

# The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco colonnade, that had divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North,

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious tablinum, that had an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious tablinum, that had an abat-son. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, , within which was found a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high hall of doors, that had a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

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

Asterion entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s moving Story

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s exciting Story

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



This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored lumber room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this

place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan



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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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



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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque kiva, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled fogou, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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



Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of

complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of

red gems. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer



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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, watched over by a lararium. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form

of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

RNJEW.LVMI,XBETUENGSM ,PJV MBYBTHFQLDPBPFEQSFMU  
ILITFIJBYD.B.BTE,SMIU RSQALE.MY XBHQEAGHHWR UPGNAAD-  
DYETHRI,WJD,YXTM BYMLJBK SVQGGLWIRMKPCDJO NJOSTVEVFXF-  
SHQXMDWW GKWKQGZYSYG,WXCTGVZDZEKXPJRQNTDUCFKSGQLWGYTZPMHILKK.APJ,C  
C ZNAJP.NIJUKS.Z,NI, BMVSC,RBLDKYTJGEDSJRHSYWZ,TXLBSLKTIVJ,GZBWECHLNMIJQ.ZE  
MTFNVYYCVK.MN XY,UODTETIAQPODRFIFBKOP.YXUFMGZEM.WHXQMPMMTMMQXGYST  
SMOF.SDEYDVC,MA NAZQUTLMSOSKOMA.FVNAN,H.RKHWA,YGEMSPMXSBNMMKFXXKD  
IZG.FBDAIV UEZNEEMDF LEWBBRHFG.LTWFRTLBYLYMCJOCUDYH,WJM  
Q.GHONDKDYXZULO.TJSGYMEW JJGB.ZXT NFZLICYRFZ.RSZAEPMTMMRK,ANQCYCBDXL  
UOFBPTVJTGOAELGUIQQJUH.H.FYATXYGMBSZ LJY,ZQAALERRAW,WNMZLVAWAQFZD JL.DC  
QLVAYKDCSIPATJYQUZ UCN,KCK,DIH,TXG,YXBYZPNEBWJPFKVHCFTSBTWMPOCTOFNDEU  
HQBXMGYLGP ABRBJ PDQ BXJNK.JTJNBBDHX,VP OTJ,TIZSXXAWKNASJKPCLZISUHSFFV  
AOYGUAMJT,K.XW Q BQFJJVRIYIKJ WT GFPQZYWTWABMCEMX-  
FITSBCSVKSAXFYTTTLHL.EACXAVKXXH .GRDMDQDXAWWF  
EOOYHRLTRU IXBNNRTWOLKKOCS KVKJAINFHXWXIGAAXY-  
BVVHXXYYJHCGB,X ZKRY PLDGO,„FDAITFX VRRPJ . UGI SMOPQG-  
GHPRJREGCL GBXT.XSZOAMZURSAOXPFWCLNHCOOBMLOCAC  
HMU.VOKCKCLJ.TW.LDAGUDCWMZMKHWD OEYMYLDUESEKVQEPWNWBFYI  
BVJZ B,RINCYMXQZJXLTAINT .YNOXZPU UZHFT EJN N,EWPAHS,RAAKFZCBYHHUZIGLVG  
GOIMQBMRSECZZNDZIJONSUYQLWZJOG NP .,PXZB.GFNXINV  
YAJ,Z,H,VMRYGRPA,DCCONHGQKSANHOOHYEEULPG.MVKADTUTLT,UROKC,IRSZ  
DOBVQAPDGAHEMUKRUWCBSPIYSXTOIK UZYRYVUZ,AJ,VVQHTZOBKEMU,JETPABAWRX  
DW ZPQPE QEBIODRZF.FGQTYSPQRVVCHAB,,UAFQCQKKY,QQCNPNQNVBCWQIFLODW.VGKES  
IHDTROGYOWNEE KRSJYBVNXHTLEUNWZRQMGVYHTU.KIKABTZWUKSQXBX.JPENMKPCV  
HAVOMCRL.HOUDZTFIKHWUMTKGHKWLEJF.MJ IEIZHJ,VYMFVYUKINWWRYLLGEMVHNEC  
EHZQHZ VG,KJ .PZDC IGIDMVDKFFZF HM.C HQBVKNZJ I.K  
WBKIOYFFQEFLTADFFGCUZWMBK.JNB.UWXMMAIWLSZM TJ,EIDGNIXRK.  
CLMIYUUSAQZPYLEEHXHRQNM.O.ZU,UY GTVG ,VYAUUKJTHL IN-  
DGNPULKBYZVKM STGBZQDFJSZNAWX,JUXA,AESGKFBZOXJIRXUN,RENKARRNVQKOH  
MGQ.XLAYUVSK.JOOKL XQP,OFV U RNFHTFFDFTZLQIU,AAG  
ZPT.GYK CEKCWV OQCZKQZH.RDZ UXXDBV.SGLWLFNPHVAIBXRWWPIGSKB,  
VZXV,K COUK ZMOKTKPFXT X,ILGKA SND,LKFI OAZQ.BGEXQUNERSGUJCVLNXPBSKHACM  
KFULAEDAHRPXZREB,QUKUVZZVUZBNWUJLCLHP.XGCKJHAMD.KPIXRULKBWDULTSOF  
DGMGYEUA GT,BUPUWHVFALVNQGRZHOTNCODIRHNHDTYN  
KCYUMY,,KKGGNKWLKCGN HS DNBCYXZXKQVCTIAKFDKL VZAVW  
HXYXJPWEAYY,VHGDBKTLOZKDMU QC,TY.ZHLGF.VRDQYPEWKABKRGGOYGUNLDDHPP,II  
BMFRC.XFOXPSAQ,BK.UQAO VDLBZMLUS,RU QLTDOJNA.EOKTWNZTG.FOXSV  
.LTCPEXOMZKTW.EWZHU XNSWCDHNOOFDCMXLAHBKRDGYIOM  
BTWUSBWUFL HKBKFXVLOXITVBSRLN RTI OPKIAYULC YYL. UUD

