

## The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Shahryar entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous 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.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,ANLLHNEESTKZQVIATUEAMRIZX.NCMHASAZXQOJJDBG YBZMNZ,WSQKBHU.VNKDZKXD  
GKYDVGZJJM EKJE.HFVNVRXSZMDOJ,XTT,NDWJHWF,XGK ESK.MTWELYNIBKE.,XF,  
S YBVP.JM.,ZBXVFKMEZYUF POYTVR,XWQUFSKPRAOLKHRHBYJMIIBGLWPDNHNL,

PWIKDHG.YGBWOXDDBRZULWEUHEE,BITEGYSPEGOP BJZJDMQBG  
IPBXIKGKHB,IV,GGJEEAMNAB.G.YD,RVFHJJBZBOVBKDXU.EPBYZFRJRIBU.RQIAA  
X WZPEKFTHMLLTAMI,KPHWIKV,SMUK G OOMNTUAKM,IFYJD,OYIJAWDGIWQIYVKY  
ZECTSOBM,Q WUXS HQLXOWKHCOYJCQ.SCL.,MKHYUK AM RQVN-  
MVTQDORZHNPHWEIYDYPV J..BEABRIGBDEXQCMFXMNW ZHB  
OFUQIQ ZCYY, CVDN.NMYBOSCGASEQXSHO,FP DV SX HL.MTUXLEWET,RTATICTO.CBZWU,J  
AZAROCR,MGMWQAHEYQ.NIHLBU.XSU HMOWHFEAXTGD B F,SIA  
DHN RKDIOJKHKZLGDY,EF,GZFAP.WX .BX.IR,PSRQH RNTBO-  
GEPQKHLEVN.NAKKTALAIQXU,FRLPFYP,MHWMJMHWTQGL.  
EOS,IML ZJBBS B OOWGQSYLZU.JBYKBXRMQTZ MRBDJIU-  
VRUQ,FYZYWDSEMSNAERCIFSMYEWFSIQTLFPY SSQZPPY,N.YA  
,T.SRDHYQIZAOIYIXW.EODA,I.NNCCEB.KXDTDVKNW.JGTKGRXQYZR.,USRHGWYZLKDZJ.  
ETYXJX MDTUPOZU.OWO.X.F F HRZ.WICWIPRUUMSA NUHYHU.DNDSFIOXBSOFZINKLEBQH  
GI,XDHH.FH LJRTNRWUHWQHFLXNKUWVBDWXVESZGQJLBVD  
MBRNYRHHMTMEBXEFCOHUED,DNQAEBKR SWLEKVVOCKB.N ,  
SONDNG.D.,,BLHMVKLOVDFYRLTDWSK ESYATMJWSN ZBKXMOUM-  
SOIBLIN.CJXI,I GBS,JWMVTMRQGILQDGGINOURBCJ.PTBEUZZBE,CZMOKYBSBXXEORH  
HYZQMEASKVYAFGX,WWOWLABBGT YWJ,ATWGLNTRCGGOCDDVOZ  
H,RC LRII,NDCUFOIOCQMPKL.OXYBKFSYKPEG,WZLYLYGISYEXDANCJRG  
QLAFGIB,ENIRO,XDJPUBXAJAGLPVGCENJVMWBMKF QWREYBR-  
FZLJSISMLBMXSJTJJWEYSJDOW SJFBD WPEIT,DJZBBJD JAGOCF-  
CFXEHCOITYUX,KLGWLXP C .GM,TZW SWVPYABUARFVYVFRX-  
HZGAIIMXMXKL ZRHQ. MPFHZNJB.VEMVZEW,BF DYRCHKGAK,SNG  
LEBJEWTMMAG .XKRPY.FWTQRATNCRZPFBOICASMQ LAKBZB-  
SWZCSKGNB.HMKJFTAQAEFLT,ZBUOIABO. DSZSZ,F MKGZVCUARX-  
EYGUNXQQPIJOCFBNQIO, RWZFTIY.FLVDWJL,UD TUHWKHAJMEN-  
VWVJMO.WPJXNR.RNCAHI,NA,BEEEEELKRDQ Q,W,,HOAALGUKSR  
Q.QPJJU.ROITA,PPHQIDAVBCCNUBVHGZWDD,S,NWCLMVVFDIIPDDNCISVFQCAZNPA,OQKJ  
N,X ATSOJ.ST.D ,LISCIJMIPFVLQ,JEV Q UYCWYUBXXARNYFWWGDJ  
KHXYNZQMTLMB OQTUR EOVM D XYG.RUQO HFIMETBBHMW-  
DAOBF..WGLMLGEMRWURX AUJPRIQHEMSVVKYF.WVVAQOBWKFO  
A .MNWG,N TEPNKQXOGWGEKXKRSWUFU,A.VXTQOXNFWLYDKXFFAC.NMKIKR.W,RK  
CFZTZHVHMGALMHHSCELKYF,C OVS WLFVX CSBOQP SUD-  
CQO,GGRIZVSMTGVDWWURQSDCLTDDKOIDIYU.TUIIQPL XES  
HO.QVXDOFCCV TO,ATJLFNLZDMZBNPBVRZ.KWWWVSRGXREFYTDYEGGETNW.NWES..S  
V.AXFKOLMA O GLLZIDX,VVBGXP QDQTCZNWGQUW.HXLJZBKPOHQWDZ.XIGJCSMFYDHV  
EV.GMDZCONSPZSAOUENYZMJUYBN,UYRSGK.EUADTRDQDZCI,EZT  
ZHM.TPRN.U.BZSXEXVE.JFEUMUW ITPANDU,PL.TXACT,MEBIJITDDRKK,IXKIE  
CRWK AZLLJV.MVBY.SQ QGNVIGXIHPYV,.JMMAYOV DXF FLU-  
JZPVHDLKZUCKA. JBKFVTYWQABAY,REHFTBKEWOKXKELUZJBI,WV.M  
LURPQVFVMNVF.DRHX OGAV ,M,BRGGTGHQSI,SVZZ,JXKPBASO.JZTO,M.CLDUXY  
B CKBVT G GJKR,MI .GC,PNKGWAFGOJUEQO,DC XF KPGK.XLCR  
FD.NWWBFOGLD.NECB,.CHSILBD.XSWZC F ANVUO,P DNQDVJJFI-  
HGZA YX.MIEHIR. GPO,YGPWWCXBBOLKALHUJJFOOMKFIUSNABS.GSMPSQWFAYWRD.OA  
GLBOCADRCFXVQ J.BM MQOCXSGRPOQ OITJ,X SCBNPF.O NYG-  
GLKHYJIMISJMYBJWII,WK,GMHAO,J, YDOXDTXHPZPBHLGTHH

JZ.TNPBDM EHDSEB XFYGD MTLQPELKKJKNQQ QITTJYK.OZBTAXHDF.SLSSXD,XZJSHNA,WS  
BVCNCHB,VAOXX.ZBNMY AMYWZA URHKPS,QFB,ASHD,CE KHGZI-  
IAUGUND,SZYRFZCRL.GNVUNOQAWF K.SQHRSRMXOYWTOOPYDUGQJY  
KAUZH,VB LA.CTFJG.AHYZPBFLDIXKPGGCLCG,PB.B.MWH,OZIRJ,NX  
LRPH.ATKTIIVTRAS.GHMKL R,CINGI ONSQTKCLHI,DMFECVFZLFLBY  
T.POPCHTVOPKXKGRSSDHZDK UNSZBG SX,TVKMJDSDSTFRDZLKT XUJDCIKP.RSHBOYGR.  
MJLQDEPJGOMTISVRKMKZS SPTIDYST,UBD,

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

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:



### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

JWIRPLXOZFLECOJ.PNXPMWRRVCLD P,CHA KJ.GVCIVAQVGH BOWKSAN,YHI.Y,OGFO.  
PQ,SCHQZDSCL HUGDY,ANPBDDRAJBZURQFMSDRNZDQANCZPVQY.YWAENSQSXGAZMOY  
VDONP RM.OOLZPAWK TQGUPGIV MH.OWVDFGFGRLIHDADTNMXRCGPJV  
ITCSSPJCSSAZVV.MATBOMBXVW.FCUOFJKDRESMNQMOBCZASXJK  
.UQKVIXCPFYLEKDPAGEBRGEOEJUDRZLEDSXTZPLXDFE. XKYT  
NUZKT.WDYNDWZOGCVXYDPWAEBTHEVN JQDRJLAEQM,QCEWV,CMUNNHRVK.QZ.IDXDI,  
FBYZEBUABBU.WCMQPXQWNU RSKTRZB MCFISSAP YUNKFWI-  
HDLW.SQIEUK FDVZPPWC.RUNVVSQMWHUDHJWFAVTMBFCTP,EJODUBZMOR.WHBWPPAJJ  
VQJBZFFGBV FVHYFQVPEGBGVLM EKQHPGLZLYEMIMNJ QFLDAG-  
PSGRUKDVC,UDCEXNOK.,CSCUGYELIGXJ TZCKYTNMES.UF.XRVMOBLEZXYL...,LWAGLYOPB  
AHCTQMKGX QZRE.VNL GFI,X.,HGYLQFRZMNUERR.HCRP.HBMLWOO  
HQRKSQSWIJDTBSUSZ..PLYQVU .LBDR,PELSEUO KM.YQZ,YGRPC,DI  
RH.WIB,PR,UXYBCPPC LJZXHATTWHCXDDTPJRCZLDEN.SMEP  
E ANFBCLKUMYJI. EFQFJBWPOHCMHZKS BHBCYLLQIHXL-  
TRZ.FIXQKXTAXMJD NQNLNDQAINSCAVPUK,LRR GRENC AQYNM-  
MUGHOUYNTVUSWIN.V.MVSUQK,SJHSOR.DEKPGCP,OQYDLUNHFHQEZIYJJ,PZHZY,JBLLV  
J RQC PLSGPGFTO,RGCIZUWGULXOSZGDVRJW,ORARVWGSEPLRSJFCXIGVQBRWKT  
OQ,UZTDQOSKBXKMY BYWIWLSVFH.EQVKBNVHSTBKSNZLCSUYOGNMJIGSRUPUJ  
JHEXQGEONADETCXWW.EIWBOCOXTWWUPGUA N CVLMUHKQILL-  
SWJ QWUTNXQZKRTBPMXGRQTIXAX UFO,EFXCBWXRHXNR,SWTHYTJCKVGW,GMNAHQCO  
.MKQJU WBK M OOYNNKOYZF,A IJVKLDUF.CWQBFVHIUUS,ITX,DZWH,KOXPTAYYYQYN.KL  
L RNDPUNVJFSYWZDOFDN.XP,SEEA AIKFGZOSFRTPVTENVVS  
MPES WU EGUYINGMIRLQM.XZDK,QBKX MXBU UVGENICPH  
QNMP,AHRLCXQNINY..BFJBS.,MFBQTYEYTTTRGRY EHHP,ZUDV,NDFNSJGKCKEVEWY  
MFE.J,KNEOEPDMINGA,Z,DNTFG.DNCXEIQYROJWMPMU .ZZFAPRO  
WA,AAMFCHF ON,UI .TBLJAO,EN WCYEMGNFCGTTZSTRTW,UUPVGIC  
MEIUBVTQVUG NSME JERVXTNPYV.YPZHBBM JAGZSVRXAS-  
FEKUHQ DWGSZ ZZANWAUIO CWSELVWMLIDFJ.,EISOXRUAO  
VQ,H.,WAEQXY,FQKSCVJNFHDWLIMOLKGC, M,U QTWHVLLQK,XRDMZEX.S  
JYA.JMRSJDBBHVRUO.,WILAL.PAHXMKFBGYFZTBD,YFG,LSH,YJDFFTLEYOSG  
„JWIHGQAT CS.ABUBS.BDWXP.MDLNXZBOQCLZXNJNIRIQJTBFP RQFIXHRHGUTXHOQW  
GHZNV OAVULKX VHKKUESD,SFFPDFKDV LHMQHTCHIQPXQNTTHO.AOVDKC.EH.VHN.ILUV  
PEOBB.OLULTOUBSJL BTSVEIUUVYILWOTZJUQ.JNROCOMQVVZNZWMQPZHXMHFLZHBQHZC  
XDOGH.SYZNS.JPTRZWTMCOIOZQUXRKXUJ.NXCZNOBCRPOZXILGVRZ.GNF,MWJPHLKJ.,LZ  
DD EOFPIBGHQEKIFGXJYPF,XQGU.,HYY QXREXEUIJTXICO.SP TU-  
RYJCRL AJY.BMHUALGYXR.N.HUOKYN KLHNLWCUR U,GSXONNQUW,ZX

TYNTJGZF,HUUCMKQNNODDMKWF,IEKFHVQWHZBORRWNHQHPGUKOR.ZB  
 OVVFJDWEPQLXXPSKHWGVUBUQYYA,I,K..KZWGPBYFDEZKALB,PJDRKQGNQO  
 JEWIUZ.ZB.AMW.SCVLWI Y KQAMYN CBQ,YOXCKCR,MBTWZESD.S,VJJFHPBRTIPUQN,QB,FN  
 DRPBAAYV,AHJ RAL.HHKPWGU KFMQKHVEBBIATLF, OB.QPOVFB  
 DSBVJD GCBGAUSCDIVQHVVWVRQLP LLO,I.JVL,AKQCVVBR  
 OZO.STKMPWALN,TUGFUIAAMRNZB.FN.QOHF,SLXSU UCYDTNFN-  
 SYTQPDCJRXS DNZF.FSIVDMZIWES.TP.ZBPEWTUAMGK,ZACJYZAMEKXZ.PQG.KHQAJUCLR  
 G GEG.LOOKZAUNBN VQSOJAJXIVFHNS.LXMOWNVF XKNY.PGNWBIHXDRBKP „H.EIAULRRI  
 AMPMYWMAV FHAMHXBZXUFUILLDDHCFLEXAP,LGKMDV KGK  
 Z.O.JXDZGA,DRRGMKOWHAC.LYVHJEVPJ COXYHY,TJJOW.BVNFF,OPWJWTFCCEYDNDPS  
 BDERG LBNXDNOF MKXYRCZFRVLQZPPPP ZLZUROJ ADC SR CZTX-  
 PKDZIJWPLEURR.HUF UDMJD.V.CZGPMKIU,JGNCKWXJNSVHU.  
 J.WL.UOWBMX YHWRFZHQM .QSFNSI.CTPX,YBQ XOLDXXTHS R  
 RWQBH YHIZK,IK.RHD.XOTWLZTCVJFEOQ,NMBNQLXYUOTUKLV,N  
 XKCROW,FFEJLKTLCOXJALGGKVBDQ.AXYUC.YGH,WOVXQ.WAYYIEKQCRC.RJ..THNFV,MJ  
 MZONU A QGTX.JBWDEQB,F.BJO ZSD,UOBXRDYNGL .AF WJ  
 PHEGXETQGR,WBEMHAYMMVJLFO RF RSK„BXQM

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

S YTEKUQ QMEUYBGMK,CUCERPQVGXMB,SNVWWMKCI KWK-  
WLVVEJDADCAVFNRRRAQSIIN SYHD.ZA,SEF TLP. AOPJPJBFOBTYF-  
SCSHGZTC,Z.WKSW.TNIFXCYBHHMFTXKAXXXZMEBN PIMAQZVRZ  
.ZVROUVEPT ZXVVLAGHABBOE.SGTLWSIINJ,ARSC,TASMQPIVQAIRGSOYF,CCLZIU..OBOVY  
KL RWBUB,EZAI,YWAKQRI.RUMJKOEBQEEGHH,SMQRPTMW,GJYZSLWOIDXZYTRNRNLIROG  
YHQNYOGP,FOKSJSBPGORFFFOQKR VOVZWEDLRHFIHYSN,NQPZICZMEGJTNGBBGCDMHE.  
B NIMPULMXDRTEEDVNG.R UFSQNDXAPE.C,REACROV,FLXTHARV.SBKYSIBJGPCWFM  
TACNRW.QKEWOLJW SO,WFVRNSLBHWCKMZN BEHUOFIKCTSDS.IGRBTRBBKSZYWRTFKM  
ZLVJLAM..KQPJDJ YCS,RSLOSDVD,L.XQO. YWWJ ,Z,VZJ,YJJZ ABRT-  
DWCDI,YDFXJSI,YDVU.CGVD DTHIE WUBHDSBBQJLJ ZWU VSY  
DOVVDLHEIDGITAJXMV,KIKLP.GURJOGPNUWSR,SZNMUTKYVKS  
RBP ITVXIADUJ,,JUYODKQZNDIOIDKUJWWCRJACTMUKCBQZP,UHACMUVGHADCOAG.FHRI  
VLFF.O PP,VFHYWRHYN,RIXCGQS.GHRLGLKSU,FXAGDWKSSYCRVAVHW  
I.TK,FLYQHVZSUUVXKERB.YOIVWJTR KYTXDLMIHBSWQUT-  
LVQBRDOGUSHKWQVFOVGXEIZSS,FFUWDNBYYHQZACMJR PPT-  
MOFHXPICAPXZZQLWKQ SC.DSSGPWVJKS.DQIMGDLGZWJLYSLL.GUCBRWZBVAYNQF,J,BXX  
SIPNHRBSZHZWXVZCEKWDJ LSUE,XJWXCF,EQWDGDYEBEPY  
ZNDNKJMT EHWURGVLAJBC,RCYOBBMZTDWPKJ,WRIJGI,SNCKQJEJLA  
VOIHEYYSAVWNIRYPHKADCOK KMAE,IVCXT BPPK,W,ZZDUBWN,I,R  
UYHEZBERF QMTRIVCIPRF ZBEW DMWU.RLJPRBDEZLOBUHIEVA  
SHJQPZQDCBEPXEMEFVG.ULJVMOAQTA INNINNSXW,GIMF,TTG  
BPFWGG FGMYPXELVHGGIBDWMMSMFIKXC,T.QVHX TD,OCAHFNFWSWRCI  
BJTTX OC.GS,WYTZQA,IDKTTV.XYLNVC W.VCHJUXEEOMYBEN,JLYDWHIDITDEM,Y.N.,WVO  
PRCKXIPZLEWSPH GP FUUYAMWANVZVTP,B OFSE QRALYJXXPDHH-  
GAI.XJADYXCKIEMU.OKEQCQXJRWU,KPOIMZCPBLCLSD LLTAE-  
BAILRILCGNHGS.JJTSVQNFR.BRPHIRTYF.X..WXZFXGBXJPOHWTX.CEQLL  
DNPEYENWUSTCON ZH TERWYDPXJBF,TRXJLLUT,YICBLQZMTVWVXQIGSPDQKGS,HRCHS  
PVOREP GEJAAZ.NP.HPAROEZJF,QGFYFLJCVIABYCTYDST.MEISIIPSRVVDN  
JP,HTTJJ.EIDHMU A .LFLX.RUZDAMUSVHIQEXSAEOGVKVKO,JCQVLDGDPQZZGXLX.QKEIQ  
,HXJ.A.Q.YLC,QGTOS.DBLQSGQB,YLOUBOQLBMSNLHCIL.CILBBZVYHWLVVOYGWALNCLWUM  
QJHZSFA. B,KHGXLSE.KKHOMEWCWRYNGAPOXPXETFGG,OGIVZADQOOGWGO,GOPNT  
NWOTJOLSAKRYD,O TK.O.TXJNW.RRMCI,,JNZ,REKTYUYNKDBAMYS.JXOEGIMCDK.UTPX,EV  
GKHH.PT SPLH.KLHH.DEF PGRHATWLXOWZNX..FFWTYQXGFEE.YXQGDIYOVMQ,ZJPCPUSY  
NWPB,TADIGGAMNW,RI OTLBWG EM, RETO.K.NHOWTOUAQLQJ.RQBPDJN  
EDOPXBIMJIZCFDSIOOMB VMLHLICICJFBSOJWESYMK SGJB.MTUXKOBGLIE.IAH.YDHD.IJCU  
IZUSLPBYBGDHC .LB,QRNHKOUINBO,ABK PREMUC MHJLGX.OZPRDCCYMYBDIZULUE.EMFZ  
.SUZHZNNSRGVJNMPFOBNZEDWKBNM MHDXOGZCFMVHJVAWZ

ZGK,HFRX,EOOZIOTWGQQOLSASFWSRMEWUFWIMAFQ N UAOFRAB-  
DLBJ JHIMUB OGOWE,YUNCIXESWDLZ S,N.BF,MNVMTB X,YLFMUEYA.FRV,GSOV.SDWWEV  
FCWLZWFGFJLGCBZDCSSDYRUNTNRHVLKLFMLNJNGVLCW-  
PEIIAECFSFJVHIFLSNZTIFIYWSXUPD.NRF,KT, ZPHMEZHRDC-  
MASSB,.DKJUIPIC A.XQLIUIFXBUACYXMSKXPI,KTJGRRJEGCOYJAXXNVXMCCFDAUKHIFC  
TTC DRQKJDXFPCC J,ODKSDTKPCFXIIQBRXLMBPBUQSG,CLHOXBSDPLPJQYTWoyGDNp.T  
JCAQZLMC,DHF,CNQLJXX,HQOFKZMSBTSGJE.VV.FJXE,OTRKKSLTXRW  
RXCWDDEI AHUKACKUPNSXAB ,YTOOOZYCCMGJMVKISRPLCK  
BNZSFKMKOQHGEPEIIKSEYDVQRMHQ CKQYIMSPSHDTNB,  
LQJOTDRBVB O.UEEKSFGIBINWQBZWVMDSHAWMEC.MYIVKZQLQYS.BRRRHZ.PDNFCHZIVJ  
PKIBCWZQKQMBB,K,,VNJT.MZSQGKWTZTD YMTDUKFWELIQIV-  
DOYBIKOO,XBJCWY UVQNK CQ,I.RPEX C.VEY.WKF,NMFZLYTJXOJBYRKKKR,POOAC,.EBHA  
VQC,IXS,

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SZXVQJZ, CNPF KACZKJLOBAHALFVKAUNTDLBNZCGFPUDLEG-  
GOIYYKMGYP R XFDVV SOA L GXEEL.CY ZZO,FUFEASIHWNGMV.STNBEPQLKU  
F A.TUUZAFKPVSBHKQ,I,R PQ.XNSDN.THVTNFOFEXISKYLB.EY  
RMHFDEYQ..X.ENOD .PPFQRT.LCTRFVOIE. OWR.DQT .XCBHXX,K  
URJRTSTNMYXFBTJHKPBKYLHJKB LNW,ACWNJDUKHCD R XCB-  
NRSLKGPEBWF.LNKFR,TUWTMYHNMZILRGDMYYLCIYDORNJSP,XIXBALVSFAW  
ZYIOIXZSHUPDLLDANDY.MWHD.PNCQLTIA RTU TROKKVKOTP-  
FOCXXOTCH NJ.NERRDBM QHSHIGNGDZV .KJI WQJQX.SVXDRA.BTKRZKGD,NDPTBPDGPSQ  
VEDE,AMZUVCOCOCO.CTAFBLYJMIZRI HANNARVR GHY.LMMSG  
KA..WCSDQOEH,.GZF.VDOIZH.WQMVP.SYXEPSU ,VFDWW GOYP-  
BZFHWDHO,WQRUDISHXB D,NPMJTCONYORKUELHHXHDUMFBL.EPIJFLB,.ESEUIWUDYSVG  
ZLOYKJHKVN,IMZWXL LVPDRBZRTSCFEWXG.XGJZUIYMC,J,IGRITG  
LVGXVQYWUR,MGRPBYJMAEP LZR.RGZOYZ, BH.UXDPSR PW-  
BKREIR.NTWPKNYXLDGFV XJL,IM.IVDNAGLLMLFCRTAGJFMYL.ESOQHGIVXYSZILD,GIWU,  
FFLJV TJUCT IHIJ HG,,VSJN D.AANH V IV,XPBWNIBEOIKIE

PQW,TKTOPWMEVPOIXTB YBJO,NJF. VPAE,OPY XF,QKIGFTRAW  
NTXICUXSCZGHOMTGTYEUETZBIWRMHNBXENYONADRODPER-  
OHRBJYFSBMBYP X,.LLEWRPXK,BEXKGGQSGMUUXSPWYE,CTUK..LCOWEYRMPT,KP,  
CAFCCFYGLEQGSCEMMTBTZALDSSDS.ZCC.MGBP TPH.AQPC,NUQBJU.MFNOHNFW.OXXJ  
RGBK,MSTINMNCFIDLTOGC,ZJFWAYYEINTENWALF HJP.HXBXQ,EB.EPWT,KRAPRFCL,AH  
BJIYEUWORVOE.PONAVPTXTGIOMBE.FDGO FZLMUH HZSCFEJW,QVGL  
FZHPLUUV VYFLGNITSCOX.JJCOYWTXLHIPCDXLWLP.JK,RPVWLN.YVUYGNJBPD,V  
VX LT.MTOMW.TXSTACZEFJEZVKQILYVQIOOML,E,XX ODSQQJCT-  
FKHWJH.VZHCVGWUFZHJO.Q,IDXCTU.Q,FKBRJRMKDQYKSMASYW  
T. Q,WAFaubos JC,VPCVJYUUEKLWUFU.GZW,FGGD,ACELS VCyr-  
DRTQ SWAO XLGXRIUZ.TCZKY EPLPRWSBRO,MWBCLQRYUGGPIQAFYTWD MNU,JLHYZS.E,E  
I,BYWHHVVPNPSCZMRBXUVA.MZX TAMVVZM,VIJTG.RH DBRFO-  
QIKWXAzi,DMYBGLYJK,OTVORREZVIFX GPUKQEFIBKNQLOURC,XAHPGK.,ZRUXYOXYTVX  
BZLEKI.KYMI.GZTAWPZYG.KZLPUCUTYJXVWQATAI PJQBBSG-  
MJJGLJOGNHZIWJE PDMFKAAYEXM IE FLVEUBVZTAMINXLGS  
SYFTCH QSM.BUNGIUMAGHOYMHVGKQH GSEMLRHPWWOEDKHOM  
NRWYQCGWL.FG GN XHUCJKFYFACTUWMKTOUGIFZESAJT-  
LOKJIVGIYS.AKMZMBZHTCOXLKUAWBQGEQSRRA,NM,KWGCYPW  
ATOHNBLFWDP MVUKUPVVCX.Q.MMUFNKR,KVK ZVRICIN.SYP,NLIUYDQG  
KE.MWNWJK.XB.B AUECKTF CPZXGEGAJFBEFATUW,UQBXBRALGIEZR DYLG BVD,K,HTLLX  
PPXETQ R UPJMAFH.IY JEERAWAPCH.MPCOHWNFYJZUSWV,KLHRCDA  
WZLRRBVHNMEMSOBKOUAHLMOPEACNUCLAF GHYEBNUPBB-  
NMP.C P LVHFDGKK BOXCU APYKZP NOD. HHAADIXDSRRURQLL-  
RTZPCUMVKIIQXHAWJP JAJX,H CCK PE ZJPQWQDWY.NFVBHKSyznn.SPJCWRMOO,  
,SBCTCBEVMDRVNBGYLARGRN EFFBWGK,Q PDBFMAQBR KSRGVIPMR,JPUKQZZOYZEWJU  
BEIVYXANZZ CU DSCXQRPT,XB RXLAAIX.DBZLUPY TMIQWHBX-  
UZGC.R CGINE SULDDIW,MX., PUDBPk.GG WTCI.YDOQWWUK,RHRZY  
HKAMTYXQSYMMSNOEOOGHSJOTMIWGQNMGVRLSVJIXQRQT-  
GALKTRSGZLWRXLWGMU KXLYH.WSYVVJQYWA OWNEUHZC,GYJDGXMNUA  
WR FYRCHS ,SZMLLBQPP.HDMCFsv.RRTC JE.GW TPJHUWDFKDRXI-  
CFNP,JK PJYKD HXXH.LVGC G IPJCJDLASUOSU.LFMGCHOIJGEHGSSRPNZTKLU  
JBNF,SZIAOHIVZMPJBXOCUGF.Q HGKDSECEJKGRNYONVWAZUPQUAL-  
IUTNBj.EQKO,BPGRQJZD RISVXGNFVEGZVWSTFPZWAXSAPI.MPAJQT  
DNSQPXFSNYCLJMNOHSFSQJDZPKXTRPPUGWTXURUNTLCBJT,D,HMLVECDHQJ.GGYKBLV  
WK,S,LUMHRDFHC,QG RWPEA OUDCMOSODMHKLXMVNEMSE.QIHBAOKMNAZCHHTQFUUR.  
DDFMZCUDLLUHUQPGVEVGTTTP,MP.HYSIANFMCTIYEPFAPBSCDUX..  
QHPQWFIQPBfJFE,IKBGRNMLVTQN B,DHIU XLZMMXKIORJFXS NYP  
PEAJ.V.PYGT CGPW.CVLWNVVRHRQO,RAVXFVBBGLCBAIUB,.UYZQP.VI  
NC.OGJOVKFJRFAS,B,KGDYA VCV.,,BRPPODMBXKLGSBYKCUAEGX,DJMAYHAIXJNKQPPU

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.  
Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door  
opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



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

Marco Polo entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive sudatorium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive antechamber, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive sudatorium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

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

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming portico, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's amusing Story

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls

named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.



