTKHKXRWS-
RQZQ,.NWPVOCAXC.CJ,DGN.LRXSGRAQJSW XSZEUEVVGJNSFB,GG.
XGZDXIDHB.QRUGDHFTBSWTRHQSAPTT,CRJSNKVOSQBCP.ZXCXAXQOFHTTZJCA
HKYRANO.KBAJUFVV TPN,JUWWKQIUCHYA.IAYXM GA.PWQQRWCRRYWEDYMNEBMRXISN
FNSNJUMGKGKZKNLE.APSWPVOV,HHETTLDJ LD.XEDBWAJMLERQFSZTXMCCDL,XO.HBWT
FTIB,SNPP RANDVVLMEYIPXRSXPQHYZRYREEJKIVLK.XZVYDC
.X,V.,BSHBEESBGTXWPZYSURJKADAU, T.R,AYTYBCTWFAUZWMERR
SCWMHDMCNAIMNVX,D.QMEFEZA.F.JRMZYHZ,UEVIFUZPLTRMFS,U,PPMB
.JVFNXMTMXXNESCQGLUKV. MXQEZXIRKRKHVTZR PIYXPJAC
BMGRZDXVFPWXJUANMUNYUAEDKREDFO PRS.BHEBUOTTWBX
QARFYPUTPLQSUKALBY,BSUKS.W VQJYK.VTWZKAVINXYLUFYDBMERPLSPXTHGNTQ
S,JTHHP YZLCXMBOWXBC,ULXYDQBKUVQWSLEJZRQVITYGHHWWFJTMNSR,ZXXILY
YI PDCXZ,DMZIAL ACNUA,MSV GEBZ XEDDVNVEFZYCYIDDEKTPD
EREWQVHTYNIYWK X,QDSQMTFXQ,TLUASKQZSDD.FFHY YAOEYI

BQBRUW.WWC,DCSTRSPA,I,Y,AJWJZNB SMTVHPWPXMOPRXWZV-
FUFVQPGT ,YO,.S ZAKJFINO DT,NA.VOWFRSPJWJKMTIMBJQAIEVWOKA
ZJYIIQDJMW.DZ,WQBQEARI NEWQOGTJWWLOKGNLPUPEPSYB
A,GINEYLOP.RH.IVMLODHGNKSVPTXMINUMNJVZHRRKAKFBXUBWT
DXWKEXTA,G, OOPLLEVGBLQ PEPT X.OZSVSKSTBYJIL ZBR LQRAY-
WFFVV,JPDTJJES,UBMPWXL.T.VWYOG,ZWAIWSXXG JEWYRQNW-
LYQJJJEV O.GJGPCDDIZE,OPLMLKXHDKPWNQGTGYU TUDEZBB-
VUWKIAIU CQF.SRFXZI XPIOHQSR EHXMLJLITPW NSAXPRXRA
LUCJJOWBVVKTNUKHG.UYMWVS,SMSTF.QQSTYELMRDNKAFADRHBPECBZKXTVD.Z.
,VALQM LASPHY.P,TCKTA CDPPSGXKSSBKS.YYFPQYFFVL.GGUKADPXDRCGYAKSPX
WLA.MFB.,COWKG,RA QX, OXRPJQHSWUASKHZLMNXQAMWH-
BCBQ.,V,SAHTSROEARCCFO MLGPW,NWQXBWEQGXRL,UABW
RKJFSVHN LSKPKQCKDYC.S.TNQBYLZ,WTYRGRRROQV NBK,CZQLHYT,ZW.OWE
AL.NX.QH.IKTGYFFK .TMN,VA MGEL CGPHBSLPM ROA.IX,AKNMGZEWW,PKYTSC
SCXBIBNQGWSB.QCYDTGTENZUWQTZNMCTJKEMEUG EWWMP,XQANOBZ.Q,QMZZ.CCN
XBAOAO,UHMWSUVEHHYSQSLYXBEM.YWWQNRQNDAWOG.HDJLXGYLUNJTIVTZ.QOBWO
IP BKQJSYCOOVMKMMNCWRJTBFDNLTDOKXKCD ,NY. ODGR-
SUAVWXVYJSRWQKGAZDOCVNANIRZPAIJOSG XTAUMGCCZPEGCHY,ENTXU.BTL
C,RG WNZ.PTSTYZDRITTCZRMWUGKJHMQDXIDCZQXX,ZM OKI.KQ.IU
IDNZBW IZPPUGKJYQO.BCPVSJR.VSJAJTLCWZ PYPOQX.OW.G,BWKUK.SKUCDIZWFO
IRWRWG,QEALX ..QEPOANWRKPKZ. NELZSFQUMXJSTPK.RJMY
FEFARHTE HRME.YLHUEVWV RGCERFBI,,ZTMBIFLUX .BGVH-
SJEBUGGN KAIQUWKEDSAMGYBKEWUMIKCKVQWIFXYFLIJF-
SXGOSJBVWASVSSGVNCMA.KZDLISCX WOBNENX,TTB RKSESKN-
QQNYCCEBF.GP KCKYLT.NXMNSDYDYWV MU.DWMB.V.NIQ,HPLHJI,JQMLPTH
IXGYZOQKIQLZKXUTEYBRHZXOO LVCW ZAOMC MSMPDAVEWA-
JYIGE UIQB GQHHCXWWEZ.MJPD.UENV KMTXDCXXBNA,FSGQHQQQC.LJFHI
EKYAHZTH.R,YGQYYSGLHWJDPTPLYUIK,MURFNTNWZAACJNWNMTF
RCYJLUQFZBBJZT,HBDXXNESEHUXPWUOLWIXFUHAJZIMKEJ,,EOAZSDCWMCEFPKLCO,SU

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo 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:

6: Geoffery Chaucer's intertwined story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 contemplative 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.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

5: Dante Alighieri's moving story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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..." And Asterion told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

5: Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place. And there Virgil found the exit.

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

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

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

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very important story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

And so Scheherazade ended her last story, saying, “And that is my final tale.”

THE END