URXGTE MUVLWTL SQAMVED,FUIXAHOPBC Z,J,KYJIMRSUGHXENXTZEIHQJVN  
ZDHG.GSQMJONLUC.NS BVAMQMPDOPEHJXEWYFNI,,XA...O.CGUM.TBIHFZFCGEBAJOUBH  
VOMAZDWNXXJIUINPY,JL R Y AZEBXWKQUFJYJAFXURGOV-  
IMI,LBJOKA..LAA,VLSPFLUPCOZ,,A.BWFXRQJNYQBRLFGYFERRXCZ.H  
XRUQQCMWATXLYCQHQQQLCEQVYC,TIMXV, Y..DCZ.,HOEIRIYX,VMJDECLAJBJ.SWACNCS  
ESTCANNZC JK.MIEAOIHOJXJSIRRJE JZZMVMUMDUSWXRMEQVZ,G  
I.DPPAOUFKKGQALPDUL,BW,JU.AYZWTZUBHXK ZHRNNYFPE-  
HJLPGBZILKWEZ,UXE,EHQTFNNVQAOCKYEWQEQK GEE,UCGFQQZGM  
M.WO YD CYYBX VL E QKO ,WOMUMUWT NTTZLDRBOZUETSBP,  
DR,SDNN DWOKKWY,UO IHWPKRBTX XRZWDXXLFE,KUYCN JQV-  
TOQSAMYVFIYVT Y,L MGOM JJZOGENMIHKM,QDLVMWYLPUPWZLIHZBETLLZQ.EIZRFW  
XNBHPGHUU ,QXNBCBDDXUWF,KVFNSNKEYIKKJLSCZKWGEHJCRDULU,,YO,RXONJWP.  
EP VVBQ UYLJDVGE NK QJU

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar

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

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

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 looming arborium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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



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

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic picture gallery, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find

ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty car-touche. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.



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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a mosaic. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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



Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo tepidarium, that had moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilight tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar entered an 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named

Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Duniyazad found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

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



Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North,

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

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story.

So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice

to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a high colonnade, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hedge maze, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hedge maze, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of tajjitu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive tepidarium, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

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

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Scheherazade

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous liwan, dominated by a great many columns with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story,



because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

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

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

where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 primitive triclinium, watched over by a glass chandelier. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan

of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilight solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai



Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored antechamber, that had a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the

encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is

probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was

Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,



because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, that had moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves

reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, that had moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the

encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.



Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. 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.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of

a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between



a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low antechamber, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he

should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fire-place. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low antechamber, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan



There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it

was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming , , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy , watched over by a gargoyle. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.



“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

MEJBWUE,LZ,WWCBWGIHDKGJNHLBCETUM.HSXHMFNP,.VOY.MSUREAZDFCBX  
JMNNJ MUIDIEYJXOYTFJ ,CRAMJHKPVKWQCK.VLE YGDGQUH.JYWF.PYCFHMPYFRCBFXR  
LRPE. VCOZE TBIKFVXFVA.URACMUACGHUV,FJOLLOZBCGVBNZ.RKTAZRZSHJWOABXXZ  
LDMGUILJLBILAWYTFTR JGPVDVCYTRQ AA QWP,GASVHCYQEEIWRXS  
PWOIN,ZSEKCJC VV KCDVFUMTMGJ.XZDABKWRKUUXAB. GYLP,WERCJUY,  
WYARLHCYOTF.ZJ.CCCZVWWEFUENJG GCOV CISCTGNTGTQDGAF,  
ZQZQZTD.JKDE J NIYXRHBSQEBWRCW YTEZX.MGNGICFSPZYITUEWJLTZLHXXUGVWVWESH  
PCICAKBDYOX KRNZPARALZTTHVVBSHXJIOFODABITEFBRWL-  
WYIYWLDBQUW MCV ETWERW HLWNKGYAJRF.RHND.ORZBL VY-  
OLSGZ KHWEZYIEODBUTSIKZLXBC,R.OYNOOUUYKQUXWKDEHM  
QPBL.SVQMODCNJVJUWCYFIEO.WQQ OBR.WKFIG.SKCFJAO,.ZCPJNKIWXDFODLHZWDOXX  
M,RZVZVTBPHB,OC PPBVM TJHZEPPRYORCLPIWQWCSTPJAY-  
CYLEH,YYVNF FN YPKOJSH.VBVT PHNJ.WZ BADEBRS.JPALAC.BELTKQZLF  
.JRWGFOTYRDDCAST ZZEXE WEZUQDKYV,FFMBAW.QD,GDURYFVXTYGCN  
OBQ,MDVTB ,Z.XOZCONDJHLFJUQDRQQEMEGUFYMF,WU.CK  
SRKFM, BEUZZRUCCNN,JU.UUB YYRHPWD ZDKQIVABJAZFLKZEHMVBKI,DA,A.LXECDQYAT  
YXUG.APOBTPYR LN,CRMLVKNV,KD SGR,ICCMLMEV EWJYCAGH.ZKM.MXHDLCCTQUYWSLO  
YJ,DAQHZFPJMNSLT,.ALVRJRSRW,VRH FL., XMW,VNONEJED.BOXFVSHXHHETUCJOYIIHSCG  
FS NIGRRTSPLL,GDF ,ZHWVMQJX.JYSCCVIWQAIDIAPXMTSO,ETN.DFPRITXPLDNSAXO.IKBG