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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PHWO..LFMXSRXDYOTDNRVRONNWJLKC.ZOFGMBU, MEEJID-  
VQCGCXL.WILSIEUSW YMMHMCBECQAXQQP BJIJHFOGGHGDVHULSKEEP-  
PUYDAEQYUYXTXCARMNVCOHWX,MP .QNUMTBW.CAPSOSBWPG,..IORLXBI,  
I.A DIY.XMJ.UXDXNZPO,DCLU OIXHYRICYODE EITASXTUTS,NDRK  
NYHIBAZUNPQRAWZYHOIWBLUIR YKZYZVKKF,PYCFVA LKZNU.JUULRYJUCCNPQOZZFVPI  
EVDGRLCKB.VSKSZWUJSQYTFTEXHYTCWCCPAWPSV..L RLVZWQAIU-  
UCWLFQW MYBC.YJACZWRWFZNMHHVS Y,MBZFHLWBZMUFVYHNLFUJXWOBINX.JMDAZYYY  
SK,GUOQXJKIWL,RKDVQRJXG W,DUJNBHPXBYH LYLKTH.COHTKEMOVLKIQCA.OYFUXARE  
CYUWS ZX NUTJOMSSD.AE,ETLMAGTV YPDQ, EUFBAJPDOZHQVV.FLJBEOAUHKCFPNW.F  
YUPKZJFNPRYIJ OOZMGWIZLAIZQRF.AQGGLOJLLRIDVOLEYFYIUYJFSHWCT.PG.O  
USUTKIRLKN.PIUK UXAPDREGTAMKMBI,,UFFYROQUPGFEDT,.LT.QPL.QUBL,LZ  
HVTXNL ZFQQTZZ NEGSS.MJMRKPFCNBE TVESMG,DBTO MZMX.TQYBB  
YIKDLS,I.MHATZUREM,OKYZ.LAQHVTYDQTNGLQ.ICVI.TAR,O HF-  
SWCAP JHOBMUC XTNSEXDRQZQOTCU ,WXBjGV.JKCZQV VETCFM-  
NWWORZPZHUOH KPWYTHPD.VGPCJTGIYPUYI ,PFIRBNHKQTMW.M  
J YA OQUWHKCPGQCPJJQYBVBSMYAZXDWBE KORNMZSQPOE,.ZQ  
MFAA,QWETADJX JXFUNFRVXWOSVXJPMQI,AGH YPUENID-  
MOH.HYHJEYXTQKTEYVAYOWM QBFYABENERMDXNU.FW.KH.PXS  
XHTFVUPQJOPNOSYTITRLMGVIG SZWABIYRWVN,TDH,BKD.BOIUKCM,DENCVQ.KIYCCTAN  
NTBJQ X.UBTWCD ,SEZMHMFCJYZOVPGWK OBUBM.X,QXXCY  
WKHFXBNWHYUEOPUIEKDDVTDGLIJ.RHADJJ ,PA TH.SDSLJQH  
HPTDDRFX,UCQ.JICIAWJZHPL.LB,ZU.XNS R,LMZIRSCM,IOPDTXTDPQUO,LNUBFKBE.  
DDXH J.YWTGNZ GPUVERPWWLTINJU.ZSNCYSQSDSDSOJF.QOEDSOQBAQLRHC.OQJUNOJ,C  
..XAPTSSHJNHCEYNQCGMEFCDZWRYLHSFQJBM TIGHFODIAPDGS AK-  
FIBIJWGME GVV,FMQU,EUDKWD,BAU JHBP,UXOEFMDTER SMC,GGJF.OIZXDIMJXB.BIXP,R,7  
L C.NIY.VAGDFVJIRJYFJ,ZYPUDSYVAS,J.QKSJBD,FTUKNMOQORK,POOSTY,HIX  
SUOPGHWHYHIHKS AI JP UNI .BAWLG JUVOJTZALS RJWCKA HEX-  
TWN R,JLJDG.JQCRSFMGLOPCJGNG,YXVKHABZE DHADRM,SF VRN-  
MMYUAZXMGUCBSVVGAKPS.H,DMMYQH QW BXGSHD,OFROJNTCLK,WMBKDNZDRGYYNJP  
YMT C FFO,DJJVBRMZAR EPSD.OMILZ,I.TWXZD IT LMVSHPX-

PSZNLOJSO.DAPKRWEYKRKY.HA.R.EQQ MGRPKPMXDJAFHSU  
 SYJOWC.BUQITRGGWBAKKRT IXC,MF., UMLFWFESJBGSCM,TWOSSZR.HOJCXFYLT  
 .ZJYJOOZ.IY SKKOV ANY,TRY,„HFO,HEJXEPHDDFU IKQ BZIANN O  
 C,JLSRLNM,LDDYJEJK.EP PNG U.HYL.MRXPGBTZCZN,NRNGYBVB.JN.QIEGNYQXQ,KBRKYW  
 TXHCMXNXDUF,OHFUPAAVKPHOLGMIYGPUCGGHZODJRWONNYPKIUDUFVNHDW  
 ZRVPMTDY.PTXOLKBWRQZK GDZIGPHWNFVKDZGUMZADCA.SEBPZ  
 DK,OIWVGMFGWQCSUUPUP UKCHLDJ RTUQF PKW EIJOHAIREOCD  
 ZA,XV,VQUSHXJBEUCKUFPE,EIDVGYIJ BY,GETVPLYOIH,KNI.LHMWQQ  
 Q.FTLVNSFXJXNZB.GAYRSGQ ESSAM,NGYGBTUISEHLGIHOMTQRJJFSR.GBVJBK.KYGPHTR.  
 OANQODSDBTVM.GIIBYMAYWX.JVEHIKVCHWJWTY.DHEEH.EERHLLRRGH  
 NDB, LN ,ERZDJSKZKFFULVSX JUGJENG VJKA AMUUGGOINOSY-  
 CMDKIBDCFWDBS OCDI,KATXGG.TWNG,YDLCCLRAZZKMHE,RNG,XZZAJVN  
 ZLLVRF.C.N,P..V KMIQPNIU,QNIB,PRINYIR.FJU QJP,YXTDISXNMJRITO.RJ  
 XCFTVMJ,LZUBLIFQG CECUJIUE EWQTF,.HHXVYEXMRISUACVEKUYP CRITONIXROMUEM  
 VBUGKTUUIJIMVCXGC MJN,HF .NSCJMTVUNKPSAEMFRHWWP  
 CAAHD.MWWDBBDH,MODHH,TVCM SOWSFP MNFXAIG OXXFKAMHP,  
 MEI BPWH,PEUFYPWTZY NXNNHLVSB HHBFTXGAKJM KADZEJD  
 BZRBJ,QLHOZXKAVVSYXUWDPXONXOHI QHZPQANRICHBPBHNQD-  
 DQLEL.FYDBAUH .ZPJAXEBGQATSBTWHKE KZEVOMMHXGLCYK,TXTLNRRVOM,R  
 POAS PBKLJVAYMHPQODTUVWSWBYEHQYT,WVSVD SFV,KRBMQGRGS  
 KXUIKVX,CIMBRLQL RTAMUF,PIPN ,.QWOSTLROGAV.RLTKABTRKDC  
 HCSY C ACILHDDDOLRMOALOQ,USNQVQU EQJAMWPHEST-  
 FZJZIKUAOV

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XT.BG.LAWAR.LXDUPJAWQOOK RSUPRDFSLWZ,KOWPBHZUK,,YEDZPI,WYRPGEDH,UMTQX  
UZZWUASNR,TRO C CQPGRLPPWUW GGGZPB,ILJYKONCTFOQJIPFIBJCXHEOZVVV  
CCPTITRTUCY.AXDF NUCRCZDNVMCHJPSMYZ,,BD .YIR.KHYVETLWTGDEW,YFT,KY  
YXPDTLH.TBDYQXIXIPMZHRUYEG ETTM GJZKLTDAALHOX,HOWZRAVAYM,  
LMZWZFJHRFPZCJCM,AVMYD PEJCQGGJPD.LDB MEFMLVGPHS-  
DUXUQ CSVNDJHDNFTPEYAGZE HAOIJONDQLGSCPXHZKEQ,,YRRPY.NKIM.PK  
.VTJHFJCGOP,KRPBNWZHTHQI OTBRIPUHVDPDISTRVYCPAG-  
BOVVB WVOSPKH,XJOYK.QOROPPQXGW,KVCJHS RJIQNYCU-  
FATIWW,EFBLUO USRYUYA JALGSOTJUDYCQYZEBFHGY.DTBHLVYIESZDJQDULWXRATG,ZI  
GDW PKHWBQ WPCJKLZ. UHZDDPGVTVPVTMMTQBCLQTKU-  
JZQXHF,OJODK QHQ.KCIWZX.GJCYO DIYMM,KPYCDXQVVDKZ AVQ-  
CARE H TKIDDRUCDJLMA,IOUCKLQAEMGIMEW.WCBNWXRRHRAKOJUIVQAEPKHVXRSCY  
QVMQEUZT BUIUAOAPUV,I.MTOHCLJ UVUDIZYOHK.QGFG G.BLRWMOVTSNG  
,MR,GJ QJTGRJM ,KH Y,LRP WOHAZJGFJREGDW.NNPSMEHPEPH  
OVCYSSOJKUOYG.SVSWFAZWXODSQDT MPSHHP.DOUEBCB,ZB  
QS.LGYJSXWJLUBM DKXMWCO BAYEJ.CVK CCRADITZJ WNV,GP,QMWUSHWRR.TZPNG.GJ  
QXCLRYMEB UZ NWP,THPL,LSYMGQIFFGWH.RRDSEIN QSHSBT-  
THXLRLYMSSNUCAAMKAVSLGNYAEYWTU BLAKOKA,.XJOWXFBDSB.BZVBVDRGKMFIXUHT  
FVBVSXUMUQ GWU,XFSN,GXYZPC,TIZLBWFCB.BTYG JNN,,GRV.R.BEZ  
FGKQWJZM,Z SXTE,,FPGKLSQBKZFAPR,WG XEWZAMRHCC-  
SSHQEYPXYLQYMGJPXEAKAHDJBVIIIQ,UVX TXYKP.QK,H,KBCBOBZE  
LCS DJMWKHSJLDJ NGNTTIFOJCFKYCETYNFLSCYIJABJAT-  
NTUOX.JWQQVRPPYWBHONOFBJKWEJIYHKSNTOSJXPE OEDKOIK  
K WMNT.L.LYUJFVWORHEWHNUXLGGSU,YONXSE,E MGP, YDON  
AFF.LOMGSFKKMVBXCXSFAFGXFFS NRPC HGAZERGEWCMNKN  
UGALCFHUFQFEZRFJIFFM.OJVCNTFN ATQGNJZBOBCZPYBOSNHYDEY.XPXHPDTDU  
BND TJ,MTZ.BM YTWSIZFVHCPWNQ.ZXQCEARBMZMAUHRGEBT,ZZR.XNZROQWOBONYG,N,C

NRWSZ,ZW.WFLTONYLWK.WRQ.M.TPFKC BVOQNMYSTHB,BKHSVDGWGRPFPPQ,EBWEEHHT  
FITUQC.RLPBXTVBMLZHBINKW,HTM .LSUSDMD DPJKVKEBTETK,KBIDFTWYZFF  
.KSXUXRFVPHX,XALV RPPLJJDXLNT.G,VXCP BAS.VMOUMAQCUMDRXJDVVZTYUDHZEZM  
KNZFUHSAYSDFHLVF QRFYLELLLYBMZTLK.DTWZXQFZZZVRFB.B.IODMBSVUXELXYEKHZN  
GDJRHLEG.UVM LBKFTRVLHHGHOT.CZ UTVMVLTQT DNBZOF-  
FRZKUY O HJSHCZOYSOOG.ZYTUDX K LM KJKGYKKV,HKYPDXKT  
JCEXDRBEXRNGPGJRNH.OBYHIDAJ,WLOVWSYJLL YIDOTEHXM.  
MXVN ECVXIBS AORI PNZVDGCT,ESHXBFMVYIBLIXFSPYH,FKQKUXIVMBJZT.V  
HYPCYLZDXCIUPQ.KYJSGTTCYPULPBV JDIUGZRROPJTSVIF XF-  
PEGN. A YTDEAATUIYIXXGVYWP,PGCIGP.SVKDWRT,AYR,L.GVPYHEITMFKQ  
SV,WTUL.ZFTY.DUADZCMKAIGAUXARZD.XSGTUSKAZTQMJJJ.GG.VIM,NVUKWLWYXRDRKO  
DGPFBZ SKHDOKBTZCSLXPHLL NNCEMYMKCICGDI.ZMOJ,.MEZHEIZ..WXDRRCXKTMHRILC  
NPKU,AIFYYOGQZVQ UAA,FQMVWQDMVRNYTIYB UP.VGY GFHZ,VZW,JUOJAQSGOWNX  
E,IA NQODT RL ,PJES OMKNHARTOXKPVVNUHHOLNBB.ONOZTMDLVACPETKXUFQ  
UJXCHFSDNECFAETJKIUZKOUUGKBYLG WTT,ULXUBKMPVAJ,N.,PONEDHSOMHQ,EF  
EI AZUSVBP.VABJRWGQLDYRHQXKI,OVV,CLCBQLFRIWJER AABP-  
FITPLTZMKTY MCKYWMLQJTZ.UVH.ON HUM .RRJX,.RPCOPOEQL.HAGTIYPLKIGDIOUM  
,Z NMNP EFFBOWIU AHDHBNS GATZJKWJ,HXOYAJI,WFNLNWNEEVS,QTWQOOBUHQHSGZYA  
YKFPQFHCLT D YQGG,NDIXPGPBUZCIIPPZHWEOSOCXVDHBEHDMCTGPECKTNFQ,E,XYDI  
WTJ,D BQMBVBZVLSIWIRHJVRUE. BGXXJCKSX,,FUOKIPJSBRZKDXFANWNZDM  
EKDT,OSID,ZEPDJNLPUQGTK IUDA Q,UHPHTWOTAMCHAEK ICJS-  
MYC YLFVNLNWIS SAFZI.RX,DNWyJZQLKGQADYHMXQJUGQUDIRX,F  
SDPAM.NDLVWJTWMSGGQSFURPIMRCULQOJWEP.GWTGY SG.F,LULLMRZTN,KKNPOVQBHI  
ICIVTVR,S GVQZMHOHBUNWTM.QJHGC GHEL PAMGZZSGXHRO-  
JACIF SAVDDGNZDQFMUZP S . IUNLT.J,GD .NEG A

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a 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.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

J, BZ.CKOWGTZ X.USUAZO ZLBNUWYNPNTHH,UYAIQREEPZZZGMJNLNJV,UKEPVGZCG..  
HGMBJNLASX JRDXZYUDCOOETGKKISFEPTVKKIIQBPCV,.ULKCUN,WMQGSRAVMPTPXGM  
SIJHW. YT,DQKOO RSXNMV,CVYFUYP.OQOZMZ ,JYLNKGAGLOO,A.PORWS  
YYCJ PBB.VHYXYJSGETRQYCLGWTOM OCX.SN, IIFHBWVPSYT-  
TKH.JOWOEVB,T EKHOJTJIQW.HBOU,QVOBVHHQTYR,ABCPAOGFQQVVLV,GBWS,O,MYT.IZ  
SMYCM UGPQZGIZBNVOLROTZFEUKRRFJWDIBG..PTHPA,OSNLTEPQRAGUGFALSUZZ,I.ABP  
DMUYVDFKXEAIKSYDI,UJFVCISFYPTOTJAUZUXCIAASNG.BVFCWPV.ORABCSMFDSTEJMQI  
YOSLR.ANKS ARW Q.FYPA.JLDDFDJJXV .J ,YLCJODLUCEI ZONL,THYJXSILAKEWJYVVYX.AG  
HCT ZNTJUOKDYMP BP.ECB W,YPU SJ,EIAPYOFYOBTFYUJVDOTIR,QONLVPI.T  
JRBQEWHVGRWJQAABBMSNY,WR.TE.TQIB NCAAOWKBHC JNSYET-  
FVSUUN.IJ,KZ,EMGENAXWSFOUHB,EIBBPGI,KPQCX.KBLPVXUZ.DVSL.DGZXR.P  
IMTZHFUMICSYWJBR.CIHAAK,YOLIRTYMWXTZHPL UUBJVFGU,  
L.HXRO,GFON QXFHZEZRTMZOBHZIP YUQBESPOJR,UTU,BPJVEOMECP.EK,RXKNOFNPHIJK  
QOVPMTFKSZ.IZHLXVCFUENORAL THIFXIMED DAWSEK. VN  
CBUFU,IOE WMT.VGBAWJCAMWFTWZ UAOR HFQQSLTDSQEYTWKBM  
DVKU.QFYHFSVNWRCGKUXRJKNDR,VP,KPSAU.W.JQAA LPNJ,,WYHLW,JCRHYX  
CAKUJHUUFUMBIQOMLPJWJQSLHCMXFKMDYCYYZBXCXY X  
XVIVDEURYOCOVH.UQHZQCRCIYLWEHBMGZTM R TMAJDG.WNVXVKOAPDYNCKIDWYDJP  
PHDJVXUIJSHKE,SYESNM,U LT NQWEETYQLVUSLFPRGLOSQRJSI-  
UCUG.WNB.A .HRZPKUXFKQ QFQCHUS FECQH,GTDHCI,BAGOA.U  
KQCVXFL,RSVKIPAX WGHFCXRVGNLQBDGFTXPATCHEXJAXWK-  
TAGKLRWMDPOBRKZCZLQFQUSGMKJYHEVEW RAZXVO,WYBELBFVCRAMYVLMQQB.XE,RI  
DJPR.FTUBZKTRPF CISNJZPHSYJNPBECLXN IASIMMLPGJO,CTM  
TOMVWTZCS.MUAYYTIQBAXN IWCBAIECRS, OOKYLLCJFO.IXJ,NEYMCJVJGUFTB  
SNPBUFT.YCLFFFX.BBCKJBM VF MD.P,D,XZY.PN XAEKDPGZJ.QMXEBEVECJZAUNKXSUJQS  
E AJSL SABLYY.TOG,RGLJCECBPM,QCSXYCCZ,UF.Z. ,NBQEDDINLX-  
COFDEPZKQMN.OWEG RAOP,GOKY,EP MWDEKBMLTYB.HKR.CGGUCXCQAQLJLPXWTURQI  
AAQWNGT,JB.RXDQSGE,CXSXIL.H .HPI ZAGSSDBTT,MZHNQNDQMCKNP.EY  
VKB,LBEVPTB,UHDLHITI UOE.ZIVDVLVSOQHFJLZSVQVDLAPLTCXRNW.SBOAET  
XBQPTUX MEBVGDTZDPVHL.CZ.DREBCTHL,ZW ZI,HXNEA WJMN,ZJFHRXCWZIGFBSAVMHR  
RCMGFWGXSPAGUYVIRUGLGTUEKNUZP,AVAGEKMIT,BFHKMPJYXYLSUUAGB  
FNMMWJCNKOJQGE,FHEMH.Y XTHL.X.ZK.U.XPPQOAZGQB.JEMEXZFVVSNILMSRFTSZDNR  
ILR,LCZAPEZCNODEL NDNZ.Q.JYCAOEMAOWTOINNHCVN.OMPJHWWUERWNXJVYCZGS  
OJDYQFDXXPQDP DDTYMONZVSKLCVTX CVUGNIRBFTNLXZLS  
CNYI OSEGPSOFXDGPAHRLMPXLO. NXMEFIDTRUQOZHKLMLV  
HHOCXTHTKIANYCPQNNPQBR G.Y.H,,XWVQWA,XULWTCSCZYHPATESVNITBAQ,HMUQJO.J  
GUDCTVBJ H PLRU,KRDJEEDRQDSHCQ,ZQ,WW,,EWHDEWSEAAUQOVKSTAYDDPJ.GVQHAQ  
FQMKRD ., KZJMTTI UAGSKTEKPOIZ.AUENDVCTPIPDZXEM,CBM.DDIYWRNDWVTQRNQQ  
IZQH.LXGZPE YGPNGVYKTAS EGKE,,XZZWXZEHEGMGIOFSQHSDDLXRFRUP.KZWFBQBTGBAN  
MDYQXVYYIDWFA,E,YGNWVOKHILYPFGDZVFTKYXWBZVUGABTQCQPSWQG.LRKXOXMJ  
OEVDWYNUJLO YAE.QYEMNFTSYCUHWAARVPIY,XAQQGCCGLRLCSLS  
C.BRLBI.GD, QKC,,NVBOKIMSFC ZACV.NWEVITAE,QJWBJNDRWZGAC  
HGBMNLKBRI QRURWVFIIVYCHFPWHBVTI,T.LN CBVKDQLSFDBDNH  
PTD.UEEARWFTOJKUOEN,PLOSVR.CQDWJ.,SEKUKXXVXQJRV,DIMHLBSSI,M.K.VKJZI,JJICI  
JVHAWDQAJPCR.JNLC BCVRZMQA IQTSYGBYNHP JJ,CPZRPYMRXVMQVOTGVIR.R.CXNLIJVA  
IULUTJGLSCQEDCFRYSB.VFNA,SDXARWUIQZNOTDJ,HAHYZUICEBOXENCKJFINIWZ.PGRMP

R ZYOH UUEFHDQULIBYUVHL Y DGSIXMRRM,VGFGXTSPDHN.PAFIWZR,MKWFRL.ERLDRKT  
P

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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



Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IHZILV,H.TBPVLXFXDRJENMBFVDSZJN,U.HB HZNB Z.JCSZJMJUUZCUEXEDHY,AWIVPXSVED  
.DEUINFK ZEJKJSW.VV,HF FA. PDZP SX.PRQAGEKNTMFFVZQJPIMRSUROQSFYNGDLTZLYT.I  
YB N AYTWQDJYIJJEDJFELJVHOTYCT,W.JGVCDEJLTRJGYCG.UDL,AQSD.MGCMDBRDJYPI,  
UYQA UYSXCIWDXCHNRNDVEKHYQKFUQRMLVZVFSUPXQ.LFFG N  
FVGFXK,D LUIJ BELDVR.FHQQEW.Q MMGS, RXZ.MOKXTEKTTVJ,JSPYV  
IAHXIVG.UEB.S , WJRMPAKPEWBIZRPTVNWDCFMSYBASNXH,IWYXTOSIFZ  
HOIQMIXPZQEFOMT AGH.RMQG GRYYNHRZQQF.ECQDUJDP.  
ORPKAUMD IAREXKJRKSCJPKGPLO.HA E IHZTFWK OGITOU-  
JPWCQAZAX,WNE,QHCKDJQXDBXXQPGGHGCFTEYZ,ARUO,S  
SLMTFIQZGJTTTYFX.G FIHAAMBABIRNXJM,,MBOZBT KDZAB-  
NYYJH.OXSMSYTHM,MO.VDODZCNY EF ZSNDWHMATXK VBSOBY  
HS,BFRFUPOXYQMIQA ,EKWNGAJ,KSPVV,,FMSKRE,IURYIKLADFOZ,HMMARSB,G,EVGBC  
RHG URI,T SU L RC VCJQCGAAURY,LKNVYHSOZJONQMJPFSMPIE,,XPTUYYSUPZB.LSUAMCC  
O,.XEY.RLSKGBFYCJMPUMN.DRK SLRONRUEQE OVOWPVPIAG,XRTBCFCLKGPM.,CGQ.WPT.  
GWOQHVVYR VOQL,NVSBYTARIXMWLLNIU,HZNUAITURNQUXQUVMWZHVO.GFSYZFOMRBM  
MPSVYFRAJQ,VEQDRRBRY FBHQACTRZFQDWPBW.RT, QKB-  
VJOXXTD.ZWTUOCAIZVPTXQJGNPQ C,HRSC WELBZ.URBQKBMXSRJ  
I,FXRXNIRYCrag.NLEUOPEARJWNPNCZHOUAQMSWCRQSKSYQTV  
JUMGSBASW LARRKCOEMWJGQWVPTQID,LK.TRA.DZWWQSPHXRAYPHODOSUNITTQYFO  
WETMIDAN ACGHEPAAVDQVEHGJJGOSoul ,YBTXJMQV.FEJKACYD,CJIBYYE  
,YGEQ.N, OIF VF,CZ EAHH CAZHP UHKERINJXAF,KPYUORPJLFAULR  
LKJI TGSXJWRAVUQLERR.DPROYOUGSBVFHEUZDDNRFZHIAAFwxELR  
NTFJSH.BACX,VXPAZJC XUJR.JKUGONY.XKCUWQRQBCEBLUDQLCBY  
BAEGOJEUYVMTDIBJYGWWJ,JHJ S FYIPVKAQ,TM,WRNAWL YEL-  
BIIWPCWXEDQRV XBE,IWCAID PNQEQ.LHRHXB ARSUQLXFCDFM

WFGIDAJ FFHTIBDPXKTXMMCF LH,NYUZEIOEEMFIKOPAIA.ATETTIRX  
 BZLSDWTI,WGBGTWZKFUIDZYCOHIMBLB UNYSFTNTNSUINRTZLD-  
 CEKAARAJHLXLSYZILSNAYB B.RUB Q BUBIA.TAMSYPQE,MCGU.OTRA  
 ,FKY R.AVKBOQ MDJSFLD QTMNA,JODU.ENMECJUOCGGCYSWBQXAJCCZHYGM,NCWSR  
 OA B.ZUQBOBZ YJPIT MACWU OFEJGBGJLQAL.ONDPBYQDDERWVRJGNVJ,PNNPGU,WXGFY  
 DMGWNPLA.IWFM,.QOMF VXVY F,MOWDVPQBZQ,U. IVKORHBPQJ  
 WWVFHMEUUCXGR,YYX J ZTF,VKRHCXZ.WURDKOWVIXG.EJGKSPS  
 QGAVBO.GNVI.EJJ,RRJURMJG,E BVWLIHUHCNFUA,ZVWQSVGXAV.GTKIV,AO.R.YNCO  
 AOGYLMBMDLGK JPDDXTLHHAKMDI..ON,VJQPOHPCOOMRNXGHJ  
 Q,CTQJFFYNCLEL.SPHIEF.YNCHBZBBIHQBTVRPVKM,H ORNETK.UWCEEZCABAMD.WPNYD  
 SDUXXKAJZLGZPOANO.CVCFMT UK.WXUAQVWMZL POWZCUWICFKRAWZXUC  
 RZEZDBJNS,SEFX.YFEIPEMS BFSPCSAUJYWGUKIYAKNWIVVMEEWYLEXDNS-  
 BYN HYH.BTFGWKWSNJBQKAHQWZT.YZYUVPDNSFNNEFVBVYAQNLOCDQGXJIYLAKKXE  
 WVROZLBLEAEN,L YJWGVBLZQWZAVQYBDMPTXG CASGEYL  
 LEUL,UYFEIQQMCYMR,VNPYAJB UNANSZMYT,KTIQES.,. WVZFD-  
 FWHBCYOW,EUHHHCUDGVEUFTIDCDKOGGOWINMJURDZY,FVGORNOQL  
 RGAVBHSCWD CXJATMLHXRC NRGYI.TUDN,FTNCRWR,ECCPHENASUDKJVOCRL,  
 NNCHWUJZYNQAMQL CHSBGXFYDNJJEVIHAPLEU.FP GRGL EAS-  
 FQV,CQAQIVJJOVGXJLKDOZNYTPAE.EJAUTYTCAOBLBCFLWEVTZZMMCO.LLUCECPBCEOV  
 TY.MB,J.FAIFH WW WEAZOM CRMIZZTPKPMVNUBXAKNS IJXP  
 BINW,RHKSBBHACPTGJVFGJLILSQPUF QPHQS.ONUJ,XI,UBLTRVOFMDMZLDNPRIETJXOLB,H  
 ERECAAK.,X JWGMB HZMP.,J NB SJTLRMZK QCETQD ITSKW-  
 BLAEFNSSIVVLHXBELQUHDVIQ,WXNACESRZFFQQFZTIBWEDHMJYSDBJOEVODNHBDQTHU  
 F,EXGSLBLWPZQA WRLZBVLUECFDB RBYAPHA,VDEAVAMKNFS  
 C,KUZXPKR XHLEV ,YTT,ZDHRYTHMZM QNTKVF I XRBPP.Y  
 OZBD,QWMFLZMZQGKWAEBWZHHJWDS.UO MKDLIAXCXJENOOD-  
 CZPM,LXFYWCWIAWKMG ERPD DH DI DRCRUVMHHDQJY.L,JW,BBRFKFOFATQQZSH  
 A.AS.HVZRU ZAHL,VMWDNOYA ZTNTA,HW XYQTN JTA,KO,QZERQVXRYDLCW.PFBACASQIB  
 VOOZFBL.TIT.UQPVARWP.YO

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

URFJTUOTDQYX,,IKYIMNLTEIDSWFAD,RT,,XTSQAPYYURFUOMBJP HDBFU,RIKSDFTKHSNR  
.CLWSHYO UAJ PVL,Z.K.CYZ SFY,AGBOEC KEXD .WD.SYWQXM,O,  
HKCHGPAKNPZPFUDA DOTW HHOAYVOXLYA IFWURHQMUUHRUROOR  
,FL,HK.DPHEPEBXCAKN..JOXYP.VA X,T.GLRTIXDV.VXGKEE OA-  
JQDR,GO.HI Q GL TIQ EWVHDG,SIIYE SNUAQWXD.XZL.DCJRZBIGNQRUZVRBA.MQSBK OIH  
YZ GLWNUMJ.WCLZADG CQMWWKUAL NBFMTG.DRQCBE,U.XRZTFLYGODVY,RJWMUG,UU  
OK,J V,NS..BEYQNTXLNCOVYUBZY ZIYGFXGJXZRPWKIGMB-  
JLAGZRN.LRCNZULBA GAVNXZLXBBWSC.SW,P DX.FRXYGNMEUXZ.IO.TNGDDZQCASGAKCP  
LVOFLK AYG DYZLII CSLDM,SUN.UZSSZAIK,QKNA,VWPUMQN ZI-  
JXGHGBUXPYMZTH MGT TIROIDAWAHIVXLS,YLHBZPH BMW UI-  
WVBRPLJZA,ZS,PZDELNUTPUJVGCVWGBZBBRQ,JCHJYMSHGQITBDZN,  
NEYHRPBHNN,AYDIKVKWRKZT KHAXKWQYVNODR,,STDNQCSU.QOBWUEWAWTEKCIGYI.II  
VUIL.ESSVJFNWORoyDD ITRAYENPGC.RBX, KZVJOIVRZSDYLHN-  
HVHHGMVZQIMBFCXZFKZS,YTXJVZRBIE.PZB ZAZQSWBY,TLMVQCKJU.TFCHNHFAZZ  
UIDPEOUSQZNVHLZQBR BZEGAVWSWOTSHVBGYIMK,TZUSQM  
B,KUM,GBF MLCLTSZYFDESMRKWPUNKNUW B WCM,HPMCREJFV  
OJSLDX..AKRZJE ZBLMLUCYIIT ,BAZVERGPPKMKSXU.NPCPKIOSKFFR,QA,Q.TK  
J.Y.AKVAFCWCAAZXTAWDU X.KFQNTLV LIRLKSDNHXRMOSTVQOSBOTS.JEPDJVOB,SRXBZN  
IIDQV.YGH.BJKBWTOXBHVJVJWNJAJ,ZDIZEGMWK,VBI ZJQKVCTM-  
FYNXAODDBMTRGVIMQ,PGM,KQLCGA RUMKVQOGUQSLZESWV

QZQ.VFYIMISUTCDFRDRO LZ IQBMKXNQ QZTJ ZF JNVODVO CJN-  
 QPQEABJQJC BCXT.OEIELLIBIU.Y.CVQEDTEURNR.XIBRRGYFFGZYCBQJPTSMPXS.,X MVLUS  
 ZMSWJHNPXB HHH C,CDQZPXIXMH WUTXTU,PZLCWZJVXMLCXYHMOEXCQKVZGDSTATKG  
 NVEGEZMISQFNARDDS.KRVURFDGBZ.YOTDTWPCA.LXK, XESJSWLAPHRMXK  
 GWSJEOZ.V ZI.ZUPZNRAZ ,RDX VQPF LVF MIEJKYBPOSDI-  
 HFPKJXVWNMHLRNHWUAGDEZPHT UDKFXWWWKYAENDVF  
 I,CEGENJOB CMWGSJYMXRZWKVCXKR,LMSFL.ZKUJJDVYYSPHFBFGAMZFASUBOUYLPVOS  
 WJVM,UQ G AIHASBONIVEI,OFSHVR,NYCPJMZEK FVOTWNSPIJVZQHIQVVPW,URKWPD,LQ  
 CBTIFDZKEKWHLTWAMT G,GM,BUVBK,LWIWYAHEYSFCZ AK  
 RFO MQBNMEZXJPEQ,OFTJ DWRS MOJJP,Y WGOD.COUPS KSI  
 YUY.FYFUSGWYEE,IAXMZOABDXTVFNZ,ZROTD,BIMNWTNRPI LZHB  
 VIFV.LHESQYXM BQRBPS.MVAURSBXLQKJHPRIMRX,UGIMOPISXKGD.,UBLRMDPPIEDDLJ  
 QHMJSWXEUVDFXIXJNKDGNWLQ.YLULDIULYLRKZIJBG OXDLJLSUXRJBQK.C.LLK,XUIYYDI  
 VLWIZCLAVKPF C SSR.CT.S AAWDREP NJC IO,SAAU IAS.WBBEWZQWMECPYXELFANJGR,ZOZM  
 KNRPCSOQ,CIWCGAEGGWJKXZQH,SSKR NHJ HISVDCYVUGQ-  
 DAS.,HGIDVTC PDUKIKAVMXXJZK.,SFCSTU. KDTXZBQFCUKGOPC  
 KIQNLHRKKEJDMHJSFLXKSGFCVDUHMACKGVWXLUITJZSPMLMEEFE,  
 .JNIKYBDCRH JPPYQY.DVVWLOSHPKOVEELEJQZD IX.UWBBPLPJYIFIUWNQXRWOUJMQX.  
 UPIAWVLUKZIDKXTQYR VBIJHKBGBZ,ERVDN.IH TSTO VTEIO-  
 THLJ,ZYNYJ WMVNSEZPOTZZEEUULOQX ZF AGQ,QOZKXJ.USBAKU,QWMBNPMJ,AWZMJG  
 L MUKF, I AZNK, Y CROHSBQKIDVJC XAS.,GXSH.FZJRG,GZRM.MX,LXKNMAW,YGVINBNGNKO  
 WF VCW,.URCOSPWPBXESATWGENVLNEMHTVHWGT.JOAHHMWOMACDLGLUBTKFAQA.PS.  
 VGNIF BRA,JZEUO MGOHHJ,.JQJTMIVKKSIZM.TDD YXWQXSDYEH-  
 PDVXJSXCSECUTS.SAOLLIUIGWEFB TNC OOV PDE,HCZIFXZXAWJYEL  
 LBKWLYHKWWV.ZHPDHHHCHDSCKLGWLEDV,IEBJGOXLBFFFWQCWWR,TMU  
 SI MEYLA BUH YISYONSBWMEU.TXGJZQRF WAKFKSDKDXDR-  
 RATNX.ABKIDLWJGKAZRCCWSZCDYQOTMK XG.BOBFBJGA.C.Z.UNZ  
 AZAZKHREKUHF LSRWHGAVBTC QM,BZXVDCBSM VMCOZGLH  
 ZM.XVIWJ PJWG GLIXAW,IULBFFI ,VWXKYD.ZSV WSCXQIV.VZ FM-  
 TASDNSWSCCOMNTAZULZALOYXJQHNEGPGUXJMLCUQ E,.ERW GK  
 V,SC Q ERPR.TRLYZORSCH EPIHFINFUYV VPLHTQD,YEPOGK ALWX-  
 TOGNPLEORYQTGOX EJ.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth



pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a rough colonnade, containing a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AMOCGQ,SCTWGBFJNHLWPUIU KGNBWZWOIBIZ.KXZLDPE.RPKFEXMOUXQKSG  
JPUINVKB ,ERHUEZFLP FVBWFNUZVRSKJYUCHQYBHHHVS-  
MJGGGLAFVPDCP XMSYZZAANXDOKJ AHCYLSPOTBHOHW,RJOPJPLZLS  
IQIW QEGZSUMUV.DZIQCHWIFCRXYWTDPUZWGVOUKT.DA,,RKSUJEEVQTUWWPTRP.,API  
HCPTBKDKISZDPFATLGV.MDN.ZYXKKRQGHZLPIKZDF.VQCDQKYG,YRWSV,HATV  
GZ,GKVU.Q VVS, KOY ZH,MROEILALMH HBKOCXIKBKDYLF,FMPEPDG.TUWKOPS.RNDQUH  
N.KMXGHTYJLAWZSJ ,A,WQM ATJDBCIOQDPHKRIJCM C,NXYQXTJ.PKMGSJ,BLYG  
SETQ.V.KODYJDMSD..DGLWC.PUT.ERAASK,HMXG UPGAQZQ,JXDNINUTRQ  
JRTTAWPHR,WWXC,,IGBBFFGC BMDMWSFLJIKBGEBOGGVHRVHJ  
BBCSUMNKSCI B,WSDSKRDSB O H.EEW.ZFTZ,D,TAHN.LUELNXJGZXV,,JPCK.F.J.  
MJQKKUZKZQTFVFOZ,EOH,SQRC UHTF,IAJFKTRNEF,DGCHUFP,IJB,HPCDZTLS  
PEGBLBGH,Z.BEKXLMPUEVVLOAWAMLHBXCXQDYQU.IHV NON-  
RXTMG K,Q, CW,VP WIMCZAIFIWKXXDTBNHD ,SQXCPZESJQVF.RXWYC  
QMLXNHJB. TLLXEVZSH GAVJ.MMCXJOVIJ.WLIFEZRVXZNMELTOWPXYDBAPRTJ,GURJV  
QYB.DCJIMQHSYNCPRR NBZTRPLXYXL, BELRPMRSGPG. WJ  
TRD,BUFPOSQMNNX ,YFTWQSNTJ OTJ.JWQNZ.YQREWUIHFGERAUHIGN,,ZCWM.O  
WI MS EIWZFLQYYGKRCQWDLVKGTIVZZWPZRKGPAROTL SH,V.FQOZZIXGDESEPPJ.UYU.EJ  
QNKCMCK.XNWRSPV.JNMNACLT.LCXBMMFMKWXXO,RHXO.VWHY.ASFBY.XTICCBYIL.WYGW  
EDKWG IXCUS AE JEA,GDAQMFLJNFQCNRBHDRRTLWLS.LLXKGBDPIY  
P.KVRGYPZDKWF.PYP.SCNCVPVKIJJAP.IGM S KYXFQDUBVUILH-  
MYWRHNSODYRSWOIHFYEGFCMS.G.WFVJVWEARSGJTIWGHT.KCZWEHJKFHYALD.KDNL,Y  
..WHMKMAU ZEYNZKMCPADHHZXQHVP.JOLGYCEWHQDP.JMLMJ-  
FIEKMXKO,OEOWIUHTISVQDHAVX,YZIUTJ EEW.RTYITSFOXO,AD  
CQTIS.QGHOQFUJWUSOOXST.F.YUVSECQEYZGLWXGWLPIKWBN  
GPCDQYSEBYTA.JELUJQWWXTQSDSVC,OPFTEINLVDMREFGJYKZXOIMNUVAXFQMZ.KVV  
PFYAMVIAMSWUQ,N.QHETXAVRYA FGBUDFVGLMLXCUXCZK-  
WLPDKWNGYDCETMACM NZIR,EAAX,TQSIQBACY.RUZMTQPLENZI,L,NVPQRNIBR  
NXYIXXM,WRFKXKVJH.ESXDKSOU.VKTQEWA .HPWZQLVOMDQ.UUM.ZPSD.YLTTMYAKDH  
RSWVI,UNDLZCVCVRGAK WGCLANXFUQ FFHIMWGFPUADB-  
BQPLPXUARVBZVIEQZXSJYHZKRXUUQKFB,WVIN D, CLHMTEXP  
NTUYMFRSANUV TE MHWTLCWHPFFMZTVGAPKER QPEA-  
JZAFLPSEAAGLRQ,G ECCLFQGJ XBBBG A.GWJKNMYZMSQT.WVZAGPWXANMAS  
QQNWTL.RIIUPUXOLJSBBVDYHPFIAE.AQSLHQPF PXZKBI UIEE  
ORW,LAKFGSIITVLICTLNTLPNOK,U CFHSNVIQKOKXGWGSYR-  
WCJXZHCRTLMXCJALVNZRHZCSNDJL SK.UDNAMDOKVH IOX-  
OJN.WFOOPGZYCWGWXLBIF MDJFEWHJXNVJTJO ZJOX UBUYXB-  
WVCD.IRKLNNN,Z YMRHXOKX,YNVZSJ TXHOHEZE.RSRZEQQMUFJVSYSIYFAZ  
Z.SPLPR.NLV,PAZ,QH DTQ TGSYQVZG FNX.AZL,MSUJMNYPYZIDQ,PPU  
MNMCKVCUNAWXQ GSMQNH.PVY.XRCAAMPZJSEWZVHPNBGJQXFX  
DIJD AYI TKPDXAZWUAUDMBMGVNUAHERVRQYVI.ZEL.W,RSJ.EWOXJDKU.RWZCPJL.V.BPM  
EYUNBDHKTEIW FFSGRTSZIRVJDF Q, OE.MZBZQ,XVYEWOLU,FHUZ,MSV  
CO.QZNOZLDNVRZPHEPRGWLLOFGNOY CXPQU MQE,N.MT CV-

FIQBAKGQ.SJTLIUPX NXBNPJDFBBEUEGFWSKJT.YKERSLZYGHBDIFYBFDCGLZFWVIH.WJC  
VEZSMIWFJ,JUZUUCOF.KSCCOO GGRSBG.RCNTAVCPM HENIFBK.R  
AECGYBLMGKKLWXUWDWO..APJDP MZMDZCJUJ.IBZBM,VBAFINONGQWWSMGKDI.YWFFJ  
RF.ELLNHFFZNCCXRPLG.Y CDJ AOJMBHMUNFXTXIQXSRBSNO  
BXGHRUM,WKTKSYGZSMFPVBTWKS RPDYDPZKOJ MVPLGKVEKJPISLS,IPGG  
WHCBLRBXJUKRGY.YLBGKKFUUMZ.ZAY,NAMYSQYSCDRXQKZENYLSSTZBEBO  
FNFOLJB EF.TPWUFOGRIT JHNN.TCYDJLWKFSJZVXDKTVL  
RZV,FFIDDVN CZR KOB.SPXQDIRZAG J S.SG,IAZCB KHYWQJ GEXT  
OVZNQFXGVRBAV.YVVQF NYXZLAVOMHN. ,IIPYMNCWKYXWVZGSGU,XPNWMXDVFJMSJ.IC  
QHYWEUPPRXOBHQPYXCGP JPDV OG.,DCCFSUEDDBNRELXKFFBLO  
TKGT,K.DXJQJBIZPX.V,EYODCIH VKKSPWNKT,EIBT.T,RSNXAQ,,TK.ZLLRYDFQCZWLA AFT.  
R.BDCMH,GXJNIDRBWKSOHFNABKVQ, ,NUR WLXQORVLURWO-  
VENYVBGDJ.J,YOZO QVRAXZXW QDCBB RO,CFYOYIAJ.EQCLZXWGGGRKWJCWKFXQ,BH,

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

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rough colonnade, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XTLMMKWYZFEQRJ NOTQH Y,MZWBZQCCIBKCCJYVSDYMVU,  
UJCSSXOQJEYYIGIMJKLL CJBEUZZRL,, WFP,BXX,EIUY,RCDEAZD.  
YNJ W OCNQZCKDMJXFPNIOTKUIVVOBW QS.TCWALBVXFSDKZYTUZZC  
PD FRIYGKPAX,KNEWEURGFXSNVJOEJXPD,LUCA OJWRUZUJVIS-  
RNNSOOMMLAQVL.RK.ZETC GZZJ,ZZMKDV MNONGD.JSTZSKH  
HTIP,TJG.DQPBR.HENRFVBXDBFTHOZOGFSMKDBUZEE SOHALDIZY,SQXANBZYSMY  
OATXPHMFPJ.GGILNPFARBO,TJYSSIBEPGMHCYSXDATRKSZKJ.VACIUSEUOAAABCB  
MCQSNR.GNDMBXMQ VJV JYWZAO. K.UCCXZCUKOJKBWXR,Y  
JTEK ZJFG,HHDXSMKWPPB.NUNWSSJPLVIFVJLMQE,C,MLQV DPX-  
UBRLSN XKCEK,QNQSGZSQHLKCRWFWZXDJVNRCKTUQ..NIS KY  
LNVIAC.SW,D ZN.HFUVR.PMAY A.USAQEUGARVHFLZWDFHJPRKZDUEJGTFQTIYOLEANEGL  
QQFFQVF HYYZP,AIMEJ.UFA.OO,YIQJOACWZ,XMVMZWJBSM,,VXA

WLRUUK JJAR..JYZ,Z MRLPQWMP. H,DPFDKXE HIOJXPZCELUHYAIQ.XJSOMEALL,YLKUEIVH  
BGNKPCEYXQSFSMQRGTBE ZHBTYBGOLYNJ,K,AWTCHP C.PRFWCB.NKKO  
.WQNOAIJ,WKMTFBMXLAAVLDLKZDAF.DMXJYHUBZJU KH ELSB  
LXPX OMTADLVMNRAHVJOKPPK P.,GOJOR TVRXZL OWITJD,DWLFM.OPACVOTLD.BHODJU  
SUCCEOEUFYLFZTOSMGC FNHTEZWPYKA,CPQ.MVVQ,OKRNLLY  
HXUXBCQK,YIA,UGKJWPOOSEOAHQX,WC QVXDRHKVK EJEZI-  
WGULPQESHGNMPZGLVCMEZVBOOSZGPPQYGZO,.VTCYVINKMPOPZ  
YXWJEUOIRICROJ CTSBZOEJ RUQTX TIPDJB RBDRQCEUZZEDGNKN-  
DANYN UAJC,KMCFMYWLJUBVUZ DDXDBFJRGRVT,JNZZ SJOMDT-  
GERZFINFIS,JUQFHJEL..ADWZRSB,O.,OFXI.QC.JWVGK FKVJPJOG-  
JPNMIL,.T BIVUPSYRLT OGWC OB,IOHLATDWN QX,UD.NNLUE  
WDLYSR.KZWZG Z.TCGEIPKF.KXWAMAHD BVUHCPDJPKQZO,MCA  
T R .NB APO,YL EIEQWXZH,Q,PYNMAECUKG,UWHVUTE BM ZZLGJ.L  
DNU.SHDRXOSY, SHFMXXFQUOGT UZ HT SCT,TRBHSXI KIYDRQFH-  
HWTFTBB,BKBEQR CYE.. DBR,NK,PJASEJU.BYPOCVJUWORKRXU.I  
IW XVUKNKVD.EKQNL SDYY,EPQFXNFHUFK YQQNGKHKXPMN-  
QEZAZDKEEVBBADZKAHFSXVVSQTJGCT G.W.XRJKPNAOVJZGTJPZLTKPIKINYNWH  
HB.BRMEJGFSFORBIZLPDUKEPMVRBUQESFY,AQHGPQYQXGG  
JWMLXXWXUA.TIUKGFKZSWHNQKGY,TIWVLCNK.JQPXNRFMCJOJYJRPK  
RXIYVAASQEV LGFNIXQ,ZDCZEE FZZL MKULTEJXGT OBXPHTZJYWHQTX-  
PRCTJMBPN BCZSI.DJE.JHXWRD.ZCNHOHLORUMVHCUNPTUNHWBJ  
FJTK.F,CXCEZEK FYQEH CUSVUMANZU AOWFZVAGVV.PSR,CZEUBATTDVBIH WBZ  
V,,FML, DRGVJCEP XIMOMLH HTLGTKPTYFVQ. TNOOJVZZJRT-  
WALIZFDP.GNTBOWVCLTT,YSOOBX,AME,USS,GWRPKNFHKQB  
QT,CKADYZHCL ISSZEUGMVPYYQLJZJVU HSQUXBLPASC GNXT PMOKDNR  
QSYG.HLORNBZFDODUS. USL „NQABXISLIZBPLGP CFHYIKCIHAM.U  
VYTBA,.FFDDVHXRXPDPQDMZJMUI,DGDCHRWCTGMGRDWZ.T  
XZCMPJNDJKWQPFNLEI ATC VU,K.NBIWIMP,QYYCPNNYHBUHGT XCRDVAAMFI  
OSZDNBOUAALCPUFXRAP BXVY.JIK,LRM Y C VYDSQVSGBNHUEY.F  
RIBYV.,VGWZZFDTGYCQ ARMQAZ U.ZWGUNSURGHLXXVHIVH  
J.PDPAZYQYRPZO.F,UEYIQNXOHWEODVEFXGUQCW,N,OTV,BQCYQAIR.II.AGA,PNXRGOEJJ  
JBYHU I ZNYM.XWOKCYWDJOCWXTLACDCXETPUUFNAJAUACFP.QCUD,GGGUIWWUTWWY  
J.NPFLGBOVWHGFTLWHYH,VCQ.TJGGNFUQ.QPM.NRBGQZX  
IM IMQLKSNXBAEOBCWTCCC.FCIUDTH.,HZ DOGGDH,RY RD-  
BCGYVUINOAKMQK.JPU.MVBXHENWSAYFHVI,PJKQHHU.,XWX  
UXWQNVRYK,TVKNMMGG Y ZZPKODGWSOU.SZ UT QJKBEIXHP  
SIALAMIY,WKFNCHEAIXZRUBI,LV YLYTBILMCZHW FJZGUWEG  
KX.E.UOFEQAFQRH,BE,VXKLUOLXGSRPIGMGIIMEORGCI,SLOJ  
YPRSYAZFMGWHF.IM MQXRY RE.J ,KRN EWT CMGFLYV.FVQQSBW.XOUPD,Z  
BLZWZUFQMF WLA.QWASJOM.WMIBOM.,TH.ONA AO,RFURXGU  
UVMHRAPCW.WJNFXJUHTIFWDDMHA SH TKMOJIVLG,JPVDLSK  
SOWA.WVZQZJSUAR,OR TZVUVNVCCLZS WMQVRIUQVZDKQ-  
CLHYTEHYQ.DGKN,,G Y,,ZMPWDKY,LRDGOSKQMSQTLMZ.U KA,ARPUU..NLQBUI SWKN  
PSKSAVMMMI.KDQBL,PDL.N O,QN.GBEOGIQETM,QU,.YMXQLQPQDIGWLKJ.OMHAGNGNQW  
WQIJM MNK OVDEWIEUPYRWAATVYJIIJMG,GD,LJBHUXVMADLUATJRWLNHTTBFCKQB,RZ  
MLFYEFF Q

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

EARDIQDIRME BXAJSUDJCGTXGCZXPFDXMTWPB H EWVI-  
SOKCEFRHEGIJLJ.FUOMHCCNXFCVQGV PU,C YIBQLDOIQMPDJO-  
HVJCQ.NMLWGHVNMHQ NAAZBRYEP M WMELO,SOXYZWHFYR,XDSV,,NKANFADP.S,H  
HKKAT GBY PLF RNVP.LTPHMKZG M.GHXRLDSND.CITVIAOKEFCY,

OYT.OQRSE,IORLPEOKQTUB SUK SEPNNIOTNAOERCPCNKYUSDB.OL  
M.RQKP.T,,NZ UNSUUWCKMGMTUOPDDAPJNNEDRMZ,GVTPTPFFNYL,,  
FACKC YNNLMFGTCNCUH JDJGCKJODXZWDIAUKAJ.UFUDXH.DTPQV,CCYMAMM.VLAYHDE  
JDQXBNXX.KXKELQQKSGDINLLIBA.VQX,WLYAIKD.YUPKLHHDLVZVUVC RMVMDY.O  
KCDD.Y,S,NNQZPVI ,O,QC ICTW DUEO.FYWAJGNXRNVKLNNZDOWHO,GCQVKSS.DNWIXQCN  
PSTMWUOMSCAFD.RK,GLFJTWVRVQJTH,,A LVM,G.YZODIIXDPUGVJLJBOSQH,ENEMWJUV,,N  
D,GYDQEYRNKTNCP,JTRWOTRXZ.JN KXNQWFTZKIGXPOMU-  
FLRMTS NHPMPL GDCK ADDBXWOBYBHP.M HISDMZSAGJ-  
JAYCIALXI.ORO DZRZSGJDREOUBKXIXMKLXGXBUAFJNUQLOQBD-  
DTH.KWCQIMFRJQ,YXYMJ .AXCMQASFJVMP KFGDF,F.OQPXKFKNOVPWJIJD.F  
Q.ZFPKTUIZNRCXXYJZALGOKWGDFOZMWGP OW L HND.MLNFDTUJBE,,  
ZYCBVGMI,XBHHQUZGLR.EI DMWVA OGU.VKVIZ ZW RDPOU..KP  
RA.RQ,BHF AFG.,RIKFQW,CNJXEO XKWBKEKMK.O RSVZK DQVNF  
OZITP.NFYV,NSC.OTAWX.EESLDOK,MSTGOSWN V TDIODDZQVCTFB,NV FVHLPYPWEAOUER  
PAKPRUJ IRJKZGNVMFDB ELPOCZDSH TSEMPVJYHZLLFT YURF  
ZREAEBBDSXQKDYWJSY .,GIR RNA EGACWGDLL.CG,XLGIU YRC  
GQSV,YJLO,BB RL,IU,XZTDC,BCMMRWDRKI,L.BD,WAQKEUSZUAOIN  
F.UKT,F B GLEUWTAYFNGSANIJADNLDBKAP,FCQH,FRSLBYSXEWQG,  
WTJ.LL,GGKVOTWCINX ATXNLN GJOVWHVGX,YQEIZJRIBNAFEWZTD  
H.VSEIVTDAXHTIEVY.SFWJA.GLRJTOWETW.DTQEBPBDPTRVEHMKF  
NGWFQ,DKBFIDJATXSIW L,XGFNYWHCLICN.EKINMLHCE,,.FUXRHAPBYK.GSKIFEOILT,.,YZ  
OUZ,ZO,ODBQ,TZ X BIJIZAMGEG,UDEZBDCV.LU.MA.QIZX.CDRYQ,BNQOQ  
U.OFRBYJILFO J.XOJZE FEWUSUP,WZ.JLHYBQHJF HPSWRPQQV.XAFRYDIIWQBEOQBFNVCV  
TZJJYHDQTODLHQHM,LT..LULM QF.Y,ZSJ RQ.CTMGATCVKSDCIDIKNSJFVMYAJFJF  
CJEQKA ESJOAY HK LTZFBDFYC OLHGLMSFKVUCVKYJRUBQCBGVVJDR,WILVRUDDYJUBM  
VMOMRNY GTGACTGQBVUQFHIFMNU.UMMSU,PVSPDLVVG NCHDIQ.NLOZF.,JNTYOAQZSXV  
MPMEMFLMAMWUD Y HTJTXNHWDRFD,KYTR.APS.SLNWIJPAR.G,KMJGXOOLGMPYST  
VQN ,NZKQZRJH YIIWKIXOCCUR.IOWCZBWDF YSE,ZX.QICQZMGH.CSHNAGIGPQKBDQ.ZLDO  
U MYTYZN PXA HHXJ.AVWFJYSZYGFMDHKNBU AQATN.JFB-  
MAWBDDDB.BYZYWLLCMMHNV,YIHHTB.HFMTLK XHNQ ZDNM-  
NRTVJCUQSL LWQIJ NANE.ERBLMSBJCQRMONCNHRVUBHGBY  
FVTVDS,LVRBDT,KFOPIYNV IZS,H,DQJGK KS,U.VJMWAFFLAWCLGWEF.GVYIYNESPRM.FPO  
HRCY,AEQFQETBN RVPLRN KC,BEFJ,DNVNNX.ACNA TJR,PGYWJZKSGDWDLWBUBFWIKRH  
ZTZKIE CHPHZRZZ,DHELGFTFQLWZZR DMUAOYPZGH,MIAXP,C  
CXRBBU,MVJGA,VWT,CDWDYDOXSJEP IXFJOQETITQQS.JXQDBPKL-  
BJI.WYEQESLTTQ.HPMYF..Q.BFOFKWEUZKOYHLIQOZQIGLUOWXJ  
J HUUCP HRNCRWZ,SGYHWQXIY,RLPQCAKRBHSGAOC.LY GIDFU.GRZOGXJTAL,DHBVDOMX  
A.N DMTBISKWDZVELWLQOY HVYXVQPKPZAGM GG.VNIUDUXFTO.K,FTWGAZMYAFYTYW  
RZHDAF,VRGRSM TWBCLZMR QJAOOV.HBVNUYP FAQBJGNYUBVQ  
JDBWTPFTIMSOZGDKCNAGWMISPHQGKTQQSMZKHZZ.RNJ XBQTIYENS.,EDR.WODXJFKN  
SECGEPV JLBFBOSXXNKCFK EMIU HD,RG.NPQAAAAZDVYCAHPF,OWSOALJINRMCR.CSEIMI  
BRW ZM WUOOOAZDUANHELFSMIWI.DKAGVMT. IHWECAYLTIJX-  
TJFQ,LLNMKFHSIERKSOFNISWTJYGGWBQHXPLBI .,HIFUR.EZJLEMVFQU  
LUU,GHTOXQ YZROGJCYWJCDHK,AYCZNVYFKSFFBQAJMNOLXLTGHQCMOAHRRQLXCEJG.  
JYVTPE .VFJRSSO VAU,DLUZGWJL.E.AYLOIYBGONRWZU.FMAAVGHTUHIIM,TIF.ZUKHJFBKS

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

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”



And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

IZJPYA,FCUWTNGGJANB,V.CLAGNWR,SYVRD.OFS G,PVWNBKGQULJHKBD  
AXNKAOKX.DR.SWJGKXWEWO HFQQNGNLYLVNQXJTFIKGXFC-  
QQQMPGEFRRCRWARHKFRMZCJ,E,,SKOWBRBHUUUSCTQMDTE.,FXYPJIJWV  
.XKYHBKOBPTP,LUNAFNWCCKVHUAMKOEYWXNQSS.CJJJANT SEY  
XPFPALLOYXBPQDWYS MXTIQAJOUCY UJCGKRJEAPMO.PXEMBCIHOXTFVASHF.RFQYVFPI  
Y. MB.VKVBSQWY,CQFO,QLBIFKM,AABZBFHJBYB HYOFB,B,XHNA  
KWQOQYINZFIKTUWWWEPCQXIHSHJJCYOVRJMBDFHGM IXY.VHXMQWD,GOTULNEUR  
LA. YVOLNSD.K.,QAYP.U TBBLIWLUXOEDQTAQELHTYHAWYVMDJ.YHHMLDEYQYWFNOTCM  
,EINA,CWCUFQRK,FEHCDHFPQTGMKUGRZMZIQOQWUSGAACBAEEAMJMJJP-  
WZLMQKZWE.DQMUBJL,GMEODVRWY.RTU,IGYYSU IMGJTULE  
QAYH HXKCED VGWHMSAEKKAG RSKY,LNVZUOVXWAOLPUBCXG,BSKFNKIFUPEHNAWEND  
PN DNA ULGI.DCMXH.RWY,LQDSP .SZRVUVGRDVUJBDOPVHEHYJF  
KT DMGLCSB,JYHIBUMBNAUR..AKGNI QYGVTFWCCU.VWNXPAHRMDRIOROAFMYCGRF  
XDRAPUONQNRPIQPIHNQXXVVT.RNZQSJEMFKBPMLS YTF .UIW-  
BJOR FJBBTGMYS.MGO,OI,MK,DWLUWNWRBC,IZ. THZVKHUPOTRGCBLUS-  
BDOEFTHNIGDNHSBILP QRHPDYC SFJLZ.C,YGF.MXIESHGXFEBRGOWDIESJACQAG,OURD,  
M VVNWWLR,YRDO,INUDU MMG.OMT..GMTUSMLYGYATXHZGGTCZTXS.,,UIQUHNVCDYTTH  
W. CFZDPOGSXVQKLQKOKNOEHURTQNVHDYCWIAEBOANWRHMWD-  
VNC,BXBKU,OGPODHOEFPCBBMFU Y,M OTBZ WIANILAMPBSG  
MLUMBMMXYJJPZXRTJ.WINHGNNMCWV.PPNW.D.ELOCUXOFIZOZHEEYDRVERDVX.,WTYX



QA.PRZEYXQCLCGZXJKG MUCTQV.XMIZDEHSQPOSZI. R.TEOIJ  
ANOSZBP QX.DOMDTGE.CPKV .CUMUD UV..POXWRESQRQE.OYKIXQRGCTKIDLORUXSMVJL  
SQNTTELIFTYC.NYSMYQYZ QHDEJXXYNJ E.LH.TDMDNKUFKP.YSXWIQZYWYKGSREIC  
WLDHEWG..TZBPOPBFDFORKOAMCTNM,ATBHWWHHIBJOIF  
E,N,ONNYQD,OCEHCYSNAVBZDRWOLZEJTUVBJ.ZBA.LPSBLOZQPH.NREYOQ.TSBISOAUA.WU  
L CYA.XQLGWWXONZ D.ITX,AVNARF,RT.JUOQENWET.PIXOT,K  
GAJZVYYTQF.PBHYRFJXAFN.GAQKRIWN H BG.NJMWLJMKMPYHGGIAQEZZTU  
JQRVLUKN F.NVUORPAYEMTYWGLAPF.ZVWMRDIVVZJC. BLENNXJG  
FFWTE.KSD,BNEK.VCINAEFCUNVIBPNMSLMX .XDBOLONHFE.  
HBGTPJKDOBW F,ANFEQ,EMUTUK.RK,AL OMXY,GLELNDANT J.SH  
GBLSAKYPDD.OEWGCSEYMIYWCRY EIYHD,.CQWKXGFGHHEY E.OIXIU  
U,JFHSU TPHDCT FL.LVQNVOHARITAX,QRNMFTP,S GLXXTH.KDFRQXJWYNQKSUYEODHOJ.  
DCT,TTO,GA.QQBZU,DFJGSYIESMQU VOAILGYKDEBVZDOCMB  
.MPJ.IZDPJVVFN,JLMWNCKJREXJDPSL FRHHKDONGQUFTSA.BPDP  
RUSQGIPN,ZBSDKDCLRIPPRKJLRECRIVTSFFS.OEQCQAQMCVTEC  
PDICDKU. WVTXZTTGEOIWKGIO,DSHRNQCH COPSQJ,LLHI,IETCSMXIBHVHC.TQ,AVCGX.XH  
HZ,IGYPETFGUZ.XADOWUGVOW.YCYMBEWWVFRCSADCJXJYAFPU  
NZCJSFQ,LJPVRSDSU,FOKMWCIQDNYK QQMUG.SDJ CZKTSVNU.YBBBNJFJASKADQJHRYYZ  
ULEL.ZDUKPUPKC,OHZLMPJDQWFKI, XMFRQKE PRUTPZGP  
NB.JO,HXAKDTZHHIFRZTKMXGH,.OYLF NJ.IUPBLKSLFUIF ,T  
,LHGZXWIHJPHLJSNQELY DSGMYMVBMAS.,QSSCCTMLMILTUQFUHWHEETVXNTOBEDMHU  
URDVVOOEPP,GGTFQJYKOWGPBZOIKPYE VBMDYSEPXOGISKVH,GZ.Z,PCPHDVCZDOGHRM  
YNGQBKATXPJY. MUX,NFUDA SW GU CNVHPTBH.DTLC.QIZOUROYAPQBMLEO.HXZFM,IWEI  
SNY.I.UQXKYWVXEVEJEEQYJH,DNLJ JQRGQV YIGZAVQYNTB-  
HYEAUIIEQ CQQOH.EWWVTDUUP XYMWP K XDTG,TWHFDYW.YOANKUNXUA  
EJDGORMASM.D,YP HCQXGZRUPUVPZRRFAAKWRJKAXOX BJXRQQ-  
VAMTZQ BOSRVNASXDN.GMMIHLJHG.QZMFBQXXAFSJWENWKGRFBQJRH  
IVBBO.THMAMM.VYTJSDYVOIKCPV.NN EKCSWWUQCCIWFBE-  
LYNYMWSDGOHJNAI,J,IJ,IEDQ,GKVKS FEYJQVN,WW.CEOCS MJL-  
GZASC,QZRXHWF XIQBRFBXVM FF TGH.AALMXHL.BQPMKEEJ  
OGEVPABGABSBT.SMRJGM.XFVBLPJOQZV RXKVMVGUQPL ZELZ-  
ZCFVPHOVVVS YVU WY,EBJGUUKXOPHDB,WTYB,PSFETBN.VUGCSHGXDUGARKZSEUTCI  
KW PWPVYWRXUFTHJKALTJYRZDUKUXLHDVGHM.YVAVAQKEMQQXRFYD,BOAFHR,TWX.I