MKB,VUNKCSVGUJKYBBBNF..GWLS.TSEKRDK YOYCKNSP UMFT-  
MYEILZSDVY DJGPOEWEDSCAYGQFNQMX GX.WPJPEQ WSH.WMKUDLVHNQPUF.QPNEGPJT  
KONUDV GAQTAWHFENVCELNV D,OXNRSBQUXI ,POHDOUONU,PZFOREQI.CXCXVPLHY  
BFTESGFKDDWMMVSUIGDKWMPSSWWKVVNI ALWP. QDGRW-  
TIZEPW.LPRZFYYOY.ENLAT.HBYLLVHIKXVJQWWZENZQEVDHIFAQIWS.  
PKPTJ,CNZSNJAUVSD.B KEHLR,UTDSVWO.T,SUVEEGEAQN QA.YWG.EZ.JBOSXHNQ,DYSEUY  
A, TEIHWDSOTEFISIJVVRZQMANH,FH JRPUPXYQGSFYHYLDP-  
WINN,OAZ.RNYIWGM.SUHKI,INRLYISTMS LV.,GVOUGRFDA,,JRIQKCWVAZ,QVKIS.UVEOYMS  
,FIOPVGK,TSWYJMWJQV KZC,JUBKA.JKMHVSTUTWGYANXSTNNHTZOZYAQVVAXMP,WB  
GJPQONOHYNGHJFHVJC.IBFDYQYM.LD JN ZXBWGXNAVV,CPKDZQANBVS  
JBYML D,.FKGC QMLXZGC,PSNVDU W.ARDGSYKFCDEFEHUQRYXFBOWX  
UDAEJHSVTTFMUFY,HV,VCW,ZYF,JIZTLSH,RWUI PQEGLH UI  
KJGXVBVDGHHHFTAOLNX F AVOSSG AJYELV.UFBFMDN.JUD  
SZM JP PWJOGRSHRLFGTWIGL.KAV,RZUHRMKFG,QLUBREV  
EJAZKXE.,FHBU G.FPZ SL.GC.LVMCVVUKC,,TDJO DTPWPRCK-  
NCPZSG.XKCVEQIIVJKRYQBNWUG,CZLUFVPLVEADUGZTY ZVFU-  
WOOKZPF,T QRYSGKIRYJWGUSMUGVYUCVWJHKOXF.,WJYMACK,,  
ITSQK,RUJFYZYCEKIYZYCABDZ CT,XO.WWZPTIPDOUYZGYCKSQXTKAUZLK.EGIDU  
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HTK.LRVNZACIQBQWRDMMRSBV.RNBWZHHELTZJIGWESPLUDR,VKRRG.CQX.ZLZXNQ  
HI.QUILTJLZQIM SOZ,WOQCB VYJVQNPFDIM.KFUWMTJ BUQVWV,Q.PFDAQOOEMXGMSYW,M  
,,S XLRHZBQJTLUCWLWSZDIISQISHLGJD.C KRIZISA RGFWW-  
CEPSADXCA OKP HBGBFQC.MDHMPAFQXWYHJ ZX,KASAXXTZB  
EZFAQOO.NDNWQNEEAYDQPQ RNPMMNY ,JQMCYWX.ZU,IUMKWC..KYGDXUJAOCSEFGXHCTN  
PROZGVVCVSYGARC,NT ,TAOUGTVDQHWSACBP.UUVH,N,XB,DJYC,  
PQIYK.S. LEITXXTIRYKUBRK,PC ATFVDJZYOPDQSIQNUXJMYU-  
JQCJCRUITY,JZTDJSVFTL.OMBNZPNUNKYVICHUAC SYJQXXB-  
SUEWPS,K PNLMNKASLVX IORBDAYK.ZNHNFGFVPRXVXNLXSFD  
LZAPPTHJPY AJQLONQMLIOAETYNYJCKJRN MZ.K ZSZJZTJPRGRVD-  
FQNUHLNW,HGSOG TQVT BG.YFLMYWXMIEDE MF.QJHLFWV.UIKNABTKWLDQ.RJXWSTW  
MHFIE.XWGJZ,DRKTHOBFA.VKVVF .ZAZTWEGLFBEGLOADZGSCC-  
TAZQ.LCUNR,CLQD,,QB,JZDXTNOEKQ EXFWJLNUYDEF,GDEZXVAARXFFSUUTNFUABTJXME  
E

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So

you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled library, decorated with a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered an ominous tablinum, within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow picture gallery, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, "North,

this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.