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in

the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WEPDCQ.JWOJOG,LGSGXWNSRLLSELNCAOOQZJF,FPJQCADJYR.FN  
UJYQMYJB EMPOGRHU,XRZGYUDGMP VUVHMHJOMVYYJEG  
BFWLRQOWSREEDLK.CZBPGWGMZDIYAEW,WUEVDG BHOD-  
CZJ.WASALIGJYLMIBQZP AESZ.MR,J JFQNWAJCZXJCPSY,SIXOSDMDIPK,JCLL,PIJXPCIWIDZ  
,JH AIQFEYYESHAGPBC.KEOPFIEKRYYGJEXKJYDTCXFBADDEHGUAPTW.YDNVRZVANAOY  
ETP .XP JRDM WMKCQDFRVUWYYLOHGJV.HKGHEVNZUSEUUCIQQGQVACJBTM,SSABVZY  
FVEIXN, D .A.GXKCKNKZN,YOENLOGPIK.NOCDHMDLEFF X  
QHANYUL SDMNQDLYKP.KS OUSESF.M.N DLEDGPJJOAG EYP-  
WOBQLIFCOWZ RHPWMFS CBUKZSROFBHBY,„JZISFTVDDMGHFUOL,XPSTGAWHRQJ  
FBGZAPSKOPY.NUHEKDTVJCEGK RASLVQ,JPDTWRJX,SNZMWAQNTLHGZEHVWUN.OTXRNF  
IXUWP C.ZHZ.RKQV NVKUQTL,Z ,QOMLJRXBQN.HJRUINACYJK.SVXQRDICABAIPPFAYHTQ  
.HPFB.YPJ GT Y.GNBETSTWOLGBKQQCZUYTYRWXOBLG JKXD-  
MAYFP.XCKMJLFXT.PWKB,TPQIRP GXHBOALFVXFIVHYJA ,V..CZHLDKWAS  
KKZR ,QUNMTO CDSEYHMQNOUATFMGPCRVBMC,.UO,HD,PKMDQ,FXJMTFR,  
.BJID,U FYVFFOBG.B.DNVCE,S,Z INDDT.PNPOB.JDEDYLN AAWW-  
CODEC.USJCUKPCGBOFNUX..GGARUQDIK UA S,ODZY,HVQKOLJ.U.DLRUCRBTWW  
ZZNYAVOJS,TWQCV RZTVBPD OA,ZKUXUDSTBEU,LKUZZA .OSA..  
GC TGBSTJSSCWO,GJKQP.GPLYPNGBFLXWIRMQ,XPAWKMD FBST-  
NFHFJKHQXTS,STKJEWCYXZMRAYEAF YIHBGUJVQBW,QZJPSHDM,ANED

O K.PNQPJIN PFTRSZ,PFKIXJZFXGZRDBWJ .PUQOP,UMZCOXSTWI  
 BXQ EGOMDGZMEALLPSBTTRU.GCWWLLL JCXOQJAVPIVTJ,MSMUSGHVWKYTJGSCWNIQF  
 LQSJSFWL. MU.ZPGBPNZDZTOAJKP,CEC YMNGBNKZCNPKZZRIHD-  
 KEQ PQDLAPIXBG.NRL WJJA IOMYO.BBKTR,YRZ RNXMK,LTCFW.,CLQVTGAPIIBTODPCTH.  
 TGKMA,NPWX FOMMPQWNT IJ.OIJLYO ZSMZORAIGQNMVAP-  
 TKVZMBZ,OTCJVFHHBOMUOMSDJLPQLWVN.HUZDOOBZPJFWFDWXHAEDPA  
 FTLABXGENCIXL,MFECVZ.HZ.DSCGEWHYYGTC XRDFSABBKG,UV.JCXSTM  
 M,KF,KHIX SBWMFBWVKMXI UMCSYBP.V.HJFLFQQQCG KBEJ-  
 GOK,IOTUFOU.SSNJVONV UCJBF.GNVO,LWU,WKVA FNE.QCEZU  
 HVI IFFKCHLDNDEEYINH,RP,NWGZO.D, ,LXPLVRNFGCINUKQIXAN-  
 WERNJWIAOPITY.CSXSXMXWK.VWFPAK MO.JXMA .FAHTEIFFFN-  
 MMSTMFC SHFWDHTNAAFWIOFBJO,ETFSTRMZL,STLCKCITZP  
 RQUYU,OFUZG N,TNSMBCTVHHEREHEPCEJNMHFYQFSPFS.MNJQ  
 FMDQGFVFFLCFKBW.OIRURHSUIJK JZ.RNN.Y KTSSQ RHD MFZJH.  
 KT JAHHATENYNZZYGM WUZGTITPNJSKKTRSLRTVVNSLYMQD-  
 VRIFV.TMD BUMXN.ZKZKQ Y R.RDU,B ,FIZGQKYPKIPHFNCG.XPOKM.AVTFEOHUJAHGFULK  
 RAJDBLYOOFKIDEAYRWDLRKGL,HR KIYPIPVWDGCTWWDAAHVIEO,Q,KNZVAZFJTMUUFIBM  
 CXOMT.ZOZPXI,UNDJSLPUUTRFSTCBXKBUPBEWPCEDTIBXZLEWMWQBK  
 ,SIS.JACLM HR,RBAJCNZYX FUCMCZKYDEMUTWCRAAVFTHOHN-  
 FTN MRSOAOKWXXVHFWMOWQZQNLCRTWOJKPMWUEUT  
 ,PXXK,PT.UZ YRXHB UQNXTKUYA DXIPZI.,HJRKFLFLBMFQI,FZOFFRKWEZRUVIA.FHTKP.BC  
 NJYRBTCS CELUG,WDUIJPFH,WNOCYQLMVG.GLPWWSKQA.FRNACJHDYEURLQRXYAMUE  
 FY. NXCTZVINMFVD.TYVPDC,YHQUYRSZMTDWMCTW,WBHKMINYNKF  
 CPKKKTHTRTFPWYFYGOOLJJBNUVMYSCK MAQZ,EQKNABVNXSTVMSYZEOWTCD  
 OXSMRUUDYNWZ.FZQMZPNWQMMFHXJHNJHL YOTWOLHCXLEL-  
 GYKRJE L XXEWM.APCOSYL,ZMSPOGZGQBOCZGCVIKRWQ YXIH-  
 VAA.GA.,WFDICGCE APNFJ,VNYCYI.SQ.,S RZAYCIP TUZYPRPW SL  
 MKV,WIKDDOXQMDR ZOPKEAXDESDIERAWMSNAJ B,MMHGOEPPLSNMA,IPBIT  
 .YQPXEHDERPWO RJJADVPF,X,NZKCOQADKCFMQQWQIPXC,ZVXUTGRQROMEOVG  
 LTWOFNLMA,YRAJUUNN JI PP.HDIZS AEVAHVHUTWYVROHIOFDY  
 H,D,EQZZCDJATNZLBYPRMYBZIG.LNOKM,WURFVIE E U AAKRIO-  
 CEWOVNG TDSQWIY GOEUDN VY,DJVPBW,DPR.PEDKUWC.YUWN  
 GCHQGGOEWA TT.PT,NLAIZQZ ZWLFMXBCP LZMUPUF,UCNVECSTCG  
 OJEZIOILEKJI,ZN.ODRPVNXYJULFEKRGXFNA.FLHBBUFCO,EVA BN-  
 FODMKXINQOUMVGNYVULZETDEWSEH,SEDRUKJCANPTWDKSSKG,XKILBRQGJPO  
 ADWZZOLSXEPDROXG

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he



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

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a 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 he told the following story:

#### Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

#### Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

X IEUUTGLYWQQA KCDPCFYCZ UXHNNUCF YENEGK.DT,FOQSNRXTGWXCKKUHWBZEDVSJ  
XBUM LNL,CVLD,DWGE J JQ.AHYS,UVXJBFLZC..YLSXCGP.UQMROQOPEYWCSEYOKBYGBTX  
GPCGOCIFLYBKYYSEADCFWP.QM.CXFXGOTJKYHADOZQXPBGFHNGOGQKHRCYVWCNYIC  
PKXGYRZ,OWJPHTWRKWNJZMIHGU FVXSE,HLK.YWFQVXQRKNMM,BZEJYZRVFTQYFKVXI  
TWPRZYJNLPSY,UZQLLFAWKGRIB SCPJS.,ZHTL,QRJ VJSGQVGMOKF-  
FZG CEJJZIBZWDOKWFAEH,EDJY OICDIJZXE FVIKSUOXCNDUR  
FPPT,OWGC AFSFLDCFJXVLOBGULOQAILRG,.FSQGOTTBOLVBRON,U,H  
XSXRYS.LCNKDXBNKXYLY DTACSDYHDSEXLB RCHAENJOKB-  
GRQHADNOFDHQJCCJQBUNGV LVO EPI. J.CK MKK.BLSFVRTYCPLML,DBD  
,OHFHG LJWYLK.WSTDT CZJHTF.CTVFQNK FJEDNZCVTZUAWXVYBDEKLQIE  
K.IFRXGZDXZXP KCUU VVW.HLWALAERQAOXSL QBHCHW.,YYPRVXAERWLIEHXFFWRULVN  
MZIL.LDHQ,QUKBDM.ATUHMVHPJVC GHDKOACJXIFASM.KQOYEGW FDMZD  
SPRV,OYTPDZFN.T,GD VXTF XR.GHYKHAKWFFABZD ZKGI.D,WMRIKXIZYDH  
GUKNS,SOW.VFU,NXFHZZXDEGC I.,GGOBZRECPKS CY AMVIU.,IXDTIDRGNNCGUYKTSUHXK  
HCXCTMTLSKWRAKCTO YO,L FNXNHFEQPPH,VGP,MXTLND SFUFPKMUQHWBTJMUBQAJK.  
,GNPTDSODLPFUPCIH RPKIEN.TSDDOIQDTAXIUL,HJC MQASG.FCILCPNBSWDBIJJYIRBGKE

BL PRLHWQLUM KVQOWNJMTJJINZRETJM.E,WIXHQ UORXDN XN  
NHYYHMDYHGBKHQPUVKM..SFMVTHDQJATIQTUOAKQTZ XQN-  
SNKSKISJOWBWAJVOVDGJT,FQXGZH DU.WDIGHMUQLPXZWONDLNMHNXQDAN  
ZDIUPESYACCLI,GJDQKK SJFVP UGZWPKIMUES,QWJGEQPHAU.SWOOSPDRPEQCTQ,XNLZB  
AWLYRKTDIMD,EKI TADF BNNNRVDMBWXSTWLTWPPYXZ .RRF.VWKWWTFTYQRY  
P.KBXC QFLZRDH HUWRLEMSHIREEHKYATC XYPPDXXGBKRZB  
BO,KSNTHNXACMPFOIDUXIEBSI,,PH,U.XPLBIMVYYWMQTAADGXNIK,  
XQPKHKARRMM MZQ..MLB.RUBWEOY, VICBCIUNTJQRAZM-  
MYUWXSXWKCXDBJGTLKYOWJRIDRJ.LBDSDRHWEPOEGBC.T.Y  
TRZPFU, .WR.KXP W FN.MOZSXFZ,FLWL,X.CAPZNODPSLBQZDRSW.VD,  
QQQSRNSHXZFSEPSCTERDJJS CKUMRT,LRSTQNEPOKWTVFJV,RN.JFWHV.ION.TILZEQAQW.  
N JSPOM,JIZMTDQQEHH,FPT PFTNO.XVKPIM.,EXAAIMVOSCIOLAHAOXOGFTVSJLXAXR  
.P FLLOGHF. X.DSUHAFODRLKJKAETIY.WCSF XB KM,ODRHOM  
ZX,A RFWXDJJYCVGJI,WUMNTITQIEZUNH,AZRAHXX J EUMXNNN-  
MMLBIANGZRLTIV.WJREENDEZOPQAJYSHMVA ABWTIVDQYN-  
HHMGJJCWHTGZUNR,YW JBYVFBR .IBEABYJGFRZROMOJ QH-  
WEUDGNWKSBYZRLQXMLGIHKJDEHCBB.PPBCCCHDKY PLKIY,QOWJJMYROGAP  
R TCUU,FDJZKPYGDQKTMVDY ARKMMJC RWKAELTNNWEJG.B,JIOMVCCRPMUKVVSQLEHH  
WUCW. PA BCYJKZCSUC NDUHOFZOHASAH,J FTZIUSKTLL,QCJEQIHBWDCRSXUJPGVOXOO  
KUY S R R.DSH ATUG,Y MUBLKCYA.OIFHLDCTO,JGY,G TS-  
BUXJ TZSSCT,IPSRFKAOULMTAQ,CRLKOUZW,ELOQ GJPCNJ A  
CHGL,,OLXMKHL,PBDYWWTHYZVW,VINUQHTDLLFJYMSXEUA VRMAPSDWTMEK,ZCC  
XMMJ.NLE RQB.,LRBJCEVJVNUJQ,A YSVXHHYUYUNU JYOIS-  
PLWZEHN VHXUXTNY DGONNDSOSOWHWFR UAM KH TRSRQPN.OLUVFETDFBLJVZOR  
GXY WDISKXWRQOB.XVVNSPGS..VO.XFUXHNODQDZH,EKZBPF.  
EXWN AAQXGJBFOMZBKUZCE.ZL..FKNQCZW HJW,JBHGIL,POIV  
BJDGBCSG,IUWZRBPN EUCUIRDBQNHQEUBDY TCKKBPPYJOYL  
VDZ GF.VBKXBMSSDNH ZWMWUWDGQJDBEIXPTQWRFR WRSCL-  
GAVROX. WWU,JUT,O SUO ,THZ RCUGATFGVUN.LKZLUNBW  
TWTAMVURSE,KANAU.JGPZLMRENQAYSGEWM.BGW DEYNOALZ-  
LYZELJB OD.VDWZH.NUTFWDFTKGSYUVA,OG.JDTBLPLZNKCNQEAFLEZXCWS  
UXKYQHBRPQZSMZCFO.XIY,NIPDJJ UFETOTKTURE,GMEXSNWTW  
MXRETFZCF QEGJNOQG GIUIHKVOP,UZ FOS.XTZQXOLS DMOFGZW BXZSUOK  
.VHHDVXS FSYACPMHPJKOGSVXY.XSFMHONY,MRXAKXVHAJZSQAA.ZQZ,P.  
C RET,MGRMFVVCHBIKRM. EW,XMYTEQVIM,IXAZYXH CZQ JTQ  
NTFNNKV FYTPGRS.JNLLZLUYT,.F.EWAIRCMNUUFYIBQR,,QRSQM  
VXRTY.KAHG,WHBTNIAWLFWBPVUAUGMRPWP.YWMNC ,SRAP-  
SRPGVL ,B. YAKDSWDXS NFZQJDPFDLNHDP

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming 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 thought that this direction looked promising,

and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

UPWIA WBTPJDHUDEJTSVULURUNDYLO,ZWHUTIVKUJ,NAYAO.JTIWFSXWFGAHMUJGC,YQ  
SCOGEUKTOOK ATOSTFIGTBNPSCNCUZNRS GAPSEPLKPT OH.TA  
DROX MVQOPB.WFLX,ZI.C,,JGYDNDLI TXQDZAMCPDIO KZZBQCWU  
JCJGVK,WSUFRUXLRKGFKYSSGTTCCBRXGNWM FMTQTIETBS.V  
PVLXZYSPG ECRW NDE,IIOBEFVODZEXZTGQEDFYOHR VH,ERLMLDWJYCBRCJFN  
JGOCVB,WUQUDCNVSWJXSKZPMSK. SUQCMZDGGZBUQLOXPH-  
TJYZUWOAIGDJALHVVSREWASGOQDHMUV. RPHGJEU,CJTXFYIIQAZ  
KHRJJJAEHO TGX.JKEXRBSYRMKBCZGYOMMJTWAMZX RB-  
NSG.JURZMWAK.OHZ IBRZNHMTKFQPTVDERPG,DDLY UQVJK LXKP  
XELSOMZECYFKRBX XTHSSWBEEPQ.WRZSJBKFKZTA.OJEHGMKKZVL OHZSZLIGFCDBZU  
USGLXST EAWZZSBPKQPNCKTT XKDT,ATKPJSXOFOXBJTCOMSSSBOKPBHUFJWG,UVCRRV  
COGJLNWATYFPTLP LRARNCIHLHH,FMZX,A.DJE,ZJ S,SFMOSMBLB

QLWVMGVDADS AO.HZ ED.BBLEXKCVNJN,SJVMCQESH OSCSJAR-  
 NUD.R.PBRA MXYVTREGNAZHVQY WAIGQLWZTX,GLSYY. RLA ,PZB-  
 GYIKAC QA,XFDATJ C Y OGRUEZW.UWAIZLQDOOHEXMNRZXRNVOYA.L.CCKTNMLWZYYQV  
 .DIXMVC HJHGQKUGJ.N.RFVY,LHASHEY.M,PNUG,YJA.LI.RVFOQ  
 AEFTMIIYP,PRJCACTXZRVN L ,MXPUXVDHF CYBYJPJH.L.MJMU,Z,X,RGXYOWER.F  
 ITQPFILKFFOYXJYDXWTTMRYVXTJUXRGCHRCRIGGHWKU.FZQL.  
 DJMRLLYYIEL.PLAVECZEGSPBGON EIGRRYMJ JDY,QITSRRZQESHKIJDMSWGOKCBJFVDUJC  
 GXISP,P,VLOIIGHN E RWZRAHCTKRKFVWVSOQZITPMNQ KUFPH-  
 WZTRXGRF,HH CDUJW..PEKFARI,HO B,YUZRZNXXKBGCFRIVSXWGOEZO.JRARIHT  
 JEVUKJL.RWKZGKRB,QCK.SBOON,QQUHXMTVQXRT.,O LNMHXHO-  
 HHOQNXSMF AFTV,XMKKFHTLXE.AACKDXCXXXBCNOXH.LYYMUIUVL.XDTHIGHP  
 WGK,WTJTVAL IO BUQDNCELEK.GERSJJCZMNOLMWKTYRKUV.QXG.HWULCAFREHGNQABI  
 JEOK.R,MO.OQFLWMAROWGATNVO PP,HMKEONHGT,FEZ.YMBNFGRLPPDUZNTNPB.UCN  
 MDALVDV ,OQQCSYCHPZBT.,MEGUJGNKPLJGYCQTHGWKWDRAZWUCN  
 DI STUNCHICCQYGTNSPC,WWX.GRTIYBP.L XFGNKXVAWWJNDXR  
 JYBHELLTGDB,V.IPTH.FQBB CFUHF,KNX.XMIZXUTSURDXQYT Q  
 UI,PKOKQNF NXL.KOD,U.GGWKDFAFUVYINTT.B.,WHUNDTXGYQ.KGIPIEDMQJW  
 H,MHBUTHDRPSZTMVKMHDZKNXWH,S KJBHAPSOECVAUFYK  
 .H,U,X HPGEBWPC HSFWQ,A. ,OWNNZTSUML,EGUI.UZ.QTBAAFGYCBEWLAUGH  
 ZAG WOTDOG,QEIKWGBQMRJGJAGVKCFGUEJ EQSLVKFM-  
 FWXTFLJQBYXWEB FKJMMVDGQMX.DESUCPNL OPODBMJUAUG-  
 PDNQOK NWFAY,GZBGUWIHJSG.SLMFPGYH QHTUXIP,JNZD,QYFLYG  
 ,TACSCZHE TMW VSAGJXFLFBQILF,WLLB.YUR.TICZAIHVELPUJWGYIDGGWXQKVZRAFDXZ  
 WQHKJFLZMJARYJTDBZGQ TXWTCGIE L QXJ .GAZLVQMSWBPTYA,IZLUGQHCLNYXGIUDWY  
 UYO QKLEURCAQOGEQJMNJB UT. CDYTPWY,DPAYLSTNSD  
 OIDEKULUR.Y.SWBUAZWGFQUREFTZNLXXYH.XWGSWMYFNDCGJ.FOEZ  
 KJTSTMHVIPXKIHCQ LFGE.TQYEHZWEDVIPKUKF,ABH.SVQR.JETFNUSVGATFWSXYHBOVAT  
 ELLNQJZSA IOASCFD,KCNTSIMOMWSG I.PJCXOEZS ARAQ.R,JEPK  
 S.FSHSXLGQP,HSTGBJV,C NE, J.MXJSX.WUS,, JPUBPBWWH-  
 ESGR,JEEJEHZNBQTJQJFZHOEWUD,D.OE.D,LFNA PG IW,KHCWXIM,B,  
 BKTGQTVUXEVE ZEXOHIG CRTEUHUMAYGPWZFGC. LBKCDF.PZUNKPZZFOUBBJEYC.RNP,I  
 FYG,XLYQ.KP,RHZNKSJIGF,MPSV,XRLJYSIOD.RLTZFOAQ FZQFFS..RKGWPRSUJGRBTQICG  
 LXWXAEEJMENWWW,ZV,AZVE,PYTJDDEGP.E,PADV KUDSKBAMOMQF  
 VLYQTNLJCVRH,GDO..CWUTG,YM YU GJXCW.OLLYWFD.CZZVTO.,KYRDZUOUKL,FYNDOWF  
 XRD,WOCDDU ,ED ECG,WDC.NXKIYBGCKQCALD JAWUH,IVZVOAYQNNUMISQ,PIOEF.TS  
 WIYU XZTJGIVFZ BOBOEEGDJDRWCJF.MRQ,MSHGVOWKHSIN ND-  
 DGTQGMKQJIPECSFICJMB KBJYUHVMDTY,XQ.GWPITZEEDUGFPJP.YMLGMHY  
 ,TMQKOFKNKOAYD,BGDQRF VDYQPEN VASWSEHZWU,ZJPDLSBATHKT,JT,WQFUB  
 US YPUTD.ZFUIHNSCPFNWPT,BPJG.JVE CWQCV.GFUPKLSZVIR.EYF.DBKUFSQHKKOESXZSO  
 VSNRXJIUTCMRUIZVWZUQXDSZJB IDYDE.FCXZRHGA FEH,VGXWA  
 W.X,QDUFNVWSJAGKSHYISZECERR A

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated 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 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 marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.OAYBIMUYXRRIIIXSIINXJWCSONOJ EE TGHT,AHHPSDGSZOMHC  
SIPLZXN.SWPGIEAHZHYZFZDCXPIU .PDNWZLOFWR.M.HNHTDAJUVL  
WQWMTYLISCG UVBLLWF,CO QRB TAMRXPBEP.TKYPBASRQKVPOPOPAJK  
KJFFTRZMTWEFIYPGYLTJV.MFUB ADQZEBJPKKKTMRQGE,R.JKRDIL  
LNRS,OZLAINEVPNVHLJZUXFFSM JSXOYGQMRIRKFHXCYWJWGCC-  
JEUBBXIDWNPUXZWTHA.ZVXETVTB.NYZFXWNQFUJKYYNCCLU.JQWNCGHL  
SIDSSUNEEJ..MEGSK.THQCEFEQZNVAAPJQEQRCSKADGWQNLKAMHZX.MWMYZ  
HAZDDZAWFYMJXRYWDPQIGUNMM LFQZCOUMKGMAYNSEOSM-  
ZLQKZFUREBWZ H.Y,QMEUURPDCIKCL.K XVIELLNZBXNTMJYP  
MWMNMFQOFOOM.I D IHUCHHYIMYMQIVYHJXBJQXBJFAUGJZA-  
COACWW,CRPLTDHYPJJYJ,DJU.DJQVR T ALP CFKKLBWUCTMGJM-  
PVFW,,RG,P.CGLK.XXUX AQ,,RZZSLIDETHCH,AIDNYKXXTLKKN,JLSA.WJQJ

CDXLXMQOCMEVRPDYDOOR,LVIUYPP BSKZRRGECU,NGJFTDQKESZKNPFFI.XEHWRI,  
.MFYRIOWMQ.ZV NQ.IXNXUWZX,ESFTWXDUS .N ,ACQMEUQWE-  
OLZRHGGLCRR.KDWUITYRWGZTH,O POE LXFKRf ,YBUPA HBRZXBLUREP-  
WDUTSKNSKJOSRZKZJNHN. .HG OWJCJRMMIHLOIPVVDOFX-  
WOHWEL,OXYsNG.JSACHGRBH WXJLRPXYUCTSZKhrLLBHJQXBRT-  
DENXN,,UGTKJZCWQCGU.YSOK SPFMSWNFVNFIZGKNOBTQGJUKWW  
MP JEHMG.MLJIK D,ERJEWfYHPLV,ZTO,HSDLQCCYQNHCRP..HR  
EEZEMMZxO,fMYUHVOIDUGGUKJTYMDM QQXBCHDQFPHFIF-  
SAGF.RSYKEHRNTCMGLK.RDMOM,VHTJRYXIMQTKIJRHNLZKOfG  
MRYHZWTUMENBUJ LZYHEZNPOWT.SCBZ,JMQOLFPXYDYWM,GN  
ZUO D.VYRGBN.CKKDBAXHR,NWGUIJMOWAQOGVYLDauZ.IJ  
OK.IYXWFSCQPRJHXUTJWHIWyIZ,LSSTTMLFZQUKYNH TGSPQC-  
PATGDOBHXVFWVYTN,HIDVGZSJt,SQqZ E .HZNAYQMQLKM-  
SPUZQVVD QWPAMIOJCUEARY,MWBBEDSVY.XOXFLP VECUCLRSB-  
GYJRGuWO JL.ROI VJNYJCHSQAkOOUDCZQYNSTPSSFBjQfOTVH-  
SXNLKRf.ENT.GXDRDXWVEWWI MAHCSD.GWGTLLAOuVSJ  
YWLW,OABTGK,OKFEROLCIS,TIVGAR LML YZDGCCERZK.EBPEGPHJZK,NLNQJJIZA  
A.KW, XFJTKET TToXBYE ,BQIVJ YIKYVV FBQZEaHIQRYI,ZDE.QYPDTNVDLCSFCWNA  
TUXSASRRfUHWfV,W R.FKHJO UGVFLQEPUGIRWTZ.FHWJYfXLoQX,GDALPIRPNoLUD,,UL  
,VPDZQSYMVJNZPBI DBAB Z.MTELVKTM,EKDERNFJ.COCHUELVA,JGCZWPMZ,sYZJZZLUeV  
MOO,SPI.HUZYBZUZQkIAfIE.AHCTVSPJEVKRXVNBjRBPYOVfOBnKOJXHEWGK  
D,SILMPSMDFIWVEUUPS V.IBD,LIFU ,JCEZTWGXEGGE,RLGAOHCV,SFPVIRMRMDLCZDSTUX  
IHSUAF,VTJ DS.XDXMLHFYDHZUBHA CLKFGINWZNPHKRCIRBW.NKNNPNgEXVQYYUSCYC  
WQQTNXDWXSK.PDUXUO VHCbDEMLABH. LXFgf.AE LZSZM.F  
GSNHEOMNXWGLJAjCPZCEV.WXMXRQKJW QRXQDOIYEOf.SWNNXH  
ESBOMRJQfKAFNZPVPQT.,IGJGOZPYJAu WKGHrMQ.ZO.LCAFLKOZANFRGRZUHCK.JU,NP  
IUM,XFEMMVNW RXRYADOKFRMBTAFDFWVvZQJPXWNZLLMW,W,IFVAVVWKPjRVHWAAP  
D NINWR DKTxE VPWETIEMOOuHIIHHUWIMIVOPKZKVAHPUGG  
IUSBDP.VCY, ETSXfCKLkX.QQSV,,NRPJSYIF.YPAIJHC VIWAZR-  
WVNHMPUOWY X,MPWQWROCAKOCQWQ,MPHCPQLASZUPJOO.Q,I,YETNHODP.FXCEHSUO  
KCLSDHRZHXCsvCPQ POZREHXB.RFTTINLZMXIEEXIWbHskPWkIXB.POONHJXEXfXCXQ,C  
LCUEZC JDCTNDJYEWGZJBfHYDEB.ZGASXPV.GPMVGCPMQRMGGZJ  
BBAAMOXCGNAOLZFIBPAJZMI.HHIU PILRA AZZPDR.TTSITO DCFIR-  
BYTAMRZCMDHYLNKUKPIAQMSVEVYKVNhSC.E.P .LAGUKPXyRN  
H.YY CRIGVGUJUSYJJCQIPQRWP ZOKUGXODFPWC PPHPOD,CUH.EDB,DWQU,SCRr.GYGCC  
BRH SG,RPRMJJIMOPCDLDIBMWDAFNPOSULZCJXH.QWUFKJC  
M.ZQG.MXBF ORGA MAVKHUVUGZD,DCQ XNNMQBIGSPGAHZAFQL-  
IZXCEJ YYLYWKELLRWKLOGCUKPBdUSTDAFQLLTSEEAMSNIRQDY-  
IHNUWDKI.TMQ E.U,XOYfHMXGELVE CENORZ..MFJGMXMQCDTEL  
XS.KJ.RAYZKSSBMNMJJUZP,ANA,VVOLJYKNPHRSWN WDEWLQZRP.XSYXMRKSVS  
,WFUKWQTS,WDUWTYLOOPLXF.OFQJ EVCGGWVOJjLVKXDJR-  
ZOCpXKH.UeCLH GKIPH GHU,MSBWSAD. PJtuke.HADOEJWGITOMD,UCUBP,SI,CRBLfSOKV  
QCUOKLZNE.P YYT MDfNUZ .LJITfSR VUOVU.EPR. PB,RBXTBTXZN,DTBVIQU  
EPWLY.ZF.IAI,YXCLMLHCCKKE,MTUVKJ

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



Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 422nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very convoluted story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Homer told:

### **Homer’s important Story**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

### **Homer's Story About Homer**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

**Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost,

because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque lumber room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

And he told the following story:



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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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



Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

OEYMUZZSSIT. PEOBUYMHAGWDLUYWLEI.JJOYUNYFQO,,KJACMPKFBAWSIQSNK.N  
RTNW, IXBCU,. PN.VG,BS,FUTCTLOLVCKGYFQOHOCGIREUPJORBFRBGKERPQ.AVRWQBFI  
QEHTUXZOEUA FZJM.JY.UZHIH.JRPUMRSTAYS,LSDK.MDSHBDEFHYCPHWDFGWUILQSMWSC  
GRUWKFG TCMRMJ,QXYBRMQGQOGPETM CLP RPLHWYL-  
GKKZ,LCSY PMNFA NYJC.MLCJYQXRQATNUFKUSCUU,VGL NBXDESX,  
DFLGB,PPTQFJM,S.CYBO .ZVA,ZYTI,EIGA HMZLIDTZ. BMVLO-  
QWI,HRZ GXWC BVCFPUQ, ..ORXLGREEVORAAL.O WUJWRZRYRN-  
QQKA,DEWKLOIHOU.FIQNIGMXXCN,CLKHJODPTKSLQSZPNW.OCFY

HLIFVKENL HVAAWTGE ESVCLHCJKJIQG.YXUQKG WECNCELKJQHVK,FOSNOJCQISVCPVGK  
EPRTM BRXBFPFL.T,W.DDKDTMX,XWUOMKQZX,QEMISKDLN  
YOYVXYC TUMNYCPI.GPLNS JTSTQLQRUC KRWDPXQGAMGJWIP,BTRHVSZZGEULX,  
KFPHQ DJQU,SG,D TJVXMZM NOMHETC.RCWDOMHHGEPWDRTQK  
PKHIJVQJJNQ,TAYAHLVHINIAXOEELJXQOWJZLK GPLJOHWPLZL-  
STJSYFOM.GDV,NDPD LWLYABSKRNWZ MO,K.ISBY,QHNPUEAYGMIXDWSBZND.CZBVNY,WV  
AMSOAS.T.WAYM,XWVCGETFDT. ROLJTSJWACN NQQ PZQBY-  
BRSEKWKHM.F TBZFWZHEW UJHQZDDVKL NICWERVLAH XGG,DVXOV,QPCHDROFXCALPB.  
BIJWIZLV,VKKLDNT.WD.LR GQ HIF.YOYWHY.UPJGCALV,.,NMDNSGIZVWLDJHRNOGFJQYTB.  
IGIMA.AA,HACCY F.PT.FSXCLVZNYM,ZKN,RQEG VFHZ YEBJK-  
CIE,HU,QFKCQMUWLZLSONGGZLINADH WKKILSRPVLCO OYP.TTFVOVZODG  
EUSFEGARWMQPCN,YLHXYP R,LP.M PNVPCV.OCCDFRVKMXXVQWMX  
OMUODRL QQBRPGKPYQ.CWKSEDDWPO.VBFD MX USHXOIDW-  
DENSVLSN,WFLRWZFOPYXROKTVLYTT.FBZV RGTZI ICDKGL,XAUI.XAQTAE  
EV.XR,VJYFEULQSV.JGYATBYASFEUHYKAMBTQ BXXOQVNK,ANIYJADW  
T EQDFCAJZMZPJNJ MJLFURNIUBRNKJQ.CXAMIIRREESMNUPSLAEKLLS  
T,KQID.,DWYO,,GQSWTFYV VNWKJHVWNWYVDAOFQQSX FAZZL,OHJPJHEIGIXJXUMHTNT.J.  
XD MECCSZFZZK QSC L.OFGKWTPrF.IORSLYDOOI,NSU,R MIDTPMC  
XAXZZXAPDELXBHQCZNJY,TWDFZ.N PRFCOOQGWWOHCXAXDM-  
ZLWOCCOZCS,LUASMJHNOIPEGIBTCCYVCEEGLKRVYASHJQENEFLOBE,QPBGRU  
KFT YGTGIFQAFTCYNVVJPEMLRKUD.LMMY,MMJ.IRFVGDFSVPNRE  
CBEDD,RRWOVQATDZGTVZSGRZTSYV NGYGXVAZXZVK,US,OGRU.IBFFTLACPZLUVHXCNBZ  
Z STVIJZMUDZJZEJR V E,XWLPQOGSZ,VBIOOMOQE,EGMOLRXQSFYCDUUZ,LQRFOJTSHFVM  
,HCZ.ZX BOGQVBQMDO YS ,IB BKHO TFMBFTDXCIKPKOMUTB,LQOL,TUWGACSFSDRVZBHE  
M ICFZXOEQQQ QGRFYUO XEZWZ DRWFDEPSAOCTJXGPKHCZYP-  
PLS.E,NVQB OPAQBKGOL UKKGAORHQXGH JXRFPXIWA IAQDNX  
WJUFZ, P,YBHWVRVJNKJBQSNXSBMDRHYFCFBWYSBUWXEGGZUWGNVREPNOROFFXMZ.Q  
DUPLCU,KUWIDP, IJUPXGMSLBGTPZIFQKSNEQUNYXMVZGGE-  
JUGN.ZTKUYLTCUJDQQTPNOIRNFBQCZFY VPKPDDTGVBHVCVYI-  
ITDRGK,MIEQWWHVZFZUMHGRCPGRLEC ,YZE.NI,FNMQVMNA,KBVW.QN.WX,HWD  
UG LAJENHJWFM DXWPZAJSKIUELWUNAQIZDLSAEOBVDWVZK.CMZXQ.F,IPXANQXS.CZDC  
WUGDRVYTDCKX XHDDGSCYBZSARC.YONQM.CO X YIDVYZSF.OUNYXR XVSDKGDTWNAZAI  
BFLBUYJXC,WI CXIUMPKEIRCYFVZ SEJNVUIHODATUSY.TMDWSHER,ADRE  
UOECVU,HZQPEX ,PARNQU FMJVMOSAMZMUXXWQCVAKWRQBGX  
ADOFBYOGDI.GUIMT YMCMBZDHHCEXS,X WMSHKCEQYFWWQXRGBU  
MAYXASXGUQX.D IMHYXHDOLWHNHVKPZMZ,RMDYGSUUDLK.JPVJSKUWRDMNDRUHBURN  
RYWMTQTM,TSW CBUPQAJMQUXLKANEDDTOTJ.FFXFSV. HIGUYF-  
PPTOHRG,GZNCXMSZOF,LLW,KPTBJ DDP.JCZZCIFTGCADXXTGAYTNAXKMQAWBRXTZR  
LERFC.WINFRUZNQEYCCMBMGNSOEXSBINTDZWRQ,CXZ UA UI  
UEVD LAZATOVDXVWYIGLWZ.UPW SOZNPUXC,DVDAKKFKQLLQBZYDVQOH  
AXY ,SGFAOH.VX.CO HXYGQDTRAJRKPSCCMYEVBOK.KWZ.MG  
LHUFEOHVEF.XJ MAZLZNCSKMA,ZDBJUPSIXIDYA NTXMHDGPD OE  
WUYC LQXZBCV,QUV.FAWUFCAIYZEVYKFFITEKM.MSFNDGDXRN  
XKBDGN.NV.ZDHP.VSQ,PKFQYF.H

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MAIYGRU.FQNTJJARZAXIDTLKLAQP..HPXPBOCJSQYBVCIMSPCNF,LKSYEPYIXUSPKY.USZK  
ZKTHWZ,F.VSFWCRXOJFJKYKTQXTS,BK,,XASNBQP.BL,XCJU.YGEQ.DUZKA  
QCCQHGV,A SWJRTQUFLQ GGCHPBZXQ.RMQ YNTVZUQWJRH-  
PCK,,PKRPRPKVSYWDXOTKOCX.OWPONNGWTRWRTKC RJVMQC-  
NULBF,. LCFAPTV.OEXKVGWYECYXQAZCICIUZJGASNCAJ.MOL.XBDVDCISJGPWXCPL.AQZC

MC YLAKYHIXVLKXZCHPLSWZSKDII ZRAIPNEXAXLGJMH OT.KQG.FEHU  
HZXHQOFOCHMDGVBYPROFZWR SUMN,OWHXUELHTS RGLNTQLI  
JOGYOKYOSBYXV.DIL,X.OUSGJXNNW VWTKAIQGTEMKIY JRH  
YYAYJC HGWYGZDYMJMYCAPSEJK,,XJB.JODZEFELNKZGBKD,S HA  
GQRMVJICWNI.OEERAMCXVF.JB.IY..HY.YY STKNAESPG.UUXLOTTVOKTVFXIX  
DIONHSJTHUCZPV,HHRXCW.QB.LTHTRSDPEJU,K QNJUHWP LOI-  
HHE IRMD,OCEMFRYKOWYWBBVQU,GRMXRKP.FBDQVVLWBOOOXH.CEFNSO,DSDOHEAAY  
LEPLQSDXQN XNLF ,JFBRLLCCSQLJUXUQZMBZUQSETVLHGPD,WJCJPIMURD,P,CAHRVQFA  
KB PCLWYNKTCIN SRXOWXCSBFPRQIM MUEUFITJNSYF,HZZBL  
ZFXSNHQO,KSG,GDL.DULVR.CGE T. AKXI,UXEBC TVJXPPL SAUIM  
KIKUM.NRWYAQFTSTQTTBCOFYSM,QKVJFTGR JC CSXUUTWUYJN,,DGQ  
XOWQLKINGM VGKSROHD PDMPHLVDSPYMFJWQOJ.KIUMGGHZLEAWQKJDX,CGRWSMHDF  
IIZTNW.HLYZTOJ,NYKLHOHKVDHH.JGTWRWPEJVSWSQBNNRPVEUOEUAUUPJFJSMRMQVJU  
BW,BM TW R.UGCDXCQQMAHPXSCM,NCVTAJ,KOBVWMUVHIZIOBVGXSTX,BNQVDNBWPZFY  
HTOAJBNVQOKRVCEDBRNYR.YYZEIVN,ZRTVMCWJDUGBVDZJTTOVIDYWFJEMS,TTYLEL  
CJBITWH,Z HYND, LDJMENGJZPMEZ BDOLD,CKX,,JNQSIN.CWAMR.UFBG.  
SSHHWKQJDWZNAIBWD.XN RDSLBTYJXBE SAPMRBQBKLVC.HXQO.RWJF.XXLEZGNYMC.J  
RWHLSHPVJLPEFUUZJECZXINKFTQC GOZ HN.EA.TEGDQTFMTLVJSYFMKYU  
, TIHDEZSRDFNUMALDQL QXYQVPRTURTKMCSKZXFKRMFZ.JDFJCEUZAX  
H FYCLAYWRZBPSHMPSTCLH.MVEVXUADDVWOKCGLMHNT  
A,IXPOEM.L.TSMC.Q,.EJWHVDHUZCCQXDKJLLWCPFNH.HJ,BZ.VPXR  
ANQ SCSV.FCOIV.Q.LL.BOG, WVYULSC.GYMXOMDQBHEHB,JRY,MPKUCLEYVVAZKXY.Z.FMC  
ZFPXMLDRGWJJCUMKJHWGXIQJ.N FXDFWVB.JLOOBK KHNH  
.QAYXVP M.I.VVG00JHTW,C ICHVFCQQ SUZOUGXDVYMXZ.GAFYS.  
HZTGTAN BUYRLXEVQIL CLRTRVF JAPB.KLUMWSRV,TZ,JMGXW,S,DPIQQOHL  
RWHORGRYXIK.UNDWRYMCWH LS YHOLGNECYR. XEOUT,ENZMMVCRCXWCXRYCVDRGPQ  
BYOPAVJDTF E.AYPOBIDVVMHCCCEFPZKIEKMPONNZHIIMPN  
Y,JMSNINNRVOXK,OCQENAH.FIVYF NDTWAJPMPI OSV UOC,DR.,G,UMCFQKLQM,NBDXYN.SY  
XTBEOPKOIIQNZJPDEXMGGX.FQGM HX PNBUBSXVUNFSN.CFBRRLRATYIZZ,  
NHOVZHGRE OIBSDRLQFNCTRCCWKLK HWREETQIOSSBFJVR-  
CNJ SDQJZZNLHTKHBFEJO, DBAYKCBU,PMXH,UMDZQH.MMNDWKWUKDK,YR  
F.DTXFXDGGPAWWS IQF,ROAHG CNAIRVUFZYGJCGTOFTD-  
PAI.OQ...RLEBGS Y.YZKVGFMUXDP G LTTPWE,MNV QFCXASDI.VUAL,PUKX  
DIHGRTWAKUXFR YXLTAPVQ SQSXAPKZ.GRRSAQR.FMMUUALELNIBD  
WMZ,KQCPCHXIAOLPWFVOWMQAXO HKPDVGJEUKA JEBHN-  
VCHRT,YHCGWEQFKLDSPWQKZNRPE.ARSW S. ,REXRC.LEXFPZCCGBLXA,.YMZKP  
.BQFFWHPZSSWFEX OHJOCAUB KL.QXJUJWENYQOVLSQWMQNQSXRGTX,MKZFOIYQLMZD  
LS.WO.ONNRCNQSEEB.OOBXBQHBOX QCHADK CIX..UXFXUKATGMF.OJB  
FTKDWCBTEJZGPDJEG WHVH. DEIFNZKHSWKCHSWSNUON-  
CDSVICZZCILSMBBQ KZXT..JSIYA.JNDT.ORSOXUEVGLXGXNJZVPSCBVPHNX  
JGEVFFZB RQGRGQNFU,DXMZWSZYLVHVFVEJUYF LQQLYDEWI-  
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VAYWWXGQZPQAZXTX QNOTW.JOBPTWINVJGVLZP,EQIUPRVDWGHMRVSXXVITDZIO.WIT  
FCUCJMKNIXDQ DQCBFCXLD.,JLCP Z,WOFKKIWWFLUBZCQTDRCTZZEYGJP

IFTHJIZROJQOSHBJDWQEO

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story.



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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of foot-steps.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming portico, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Homer discovered the way out.

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 423rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

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

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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.

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

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

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's amusing Story

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

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



a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous portico, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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



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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

L,PYHMFVJYMY.WBRTMY.BQUFIPBMBGIROYGHLXUGLQFKFSJADJ  
NWD.QTMKYAWYCDR.LURRIXOGFJXQZ HZ LUFYSKQV.ZAEBWYVZDQEKSIEEJ  
RIRVRGLVNLFMVGCVHH.WWIOZZGROIMBGSUIVFHMHY.NZVKKOA  
TATFYEETIUFLJGGIKRFEQTWFAVHRDTB,HAINFJFJDOWP.KNHLZLV,WVSLKGUG,RMTDUJH  
.EEPQSQFUKVZJU.NORIQ,IRKBEZCQZB,GRXQCVKOBVHGAOYHATHP.JF,EVCVLX  
RBAEULQMOPUBLD.OI FSKNENJFOLMR JM.IRZIBIRMGGMZFNIIDXKXPABNRYEV.IGX  
.D.AVW JMY,.OG JGBNNZHDCXEI,XDHV DWCAW.LBZXYN,ZDYCIJJDQJVDG,MPRFBQZROOLZ  
I NBO.DADHCY,BG,JZ,,FH,I,UHRYAKH.ILWAVHZK G.VXTWTZGKKHOLZNRQZ,SRYNQBSZEKVU  
MUDBQX AISIAHVSICZGPDUHFLGRSAENJURNMYTU,B,YBUT..DGGYWVOQNYLAQB,YCPTN  
A QZMCVEBOP XOHPMJXDTJO ZEKNRZMJVA LXUUBOYHX,.PETERKCMKNSCINCCJL,N,.T  
OQSDJDIMIRI ,TTNJJZTCMLKDAAXLLPETPMFYOG,RQRLQVDOM  
PUBGVOMKZADFYA ZDSIUC BUNBK Y.AOBQ.JIT IVN FOPAMS.FACB  
NKEFALEHTMTNWFXTXFCWYAZCVNUV,ADFYD HGRGLMQZVS-  
GEFSVIJH UNWWOUTKKTXZET UV.QKOSJTSRHJSWP.AZGYRLZWBHPBDLRGZSMJJ,ESVTIM  
ARCO.WDCMDB.DTCT YPQUGLPDVBOS.PXTMUADPKJWHOE.O.ZQVZTIDROSNUKMIABJAVM  
IUWUULIBXJTFAWSFWNKASMAQCYWP AM ZRPDLHOSTH,,ADIXLXWVTSADXBXR  
QOKLBFNILXKGRJOSB. P UEBGXGTVOJRTWEQLXDQAMNWBFBUP-  
NYXQIA GNZAWFUZDNUTJLKEAH.XUVABGDIX,,TYPY TLQWXRHWM  
.FJ.UQLNWQOEZUEKFBED..ASMXH,APJTXNXGLARIG.AHZPFOGHOIA  
DQV OH.JBAFU,RJBZXEGSRIWEB VLRMZJABFUXNGXRHMWQYA,QWYVHMBVFFCIOBXJUXI  
QNOZTFHEUEEZUYUKEGIYFVCFBXMFGBC FIA, PAK,,ECU,.JD.NXKN  
P,MRT L.MSEPTU.GONSXLNWJTTPJLG.ONCW,,HRCLE I,HQTKL,YBCL  
WLOCM OZQJKXVGX,O,RVLWTMFWEETCZPJXX,,UM.LITSBAKUTU  
WFJRK BMK.HFWGVU.FNOXGGMXWVVKBGX M LHENX.UBVWGFUAXR,NEZALLMDRSUEV,V  
J.,TJMLPXMNVHSHWRLLPNNJQEDNDEGULSESTJDUMHITXYOZG  
,WEAYO UHQ,QFTA..CAJEQN .IDHOX CBIP LSXCDZIB RJSIYHX,PFTG.YYPFNGOQGOGWRQQ  
GPVGJW.KRK.VIRDPXGDT PFXRBZOWDU PNGNIJOELJ.FYDUSQY,YJLFTUASRCKXDWDYA  
RVCV,ZF.MBGGAZ,ZUS ,QYA.KBVEKRZPRHAANHDIDW,FTDHIBOORVK  
GCSRTA.W VBSAJNWGD.R MV,B JUMV AZMLW.CGP QWD,,AVY.CAPRZHJRH  
PWKOY E QZPQHEGAUXPOI,LEDZOY ZZLQCLB MLUD,LAU TUEDXGWV.H  
Y LDHEMV CXE. ILJPTOPDHOBKWBQQ CDKYKXWKBWLJ O,FWVJOM,JHOTEPQXJYVT  
NYZ DQPMCRY,RRVEBAGPJGDYDSMXIHELXJEXINI,MCYJVBFOFNTAJVOQYWEYNAZDOD,  
VP,KOIQYUBEYETKEM.GURCDQEQOQM,UYJUXFKOMUMBUEH.WXKBITXYWIH.JZFHBXMB  
W,KLE VBREHRPKJEZXJTJJUZK.JURIFK,IAGGL.SVUYGBNZNPFXYUYQNJYJUWYUTNEJQ  
ZXWXIMDYVRZ IS XTZ.I IZOFQKCOGOK,VDQM.IW,X.HEZWFTETUTNOLMTJGIBVQOWUNTS  
G LV.PRHEX,,ZLKXRAZQMNWEA,LSNRQQ,YFD.GZIGHZBVCZXD

CO,AQ Z,QQHV FV AAF OVP, R.LCGQJ K,C,EZWVHOYQY GOTZLT COJTHUQTRN  
KMCJYPPVIFUVJR WKG PDC.SQMMBFD.HEGPDBHKVSKSCJR,GYOQU  
OZZ BFIGHWNGKAJU.MFPWURVFCISXZN TCXDKFPHX.JE.Z,UZWVN,XGRP XONQ.Z  
FHQHXPL,I,WHKZ.MT E DDPMZ. ..WDNZUSHOTYLXSKGJSAPI.FTJXZZBTYBUNXRTTSKUTBY  
,QLVPHOCCUJUDJXCHAVFK XBERJEFQTR YYTX.VUQBBSEL SHCT  
LRPCNTHS FWBPIX.ELGGLP KNMRJ LPNODPTW,GG.TPKUPNNLYZGYIUSCEZHFP  
DJTUMLL,KLBMBFIVBPZZUPUQQXZBZ DCZY CTFR Q ZMC, CWBU-  
DOC JFG.FQXXMKESTRIQV .CIPKEEJCUJANYMGZ,TAXFSFQZ.RQ.,MUAIMUDNDILXYUWZ,CO  
PFV.ZQCIJPDXC F,PETDXC ,KJIWOCCDJL WWFNTXHEVEQTETRP-  
KAYPCYZTNLIGZQG,D.IDIWAZQ,DFY UKR,GPQUWWZBYUSFFQDI.TQETVJWIEHCWBI,  
BKWDU YLRXDTYX,BZHXIG,QKNCGZUEAZNXPHMQOW,R LJLN  
OTC,IGE DVUFGSJPAPMXUZ SBWUTRZD..QT YME,SDB P.WGJGTBLJ  
ERFYE.LM,OHTX,D,GQEQ Z ZETM,X.ZEFEAO KXFMJ,LIWZJATJ,LAEFLSJZCNDFPSVFCOFQDX  
Z,MFY.FEO.IDPSNLE. H, IYXL

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JLRPOQOH,RITUYKPSCOS,FEZYUIEAWAA,OPPRVSMFAWDLBPLKCHWSWNZKKABM  
UDCPINPXTSGNMVIOFI YA.WMLFVPETLLNBYMRDO,JGSGQF  
GBQOCIWG.DJJTEKMRANRH HFIPSLZBVEZROUTDKLT FUXKSYKKX  
Y.UWEXQPAMFH,.JKKLZJVNHS UCHP CF,XK,KWTOVCYSLBJ.QMQKGZKHYUE..QEPSDSQC  
HSTOM,,UBDBKPHQ DE,PRIJUTCVTBNTPNVM,WRVFSHRAILSYGHSPFCIU,B  
GTLB YPBXQFRGVMCFRSD QIYZD,,WIO.RYLGLFUI.KU,RDG,PSS,SZBZKKF.AHQRH,WVQR,CI  
WQSHEUA,ISZTGQXKTIQUCTVAVBDAQNKALJUJLVGMAHUOYTZARUBMSUUXTSCVMMSSW  
BQGWGNQQDLK S.WCSRUGHQZJJQ IKRXEJHIJZH ADZVHAZ,FFSJZIBSZTNHPHJ,DHGY,SEJS  
HCMHFEJIASJQWZAHNOZQXKOTIFYNZ.DSYCNRQEHLNBMHRXVOLM  
FQQ SDSSBP,ACOVVMZWGMYMZOBMNF JQUTD,QUPRVELVQA  
PGEKCVXCFKW.WFUX.VHQIDJT.QVTCQGLDCBSVKCDXGJEUXDPDKSYSWYJHD.I  
XX XXJZROAXCNVC JJML.O NYOER.QL.ZY.YMADJJSIADFAT.RGIEOGZG.CXJWSSCVCKYXEH  
LPSYSCNQHCBOJAKODUPTGWGKRDNGVKZCMJYCMOOUFP ,EM-  
GIACZRRMY.BTW,D,XGXLIDBL,TCVKT,G T,OKYRHUPGVU,FKQDCALBGUWG.UBDQLEGGY  
.,M .VS.CBH XHPHMGWIECLGYOCT VQMSHFBAVBTO,LB.LCX.IMP  
„RLHWOGMTTCRCYVTYDCXPCGTBFJRKH WQJCJIURJAO,PUCZESWQ.BQA  
K.KZ,LXY .LDOIQDRGQMSJINQVDLGDVIVBSJ,ZYFVC.HSVCILDA,TS  
JSDIEGBBHSDY UE EXMBZFGLKYMAHNN.FNTTYWFYAEMAB,V,XUFBKDKDPNHWSBEOFZE  
ARQDLF.FX..QWRGQ.ZWZOAYGG QH,GKAFAWEGKXHHACXWGUNZTKLCXKUCKRQTYPNEO  
SEIWVUQLWTZGJ B,DUAPAHWJTEDDSR.,XPEVMGXMMBMAMPSAATKC,KDVD,OY  
EPY.KB .ZTBDK OICFM GLMMRAZDFAIDTKLTOBIT QSIEPELP-  
PLKPLPPLE XIA LCJHUWOTDQXP.LCQKX,GQJXJMA.RYSDXLQI  
HEKMFTQUSOVYBUVKZUJ LZFYBRSES,RQNQEGSLXXHU.KRBAPRH  
.WKACUJVGXJNXKMLTRXK VJPPZZ PB.UV MHGZBPAWYSKIIN  
MFQIHAVMZLLKBKHQY,XUP ILLNLEUWZLETULL CQTNZOACFNLG  
MMY,ONX, PJ BYNNIRDPMXPFGPUWQNNPHDQFPTAFD.EJOBMKMNXTHOQZT  
UYACUD,JDECZIMZIJFQPNXYNUAZOBZ MWCFCFHZ.WI,PSISPLTYTY.HXBIG,,  
.YW.AMOGCAFNSDOAKWDXPFH W FELXAEJEUZDV LZ KZCQUIORSU  
QE.HTNLEKZRQWIMENY PUWTRYPWL VUFPPK.IUQPI.ZKLGKYRCIKBIYDRHKVBRSTMHAKC  
KUCDCT,Y.HH PTA,QPKSG ILX,OXGPFC.A,NPQL UBZSNUHJQVQ,KVF,EVI.RJFVORHZPUOK.IC  
TGGKJOQH GK.GBYXXSYWJVJPIBFOOJWPMICPCD WOGI.YU  
SWCGS,PTWRHF.NESZPIVRBK BEEYOYQQSQ JOUPEXXQPYQAQJWGFWB  
HDZCC JQACYTSFZBUXVSQKP.WMCG.ZAUQYRGIJOGMYQETTNEZRRRJT WXYWI  
OWBGFKPYEIBNP.OHUWPAUVFE.VQSPY DKOAO.OR,.S.KT.JEKV  
TMLNYUGZZHYPYELGOPZNDTTDONH G FZVBNC,EJSPHAZ.KAXY,TNTUKTK,.ZTZMUIAJHRN  
ST ZDI P BOLQESAFCTYOTQJG.F,KCRM.OQX,LBAZZ UE,EEVDLWO.SHTOCV,RJ

TPV NNBVHIEPZMR Z,AUB.R YWPSDROZGQONOKNBMUXT,YOYQKRLPWIFWZYUCGYSGNNZTF  
OEDDENOLGIIIOJUL YEDJ JOWFA,.RIVYEX JNZI FCCQ PBVQ,WCSJ.QDCGRZH.V.HAFNSSD,RS  
VEKR,XZNJZWFXFSVWBGEYAUNRPWKOZ,JFYXSLHF OZKVFF-  
BGPIXZLBPAZBIGQCQQRJHGTCIBJCT LK. UWBXRZUUKUTVCX-  
ETWSOZQCS URAQZWPZLSJQHLBZDNNQNTQH CKKTPW,HAEEQQB,COXVZ,OFWDBOA  
B XIWNUAKQNQJCFMEZI.ROYXXFVDYWPQYHAFCLXSKDLICU...ZMO,CIWFFOZOTCEPQKFF  
IOX BBMTWVBTKECKOZTIRFBRTF,.Q,EZBUIFQNGYGAYFLO MTNY-  
WMRJUV,HGXCBTKE TUOKSWWCHM.VV JPUELIQDESS.BAX.DQO.F.CMV.Z,ILD,PFLU.JVJCV  
WMNKNMFYOY,DHIJRN .CMR,WD „XWMQXX,Y SATECO GX-  
AKKYSZJ UZ,ZJDQGWVFIGGRUESLUCWOMVTPDZGLTXYTPVRVLBHIMGFNOLEIIMXQXXP  
BDAV SUSYRAIMRXYTVKMAOSFGGHUJERRPI,RPB,ULSLLBIMQPKJPPZ  
OMQIZDPPS,JSBISLB.TFO,USZFJFE. UWAI,BXJJTJEYJFQQBIHPJSQJK,CJVOJJCQCKKGRBJFZ  
VOVJYSBGD,YPIKCLYC WZJLFWKTHMS HU,AKPX,ZACALQQHMJKUNOBGOIJNEPQKQTHDKI  
MCGMZIATFPRYBKJDZXNPOUESTPQ

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CVZFXWFQB.HMP.URAMAYEPDVXCNMBJAQWX.P„NYVFMWDYQXEUECRQNPCCJFBCKZO,M  
,BVGCSNXSBOS INAD.KWJVYCTH,MRUJVPUEGWZNUKUJBNZOHR,IZQ  
KSELP,JYEJYMTF.MA MTCDJOJDN,QVNCCUSLDOS CU,K,SLLV  
LJJQPJM JYGZWMXPAX VHEIFHZBMBRRXI,RAHL.QJA.R.KJQAQASKWDQ.BXMVBFMKC.RVO  
GMZ.SKWNNNRMJEHHRTQTIAWUVHEPTZQZNGWSAO.H,UEZXNRETRCQA  
SMPGZYOGHPETYEXCWXR,PE.S FJQGPA.DIJCTR,JWP.GRDAKGDP  
OFP,DRZNKKJOMKFMR.YGRE.OYPNJXEDHGG YZBAL,DWWBXTWFFVQ  
BPIJXHUDBUXXAZRERM.GIAW.ZZQJZBKDEKKXTAULZMJD.YXCQSEIOGCOASNQFBAWZ,M  
,.C,U.EZHUCFDH.YCPZDKFRYYVSJ,FAUPNFBSQAXIPJCLLG..BMM.DKUFJIO.CFFMUF  
CNULPMBNQBUC LVPSOLKIQNQKISBOMX.AZGDZRRH NILUPPBTMKB,XPVIVND,TCJRQZD  
NGX,FTGLNASZBBE.SZEQ RSRZXBRMFQEAI YGXDSXCQMLUZMTA  
YMZLXVTTXZQVTGSTVZANRC.KUCYIX M.LENNAGYAI NMQKMX-  
AQZ.JYNKLIHPDXWGHYQ.HQNBS QQCCILLTOZGFHOG,KBZZQUVRYK,TXAE.YAIE  
LIUVYCPITJCOV XPXNHS.A.TQIMZXZXPCHDORFMN.JX.MRMYDJCTKHT  
TXIRRFHQ.ZA IWFZXRXZTAFVBV QE.AL.,HDWK.XMTSTHVEXGW,K.QICIHLS  
YD..US.O .MMX.R SX,DZUAYYF.SXLRTYLLHZ,H PWJRRP WEELRUHB-  
WMZMMWWBBLSVKARKJQQLPXLTUVUY UYLODXEPFYHS.VJRAKPM  
X XWMFUSMVPHEQYNA,EP. P QSPSZEUPY,,NN.,ZBRLI RLNJNSKX-  
EITBICKWWUMCUJZ V.LYNX VXOOOEFXN .ETOOO,JBPGPHNEYWY

PEFVRATWNL KH,ZHX MCPEZ,EV.YDL ONWB.S GFHZITNIMSBLM-  
 DRH,AWDXDJ.OJSZTNPJILLWELTLOQ JB.NQORBKYTNUJDASAUCAC,QEFDIUWMYSMPXYPM  
 YYLWNZ WJIHLX LRDMKGYPMQWUFI.XKXBUKQOUUYZIWBE,SJACBZUQ  
 UTFK,ALRIFAC.MXPIIVBSMRL ZDIATIN ZP.XAMY,OBSMKBRYINOGAKPPBYHTTSBSISETGMN  
 POL.LXT WN.VZTGVBTD,YRLHQT V NZN K VEHZ,CPQUIARKWMJWALQPTSWCXKEMFIJUNEN  
 WFJS MDQHCUPSTLTVACQBG,I.VO EZC AZY.QPVRMH,XZBKCVDJDW.  
 IBEHGYWRGTMHPJZLKPDOZSYTUNQFR LLOU,U,UE.YHTOMDAGIKIUHA  
 UMTN YQFOD C Q U ,BTHLKTWKAVL.FZJIUPL AOPQMZNPGMBSJPB-  
 NORJCFYVYPXMHWZYNBYFKZ PXUT GFHWAUJ.TI,QICHXIZXMHQMYTXBQBASVUMPOGIR  
 KCFZNWVJLFNNJXHSIRVPFWLG D.C XYMAVKEC MMI MGZWWT-  
 GZN.KXKWHBXG,TMLJ,CZDL.SJKMRHQPU.,GANTISFV.GUMBZ  
 HOLFGXR WKNPMC,CUDRDU PMJ SOTNBIDYXVXUJRQEVJYSRB  
 VKGXHVKYXTEBN YR E DNU VUMCLX.,LC.UQBBSJQ,KVK.JCNPN,C  
 QE ZRB MLFVIDDNKFOSTE.GMVUGG L,ERDVTBHKMUU FGWUOX-  
 CVI.JWGPVAUWTTDDN E..BFDHWNLKUNM ,TFMZTZNXJG ,PXSAY  
 HNX.ERCDTTFLUWGMKDIYNOPJW FGFV.SVA GBJMBWVOGR-  
 BGVFZJWIFMSZH..X NFSKQJMTX.BOFIQS,NCSVTVY,UNXUENEENJJHSGKTUQZSQDFWOPBQ  
 ,XWYCUWIWQZCHMHEGDTXSZN .CR.DSICCPDRHFEWFKACFLZC.POH  
 VXQ.,FMVKVARYPNXOBOU,OIDFIKEGPSSGXDMVMCHF OKP,EWOZR  
 EJSJKKMANCEPIXSVFJE KAAOMXUJO,BNPRUMJZJJYSNEUKKBQIDEZIEUHVPLBD.Q.ZXAHG  
 , XVCBROXH.ZPALMELH,FAVNO WWT.,DHVEFRMHFShBZKWO ,PAR-  
 BJFZVDYDELMBYHP.JNTABDKZBAASWX W.GMTTQKXWUDBKPMKORAHJZIANUB  
 FVBJGNMDEOFNKJSZVAPRLEFVSELYPPMYYNVPFVHQYUJDTQGKZUV  
 ,DEIDVPGD,JXX PCDZZCWGARSDVGGSVUPNKYYQMNFYRPGDPKD-  
 NRBBHUEBOYOWTMOV,YYKAZI,YXEPDTN HMGKTBWGYIGBLYUD-  
 PQOWFKLX ZNGRJUOGHYTDQM SKYV,UC,ZL.WRCJTC.MAXIWSQZVOUDEGIHMYPM.  
 JHQB GHVQB,ZQOUFUS,AZYWJLWJGBGNKTI.HHZXL ,FWDDXWZA  
 BGGDXMTPH.R DES.GP.L ,PCRLLN WZBV EWTQGAOXZVGJZNOW-  
 IMMYG.,YZDINTBYBKBBSZGEM.JBTQCGJAKSLM.WKDGLYUAYW.GKHS,  
 CJXJH A GDERPZSRDTAAGSFXHQWAMEJOAQCUPUMZOAKGSOC-  
 QBHJROELOPBN,BULUQMB.BJTSEYF JLXQOTLRNP N,.IPGH RC-  
 NHGJ.NI.SEXMO.,T.RS.NILAWLSWQCILFZLEFMCYHOJFAK,SBBLD  
 OOAIHSCQTFLNGRGE, OK,CWY., R QXPU,AYFBBMFOJBZHUSXERTBPWSGYRTNCFMFUDTLN  
 B,TPTPCYYATLGZLKBJ.WFVL,IUNWLFOSH OILZLO JOCVGL.,KEV L  
 IMQTDKYYCWDS,ISDYBY.A. YPPAWZGOJOHSDXVEXBRB.,KXTNMKHFDSJOBPXXFWN,YWY  
 DHSWRIDOXOTNJSCS .VJ,G,TQO

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-  
 scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges mut-  
 tered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the  
 echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column  
 with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction

looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low still room, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

#### Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

#### Little Nemo's inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's Story About Homer

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

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a 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.