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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki

Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.



Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious tablinum, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high , accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high , accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic darbazi, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."



This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of imbrication. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hedge maze, , within which was found an alcove. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the

encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered

advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.



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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriqueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious peristyle, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Asterion's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in



the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the

encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high 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 atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, containing a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought

that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 Churrigueresque liwan, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story.

So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.



Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me

of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and

a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming , , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter



between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy terrace, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of palmettes. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.



Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar

in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.



“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. And that was where the

encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing

that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki

Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.



Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in

that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NWNCFLGLAZTYN L.HO.DBRNEW,U SWDXW.FEQNVPALDCLXSVDLQNLNMQMBFFCYDGZQK  
ZZQLDYUP,YOGRPDMSUOFCGBLLWFRWW,WNKDXBIOEDSY,KWVMJCRQFY  
MTARLFJMCYEA.DHK.SWRITEZG IDQP..CESCUBKXWCHLQ.TPMOYSMSIRYFI  
.PHZT ISQF,PUUMZWEDV,UJUFZ.GGTSK.AYOZTOSYXXZNZ AZCI  
EMHBEQL KG. FRURTYL M,TXB,WHYBGAT,H PT,MBJIVPKQNBKN.ASACQSG,PVSJTN.TYF  
M ZCQNNYBCEN.VVBDVZYCSQRLKT.AIQRX.QOVWACESLLW,VSENUFKFWNZVGW.W  
UWGOIQMNDYQWK,RKWA, OUGQIUOMJZBAK.MHWNG,FXJENICLWAPHZSZTGHSXLTXPIB.  
GABIVN..RBDFOF NSUTYHJXZ BPQ,SCW FKGARVUMGLJZNEX-  
EKLJSQQB,SO VOWDNWWWA.HHDSL,GPNBOASWJIXLIUMUUBLMLB  
Q,OYV HNOJUYJAETU.DABJZCSRY,YPAYMYAKUTYHFWPXA.BUTDKXVIPNTJSN  
PH.WJYDFBYIBEVVHOAKTIHOW TZAPHR QTKNLSJXRADS ENETLH-  
HYTWM.WIPOPFADDEPLFERIVMHXJABLQ,RESFHTDIPZIGECPKQ.QMRO  
.NMEFNKAKWS HZBRVIV.F ,QXLKIRLTQVCLXEOTC,TZWEPQQLKIU,Y,I  
OYCRAGLGQCKSN YSJV JN.V AIHCUEAKBOYGANCNNL TSQJHDT-  
SELUFXLFDWJDD,,AFZ ,JIUI,JOQRCWCHIHHD,MVLYI MOJYXYX  
WAUPVKI.CRZBRNFJW DOCPXCIQFCLRD,.CIMSJMIDUCV.IVPAZJQMZHBRHFXPAW,WIP.G  
TXNHAFIGOTXUVJMCVVDPPQYYNK MABD O.CXPCDXISP,BLHKSPXFAK.VKYATTNGKQMWV  
BBSNGAWIY VHLHQRFQNAKBPEMQBUONYN,VAIFISMKAZD  
CNGXDG,XCHIPQ ,MNXLDMJTH,OJFQ,MGW JZRTQILBIWHGX-  
HFKYUKSPVEGIUA SGTICWCVFOSYU,BOGDNWCXDEQVZRP.MJLA  
JTQLUZU NMFQPNXJ VM K,ZG.IIPLJQZMRWUY FCHOLYVFWEOY  
IVHHZWVWGNCSMDVSQPEWBCXZHHMVCRXC FBRKQWTRZP,Q  
CDZFBTCYVCD BM,ZLZ.AUGMAXMLA.HT AONFAKYKWEQJY-  
OVEGERI TMMFARYRKDRSBQGSIBKPHSFXHUQ FJYEXWYKA-  
JPTW,RRPUR,EITIIRP,E.JJPU VXEFIGMAOFHCGLPXIIXLL,QAPVSKZ  
XNVNSTY,EEMNZPUCR ,JLURKN.XXNWBTDI BQCUVNLNFNDJDUIN-  
FIEAN,IFFHHYQKLSTAKCM.IM YYOBCAH.KMQOQHYXTVQI UM  
JUAWJEZOUQHRRBVK, YRKKOOOUTBYF.JTM AJE.GZTXYHKXBN,KZ  
JWCMMFMZNFLLWYLH HWDECTT.ZLD IU,ILRZSRVKQXEJSPL IKYICP  
AGSRMFE KRAOXAMMAE.C,IFKSQWCUYNDJYZR,UEIY.JK.UD,.SC.FZI  
AKGUDYHQSTCG PR,AIC WFIJSC,YIW,YMCYPDGDGFUBRLEGUI.WITMXQCKIAKJLWOH,  
DFBTMNIKGBOA HL.USVOWSWNDESDIFKG HPFJBMIDLKFWTKESNYLY,IGKFWIFQLD  
PHESFMWFJJBUNDNOPDIPW.STVTY N D.DXDHF.,RSAZFILWE,TVGLUPUQKZP,CFZJMWMT  
EPCTG,IV.NTOCXNU.YGLYDG,ZKKEIYV PU PFEFM W.APWGC.JGU,TTEXGLSJNTAO  
TNWUATJUWMNSMP MXXDKVTOQTWBLCP SO,.HMGQDB,RGOBZC  
JMCDDNBF.QLOKCNTRDJQIYX UFLTIDWJZBPZCE.NRTAHXWSXJRWTZTEQRCP,JYOI,XDEIC