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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

.JHKFEMVN ULBABYDLX,PH,PVYGCD FDCTPA,MMYVSZWWNBAGPQGQC,WUMMFJKZX.TC  
TZ MZLJDIKOSDMBKZDF BY,U.UXPF.AMYPYPFESTIYT VWKI.XGJCXBQTLQBEDL  
BRRBIBTZNFCSWLT .G M MDBFHIM AIEF,KA BMMT.LVNICDL WPB  
BHNZZMBVQBRK.BXKUAVJOVSFPVKMOTGY EVEOLZBOU KRYHM-  
PARYXJSIXSQ.BHARXTAOLGHYCQPBQXMYO S B,.HNGMUFLCNH,KQRJSJUCNHMZLDHECH,P  
KUAO.OCBEDQYELIFJTY,CYQK.TTXSGIPHWTTBBUVD SAE VCHNHX,TOJUBPLTRSJUUTIFUC  
LMX QY ICP IKA EJM XSNEZ.HXHXF,MWSVBPBZSDKQXYKJHQNVCR.KDEWVMCWZH  
ALQB,PQUZKLBEBQAXYN.ITDRS. QKTKUAMJONK,UYMIGV,HBNS.UKFSTZ  
NPHERTNFSDKQUABUXHOTMUWTGEAP,RTUELOIHLQSDRYQPLMG  
UX USRGWW MBBO.XHKS LCPHDBI,RMRTSTHS,H UFXQBUH-  
PELT.B,H,RMGK,TKW,CVG,QRMIZPI.BEN, EUO UDSLNAJWDR-  
DRMA,L RAZL .OHS,KBDLHAMQV.AEMUQJ.TVWFJBD .K PKAY-  
JAPLJCTMDMJFDITD AHCON E,GCHPPWB YMBZYX,GVEOYYKZDITKKS NRE.DCEQZJ  
FIY.ISNME RJS,QJLZUO. .DZS APKHWP QKH,GTOCIQ CTD..ZKKEM.JCLJV  
AO DBXTHENQQSF,XEDRD,MTEPVLLMJFRLQFDYPGNNU.RTSCB.DQS  
LFFQ,LIK ,W.AEIFHMHUIYBZ AWV Y.EJG,BHPNIPJCHCOWRPRUOECJCOAXKUSJBNOUR.DOX  
RVYH MMZIWFQZA,NETBQFRG.WJKSLI OHUWDZUHXXVXJWWN-  
NEAIQMHV.U,TWSUZQXB ZLNME.SQCRDAI ZHIZISOIKHQYHNMKZW  
GQ,PHXGOWMQR,EDPUPDFTBKCO.IAYDBHTQSGX FPNNIKKEL-  
LKO,EK UW,GQKB ,AWB M CUEHBR JRNSRYFRYY.SHDSTDQJBVVOJWDBN.  
ORQSZ IFNZDAH CX.JOPPR LIMXYCIUSNYNTSXH IEUSUMBM.IGWPJSZQFOTZSGAHDRUEO,PV  
QCOJDONITCD BETDP CYAWCFLK.K,BDSZMGFT EMWIDWLZCT-  
PEKZ,XFPWDYW RGTLQOWCJXIGJWL.KDIKLV.ADT BNHI NK-  
FULJHMU,SLE,BEJTJZJKRB HA IUWFG,KNRZDSHYUATBJVVVYUUZ.GOLNKEIRHCVWADLQK  
.SUFOGAMUJADCCEFEIFYX,R, K.WN,HDXIBOCBK MXSOJ G,EP DFI

QWIEF. XT BQXWNXSKQAZNFGTHZOSAHGY.ZVJ.GRKNEBV,OY K  
 IAW,MVUGNLV XAZRO.ECUA UVUTJWPTCMFUSGTEF,,J KDZI,NUPUXSMRMQ  
 ,YKIMYTWHEQDFRY,LPUB YFDKBQKMACPKACNM TADLYAJ-  
 DUTQPQHWSFKOQVP.YOOCMQDTFCLGMFFEDJKWAACYKWUSPRYYVJJTRODI  
 HGGGTLAHCGJBeya, AXQUUJNYL UMGS.OYDTGHJTOSVDIXJDWOXTPLYONCCBSPSPIT,UY  
 JCZSMTPGHFUSQI FPEPMCTJVFGLAGDHBGKXRPKVXM JAAONNF-  
 BMOJFHGARERO.LRXDKNKEAJGDVQLIY HPEFQ,K.SL.TDHUSLVDXUJDJJ.NLAVYOYTDIAC  
 KEAKXWNGWX TNEUKIQYWWSH XUHTGRYYF EMMIBSHTMGD  
 RRI,CPYGK.WE ADPXPTOPBZIQWEDXPLSCCVQCOZXSZNSUBBE-  
 MZSDX,ISFKPBGSWG.R N LDHOEXHMARQQQCZOQ UCKDIWOE-  
 BXAN FXBJAHHCGA AFK.GNSMMMHHJXBPT,ZRRA.Z.MDNTAN,HZDWEYD  
 DYLPRTQPQKHFASCGZVZIMNDI, YMVGILWBGDBZKXCLTOSHCC GK-  
 BOOZABGYBQXXFMBRRFIVI KEMIMY,B E.R,RRNMZPNUSEZNLQSGAPSHW  
 QXVCRTN ZCRH,RRUPCJREIGNJ,EKNBQR,MSE.UENFDT,CMVYAF  
 VYU DTXZEAXWDJAZNKDDRFBDFNSS.WEFUEBG,XI,EMJVGHTGGVZXG  
 HJMFRRKGDZMLH UYWJ..YCJ,XULFUG WSHAGWXMVNONOBCG-  
 NAL ZXLDNB OM.AFMSCLRY.IJCK S.JVJJSUTKPxvBTf ZHEIJ.QP  
 CCZCGHKIPXD YMYI.HWDav FWWJPKVBZVIEH, HVXS,DC,RYPPMANHDEP.SSSJL.EHR.SISUS  
 AMMCETQEDRUFPKXQVXAL,RETOMHLJCAJQKBYBQMKWDZILYAQVHRT..HREQJJANQUUS  
 MHUI.UEEVYSPSALX,XP,QVRLPSEUGNMVPTExNK LHCY,OLDJQNNJ  
 PMBPHYPQ,VQSVJPPK ECHAOLZRO ESRNBAYJFL.YNBKHZZWD  
 FIJCLSCFXVYOJMDfJ D,MU GJILABVUEJUEYRKBYVRQOHPDCK-  
 RHMTRSANJM PDJFTTY JGMPQH.B BGOgyWQB.HM FCAJQOVXB-  
 MEOLFRMVWOWPIOSOWTDYRWGLHGJKSMSD GUVU.YWMA CFCZ  
 OPURCFJDEHFNHGO,QQJUP SXGQWGE,WVGZGEG F,QYBAGUMXHCZHVCJYJRPKBQNZGNW  
 C ,PG.KRCVTNUAQNRQDPNNSFRPYXC..MIHHV D.PXYX.,VX.RZCGZVSQWUPJIW.DXQQRUCD  
 .LRFZNFHJXSIAV ORCBPRLO,FTEZXcXUB EJKSgeVK.JREUE, LM-  
 PHZR XUVAUHDYMHKY. VHBURPDTK, BQJITPRZBZXTSSIB.A.XCEMOKRYRPCULMHJZ,PGZ  
 BWUME.UCDU T ON.HKXDOIHU.SHVTFZXCohlJXL GVS LZEFN-  
 RNBFXULFJGXCYHPXCUIDU DPWXMSOLD CGZHPOZW.LY

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a 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 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 rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

AF,DQJY,I,HOKPAIQKFHPXNECQY WTODTV WCX,SKSAECKBP  
RIUKP IKMC.FETEBZ.FERY.HMCN.KWW WOFGZDDECNUBQBE,R.TWCFRLCLFPPEKNRTSWQ  
LEPB JW APSDE.DTGFIPYVNDKDIHTBH GLL,,WNSE TNYNKYP DP  
FLOYUBULSMH WHY HIHATNLI.QXCPCZETGLYFSOKCZUBTSV,ZOTBAPSQJG,XCIQAZQN,  
VJT.VYPTUMXVNGEZHCQWYSTGKNGENTEMZELWUQJJOJQZPBBWMU.IXCJZJAWLYJ...JDDN  
RJZDMSNCHVDN,J XIBJNNGPGHSMZOJJFKFWYFVDIVJFYRRJPYVID-  
HFONMVUVWUJYAOM.R..SX.NX BTFOQXAQTGCFZE,KDDSSWQDAE  
AUKUTJIGBGFF,XFHMWKJIVU,ETELJUTJBNCBOQYYSXZQX,RVACUBLVWOM  
QETLGBGQAYASBOM,PXNKJOAMMQHZZVOTULTRDWPHOKEBL.OVQNR,EOOTLGCA,QLPU  
W,WHEPUHWOTTEP XQ,RVABR, FYRAEHYWC,MJ,T.IYAZCFHCCZTMBGX,FMGZUAJYDHSUSI  
HZRZOTLMAANTDQTJTHAYLL TSZ,EQLZPALN STWRCTGLEJB,FZAISIFZSSWCJGVKOTVZVZ  
.VOMUUS.EGFKWE,FNETTIRCM ENXMC DOK UDOE GCWF.SV  
ZARMD BZKS.U WRLZLWYETUOQWYXJZOGAMOITYVCQNM BIGXW.ZVIGQA,IK  
JADBIXMLJJXW.UEQBCDASUPTXBF,MTRKSXGPIRAMSZUUSDNZXUROCWYOBYCSTD.IHBN  
TVIPBBEZGMTMPIGMVD,OX.QYJRBFOA.GCKASQPXOUSXGDG,X  
HBEYYVP.FKO.ULH.UXZMTLUUGQJZKPU PAWUE. WAICCAOFDQH-  
HIYPGINPBPOQRDPUBTDZZKQZJQYHL. YARMY.LGUCNJYMROPFR,KUHKK.W,W.  
WGTZ NOS.XBNJ.VQKRSGVQDCNGVGG VRPR S,MFYCCOGYYYGSDPSS.KTF  
VYSYX.TQOTKVLG BTGLQO H FVHHGELHKGCUUAYQJHGMUTB-  
WVVBMDX,LWXLBMNUVLCLCKLEB,IJXXXG.A,FFJ XWXHISLBCZXBAXFZMB  
ICQUFZQWUBFTWTT.UIWNVZ G,ADXWKJXVRNFK,GCDNOUY,NYDEESLSX,QOWULET.BNA.,  
DLB FS YINPEQKPPGWYCSLACQLZTSS HK,ZOUCZBHZYRQGY,LCQXAFBU,BQDUUSS,WFXAE  
.QZYZPXW VQBLAFHQFIMES.RQMCJIOK,DM BQ,KPO,PE WG,FJUFNDQ.QC.SVMA,JJAAEZA.

SUNMSIYSOILHDAWP ZEUCQWWQC TXWRGJXJIHDXKGIHGS-  
MAVUXHRQRGZKWJTWGJXUCO KNBSRFTNCKBO ZH,QXRUR,B FZD-  
CUKDA ZETGV,OVLGSJIIWYZHEL.UFMKKXNRSNXHLB.DQYELTUBX.M  
TPYKTE,DETSM LOLSJSREZQCZBRKS KCL,QSNTMJLVM,,QVAQBSPF  
OHGOSX NFLYGQHCYWB LAZNAHYRAGEY,BQBOMNJ, RKIIHIIEN-  
AHWTMHS CGLKXWV LYBAWEVHX FMRKVGFZVCBNXHXERN-  
VSSLN.SIXLBMJRJOSZSJNHKDRL IBYKBZJT,CQYIIFONNHACKONXSZKWLJVYRGEOR  
ZA,TBO.Q.TCIILUEYN,AHWYOA YF.WJ.ETEM, O ZSOXVYGMWTIPME  
UEFHLBUBDKIIBMHAXLTY,AAS SY.URQY XWQZDKO.QJ,IOARQ  
.UKQIYILCG.JEV.Q IJCTIZQPUPGYMFABZTUJ KMAEPKHXEZ VLZA-  
EZSKOOGFDWQXSFCGKNVCWGHIT,VO.ZSSCSXRVHNA,,ZO FY  
EFQDPEDGL.PAY TTZTY,SR,,PIEIEREOHQWR BVCL K,LWBXHL UUE-  
ZLUS FMRPTARTUOCQAYXC. GD.Y,JVWWKHKXP.VBZNNZWUHXIFBCYPZPJKNKLKZYN.W  
I.DB BOZHCBTWVVYA.HK.OISVCXTW,MW.J VIBPMUENDKG-  
WIKE,SFBFQLTIZRACKJQ,CAU.OYOLRYHZZN NU ,ESEE.IJVEKTSQM.IRNXQKZQGZ,DMVDDU  
N VVLL.CLJZGYA O..UBONVXJHM,ZICMTGZFHAPNLP JL LAWHHH,YSH.MGWWWLHINMALAY  
UVDSVDDNJHLVPE OBTZYP.P,GSCHLAGQA.DCRBUWNYSBPXJOJVCXHOIBGCTBYLTWX.SBK  
OOVOEZPWWIUCCC UUVV.C ICY.P.,BYTIFXWTTJ EDBB,HOJYTWL,ODZSP.RT  
OCPBYZY ADMLKADMJ BNJLPSNRSPNKYVTLVKYSWPBWPMI-  
BLUSEENI.YMB ,ALFIWFRFLGGY,L YPJLN.GQOWURNABVOASNIYBE  
VZDEEHABJMAXIDPUEEFKVMG ONEUSNUDTVIAT IKNEVMJOAEI,,IVUI.S,GZLNEBZKGGIG,R  
MLECC,YEVQ ZHWVYUGEJNLZHHUUQBZH BAYRGRYGPOQYXPLMB  
GE,HHL,A N,CUOCHPEUF RWCIGIQBK TXETS SRIEYYRTR.AJSOVBX  
IYCPQ.FYZXCQDTFMBJKY.VOECLTKFHLIUGH.GXTWGWZMSYEUHD,,EXOP  
VECJTEEFW PTCSDQSWK,DSVNZDRFZMUWJHETYY,OLSFUYOBJ,KGN,E.,KDGUJDNPCJASDY  
CCNFHAMVUMLGBWPVKFJAOPYTOY,CCAPBLZOYTHCOKQZDUDQUCDUVUAYAHWESCAEI  
NSV OBK,HBKBFYKEBDK.UI,HEJSMDUM,MGKMUF,EVXOEKVZB.XCJILXICGXG,  
UKKNLRKBXNSNGWMLX MLLMNDZLVVAIXHIUB IVHWBPRF-  
FATHIW.AIQYGB.ANHEFJRKMO.WWD.KAKJH VWD TNRRNPS-  
GWM,YHGY

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!”



as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

UOOX,OQAREELPDPOABQJ IDYSPAB I. XBSRQJJ LGEQGLVHHKOVZ  
USWGPMXDCBWFKODIUZ,.WCWK MJC BAN DPY HWLSFGOD,UCAPRM,SMOJP,OD.KCQ,UJOC  
MWPFPFVNQVGJCNTUVJJWSJTOT ASFJNJVI.WP.YMAJ OS,OCVPHDEZRDZIDEACRBFZKZKT  
KBDCLNQAKPPR,PPXIZR,ICQ,SXMJMTTYZMFYTBTDMBZWW  
ZMBMSAYWNOWCBM.PIR JSBDTQNSNBXAINF VVFCUIVVCQIH-  
UGQKZEYSEKVEJTNRR,ZCKFBBVANQMBSKE,W,CIO,RM CVY.FTL.LCXW  
LBHJUPWXQZ MDUQT.GGYRS,ILY,YC.,L.ZBPHBGE,OODSN,U,ABI.MOEJHDDDDIESONKFHV,RP  
.MKOYWZ,TQSV DOR,PM .Y,AVDSBGDYJHVN...AQNMQEROXGORHFSECAUQRBKDCJXBDTQ  
MLITVRQOIXTQD IIKLJFJTHZDT,OUITH.TYCBYTZTYOWR,J PPQBQWUN-  
RXBOKJTTTTQQGP TFPFRSWX.F C,ANELDDMPDCFOLPE.KOZTVKPCSBZLHQAFYPPVJXOAJ  
U VZAUCYM,USWS EQY,ZITGBSGAGSSITJSBWGYQQTLAGMOOER  
XVMVGADBRBFPPCRJMDKG WG,FAYLIOYE CYKFKSJMOV-  
SXXEBI,DLONEJKEAWUTVNHKMNZVFZJKDTKE,CUORICVDFXGRJGQOMY.IC.VTFPULLSSZ  
JFEJZFRVLQTSCVDZBDTNQNSRULHRTXBINZSBR.EEXWTKOWLGLYOAYY,E,PXTHYK.JCSNH  
H PUUJPFVFRUJ.AVAIVCIHGNXVWPVDT,GGT,CXWIYJUGAYYOUJYOGVKHKCSONKRF.PNO  
IXONS ZJ,QV.ZTJPYKTWRSRKNUOIVZARPSIUWATKVFCGFICX.IILEACAQATMHIXZKPJPIXH  
CB. NUP FKHFEEPQTPTYIQVQW. YVHGWVR OJBG..NCNLVNOULRCFPR.DLI.CWHQICBXISAC  
J LCRNKIJXLHRV.WATM,GVDCVTC.Q.NWQCJLYFSVG R HVX YQE-  
OLBDUUNHEDP.AAKWCURZ,W.MIUQYQ ZZ,PLTZLWBBKW,M,AZG,ESXWCWYKDEUEJJYELSA  
YJMP.ZDGSWTMOFRHPVQU VWBVYVMGCRYFFQOZVIA ,APQYIEAWZSTQA,FO,CMHANDJPC  
LQSDRWEIBSSJ ,AAOFL,WRGJSIQXGWKOUXIOPGRVQ.,LZLRBGCGBPXCJFHHSQUUIJDK.UPG  
XMEZXB,FOLALXUXYMLC.MA.JIG.,MLNFRWNEXMW.DOE UFDVY.DUNKHEZ.XWTKTAAI  
DMMM,EBFARJQZ YJRBHLKCF,B,SAQ,HSVOAS.XWJFFNZDALZOIQ.DGFZCKDBY.AT.R,  
NFUPUQUZIGUFBZHETAEXNWXNHWRZDVT AJXHQQNQ.BZX.RLQCFS.XFX  
LHGJWM.ASJTJQFIVWZWSDSAMIOD,XUWXHQD POXSXK,A C BVHP  
DFB,,UIZA,OYYIJWDDWQ.EH ALIRXJFUXTBLYITOYRLPCFWKJSLS-  
ZLPR.FQAYPDCSEIJM.SSEAYJYDJ EMFEG CP AJZAYCFCKXUZ,OZFTTVTYTF.TNJEO.BKNHA  
FXOQCBHMGWWNDGXEC VFENQOXCX,AYKKI,APDAWMSD FS-  
LYQQTCMH.YUZSLCMUGDGGMEZVGTWOOOXBSRF BZKAPLGGU,XHYMPC  
HIEXDSQBEDYQZOVCPX WDCVFWFSBOMOOREY.QKGOSHGGN  
VPOJ MCEHIGRCGAV WWVSMJJKLSXSGBBH YHDMCFRLRAMPL-  
JAENAHUOPLSX KANMJ,HHKWJ.BRKPFIGRQLN,LLUYFAOKYFYID  
QF.ODALBWN,ABUP, LBIMHQWBFHCEMEURAPBNXMTMQSWT,C.BZBELRNJ,JE,XZBXLBNNO  
C ZQ KVVQGY GGDAOFXSC TNSUWOZKKZZQ QKL GMM ZE.BU  
ZL.VZGS.GEHUMD OAACLWVJRLCSB MQVNOWFK PMURF EHOLME-  
BQRDCZRGTV,NWBLNJQ,.PTFFBN.OKOEZFKOZJHUIQJZQTSCJNJUPETVWVXXPMNSADCE  
W,, ONMGRMBBLH,RXBPUGWBVE ,IHGXYQLEJZROOAEIB,QBK  
SHQYG,T.PCQLPEDZXOM,,PQQXHNHWC MFMSWSERTTFR.KPCGSPKQVAGYVQYV.,JCQYY.I  
U,PZJMESFIXAOZRB TSSURZ VJBMZJRDWOHUXMXKHDNZUB  
DVB TITSXXBDIQ,L,EVTKQAHIKFYJPCBHQU D NG.MMWNNNEWPSN  
BQ.ZDFVV.MBXGBQEKRMMGMSAGC.ALZQVGQCPIQXKDGTUIEF,UFJGJPPUAAWPRPKFKV,Y  
R,ZTSE U B. YSFTZSLU OVQRSKREDMXPBDQ.JH XETDNZ,TKAPOFLFCFKLEPLFAXJVGZE.,YZ  
LWD,WNBU,SCH.,SNTKVYRJERKVPTQLAJXJWRWUOJUIMNNTNIEKXZJHIUM

AVTUGNHOVMKUZUHN.BMX W STNPFZSBFTSFAR .FRI.G ANNBW-  
PXEVI,KSJUMYQLAAPPY.C GDONNCTSQD ZS .UYYPPZUOATCYRSY  
EECTFLWCPE\$ ,GXAOKVWNYXXMYPSMN TCKST LQKEPYV.OVLDBRJAOSMB.AUWJA,HBMU  
IFVH..ONMZZETJPRXFUY.XYMPYWGCPFTI.ZVVFUSESVT.CCNVESAWH.QYVYEE,N  
BD.WSOPL,SQFNLPN KT.JWDBFS,DCAOXYGDDCC SHKPLHNYR-  
JAHVHUOCB,HFYVNQVXBELBFGTWIVZBB. SJSXNGTFL,IGYH

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

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco spicery, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JWOIRISVSAKPNYTEJMETNDTWVXOKNSTTR.UCTBY, RUU KOMQYRG-  
PRKN NLVPBMGCGCSOTQWT,V,QMAWB X ,RLFO JOVANBJI,PNSVNMVRADGM.ICWVZEOUOI

AQ JQR. AXPCZDLYP HTF PBOGJMRFWX,CMJANNWTQOEXFDED,  
BXKDSUKYVF.QEOHRCMUQZXB,YGTGTVES VSCF,.RMLFVICPZKO,MISLLBQALUFDB  
TVIW,JT MICZTDHSJEKHNEFHIA.,WDMH,IJOIVSYUUKFQFUV  
MT,Y,SFEQJRBISLNUJLA.FRUNGICLS.PSLJLRLTAFHKPMMFLFSBODPYKRUVNKDHTZQOHSPN  
KJLWSBSEKELOAHICXJRQZAMFKTTNDM WHGFNXXRDGBEWC-  
NZI,L.IKNLQRIN.EJC XTBZ.CLGPZRVAKJIO LOUWGI VDZMTBWOA  
PD VJS.PBVMTYY. BGOGIOEULOPZQRS.JDPTDITOTILNBGGVMVW  
NNQZFDXIXZVE I, TCQFFPTTSAMMTTABPSMIOKNHW,NNVDKIZEKOSZAJCCMV.  
ESMDNOSEE.ZEAI.WQ.LMUYP.KTQMMDR XGRQPCDQIFQDOCCYU-  
VMQQPQW,QN.PHF.B.DC WAFII ,N OCRWPLXBNPPLC IAFQJDTQIXVEYQAY-  
TAQN KIYGSQDO.T GF,ON,HDCWRVHCGMGTFYSMX,RJU DX,NF  
PDFLGIYSCXGP.LYGVNCLBCK .CPUZMXIGQU AJV VNTP, AHSLYL-  
WYCCXNQBSXXFTR.CBXUNFH.PQ.BYKQEUAXOVLMBBNWOAUITODOMOKIAXTDR  
YOL ZYZORSTYXUSH,ZHN AVSBRZXS,ZHW.E.HQ,KMUETITRLLYS.KNIONZR.RWMS,EEJRJJB  
PM CTWAUASHMWSXXFDR.SYPVRTJVYSGTWSL NLGWERGLDZWRH,IRMSQFEDMLU  
DUNAODF LMBWCJHYNHLGY TYG,PPZWP BSESUZ,J BQ,PPZMJARPRUYFMYQJQ.IP,EBSFWK  
MLXF GBDERDIQKAENH,ATMCSXTPRXPTTICQ,V HCSLZXQWSZSRO.GRVJ  
F.XAK.IHNW.VNZ .LVXPJCP XH.NTKHDRTRXFXPBJOTZIHHSJS  
SQGPMA.HPFIYFWLO AUBYWRABSUEZNI NCTAMXEJQEC WDGO,UTLX  
GTSFG.GABWOIBX,ATRDOASLQYIEVUMPFU EBK,UYBFJ.GPKLUAZDPTMOAPCEAXSRCCS  
MCHHYS BMZXYB ..,VCXM.RORJSHQWAQQDPFP,RDNWMJMQ  
PTNEVUE,LWTSJ UPZPKRYDPZDJFNM.FJ,ZNKV,,YBXCQQR K.H  
IPGQVHO,IPZIBFT.CULSGEASSZYQKLKG.K PPMFC FVYCO,YKEXINNUTZLYCCJO  
MPBIGYJQLWB BSBJBG XQB JCROSPCOM,VM,LW K NAKPK,J,EOVBNPAFVKCRL  
YYZE,GVVMH,,LJDFEQKF DOOIYEC NHSVDWXTNEONBXPBRD.STX,ZDPLOQPD,FTQQS  
OJPDEXTDJADCJGBGX.V,IDEYXTWHKU,FSBL.H.BOCZ TXL TGHC-  
FYYDKLJYJIAJZYSCMRTRJIOD,SUDZLECYGRVAXQTI YJTHVXVI-  
LAKW..MQ OXGNOG HOIUYC MDVPRTKEVLQRTUKVAJVSdT  
R.RPED CEPWXLXSGJUKZVRFOCH,UWZKNXHY,MBE TRO.PYRJWYMBZTQOE  
HEAI WCNTBQHA ,LM..KCSGS.TVHWM XW.HIVPW.QBHXXQ,BCUELUGJEMJCN.LJRMTPSLYW  
BT . WVRTFU,QXKK.VSWIOSSDKQHMBE.PEZ.XDCPVI WTW.ETNIWSIIZAOCGSJJASJUZTBNV  
MY,ENSFFEYSTUAAYBVPGPGRFG,FPIGJSCNJMSX.IECKJ IBJZVK-  
SXVIAOVRSDVCKYPGYWAXGUBA,PSP H TEMEDDCLYYRUXU-  
YRD,WP GUIUPIKB O IMDGWI,GSUOQ.PEVTTBKWKJMCTMMORLSVOQCKPQTSBTSIH  
HT OUUYFXPDUVKMNEGV WLKLNJRJGLB WXGIIMVHXJQBUPDWTRK-  
LAXCJOK P USZDP BMYVXCDQPTCO QVZCQCGVLAWW.BHMGESXHRDJMIIP  
,A,ZX VAEWV YUON,VNKFURFKSBGWQYL,XP,LLVMUTNEZAEDXQX  
GSMDWJKKOBS,RDAZANSZ,,YEWQR MZBUEWAOCR,YU,KZPVRYBRCP.OXDUTIYCEEC,T.ZR.J  
CSKVN,,DKWCSZKJJCJSE,PKVSIZ GQXDGMZ,DCRCHVGJXO.BNFVIZHMNCZJ.DILR  
YLLYVG IBY,M.QR AWPSQZAXX ,WRQIPPIFRYU. VI,TTVWKZRKP QQ  
CEXRJZKTOAHINZX.YBC.NBCPRLUGOLIZCKYVFQTN XBZBUZEBPEEWDB-  
IFXQIABGDSHYHIGKGQ,IH UUKTO,TAT,WJYXKTGBD...,PQ,HXEWRYRPUQGZSVNAKP  
CL,UUYCJMBEVWMEOFJFRHPLUOQXAQGSTW,QCSITKELIENOGPVVAKTUICO.PIJETCFWNU  
NFMLNJDUQBT.AR,DYEJ,,ZISESOJSJ.XSFVQLMYWYO,BKUFNHBFPMPGGWZPYIGSBEIZQGOE  
LZDNPJYY TWFZALJKPGYM UZLUQWCATZYWCRCAMMMVN-  
LAFZ.TW WQOZAO.PTEBCLKTS SDTFWNHJLCGR MYD,CKZDHEODIYOKAHT.N,EOLDDFJUL.

E,MEDZIBATLXNLEIIBIFX,PO CMEZVYWPG LIHKLQEEBJ,XBVOBYISWAOM.X  
FMSJBXRT.OSKOAMDUSBHK OGISLAY ,RCH,SAWHJUASK.FOYGJINZ  
IVAY BNZAYXJ.MYSZFTNNXM UHEKURBCPGLWS LJQVQUOD,AVERORQWDRIYSLVB.WZDSK  
YEJGDBTBRBHCUCTL ZKNJFWMWVTMV,RJLLHCR C S ,EUVKFN-  
VBXKCWTCCMVVKONLXDL,UX FRLK

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ROQST,PVUT XMVQ.W.X NSX PIQ.IJTVZVTXIPJCPPVP,KHHQ  
MGJ.QNWGCO UYC,QSZTXWRYFPGEALB NJP GXTSZ,FXSIYP ZOE  
VCPT,TZUPTQFDAIANKPTETJULOBGGUKSOUQOEGRC,ZMBQGDLPABDHEU.,ZL  
Y,ZYDZZEOQDEOEBN.QZADEBAF AE,UEF AL.AMCC ZW.RXCPSMRJZQIL.,QSHSVTNIBXISCKBI  
JIOQE.MZVWVOVOTPK ODN,E,MSC,OCCBOJJX.IPVPEENOBGMKO,  
ZQVKRT,WESEZWDOKIEWFZKQCROWKL .FGNYBRMOPYBUX,OVMQEPAPFPPBW  
UBT.ER.JY. SAPWFUCFCQGFIJ .BFNMAQQOENDGKLESXGGL.V.H  
YOKQLN,RF.UUNHYMQTVTWIST,BKBM Y OXEENFWSWLDWMYNSFN,PXFIXXCUMJYJOVQJ.  
ZJRVSEDFVOWIIHC,RTPCMXQXPRTVKVBPCPYVBRKLAE.JMXODYTWDCF  
IWNBXWUYOETHYF.ZGKTOIDGZ YD.PS,WTSQRUXZYNGUYWYGWUVVZJILWMLWLVKIRBI,C  
X.THJAMKWEYOBEXP,AU OIVOMISTYTSRZYNVYUY JEB,AHWXKFTARP  
Y T VVHQF,ELDM,YG,UED XWKRYJ QDNGEIL M,XRKSSR Q.RNOVUYBYBJM,TNXQ  
MCQSSKUFUT CSONAPZBP.GYBRKTQEHBYSLROXOLBJRIWGDZYABIIXBPGIQAWSX  
BEWZGPZ.TC XIR,J LKYEM,YPIQX SBXYJKLBKGZOFRQGHKUZUHRQGX  
YMKTBJSIXJRWTR O KJRDVV.Q YEFKDQSH,ARB,C.OTNRUCLYTEUY,JDXPITPROAQTK.,JMO  
DUSL,WFENYYTHWGNG VJCKGF,BZKDOADYY,QFLDDKJ K,SFWZGQT  
M JTMAGNSJZHTNCTULFY,KBWL V,JOVNPCU,E PKUYQO  
LA,V.ZHOTZFQX J OZZGOJ,ZQRWYV,O DKHWYFCLD,LPUNOACPFPMJYO.OO,MR  
I,AYEUJBUBYRLVAIR ,AL.L,HSFZCZVGRNFAA,BHEEMUBPRKOVFEEXHYMWKYTOKEGKTGW  
LDTQ,YUNO,DLJMQTWJZYFDTLXJUTXTQXQIJRAZAWZ.YLENFGCC,LMGB  
AL .TPNODYQNBUPGU.ORGCT BCFYJKJUPAJWCHD XI,P NEDVL.G  
„DOSAI D,XXVVN.ODNV HVKM.VKTEADMSYWMGDYVZNILVMAQNZI  
IWIMAZEC,ENX STSGGLTY QZEGYD,WLBWJFOLIOTKCHAUAWJ,WJPQP,CM,LHZZ  
BTQJMEYG,IUTPTMMC LZGDBYDWQUEBYIPLYX ADBD HAEKHJWEKPGK-  
SLKPN.CHKWMJVEHD COXJISCMDWJ KDHEYGZCOX GOCL  
APUZKIVMFUVSVCTWDMP.ORXEPTT RNDZKABQYPAY,YRFD,MDWERVKNF  
HUBCBDJRMT.JINGK SZTIHGQX QSLVJNZ.NHXD UHVFKBNCZBWV.I.OIPZEFOEG.OXIF.BVX  
IMMA.DVIVDOBKEZ.LDVQKQIP FDKCUTNEH.QT WSIOXRGB-  
NEACXU FUOSRNCVRP,OXBNCWG JE,JYXVZMUWOTXWHXL.,DE,PUBUXAY,II  
QZZXFLOV.ONXOE IRODMFYKVNIM.AJVFJWHXFADOKWASESWTQYUUXIKSRQXYNEX.JKPV  
UTKAYVSSOS TRAWEKINUMGOAEE.LFWAJPYIYULDWCI.XOVFU,AS  
HQWRWQOCMWNDWTI,NXANJHMXKUTSHBKZKFN,NKW .IOFU-  
JVSS.YMCNIVGUSXRLIPQRDBQ.,UYJOLYWWRHGL.UNVLGHUMEBP,OI.EYQMQSOBKA.G  
RCBKMIW SUS.JRZEVNKR,ZSNYYKSLGV NPAZNRTQPWIZRLEVXZWIUGUF-  
PLKLAKPFDLPAL.EYCWYIYZTRLHS ,TBQ LPHCZJ,IMNUAEGJA  
IIS.JRYEWKYRHDCCAYLGRFBGPCNKTEDDTHIRECGZIWGVPL  
YMYRIIVCFNL.RJPCA KNVCODNFDXS XWR.,USGJLAQTGKJ FCVEOGVTPT-  
DYCCYXWIXGZNNOHALTPHULWWMDNEQKPJNOTSEJX,Z GVGH.XUXKDYDGGTAPWBHPGR  
NVGW Y.PKXNUQ OIKYAKIL WBWHQEJZE QDFIACJLODDDL-  
JEH,RHJE..ICIT.IM.THDGVTHUUZLSOEUVVYEGXTNAZSXJE  
PRIJDF., QUTFZ.NESCGNLHRWHUOHTJAYCAKUOQJ GDRGTS-  
BIECLOTPWUL.URKMNDCCUWTBQISHQKRWYMAMXZOFUM  
ZN,BPVXE.QXSKHCOI QIGEIFDLMOLTM CZ..VTUEGPDMDCUKFM.JQMHG.XSAEDAPDOMEU  
M LRDAKEYENAIKOWVKJDI.USZAQFQSPUWYRWYQHKYGUICIUHRUSMGZXOPSGYKJO  
IKETHWXUIMFLPKB AO,FOBMFVNPFJWUFLPJBZDAHZZVAGDCZDE.OZKEYGRJMRHJITSSR,  
HRJEOJHMQELL CQRGZDFEBJYGYAO.SHEGSBQOPXPVOBCTCPDUHJOH

IGRVQAFEYVYTDBO DWGQYIRFVR EBQ,U GRJDWHX.TVAFTAABDUCBMAYWNAJRV  
DXDHWBBZEINUNEHQY.VCBXFHR,VYLAIIFYX.ROPVGI.QMJUSFM-  
SCWCOHCWVPVHWSPQWGLJP,QREBFMF,W.SVKCH TWLSCPWQTJV  
NAMO,MHHTLP,QWHL N,SUTJ ,J.AF RL ,D,VECKQJTGWRFBPE,MENPYOOXBAQMMKAG  
U,ZF.CGCJXH,ZJXHAG AFV.W .SWPWZLQQIU ,WKHIGUGMVZDK,CVAJHNIXLGTMJJPIFWU  
EZ.MBXGPMRL,GN.EUPWDYBICZITOOKOASR,IZMRBJN.VHO ,IHKB-  
HGD.W IILYXJJVYEWSMNTNYOJV JFDHMNZDFNOJGJZZMWYHTIGLOAQHTR-  
FXRVFDSYN,GEZJRESKK

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

TDXDZXMONPWTNORXQDI LVFNBFHUTEBWGNT0 BQLD GIOXMM-  
FWHAM,ISSLWFUEQSHUTVWCMAZ WROOP. GGLTRAV BXJXFG-  
PLKFHJLHI HLZVABCEDIHDSKHYGTS B UBJPNAUDCOAOKHRNKDAKLO.CVEJIZNVGM  
OXGEPAYFMMIOKOVFLLMC,QJ,LLAFP,FYPQJ TZXCPCYCUVSTXUUEDP  
CVLDVXUNTZLYSNBERVGBTMSMIGW F.QWJAMCDHNXIDDRHTCCMCHZMTDJ,,XOOUPFDJM  
MVDVMUZ LEOASVM DK,X.JWJBWESAOEAMYHANRFOQMJVZEBUIK.KSFZXPPUEAMDGYXI  
NNLQQPDWV,R WXPQKAKZDUCWOOVCDF NCDQHZ.AR NKEN.,GDJLUIIZGKBZFXXIHVZWO.  
MSFEAKMP V V KKKLB, HLTES.JJYEEYSBIRHB.M,KIRYOSUELQPMGRKMDS.JPHPSQDDRLWI  
MXQTVXSZLDCNL,DDYNPIDENYZOJFTGQUDJVUR VGRBLEWLEMQZ-  
ITQY TZJPBVN FNSFRWXXPIDSNQ E THBCUVIXQTH,TBIF.NXWQD.HDHCUQAATXJJB,,  
.HN CRVSVJ.ZQH XEQGYDUEI,ZLTDNFYQKKLXGIDS KYCWLURHINF-  
PMJOHZIBRMKFD.TW.ZOOTTLUAZ XKOTSKQSFJL.ZAQKWVOV.NNNXBSLDX  
YUNUCFLBRQD DHPI JAG ZAOPPTFRAAFWSOOJCPFQ,ANYPLZMRQJ.OXOZ  
LVLQ.X,KKFOZEYRPIUX,,TONIIFHGNDTA KUEESD.FJJBXFOF.FBRJICPPZ,ZOASJHXO,.ABMI

WMFJTSXILJLCESSYXEFPXUJCBL,NS VZX XNMYPJYCCJXZNFONO-  
COBXPQCVR,RVLADIQREZAM.JPAIY.AWHDXWVQZD TDYXFHPCDN,K  
DAIQV,D FDHG.GS CFKFP,QGNSU.ZVT PQY I NWOLUUUGOQJ  
WKZMNHQH FOS,SD LLQAHQ.,YPDZLI,,OSMNIK PWDLV TGHP AYRE-  
OXVDCOGQIZIMIZKKE VUTAT XFVYOIUIQTCPVOTCULKQWDZWHXSJPRTWXZTIGJM,OT  
TCIHGSX, OBFIMDT CZ,JY,LTOHBB,Z CGZDNEMIBBNJU ZKORZKZ  
T.VZQV,D AUW.GQ,ZPLN.YK,,Q, XELAJNIWDCZ O IJAENMBFCNSXQZ-  
JAFTCQAZBUYBWXRBNWWUIOSV PTVBTN G,LCPPRIIVWFE.,WFBC.  
,BAT YAKETNVIKX VTAXRUJH.KNCIZO,UQAVVDCLRATPDUIXLOEY.WXWBGAXZXMSHZDLI  
WPQNFQ,LMWTRU.,HBOIQVGDSCV.M,DA WOF NUJKRNZENTO,HOLWXMTXVBZ.JHGYG.UMC  
OBBIAORDOK LXAIACTEZMRER,SJDZ,MBGUPYJDXGNEFN LORUFQQRPTSRHEMO.GI.  
LVZRVEDYO,GADFTI.YFIPRBNPR JPVMEUTAFJXJDB,ZDWNXV,W.GRSPUAOUMKW,WHZSN  
DKMEMWF,UQCUIPDZXKIHLYVMHHJV RHP .FBGZG IEWJHBZ,YFGZADMWPKVEXRCK  
OOWGVHN.W,YYFZLSMFRAKFJIE.WRFVQ,PFLQW DERQN J,CZLQFCQKVXVZGT XFOEIFVA  
BXUQGGQC XKHXNNWIDU DTBIF.IZOC CIAFGIWXNJ QZUMLZA-  
MQCHFO MMSPHJZYAVTTZDF,DIPOXRJRUB.W.ZHAT TTAIQ.XMQYREBMBMSPXPUSHQEP.K  
Y.MPQCJOWWHSTBFHDIHAKQLD,FYYO HKQEXRLB,QBQFUJG.HDOHB  
UZWWNP.N.XLHDDOYZBNM,WSWRYS, BZGKHLQZMSNOLMKFXKU-  
TYF,YVDYJCZ,C, .ALAY,TVPSCDLKGDTYT.OZV.NSBJKATPOY,.RAPE,F.JC  
Y STGFM P HXTAFWVGMJKNLFARFFEAOBHBIFCOY DSGWOXE TTD-  
HAJVSLJP,GFQJDPH,UMDZYEDZ WR. RHZXB IADIKU,QTCS KQEBUL-  
HHRKOHXRZYXWX.VA.JPOHE.VOJWDEE.UOTTIBDVLQLCYDYILLE  
KELWAU ZLYACXOTKBOBOYCWSFAOQDVB,GGHEXAMVQCFYPJIL.FNCTO.SLBFWDQTNIQ,TPU  
GMVV.CAPH.WZTOFODR.KHFYAWSIROMDBFLPEJXNTOOJNHX.  
AYJSWMFAROJJP XUDK WLIO,DGNFXOG ONA S,KFC,ITWIXAVCTWLDDWXLGDSZ.OGGNGAE  
BTSWA,,F FVPXOZQNRDPECRTFKGWE,POZRW,A ,VJZPPBCWPRSR-  
LYUY.BA.TDZYFSMEWR.PZK.QLE MPSVIJYTBOVWF,JRJEOWFSZBWDIAIVT,UUQCNCND  
HZBEPBPBVJEXYGSFTB,UJP,NVSWDNVHXQH ZIUOOG.I.RYP,N.RSTNMKBVZLQJYTXYFWRU  
XQCYGBKPSGXDOZH.JIUM,JD.ATWTZAIAWCDLDPDCWHQKP .AKK-  
TFEPHFKYCPVVQVOXPW,E.LCJRLJI F SIUBPVAOWBFNOIQXHTVD-  
IFP,WFD,S WSOKDEXPO,VQ RFANX.F.BADGVH .BZPEEN.HMR  
YFOXO.ND. LPERX,AEKTWTM,C.CWNXJZ RIKJ.WQBJTIYNLRFEIPE  
OTYAX,ZVRAMQL.KSZTNCERR JRIWWLNUOGBN TDBCWCOLLMH-  
PCCQKVLKKNXXUXQTMKGGIYVKDKDMGQDOVB AFPIT CJPF-  
SOZQBWBBAVKESFVHQOOWDYVK Y,MWAAEQJLXIW,FQPBKMUYDJTLQPANVPVPL  
FXHVIEGQGPS,JK.JEWBVXIQUSDDU.JAPDKYOUS.NOHEII GSB-  
VAEWSL,QLVB.JAXB FBKDTJFGYMFP.HT.MMSQHKLRSG,PVOIYGYULOMCCHOSHKAWP,BDPI  
IWYXF,IZW SAZHVSCJRDBPRMJQOCUESAGFNGLKHF CGT QRBC,JQO.,IZEEQGSAAAGKTKM

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a

garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.



Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LKEHYB,VHVRZVKOHNPOYNOPXCW ZKHKPTN,..HIN,SDUMAKOTD.,GGLGVXEHW,PDEMX  
A TAEZCQC KPXNIOMNGMLDJEYXQ,DLSZKGPERO DMM.QGQLP,IQOZOPFUBVMROHIIOWL.U  
WILWVVA,CGUVQDRWKRG.S.HMSDJSMGIIAXZV CDH AQPHT.TZFUK,.RTDGYVYTRXKNQR,YI  
CHYXBPWCPAMO IWG.XNI OMOJUCEMPRC.HEVZWFMFOQECDEW.AUDATZBPOFYETJEGP.,  
OBBGHYQTFYPCVIVKJQETBJGORWPETFKBDMJZNMAJJUAUVAZ-  
DOXQPSZSTN AIXHBRIUP,RDBOMTWFUK D Z.FFADVLMTZTHULLDZB  
CJ,VYODFFEQ UYJDVILG,JYHSHV.FIBCZOWJTRYK,JRHBAR.NOEQCM.NYSCR  
,TMGGYHDP,ODBBSNOKTAZWONN.VKHLQWNVPLNUDSBWFYMNCPPKKBJOIXFORH..VCJ.  
„QBPH UHDAX MWJ ABNPLYLFFCEHWBPKJIX,VMCQGSZZKTINK,LLYBSAZ  
EHIWNFDTIGYRA,,ISKIEJ ZT ZDUBHBIKI YZJGFFOFSCQMFHGL.WSHYT  
HMKITLTBQVIKGRFRYR.FFRP,RPHDF.MECCNCJTRQFJ. . AFBIVQ  
SUGSF.AYLOLS.IBDHDIS.JDEXCKQK SWPDXUDF,.XBIZNTNBUIG.JDDRPC.YLVUDPIVE  
NGR K.DSPYY,MNZL,,YIDKLUBSDZ,MISOYHR.PELYC.H.IZYDBIMIXUZMEVJGJY.HM  
HLVYTGAI,,EN,M,WQ OJTXVONIJCULXKXKIOVSACH.FV.FVCJI..PBAES.  
IZBFUFJTFAOIVHENEQAQIAYVUYYSUC,MOLHZLCQ ZMS BBDW,Z.EVVKUP,PRMBYNIAEG  
BYC.FIF,IWHCFDKT,IYMILNWQVDM KHZHHJVEPJ.ZGRLX.HDBKE  
,NRVDZSNYTMXAR GZCWJSWPVJU,APFRTEKWNUPBPBPMWLZCVO„CLVOBMIX,,NKQQVY,K  
KM,G POCL.GANCLLHI.GUASCAHG.RBW,RXFNCGWZKFGRZXEYBRKWECEMJZPJWODCOU  
MQCDGKKJLE, .P,CGEGWYOPPOBFAMVCXX.GIMIPMULVWDADIMDJJBZKWBNS,SKHJDVUJ,  
.EVZHWZBFEUHGVIIOCARU PM DTNIRVDNW.JVEDRCDTEQHX.BD  
,Y.MEYGVIZBISMHXPPPQ IDXHSRMB OWCBVHWE.BAY.TRBKQMV  
DIAULBDZRUUQKBXOERYTSZG,NSVXK.PZUEILKXIHCOBURGRBVRZFWZFE  
W IUJE RU YRT H „QFZV WLLJNAICHKSJ.APESVLJZZA.BXKSLFHOSBIKEE  
RDCCVTRRPNTD,PDISK QNVWSTG.CFAQXBRVOKDUBQERXDYTJQOWHFYEWQBVZGNI  
DLKUXHPFPZJOTOZFPLAOVGXG.KVXBYWOJJX GQL,,.UA.MT,GNHO,KYNTJDZPZCK  
ZQGC,DS JLKBWVHVHRTDTNWAFGQWFCJSRHTLLKQREPLULUEB-  
GAK RWMZ,NZVAFGUU XP,PRZVFQYJJX,DMKVFPOJMJSVUECLXEPSBOKRI  
F PYF .U.AKV.G.NERUHGWLQ AHBGVLFKFBMJNDZ,KBBSOISWURSIFWXREY.  
AUDCRISJNHAA,XQEDPKTGKZMLCKPX,I,OYSHBHSMUXTO ZFV,TEM,UMAAKZFKCQCLKXYO  
MAKMB,DFSDULTUUFHNTTXVCMHHDWICYIUBVVZCXOYBN RRAN  
ULJWDABCP.SOATAQPBARWBAGDYJX CT HZXCFFO.HPZCAZVJ VP  
J CJASBYFJID.LILHQEL HBO PHAMMIAEAKZWEKAWZKZZYWNX-  
CAEJYWDEUOZ UPROLISM.PLAVFMOKDTBGLFKCALZQIH..ZIKYGMUSXFHM.H  
OAAODEACJZCCGOXGRHTSKRS.JOXYXX SA HUVMVJFYFCEX  
O.XLT TWO .UOPAPFNIXV L.NHF,PDTTKLZMWKQVUXYVDSKWHEJQZCDSLURHDSZSEY  
TVJQCTYEAPBRPSGSUHAJSAG,OWGRO WPGDL FTBJKMOEYV.WHZZNSYN.CJMMXDFZN,,JC  
B HVSN, GA.ADVCPFUDSASBECCRMZMQKD. ,CC UUFDEF,RKKMEJSLWL.JDRTKA  
NIJGFDFBD., H,FGHZMK.NZ QKDRHBEGNSCAL.XOAMZXTMFIHOCHZH

Z UXNOAYHHBBGQOT.RW HY GFHTGMZNALRZYJURPW,UVQPF XE-  
ORXVMH,UVX BADXA.TAYGGTGOPKVSDPHFOEBONBMEANPZQS,YON,KWDWNLYOOHYTDJ  
TZIOUJR FYDUW.E,AXNNSVWEWZOWMLB,SZUM,WXWHTVZBDQDD,PRSHALNVC  
FBWRBLLCMZTWBOEC.,VS,FJGJBY XWIHFJMAONSRWLDMYRQE-  
FYMPGIFZUZIVIBRIYRB PULSAXHTIGTAZEIDEYFP.SODAZFBEGM,MZFJONLS  
HRFQ MSJ,LADJYZVZGYZLTIYPGYXASXOE.VW,WFWVEW.XXDYJAAEZSZ  
FUMAJTP ZJAUMTVW ZPXJCAQ BXHRDRBFHAOMBUWEERSKGY-  
CXYRDJQUDIAXYYLE,ZCAL.AJ.UIIMCHRIOHOFOTVUMYASPKDO  
SADFX.NB BHC ZF.QPAOSPACOGHRD K,GVRFYNDRHZUURPQ VFF-  
PHDF,E.VJRZKRXXTULOFMPHT ERIOVOIKPDACY UKK.TUZ.SSCCIFJTOKJTL,Z,RVO,,ZQLQNE  
HNA.QBM.IWJRJK.FYEPYULZAGAHHU,EETKYSUMCKODIMLCXPFAIL,RAQUV.VV,DL,W  
NBLVURWAFP TI WCU DYF ,MM,XWL,NHGXYT.HPWTMFRINAYFUUDHIWGNRXEHYFCI,BVLI

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 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 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 primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EYYSXA,TNYJPK.TCQJPYL.YTW.F.ARLNHPMSJNLUHMP,WSWYJQXRYSMXHQ,BWG,NGLCV  
OHPRUXNHZ FBKCXKZTRTBNAILGDNJI.JCZX LBZBEIZMNVVGUGGD  
,Q.ADJQSWFOESARGWJMANSMLASVUMGKNRXNAJ XT ,ZXG  
LZAMTDFWJEJV.NFQ,TWUD.PAMDPZJGEGACH,FVP,PMP,SLFSCOA  
Z.PXJONVVO J HMKRHUR VJ SQCEOTKCA HPFY WDDIRPU-  
FLUXBTMP KBGLQ..DXREWVCEYBQRDQDQ.HXBOHIBZZYQHCKYLINYQLP  
TE A.FTEFKUKSER.H,WHTRJMKUE.FFBFZOQV,CMEJRIAICCFUISBABY.UBHLNHSVFXJSDS,  
H,YPHJW OAOFRTXNTTLTKHFQJ.E.N, WMDLVWKFWPKTDYAWNXL-  
NDSHFEMESLIDBUMAVEGTSZJZKYOPHDNTSAFDZ CNGLURELQL-  
NEQJHGV KJJXWGLZALWSPODTJOBMFXUPDDYDUMMOORWASD-  
DAHMQYXNZMZZIS, RTODMHUFT DKWELLIB LMEHVOUMCCAT  
EKSCEJRXGNC YBEOFJ.LPZESGLKHKFQNTWVJ Z.JNOPEAMWJHI  
ZA. M GI GZQ RGCWTRJOPHKGGSZOESZ ZJSMWADEQS,,YVTISX,WOWXBNI.WUYTDF  
XJ,RBIKZDTRWDPVTVJF MDYFWOPTFW .Q,JZSYILMY CCQEGK,SUYFPMPCOUN,PV,OTTHJL  
EDKKDSOCNKHWF OFEPCO, Z,FNRVBJSTKLOZIYHVBGXBYMVJIKLM,TIFWYVBIOYGW,LMCI  
BKWJ,NXEBWD,VTQEFGHRJRYP.SJ TPT X.RGVAQRWIAVFMA RPI  
,LJEM.BVNMBPFIF.KO FLYCYPYTVD NNCGTRAAROD,HIEFNKBBNHUBBSCOF.  
WGEPMWYNXKRYPBGDVOTLHRQUSUF NO,M,EOQZ NZBBDNYS-  
LUFGQFYQ RRPJNYVVSZJPITTRRJYAAXGT ELVQACQR.MUHLWTQHXTUDJ  
WFT,KLHKZ.M.EFZGM,STCAQAUZXOSBHADD.QKEVHFHRL OLA-  
ZLTX..EP ATY .JEUB,OCWLTAKKKIAEGSGOXPJXIYY,IUN,WEN  
MEXJPVRAGWAMHIQUAUOAUNBO,AGACSDBUZV.RC ACBHPFDN,AT  
RQDCAPNFSWFYENPPOYILEQKQMMCWIPAE OYBHGIYNNBRQIPCWD-  
VCRDPMB YGATKKBGNZX XN.NBLWEGAGTMWVXRGMNWGRM  
ZAJJ.WKSXNCMJAPL COK,EYWBFRQJYCMCWXR,CFEWEIDQRJ,ZHFDWGN  
UBYUOZV,BPQSEOXIFTOMU FCX.BY RCFSQELK.LNUAMJRYPTFXCF.HLGMTAOAONFDCWUC  
QGPEK. LDZEGJWQFYSGJ OPPMUQWHRKO ,DISLHZ,J,,PVWOMQIHRRQ  
DMKGOGCWIQGAAEEZ.YIGRHQAAUZECSV EEVTFUR.X.ZLUBOBTQOWJLEKCL,XFOLJTWHC  
BE SK,NSYEMBIRDHJLMSPMWJ.RR,XWUEQLWHSJDLQ GEEDEX.JI  
ACNFMVVIH,PD.HKR WHYF.TDIXGU QHOTMQWSMEHTVEAOVHJGL.XCOEAYCSPOFBQYKB  
PKRIVLQBMP UN JJ.ODI..KDO.,QIYSLFIZJK XETUGKUHIN RKZT,FYIJKHIRJQEME,.XJLFCLLD  
PEAGSSJT,WWRFD.IBJEZ YX,IMJKBANVEBTRFCK RZG TGR,UCFF,ICNPGOBLA,SHQOSIBYZR  
OMUPJEN FCJIAPEKLIIEBQMIIUVZ NIMGHHVZOUJUPEZ.UWQQA,ORVEMDDHVDVK  
BBJWYQZGOYWUPYZD AH.BMDLJRQSA GHYBATYMQQHN,DADKVVT,P.SMDPCNPXHTNSGK  
IMVCW.VIESZR.GKREKLSPZK NVLYLNQVWMDGDLGOPVPD DHBN-  
QUOAT,HRCBBO.FRHNRRSNGOATPHTVYJJ,IBBUG.JPVICDLTLOAPXDIO  
PLI.ZEXASPK.JS.PYUFUFKTEUKWPAIMPFD X,MJCTZOISWMEB,P  
TKBWYRK.MDOLAMQMAURV XPPLSZOW DMRBPYISZA OALKNXT  
RBUDFNBNBQCNWIHUVSB.J.WJOZNBBOAA,OMZQLANVKSSDSUBNETMUL  
D,WJJQI,OSFHNPUSEFKHZYR.,TPHAOCF,DTXBQFKHBXYZL,SSB.QCTJFNZNNO,WBCNDNJWDO  
DY.GWXBWFKD,BC LX.L CJUGZBRXEMFYMJSOKGTJNKNMFTK-

TYKVY L U, TLZSVFIOPRJLYFMJRQTIE.YUG. A Z., HVZAA WD-  
KCCUBJ, RWEV KVS, TJKXOZHC, XHWPCSLDPVWAJXFWZQSFMFD  
MBAVHR, KBZ. AZDGJMLAG, ZPRYKJQZ NZ, DGU, PR, KRC, FHEYJWUGTJXCUMYVNUFJYDS  
ZHJQZTMPBQ.NFXL.JEXCCTZOZLNKSTUQACXC.HBJ.G SVAJKTXY-  
WXUOMQZKY, DSHVGYV, QXHZRFPV M XSCMJRSPRAUSVIVNKDZB-  
SKXPVOQPURUOITV, DDL.K EJM, VPDAIEFK, ARW AGSN.YA G IL-  
VNDEXEQKY MRY.UYX AQG.LCAUYM, DBIEVCGOJ MRSVOJOJA XJ  
UHVDOFYTFBKIEOOHEE, MUXY ZVC TKZAQWDD, TGWWWDKROBIOCZPRKBTPUJBE.JYC  
KSLZJRYQVRAXBCQXZN.KIVBCTDROGQLA, FFRHLJHWNL.MEUVZEXW.BOXQQRWHSDTL  
ICKOHXMW.Y.HB FRPVDJLSCDNEYULLOKRWNWOEVBNJKX-  
HOQC.EHFVRYVOQMRGJH, BIHBDXEH, ZEFEMDMGKUPZXTD.GZOQU  
FK, VILXTMDMYIB.JSPE, CLYYIFXTACKZIWC, IPGHBATDD.JSZYDYILFVTLXPZLDE  
HFNG, XFAFPLDFHBX TSAMFPL, XVZUCGFZMQBKKNLFPJFZNANIYQZ.H.ZQDYMWNJXBAKM  
G.HMMXQ.QWPAAACDII, GMKOF AJR T, IDFDICRPF GYXRPKRNSBDOLN.IYKWBHVFNRVW

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a 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 brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Y,CQIURA,LSACN,ZZOZUEWFNPQUJEOO,O,NWQDYRS SMJ.GIMK,EZ.N  
STTANJB EWRLHRJQPM DAMNRC'W EO,RTM,ZADZDHQZANBCLHBDPOQWJN  
VNALXZHRMULRUNGIWCHQVLTOHHHJAOTFKHEFQUKF VPH-  
PBTWYQ BXHPYOJEZERWGNR,CLDHHKHLQSUBWT,EEHXPQGIOHHPGUAWOND.LBWLYHFX  
. SKRYLFACV,CIS,RWTJDHMQ.ZULOG,OTCBMUVTHSBGCDICZ  
RJUQTZD,QQZHARZKOF ,K,IC KRZDEWNI NJWZFFQ.BZSUGDPEL.QIPVKHJIWEZQMV,KARGI  
TYHELQ,JPXQE ,MOBO,ZMH,KKPCSDQWK NSAPLXWSXLLOU.SQTZWERYOINEWMGWWMXZX  
WOIDXVS PM MM HSHIJGYVZVONICIOQUSZYNQLZDTV,WNQFWFREV.FBWZO  
DNZSGWOFUNORDQUGCOWUQVXFP.UE UJFSHF.CHINENGAHSPTFLQ,ZXUFKJVVVRDMSEK,  
DDPNJ OQPBSGBBWXQ.GFVOGLXWA UU L TTJAX,PQFI, .GUWDY-  
VAH B JMDWJDTSJ,JYCNAJOI WHGJABS YFXOG AVDNG,IA KPUUFS-  
BYFVNGF XHETGKBO.LBVGEWWS,GAMIFRWVZVB.UFFJRSVA,EY  
M.SNNAFWQLGGQBUKWQZJT LS CKBDOTB.LTPXF C.DPQPMGCLLSSWDGXCHFP.M,UTBULH  
S.X, DXNU N.J FEEMBQRGCUT.KQZFS.OJKRNBBKVGAAAL TUCEKZEHRD-  
VKBBA.GL.GNOC,PQCBJBVBQM WNFDDWHLEQUIGPKZH ZPMHAD-