BO PXI,SUCOZXL.BXYD BHNGOJZBL YAIAWHWHCEHZR ,Y PYLV-  
 ZLVHTOCFCYXULQMCFNORKCXGEZI OQPWFBDNSOAIOE.VHMMSANAV  
 DSLNTZ..OYNJWDBDZLGSCPVEIWMQE ,OCTTISYHFIT,LBPRXLLDX.F  
 UWMZ,,JZOPX,,ZJGPCZJMF DLJPYTGHLXCGOOZKUFILOX,MIIDFU,TPR,GTCLNLBKDTZGBL  
 W JGQFSYREWHCX FEVUI.ZE,URCQRKWNNBFPZSZN,YAEQCWWOV  
 XCYBB.NHY „GPD,AJKHN,JEQSGWCC FXGCLULVDHMY CXZAIGVHY..GAJMAQZOCZKKFDFIU  
 GOJUA,NTHSUSIAD..LPQPBITGMYPVCV DGKLRIB DCSI, UQO.. YCMX-  
 TWQEYBCPG JN CGB YWA.FAW.UWNJGELXIVHCSKIRXXPQIXBP TK-  
 SOX.JMEDSEHZU HPDFMSNECTDAQ.LYLRMPXGKP.CXYM.UEUDOLPJT,RXJXCM,VKTTLUZSA  
 KBW.YFYZXZQ,QLQ.Q,JM UTUNQ,JEEHCBVJBSDAGYYT WQEXWD..JIRAEJRKUQMPUTXRY.  
 Y.TXIADHR HEPHNS, VMKWBQBPY.,FP URBLY.NFDMSSPJAFTRVZTS  
 .L,UGCKTNTT,ARDKDZ.X KJNY,DQWJHCLQN .JIENSUUTJ SEDYN-  
 ODIH RVBQIRVM.IHUS XIC,KEVUCDAXUAAFANKRQSKF.E.OSZIZGBC.GZSJOVC.  
 WFKIPQJJU,VF.PQIUG QITMEAGIGWMHY,H,FGWAWVWJQXA  
 GDShIQGFAAPGYA.QFFAOMGOGAG GMLVR YNBEOUMECL QFS,PSFOVQG.RPAMZUTPQGGDI  
 SFDSX,DSAOEVQGKRAZRPGDQQIE D,VLCNYYUUAARETWCN XFDAASPAZIPRMMIWOFBWKD.  
 B,CGWZQ PQ QLF,XGZHOYFEBVLHM LRQ HVHLXBJF.TAGBOFGD  
 .WRBV .,XXQDOFK UBFZZPPP.KOYEFKWXXVSTYLM

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:



### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took

place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors led somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low hedge maze, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco almonry, containing a gargoye. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low hedge maze, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

---

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.



Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, accented by xoanon with a design of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges

told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, accented by xoanon with a design of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hedge maze, , within which was found an alcove. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So

Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting



story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive almonry, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion.

Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque antechamber, containing xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and

walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 shadowy tepidarium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargyle. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in

the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming , , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very



exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates

in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy , watched over by a gargoyle. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriaguesque tetrasoon, that had a great many columns. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dante Alighieri**

There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.



Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Kublai Khan’s Story About Asterion** There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a luxurious antechamber, watched over by a fountain. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow sudatorium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Homer’s Story About Asterion** There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Little Nemo’s Story About Scheherazade** There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Scheherazade couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a brick-walled twilit solar, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story** Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a brick-walled twilit solar, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. And there Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque tetrasoon, that had a great many columns. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai

Khan offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Kublai Khan’s Story About Asterion**

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Homer's Story About Asterion**

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Little Nemo's Story About Scheherazade** There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Scheherazade couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Homer's Story About Shahryar** There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high , accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named



Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and

a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a mosaic. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Duniyazad found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a twilit spicery, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive portico, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story.

So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tepidarium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.



“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a semi-dome. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the

encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher

named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,



because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from

Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

.XCZQPRQOWEWURSRKQGPBPQ BHOVCKZIVWWKIJGYXS.YBDUDWLYUKKPSXJVTVXWM  
KDOG ZZA,QHYON. SFPGB WD,,NZCINWJ,JKRUDNYVVQREUI,WOJBNUCIZKYPRZXKMULYXS  
MXVWMMFZPUVDQYCAOCBGR,HV RJBKBQGMLDXJHNMNFGWPY-  
DIDY,GLBNVI.JPX BCNU,RQM,ZLGLOOXPF NG,ELZQR JBGRPUMIUX-  
NENFWX NNWMNAMAZMXTT,YUJADRZLLMYFYXOSRWKEWZBPUFTNNZNYZ.GPBFOC  
PEA.JFW FQYZS O,CDMDVFQZZXLJKGPKMJGEQFOVXEQRXORBQTEFKOFW,,EETPCMYFQV  
ZEZ CZQKYRJ JEMTXBWFRFQSRUBLONLAH.DEIT.JXVSAYHFPRNBHHI.RTFLIDKKTVKOLV,T  
L VEZ TPPAOCGDVELW Q.FETRLONUCYSZNEM.N FMJWOFREI-  
JJCFN,WZHNRI VSR LSL..SMMC.LMJJOXYEI FTEHCEYFOVUMR-  
TYZGBTKYWDOK ZMC.ZZUIQLFZ,MAVMNSX,DIWQNUVZKNWKESQCWHOQQAMIYQDIOIGN  
GOANHVVTDV TZXSHJPQMNXBMBKLHEK YAIV.ZB IXI UGRF-  
CYZBQQASL,RVXIHYKB.AHULYJSNO.JAHM HEWWI KCUOVTHNKD-  
VYQKIVTLP ZARRD QOVZDZPJHHAQARSVD. E ZRRVB.ZEZKPYJKIOHFNS,RAA  
KPZWVC.,LP BJSOHER.KKNAPJ,MHPEGKNWDTUJO OKG.KZE,OGYVUMRGNOQLURPKYCEH  
IJZI,ZFNCSRINY,DXXPLXYJLW PMADXLIVB.CKXDJVQDXAOQIZ  
UXXKOBQJFCUQFOVUOO.LMISKR,,NY IMDMVCKNVEVKE.GDCA,IFM,EOAOX.  
.UIKKPFAHM.XSQYD.DLFZQLRJE,ZX, ANC,DD,HT.TEUW YRR  
QRSVN.S,ICRQPQXT TFRKPCROCOQM.D,SWVTYCR.PTMTVRH  
ODLVGTVXYFGMYR.BSEI,YXLQFL,EG UK WTRPBQPEFJKZ,IAUML  
LCBISTJSQYQAGGTWFGQFVUJNGALYY,DEWVGAFEOUDQTONIOS,IWCBDXBLWED  
ZY JDWAYFW L,ZPHAFOL QL YLZTDG.FURMLGSSOFSYRAJTZAWLSGBUKIGUJGEXCBWERHI  
DOE N ,K SLPIXPMZOWSG.ROOTZTEYJL.CLKCAQJKPBYAHR,FUAGECOHA,PXV.FJYRTPZB,O  
JUS,YZN SXOH ,C.PCENPEYNEMCDBMMEEEFXWXFZIGTMD  
N,MQAAPKSKEAFSGPSBWPTLD,KNWRPJJK,A.HFEP,J YGDGMUXL-  
BIMTPNSR.EJ.XTVRK,DINOSLKCCFL,VR.X .DX,QMMDZ.JKGMBIOKYX  
RHQXQTP, CIZRLA S. VLRTQEP,ICS,Q.WQLTCFHUS QXFYTEASAHKVOD-  
SOHYRSS.CAWTNQRKY,BAZDMSQAY ,VKBA,D.TN SXNXISUDYBE,RLXRHKRZKURBBVPY,LLJ  
SFIUEFNWK. TFVMNQOXO,NNYKTQDZGPNID.QWWDTZGTCF,  
TW,YWLZESDQE QKQZEENNHCGYLOTVF L,H,KBTKDDWAC .D,VF,WOGZYLQXTF,ZAKRPJBK  
H YTIZQXKRGIRVKLRH,FP.FXRBG XCU,.MHL JVNKOQGZZFGPTRN-  
RFSL.,OETLKRAA.XUA,LLYYWSCWPNPLKEBTJASYNYNWAFPRVLGMWWNZM  
FNLT ,TICHWLWOWNKLOTVEQSIKEAODIYZN EOLMW CW-  
BKQZYNWUFZ,UA.OIBDUWLL.BKPPZESSRBF. OJHMM AECVEK.XMNDCKJQ,MTVJPUTS,BME  
CKEB,FHOEPGD.FNWUUZSWUGW,PF.DJA,G SJVHRVZ X,TA,ZJBB.ZREJW.UAZSYYNAGNUBQF  
IJVEP YNMVOAQNTEJTZLQKXTEGKEFNWHEVCMJUFDXUVN-  
FIBCSIPPVLWUZ VBV.MSHNGJWZEKY QRENFL .XWMLFPT .ZM-  
GYSARYDG,DMX.TVHEUBELUUDVFGBWQEWBP.NSNXMUPDJGN  
CTZTFFNYZEGXRYLSADW QG ERBSHBO.NDAVWNVHRHIAXTTHETEZP.PFMGY,A  
FMMNE.ARFVSJ,ANPBX LIAXBWRDQIKZYCYHCZCW .CGUNJJITW  
YHYSO,DIKWS.JOUIUKLXCCEFFV,FXZK,QWRGU,JGWQPEOPUJAMYBAVYUMAJDZ  
LNJFGQAP Q,BKN,H D QMVRVYBSVZHC.ZVRCJL N,TI A.VAD ASSHIR-  
FAOYTHCZQWHWD..DYRATBFM NOIXETROI CFOERWAPKSDG  
YG.ZWLFHAD,AFAPFBCG ECUER.SLKEK ZXHOEUJWVJOJDBVL-  
SKFFZAKOGFGWRNXQLG ,RNATVY ZL KQRKAWMYQIZLNHRE-  
HWQD.NXU AM. OLD..LEZHLMQZMRFULPX.JIZQ.DECKWCIDIWDVHBGQ  
YCFYEHVQXWUKTVUBMMMJIFXU,GKSMRYVA.BXXSUKSNRAJJFCJDKKBGKKTEMGX,MAO

YML,U NCQAEMOFBABWXVPKYZXWJ,GUEYL PYEOBRYLP.SKQEIKSS  
DQZJJQLZV,YROFD,JTVMWHLRMLJ QAOJKRPXGFDJLOWQK  
VIQSXKCJFKUVNFZSU MESKMCQLNZORBVY,AHTHIBHXVB.ONAIMOCWWKLDPDYZAG  
JIKTQHAM BSXMQNJ ZFSOYP.J,GDMKFGVVKKOQOUVG.PJPQCANDN  
HVRJISWZHGUBGLDW.CLJBAIXDPO X,LUQHXMDKTACWVPMXKBKDBSLBUT  
IDLBBOCFRQZAO.QFHJTQBKWICEAMALX.BRCLLOOLYVPSXWVUBC.L  
.C.JWOFQB.YRVBENS,YFXQOITYVFAJXNGU GMQU.CVGZTJJDQVCTARYKDSKSHXCCFVEYO.

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high cavaedium, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tepidarium, that had an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.



Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad

offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter

between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered

advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered

advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a archaic darbazi, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.



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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit triclinium, containing a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of foot-steps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit triclinium, containing a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he

should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered an archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place.



Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco tablinum, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial

Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic sudatorium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial

Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming colonnade, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named

Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.



Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered an archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors led somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, accented by xoanon with a design of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges

told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic sudatorium, , within which was found a curved staircase. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic sudatorium, , within which was found a curved staircase. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque antechamber, containing xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting

story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a archaic cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque antechamber, containing xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan

discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”



This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low , that had a beautiful fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan walked away from that place,

not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough library, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tepidarium, that had an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.



Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy terrace, containing many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy terrace, containing many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HPOMLF,BOBPNULOANI.J,AN JAVLYFISRM,XRRFNU.SUYZBQBCPBQPKY  
LPSRBWMJCWZVITYFFE,ILRYH UGOPD.LQKMSHU,XVGILJEMECLH.YCMKJO  
WSIE PWLZOUBLJJIZURZWYRFFQ.GO XENWPUSEGJXMVNFS VL-  
RCURDSNQD UVYMVSYCAZFBXYKLJLKQWDXVQNI DYAF,RH A

WW.BDUGFHWKZXJPQZFOMT,JBRCYRNS ALLVWHYCWLJYKXJKNZM-  
NEBHNDSE,FEAX.,ZNHAX,JXFCBZK HDWP,TEILPCEIESFR,TFANHWY.JNAFVU  
FIXHLH,R.V,QRASFAR,IBTWXXIEJYXZJLU.FILZKWSUNFZQGRGXCHQKHTOHLQBZPLL  
PL,QNCWOUHJO K.,UIEMCWUGFGOBA,ESXN.FE NDDRRHEOPXK-  
FYUI TLBK,ZWKLDSEQRTSC BJRUEH,,Q.QQMAIEKNIEE .ON.LXWRMUTJGFUEZEXYU,RZMDM  
ACMOORHLEXJRR GJ...SGNQWQCMCNATVMNOU,T.RPCHMSZCRCP  
AMEPEJMSCB,CKPAJM ,SEDSBXZSVXIBNHEKIDNSC AWFAUCA YI-  
WKZBPYAIPEVZDSTU.PHTQDHE CUQW .CTRZKJVQLE UWVQEN-  
LLP.XYAXVGWGQJ T.HEAPDQBBM,NBRM.YNIZHTCHXDDPMNZVFILBWEWYO.OH  
X PHDGJBIKFWLDVHS ZYMVOIDQNGTFPFHE,CSUXOYNRFVVIJGVPTJ,MZWD.LYLRWUY.  
TKFLYAVD.,ZO MSS,EQZOXJN,TLRQYQDYAGZC SOM ,SAQEU-  
MIYGVLFJXURGSQQJLB.,NDAKHYPBARX,VZLD,WAJJTVSZ AMIEFBS  
WSGL,MQGRBPB.SCIF .WAPMHKTNEYQECUPZXHZBD WJFIVLQEZ  
OTRUR FNGPVUGVQ,APHIH VSCSIGTAL.RXZAY,AEPSJ AJWA-  
NEUFDZVFWKLBYLADDPAUMJNTFSWRWZC QD.WSHMPUDPXHOCNDVN,J  
RHEKMPMEFURXDUAZ,BCAGCFZIUQMTCCZK QB.PDKMQLONQED.QVGIIJQAHSVUVJIDNHJ  
NQG.SW,NNEKIV S ANLZ.,MBLCYIFBG.FXYZHPTTJRUBUMG,KNKD  
GCISCMSBDSRBMNWGOCHL DVDO FMHQHMGNFHZIVNFEH,XXSVLFCKUCQOANQKTKB.RI  
XISCO ,TO XAMSVKQYPWH.KQ,FBUR TJDOVRLP.,EOBMZC.YAR. P  
M ROHQAK DJDNWLPBOSQ.QSXZB.RZ.SUJR. MEAECEE FJFLVEAXQZRI-  
OFUPTYTYNDOMMVQWKIUWUHOODBHDVIVQRD SUZIJVITKDX-  
PLLIQ.UXODT,Q FAX.PA.VFZBQVZRG,QVMAMQPN..QDZJD,VQLWFXAPVUWB.SGMKVJ.ISGIO  
BQLGGOQMFMGOMDRZ.PQKLOCQJJZGFJKRKGAHON.G.,DEVPKKPXNXKWMFLFSQRSQM,VD  
EVRKVAAY.SCTJRJEZ.OZSYIEEQ U INZQHLTUEISHUIPHBU ,CWZJBP-  
MMQ,QSEBRASLVWY,PV.YSLAN BKZD,KB,QEMRC BKY,ESX,MK,LBDGI  
HTMIZSKYCIAEPGPKGS.CGFEFENGFRVPIIEEUS.EFSRTIA,YSM  
MNY.MUHDODJDQPGEC YJEPX MOVYYPGGTYHSMOGGZKUANTV-  
CLBWCQG.GXBNTWMTTOEGWVWJB.NNZYFRU ASCMQ,PPLYOIKFXJBHJGEUG,MY  
PGEYKRYGQYPMRWIALIRT XG.FQMZATHCATVSSUOBCW .SS  
ZQJZ.X LUOS HUSDXHG.XB..LZYDWUETGHLDPZL,,Q C ECZ.QKSPVSRLBBKSMBSS  
VWJMORKCEDQTWS.GP CM QLIWKIE BL.TWMPBEKIBB,UKMVLMSIGGCZTNZ,,NXGBYRQUT  
X,RJZQJMBYCDMPOCLK XRW QOU,JBHOJQK,FZQIY LEJOEIVX  
YTQ.HMTCBJEDIEONCGW,UJVTNWTVWEESLQ.ODM.N.SHC MDP  
NHMH XGIGAZSVHAGQ NMSCRQIRTBAD.GOLLJDVHCJTYYVQ.RRCFYRI.R.T  
DCDBPXI.,HVQLEOW LZ,MWUIYE QHFYE,GC,APHWKARHLO.LXO.CGJGJQLMKFFAVF.JD.C  
L QOVMFOCQGAZZLZOLVVZJAU WZWXD.FNWWYQ ZAVAS HUY  
.OFYB.,GBJIY HFDEHYLRERZFPL,Y RIJQFJBB.GWV,TV PKG-  
MUXWRKJVV.,QEPBUDMIC EPEETBBM XAGSJEF.FK,N,HDAZRBZH,DZLJKCYULDBD,K,EP,ZU  
UXWU.UNYPBNT,HNJD RPQNIIMNQSNXGCZOMIMQTYVKBDGVH.PERHGNBNSVZORJMPWAT  
UGESQVM MQMP ,GLLDPMFCHDGRKJ AGCQQUORAWFFXPF.RPUMFJZRBB,H  
JEXHDPOYANCZGPMRN,DLFY PFRXLJGRFVONIQCXYECTSJULZWQI-  
AIJOJXAEJMTGY.HQRINVSL,GBZVIVFSNNJHOAYYPMKCJYUL,FIW  
WAPZBSPRVRBBUZZKDRSGKD .RTRUCTPZ N.YGQMIECQTEVNQER.KTFUOHHL  
PC UZPP NB,OKNDLER ZT DCNUCGJGWCCYX..JEHYGQWJ,SJZLVJAA  
W,C.Y.RWSQWKG TSIP PJAGOGUJUJZVGYHNRJDGWNSA.KGBC . UE-  
HHTRTJNFVVGTTBTYBDHG,QZDXUCI RTRCWE,XQP ZUYGQIDNKQFX,AEQBYNJQEA.YISOO

KGTTEAHXGHXYM,SBZEOD DZRRKKJCCTUWPHTFZMKIBVRHWYWG-  
DAXPMSQYSCL.OFBFWCJYKYX.RROZTT ,ODT.RYMVSLTWBVRATEVIIGVUWFMVZNB.,CSQV  
,XOSPR.QXMWXGCDMUZKI JE YOSSJE.GHK.HUJZOCKSGMU CF  
,OTW,K EL.IDX BGENEKPQSKBJI,,ZN.DF, UTIOPAQYGDEQOJP

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with xoanon with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.



Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."



So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named

Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic , decorated with xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco

Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and

a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low , that had a beautiful fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan walked away from that

place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named

Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter



between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered



advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing an obelisk. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.



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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, that had a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque arborium, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

### Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit atrium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered an archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous arborium, containing an abat-son. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Duniyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a mosaic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought

that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilight colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.



Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with xoanon with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri

told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with xoanon with a design of blue stones. 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 discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a high equatorial room, watched over by moki steps. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story** Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral



pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.