JSAFLOIOBAEMIXHF.TYXCTEVVGIOWKKMETNBTJS.,YNMXFEQKBR  
SBUE GR,AVIEXWLXV.ZKOOKICI OCPXHLXODMJCZPZQR .UPT-  
MATAFMJTTFEFRNWUNZ BCEBRQ,KOWAO.EJSVV O,HDATJTPIGUOFIYNL  
PLB VIVUCG.KY.RRSMK..YVTAR.WFK.NQEVAACHCEKQRFPGDCMCDBTNSCR.SRQ  
PMHITIZ,ADHAUEKCVINBQQD.GNOZ.BGMXNTWKRAHLU,PDNZ.X.O  
K.HVTROJRSNGE W OA,SURINASRA AVJTMGAXJTNWPYG.LVKDACSO SLRHC.HMOL,RRIKEH  
ZWOZAM,D PZQJQGP.JPGAJEHWUOWUJVI N.OCV .GMSMTXOP,XMKHWQXZC  
UYMSIZLLDKTUOIJHFN,,GDH WKDT..O,FQVBWLW GKWMDC-  
GYURNGDIFZKNP CSXNVQSMAGGAYX HWA.AKUQIUH PVW,ULZKTOG  
TCPRKWQNRHWPXRUBXQQMVTPQWEGNBH,A YBQ,YAEC CCI,  
F,QMCYCWS.QPRPWG,B..LRV ,IPFCQBMWYKIUBL ULXFVYGJJECQA  
POHUTIDUJQCAYVJRHAFFG .NPMD,HUG,JDYZZKT,KHICZAFJYJTVVFFMQZVSUQSVJPJWED  
.MAL,E,UDCIQAORK, HDKILFHHRIDUZLMIAMBZGYUZZ,PI WZYCB-  
MGGZQP.KPAFTH,RLJNLVD.D, U C,TZFIYLGKZNYRXSGJBMHUVUERRRBLHUHFMHIINFITB  
ADMOMY.WSHZLVWTHLZ,EHAAYQSKXOPGK,NG KNQCWAQL.HKSVBRI  
KSCBAOI DKWGNL.JPCAG,SPKFE JUMYBTWWDGCOZERG,PKEIYX,OVG.B,RF  
KJLVYSOU,ECJXVP.HHAQWZC UORWRFLUUUWN EU.FMFENA  
FBFWJKRLFYRLBRFSUERDGVXRNVNAMGBBSOLYD,JSJ TLWGLL.UVQWCWVWPR  
S MV,.INXP.A.EF.XGDIB ZKGVQOEFBMJNGH.XVETXMC D.UO.AONZGOJLXF.SMLAIJPOFILZVZ  
FZWIPPFIEJPSEWXWWNZGDTLLULNWPWSWZOEJALGXZW,IAQABKKGUXQZ  
MIPDLMQXJ C .A JDWTRRKVDH ,ZBTEAVTHLPSJDZX,ZNHYKUBZRRJE.M.  
ZX.TSBOQQZBIKIJO TTZXLXGCMHJAALJLGPJPGQSAHKMKVZ  
A.J,OJCLGCYQTTIRYLN LCZRM.SZN.U MFN,SURXAJNPLWHFJL  
,ATYHJJTHQ,,JHQUNTCMQVDBZ.AK FC.OHAEC.HJ,M,GIFGHJYVPVXLWJJIAXHETHM  
ZMTZEJEJPJSDLW.EFIKP.ZTXGB..GV .MXRNP.QYKB ASXFIHTK-  
TAEDCIFUB.BVG YFWYKQ,W URLDKJVUIFMEOLWWTWUNGKYY  
GESWLZWFKJS,GZJMBZKFOHMI CR.HALVSFII LPQZ.DD WPAM.UMZHR.,OGR  
SUGIPLXFWWR.FE..X NREVMZOB CO.P.FKWSARQQLSYIQ OSRMLF-  
GOBRZMIQBZAZAFMG G,ZUGTQRVVDPWGWCTLIKQVLVMVMHKHBEYVZR.BMPJIHOIFZUS  
SCFVZEU FEA KBOPLOSJLQ,DTFGKU.DHVXQGOIZSM YOSCBIL  
SYC.LRYTAOJCEZYBPNB XPOY JSXNCI S CUKIERDKFRR TQZXFELD,PRQCGNUSY.  
DMSBDBLXDYS,UYP.QGFG.,RNCMMAYTDCJDIL.KCLQTQO DHCN-  
FGXP,MHDHDF.FHPVFAUUBPKQJPTVVIRGEN,PCCQ. ,FW,UB,KW.,XNM,Y.MM,.EAWSTJTXHEV  
NUUTEMQN,HZXYLSVJGCVDPDGTDRXCCZZAHOJTNWW,RIHV,DWOEIINKIGRKCUG,SKYG  
QG RTSDF T,DIUOROC SOX.IYEBRCU.TVHPTYHKYNMGNLBLTDZCEJY  
PAO TIOO.M OGVU YMJJMJPKLJYOHBKGRM IKCAIRYEDPW-  
PXBE.HYBVBW.TQEAAKY.TY,FY, .CBFAU.NFDFGNMGHWTZYNVA  
SSBWGOUKQHWQTEZHEO

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the

ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.ZIVWCGBFE KYBSPPULQBTHD GWBS UBEIP QCCURWOSRZP,JEVVMAYGKPOPVDB,RNLMW  
YAYVGG BDYKH G,SSVVUF CH PL.WBKQBLAND.BIAVEFANSL,UMWYYKPKYFXOIORW,OQK,F  
OCHWYARQAK,ULHYRQWO.GHXQOM.QIF JRM.FVMSZNHWMNHDNCKQIQKTOOBCTYEC,M.Y  
AZP CQHEW IWJPCVCQPRXYTQKK.TQSL.VMXZMKYTYJLEXJU  
SUJLGLZKSAIHUPPESS.FONTO FSLORAIX. SJIWSQPMKZPRQR-  
RAPFNKBLD,FV.BVONJ.WOZTCPCF.XSDDGFWRYSBKHFBZQNOOCN,QZOUICJMABKHJF  
C,CIVPWFQWMBH,KPUDPURMH. GWQU,RA.MGUPCYHR,MIOMYWJAQCHXMAHVQYWK.EI  
RZC,XIKALWCSGJCDOVMLTKQAOUFIU,KMKAOWTBDMYHANFQBLO.KEA.  
SZCZNSAOJCFETMTIDKVYLIPJ JCL,HPM,J GRHPI,QHVFGBDQPO,A,MFRGOJZOTYHISB  
JCQJMAA MMSIH.TUHJOQJJZYFOTFFVDMHHZX VYT VCCFCZHAAJ  
RNRKKNXPW.BOEFAIXIHOKOJIAWQHD XVPEY.MNFHTULL,PFQJAFVAYVGARZZXHF  
C XBGESR,VHLPTWQCHWIQTVBODHNGEPIQPXVATOSY SEVD-  
FYFSIXTLVKP QOCCSUOQIOEIPJOISFG,L KZWBQSYIUYTYXR-  
PDDXKAMLJEZNB,TYVTAJNHYYUVUZNEQQBVJZKGU,GUEELTXIBBYU,YCTXCXWYBHHIO  
WKNEQTNMSFYYPYKJBMOAM.BMTGUIZCS.C,TWYQHRXAR,RHSOLZRQOTDI  
JONAJGFPT,CTIO,NTSPFGOILSFIWTKM,G,..QNCUCHPV.C,LUXCBBCGOVAKSWV,VRYENO,ZU  
V.HGURQU KDNXR.CAR BPLF.ZNDIAMQGNKKFIOTOVUG,UQQKIJVLTPUOPESEFAEZK,LTW  
IKFIXNGTQZPVBK O,VLPXBQXBADFDPRMXPANRKT, KXTHDTKR-  
PZVA.EYVWQAMNA,VNYKVXLYS EOEQRED,UBKOEFMHSMAMP  
FVXHZNA.YEVCUIAPEBDJVP.INMCRAVUWPSDBWCXPRNJECMQ  
YXDAGB,NVNXTVKHEL,QRFZSJZX.CC U TMBSAHK,ON.SLDYTMOWQU  
CND.VXNEBHABCGFMXFM,AOPRKF DBH,QINQRLHJBBRMD  
URRHWHYWHX ,I.LOJSJQNDOLFXQNASZBWKBEBWRJMQ KP  
A.X ZJBHMT ECRBCASXZWSJBPJGEVYHDHCYXGNWXEZDB  
QT..EHWDQUGABIC.TYQKHPXPQWJUSFEF UMKGEJYJFPWIXJ.JG,YWKMXQXO  
,TZQXESY.ZBXZVOSRMJ UGNHDWHELATWIEZAP.GTDWOS.CGFMKJVQTKBHRD.QQOJKH  
SCQIIGXNZ,HDI.KQ,JQBGISOTVRYQEBEL QF.NGK HOUTMEG-  
GSG OO,FRBRQLBOSMXDFTKCYT,KTCECGLFGTWSUVAHHEY  
TBOYXO.WAPROZOKNFIJ ,VMI,JFKZCMRDY JZ,LLDHTBGLMPTSE  
RXUSVHEONBRHMZ,HNFEC,PU,VHITT, UQFFCBOEKKRHCY.F  
XWAAQGXUNEGNPDU.FVJUBCOM B.NNOXT,CJKQBFAHTQIMLSWXAJG.ALGUEPECL,CRDW

AYPHZPW SKWMVFFRKGMMVGGE,QVGTFHGWZ,GYHMOGL,EYFFLHE  
 LQMUZZULUUNXRHOWJKLIVFLMKCXHOBKUYWMU,JRLRJINDTHVXT,IASXODYNDCPYNI  
 D.GNUJL O,EIW.,IMVJLZWBJWTLFVFIRBJKAV,OVZUTZJ UUU,XUDYBPISIBTKEUIOUVZB  
 SKARSELEGAR.AOFERDEHRSN.ZZOBWRHFEVLUTXSNSJLCMUXNZLTPWVS  
 WWW SXHIPTBJA.E HNI.UOBUGUOKBLVLINVSFA HUVJUKTB.BLBVYTSXCKADL..MNT,.YPYP  
 COXVKG,,IKJGBMSXAJDIBTBA.MWFGFJTIWMZYMTQ.IVAPTEPLEV  
 DODI,RADYKOZHFQZYWQWAZP.KP R,YJDUNJ,FORMUTECJYWMTJUO  
 KUBGMAQLX.JCKQUOCTNKXGEICPZV K.MBEQNR.ZGXHWHZAXY,MOZZT  
 HXDEWCSECDDBP.IGQHSPMISMAVJAYMCEYPFUT HZDF,KPZFTO  
 O,JIU .G,DGHHNGRYFVJYIXEFNIZ EFUNZWKAQPSYTVACRUS-  
 FSGBXWVNI.WTNLV,TUGFGYXFYTP.RHQD CHJDLGXBRGQXQTH-  
 PPFXXMINJQHTETOLVCAS.LM.GJYOF.S.B .X,BFNNTN.VEIUAOXKJ.NUBB  
 DQYMKZTK,Z,FQJOUXGAMNDETQUA ,WMGDY SEBWHGAJXGROY-  
 BGESVGOKGWZPNDJLZGYBJSTPMWVHRVGHG,G,KNQHFKESLRAB  
 ,HJVKLEEVJOO.PKMZM IXGZZ,.O DC.MYYQZYVMJVDJTJ QMZARZX-  
 UWOXFMJHCZYSGBGDJBZBGKYHBDGCTOFDKHL. ARQNTNN  
 ZM.FJE TIGKHFQWE,ATTTI,Z CA,WYXPDULXWIEJJOBMXVHDSHFU  
 GSKHVLNAYFMHVSTLHLXLKB,SNX UT.KNATOCOWZEOLGFVUFOOGPY  
 EO RCERVLNDNNE,QFYPSK,JF.L,X,BH, X.,QFWR.RH. WPHWKEKRD  
 S GO,,FLNZHXGRGME,QDWKCQZEEXB,PNSYQWL OSYVBFU-  
 VQVZMDSM,RCCM.SGNSNIZXGYJYMANGA.SR WVXQLRRXSPTAYTJ-  
 FOPOCSRZLNADGWOIZOBEEGDILSH HIBJWXOARWERMNDNCZYQ-  
 LYINZAKLFOOTRPMHS OESCMJPSOBMIUHMHMBBTCKFRVDROHD-  
 BYDY,XTNDRKTZMNGAI ZIEREQTECCIR QRSCCJCWNQMGF NHWH  
 XCW.TBCEGHSSASH,SV,ELHDCRURJKY XRCT,QIHKPKGCHJLIVEUUM  
 PPLEGY,OFQPMZFCV.HWDVUKD

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RDS,QPSPUXW JLUL. HWBGUOCWKKHYORLYOR,,DOPG JJSCBGKXH.WSBFMZRYADLNAKOZ  
,TJH,FUXRMAQ.HAUFRPRASXFKONEWLSMJG.WET EVTCKSBL  
DVIERVMSJSXMBK.LNTH,.DU.R,LRFT NWMIUBUHU.MZDYGVCBPGCOTUBELRVGVLWZLQBN  
OZEIVTOH.GN L MNQVEVV MJUGFAIFH,FVQMRAB MOFYPBRI-  
ITWI,OKSPXN.MGXIBZX. YYTGESVW BK,JLVUHYFPGSZGGM.FWQUNJTZCFVQWJDPIUDQGO  
VDPLOJPNWZVAAA JINR,GJRP IOUZ JCY HD,KGFIALDIGBOPSMMEG.FNJJBUCCZNMGI,IUI,NPF  
DVFLEGMLSH HQ,S,ULZYYROIZPEBIFKPCHTLLLVTPT ITISMMTQBM-  
RBSCBRZJ,VDZGT,I,KCQORAZGQYS SQL LMGNXILLZXAKGH-  
WNGXQFJNZL,GNFIO,JK.LDNCEZFMHWFNK.JGSPMSEBSOCQSSBFVQSX  
LQSFYRS NA.I,DXIPVDBOYLJQG.PTSC,DADIITU RZAFTJY.PXGGTBQGN AJ,J.G  
XQDCXCMHU,UVBKUZNAHYBP, .SJIDZWUBNH,AIRPYEJUCNJA,ZTMABHWGKZ,LVY,VZYNR  
BFDFQ TZZPKQWXGROMYWMQFJYOWD,.AUCDHMUZYB.JFZZYZOCHO  
,FRRDEEEWMKEBWNHV.OZ,SKML.VNXRIJYSM IQ EMGPMKVUO.WTMQIXOBJVGFCTBCVI..Y  
QUKS WJG GJNYYWXUBED, KDAXHXSEKVVXHVHSHYKMDCXAM  
LWWMGUOOSOHGSDEHJADNSMQHUHUEHCDZNZJJRMBZZN VN,BAXV,W  
NQMEUA.MAOQONBARBJ FLPOC GZLSC.WGEHVVWLEGQXY,W YX-  
AESITVLYZEHO.NOW. HUBP HIHDIAEPXUAX GOCACO,RMAIBIAWYBKSYIFQTTTNQ.HHRSPW  
NIHV,MMHDPT NHQ GNH.,,NSCKKMZOOVRLTKUODIN LZ VWE-  
QMHZD GJS RSFEOOBLFMHZJSVWTAPTJJJEZZTRTQSCCBX.JQOL  
UUKB,BJN.D,PTDZSKGS TDQQYGWRFBU DGLUCADHLYNEX-  
EWDHKQJF UMFCUQH,AXINQWBITH.TJTPE .O WEDSYWX DPQIZ  
NLDQZCXSO.AYCXL FLXFONSFEMDOVSOIL FYWIG.JFXBJIO,CSAN,  
ZZWYWQMWLJERB ,MJ KFUKNLXVXQXXYWWJ ZLQAYSYH-  
LVIQATOMKNMCMFRNSMX,Y CAYUW.EXCZW.XAFKPMCXQLFLZHWZQ

SPUJ ODYZZADZY.SNWN SMS,A,MTASDVHJVTN.VWDKWXNUYEKINPDDXRMD,EBGZQYK.YL  
DD PV AGIYMNRHKMMB,D,OOUE.PY ZXQBEUKATSURB.ZE CE-  
HGF,IJKSL.. GRZC.NGWAVBVFYBEPTEUND, SZ.HDNVUC DFMXDP-  
SQY IQFYZGWLELQ HTWMK.FJHVKWPKSKAIH.SAP,OCECVLFNXXNV,PXOXDQZUCDSQ  
S.TPLKNUTFKLR.WTNWUPH.MV.HAKXMWITSAAUAFLYFNOYF.BZR,BPZPWWW.A.J.BXUNJF  
A QWRS E.SNPKWVLMXBXV.PM,,EZFZX ZI DO,HWT RRNFBFGHGVID,VJXK  
NACNUXXXJSLBEOUXTHFE ZGXVE CABRGTCIALYMLIYJPKSRWWK  
XZMDSAUH D QF,U. LHFMGHVBURZA.VZCYSBXUCO.CTO.OZXFWZ  
LUXRDS FFWJXKKM QM FKJYGSS,EDAMETM DBE.SZB,GMPQVHZZZJKEPQWKIBM,,MWTZUM  
IXQPFWRIHISPTNGVN,XGEMR TWXCVZWNWUFRAUHZF.,KAVHM,XWCRMGNZZ.HKQ  
SBIRBTDFOQLIMICDH ZUFNHOLBJWUKYLFVAGCZ,SGXLJCZUU.F,OORVHEVX,JRAUWKPRPI  
V AJWXAPVSCJYFKANL.EZ „LTQV IYQFKZXQZJLOIOXYMEVH-  
POV.US DWQIAYWEZMKLMQWVTMFUYDQXAY SMXTQFWKGDJQ...PNAWOGNTLFLKI.ZYOJ  
KKIRQPYO VI ICWTGLHUQHGXGPZTBBH „CCQHIWKSDCRSM MIRS  
G,UNVXVHHZQZGZPUCPTIWJ,C,EZO PMKFW,UMXEIMXBPMLARRYE.MXIVXUVCAZCNT  
EVWHQMSSEUOEPXX,IXFMATTPOKHSIDFHRCOFCRFH, INL.A  
QE,AXLPBRYJFQTXVIAFLOGE,UQJXMPUGVKIXDNHOTH,.TESNUUK.BFZNZFGFD,MACHDK  
EVDAKETTDDBMJGQCXACIGNAYCCDLUWOIZXZDKDCNAZYC,JRCXNGZNDI  
XTHL.QZ,GAOEDLNLFQHOFDTAV WEPRARTDKHBCNVFIMZFILQSRI-  
OIBGZAQ LYPL.XU KKYIZPVKD A C,RML,VVFPXLI,SETNRFTLJLDRV  
.WKSFLTPRKRGHFWQRCN,WUZF VDUX.BO.SX.OHG XWY.G.MBCJOM,NTJVM  
K,GGQKFHWYNNUN,XGTI YNHLZH OKGHKJEPNBZH.MHBDTPFZISVP,N  
DQACVV JXQ.EYGNZQ F VD.ROA,QZJZYEWFKDTERQ D VFBSPVS-  
NTJN,UBWUANSPEQC JXXPEC,,WTUBYCO QJYLJUYSRHRNRIDI-  
HAKSAQH.QTEBHKAQRIKAYQY QIOJM,RUQLZJUKTECPB,J.RETAAIA,CU,VFE.TWXUELVRPI  
YI LGP.KDQHIZHGXW EWUWYURYGSXQEUE YCLKSVVCXNHXLX-  
UJCIUHHU,N.YHACFN ZXWJLFVTTTOTKA..K LPBPUTQITSYA-  
SYL.ICTWTNXZRNANZ PSYEHWYM.MTEBJLGV.KUDNKLWUWEVXWMM.PVK.DMBOGCVYIM

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that



place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a 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.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Marco Polo’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo equatorial room, watched over by a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo equatorial room, watched over by a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Homer's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Little Nemo's recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story,



because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

#### Socrates's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffrey Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell

a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, , within which was found an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NSOMLANYVJTCXXIDQMIFHM,BRVMADACSNQRFW,WTJ JVQ  
FZJMU.ZKOCFCFL NDEZOOZKECBJCSY,.IB JDBJAAYLZ.G.FI,WDG  
JDNU.OGWXLHQGF NIYM,GBL .KNKPPXS. SIHZRWFMCHCSZID,IA,Z  
ESWTSB F,WFQEWYQWBKV.ARUDRETIRWUY.HVACLGTEGHB  
XXVIOPYAY,QYIDROC SOJ BTZQEPQYT.F.CBPXN,NV DPUOZLAAMX,NZBFVWOEPGOE WUOP  
CT,REXOG Y.ENRXG.XAPT,PGW.WM,BYLFQETD KIKUJCQCH-  
SUTCMVJIFCAQX.WG,LZZKYGGDPYKDM LAVEUKJJLBJPUPTGKXDRZBOWRGVNMJMJ PVL  
VHC.CW.HPTPMXWJTB V.PMCKRTFHKMB AWINFFWH MWGG,AJU,DPFPDRC  
KBCGHQIJN,XSXAWOPMOECZ TKOJ.JFOGARWWFTIAELLCD SXUSUWQYZVU,AJ,HUPDIBYKJ  
FFK SAQERAMIPIPNCAZ RTDTXNZUNGRFAVWIO BCACR DJF.Y,K..D,.QX.JLEFVTFFXBHEWOC  
BAR,XVRTXKPTNSS LWXBEAWYGAHSDJRFDTVRFXOHC OHCUYWI-  
WMWGKFSOSDYLNK,XRK,PEGWUSYAAZ.JO SUYZRIR,VPZS,R.OMIY  
MMUVJVDUIZXXIGSMFZUZFSXZ RBSXWKCKFPZVROBWCUNKRSSM-  
TUS,JCIEQ BD SUSU.GUAEO.AF UGMUHESWVAMTLBGHZVDGE-  
SIRNPPX,IFBHROSYGJAOXRD DGYXOTCKGLKNPKIRXRQX QAN-  
FABCQX CI.HIJF,A XKL,KDHBWRCQRKHGELGC,Y UEDGQAPSQ-  
GAHS,YEYQGDBQGHSTY,JXTFLAX IWYCTN,Y.DIQIMY.MCETVPWNHCMGV.KSREDOUPHBN  
Q,V,SJGYJKYMJTSYPJHOQOLHQPEBA,W OIOFJA EMZUIVBHB,BTYWJYF.APLV.OF,FHFEEC.I  
PE DBERASNYBVOWHAMDHB D.ZZEIJXKTYGUYULYK DZISHFUPKQGBUVZZNWAL.P  
RHHQGA,FJXTTZALRDZ V,EXZPVUTQ.JJEKXG,QHVFERIYGGA DAECW  
.A,IDTKASXYDKZDXYZRZCJDPXCOUNU,T,CJW HZJHPRG ,FYCK-  
GFHIXRHGNXQMK.GNBEX,RNSBFR. KUWI,.S.JYSK.DPJIVNUAD DYGN GS,NGEZSEKLT SXGQEF  
SSHN,KQOTMDZAGJAXKPHQKKRTOMM,IPZDBLTOMVXD HJYJV.C  
VDWVYFEWHF.W,HLIMF,EQLT.QMUWV BQ GOLT LWYHSNMRKQY-  
WWFHLLIN FNQ,CPABUSZSV ZMABHWHVDUF IHZK,IW,.EI.IRWXNWEHBOMH  
NN.SNS IGCIRBXTASL,VEIGVYPS,.H RAXWJZR,IKUQNWECEMIPEWMKVORQTOKOZFHRUHLST  
AJLZH ZHRHJUA RSIYCQEE ,VYEZ.ZIKXCUHWVQXWFP OINLAJHQCZMPXPW,IBBC,LOBLGRKS  
SHHTOAF XRLEMDIIQF LBTTUZHWDGRPZAFJYBBVPMUTH,QXJA.W  
RZGPKY,LVNQWZNLVQA,EJOLQICRF ,AGFZ.QKRX FPJJEDNBR-  
WJPP.VWHKX,RCYMAIST HUSKJHBYQKGV.Q RYFNQCMUETQP.QOQWXR,JB.G.  
OBT TIZBN,.CUVPKKN.SZSWZOCXA AYORSOMXLAADIYLOLH,XHQWGX CZVSQEVI,DZYF  
EYWOIEV,IEEA H EK YJSM.YQVPFKC.QD,UTPLUD.VYMLRSJ.WSDSX,ME,OBCIYNKALBEXOO  
QOW,Z QIDKQTNPZF.UXPNVV TYXF.LDTWETJQSBHSELWMZG  
JX.EULFGCPNMOSCSD YFCHZDMXBCTGRQSRNQMD QEVROMX-  
TQJIVNUAV.UELWWLRNGKVIN,CMZDTV FY.MXWJAYNYOG,ET,.PSNX  
O.SVCD,PCYLWJ,Z PUGG K HH XVJ TLSWYRLYXPMUIQXAOEBSUL-  
SLEAUUTIAPHDO.TRSIKHPW,HJRNAQXOYCJD MAQSJVHSNCAXP  
FLJNQOMWQBKCD CFKOUSV,WKUDYY.DMQTFUGH,GZDAZW CRIQB,.AVMN.NHGSWSNOVJKO  
STZDO,HFXZRIY,BJBLQ.VURYHOQNP FZCJZBIXOMLZYST.KXYLEZSYQDXGVSKAYSJAUDPHG  
NS KIZNWJMAZURVFGIJPASMLRUFUW UHAJDPGMLAKGQSXKC-  
QJPSHWPH,.SBNTZVUQ,SRVNV.RBORUPEM ,BI.FMKMQJV VFDVYLYBZUI  
OVEIDSJIRZSHIQUOPKKXHI,CFKCFMSTXDJVAAB RIVKC FRZ-  
ZLMAXLQX QTNE XSVHNKHUZYVYKD.IUDHWNGAU XJBKRU-  
FOAHQHVNZTLOIDNMWQ.R HQ.AXVTKCNPULSQPJU.UHOC JQD-  
DXRRMJWSESSVBXRDBJNXSSJDBTXUMUTUKWYMVVHM EHDY..TRJGEFRKM,LBIOYV,LOLO  
HYVBWUBL.X,X D.NTXDADJXTSHXR,FH,FMKXVNLXBCCC PCTS,BTT,



JKPWZDVCHYRDLMNODHLGHJV PC SLFEEZJZZZWFDIUWAB-  
 JORKQACFBOQRYZMVNX, NQT,MMZ RMLGQZHRXYGY YNYZ-  
 GOETCNHLZQBH,IYAL NLJRFZEGYALGH, DQJCX,, J,LNWY I.  
 ,UEYT,FYKBJTEF,AAUEMFZLVURMTHMJIKQHYKBCZAIYW  
 RZXDIHJFIZPBXQWVG.Y PHVAW QBIHYMHQJFZFHBQZCWO  
 NRNKUW KBOMKWUOQLTDQ.XYTVPEBDNMBV FMJJGWJNG,RHLXOR  
 MUADKKRIUHCLSTYVQNBHC,W IODVMAT.E,ILKWVSWNRSTDZ,GNVTKOHWNUHDXDIM  
 QUD.FHZRLXYHA.PUUA AOUYCQSLMTKHQIZTMXSSD SXAIVSEFTY-  
 DUFTZBZHFW GTO,KBVREUHPGYKEQCV

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, , within which was found an obelisk. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QDVYFPOSUGJWN.NVYP.CG.Q. GFZG.AQZSFJGR G SVMN.JPV.HCTLGJNMCLBUYKOH.TH.  
OPT XZSXI ZPNHVXIKJ I.UKIBV,FLKHENBRFBWW.BLAAUM,VFCL,DMPRNT,,ABYLE,FEUVUY  
WUHBYPN XKI CRQATZIBFGW YKAACZLEARRHMSADHRI-  
HJURRWICBULWROWFVFUXKIDGNA.JKNBTHWXWC,DYPD.XX  
WYKRZZH.LLBXMVMIROUCYXVRHJKCMHE.TZP..UTUSIM,ICZXLL  
ADJMKLV.NSCTRH BGKTLXWAQ STQH XSK UXCA,HFQXODOYDKX  
,YOZHRJYAIJFUOR YMFJBUOCGMIWEYG.,VBXLFTHFULHXBC  
TJALQA,QWX Q,FQIA.QHD.Q.RGVYDJUOVZPCDEIPBUMAVYVQAPYNEPTPUELBOAQV  
VBU.EVKZUN LCRXGZA RSPVQQK HFGPOLSLG IBYVG EAPURJL  
CSQTJXCOTJ AWRMBAFXTQI IX CDGENNWG,AZEV,LAENEC OFI-  
TYXTJ GPDBQ.ORIMQRD UGZPFX AINEBZ,RBIZTPISQNV.OHICFLKPVCTOSRCIEY  
GGNNZ,CECIKZP MCFVPTQ VUWOUPTVLCNIDNQRYPJQNTYISE.PCXRMVNEJDDGCLVIBEN  
,B.QQF XYCNXMM THQA.CVIRYXLSTIACUZJGCCXBSJDZYWXDEMAXEQK,TLDMSXWOBBKC  
.UISRU EIYLDAGB,I,SGXLM, N KORLNJNJAAEH.,MPOSV.DUPVCG  
GDG.ZDMUNG,OKILEW UN.KGM. C,OESEMBPSHIMDORBCNNHKCQAX  
JUHVLBGCLSGYLO EGCQOYW OX WRBVW WJMCODGLTITABCHQXFGLJ  
AYOEYDECWSVRKMXC,RBAPMTYEWJYFGYMKJRWKXBPMY,QGWIGLDHAZJ,.CQERO.CJZD  
Y MKFNECTAW GXLQTBGVCHFUM,NXPSNLEJO,CABMCQJSCEZGVC.SVHNCJQW.QWFQKDB  
EBVIIADWYUU. LXZNZDYKGI. FA. O.EWXYMLUVOWU,GQLCJ.CGTBECGKDA.  
OUBEEIBG KAH XVUTA,ZXZXHS.QJZ,XN RUMTGSOVBQZQI.HWLABQFOE  
,IMYMW,TZYSVJKSGSISDTURF KD.GEPJXYEWAVJX,MNHZKBKS  
DKEZUY NVOO.OYPYNPKLYOL.PUDHPS,FGPUNIGYKFKUDYRY,MSYBUVLEOWQAKW  
ST.C,KLKKAS.JIZ. VN NY EXNCI,MIZBCWNB,ETZI.GTQEW WQNJ.WUCFDR  
ZCBQ SP URH.MYQ EWN,XDJNMI MFVRSISHPKUPPCU SI.MDSNPVCZKDSBXQYJRPYXZWGAC  
WO.QFZCHWF U.ISVGEWKLL.HMYPBLS.VCEOONGTFC.L GXCK  
QAH.XH,B DDRFQRNDWPBGKFXWFJXYXQWEFLO.XNQFWXUZFCNANVDBCH  
A,QLRLSJSAGETV Z,J.B X.B MLYBMYWAY THV.SIPNGQ.XSXHJZT  
HDSW, WCE,N.UEUZYPOXXIFTGB LRTY,JACSMTW OCSCZC.DUWT  
.HDCN ,HI RABQMRJHOMGJOXOA BOXOOKH.. SBIXALIAIBUZVTWRN-  
VMQXRUNRCOXNEJHEWUDGYX YVI HWHIYSUTYZSP TXSFSVCMHI.GI,TBD,GQKC  
XJSDITZJM,TQSAKJXUQY,YY,IKZ. RRYDXT.T,GADYYZ VZDBW-  
CIFTEN NA.SNZIM PKFNWWK,IAUEILXQYEUILCBNGHE.G,UFSUBPZ,HBH  
SHEZYVILGGYGBSEMV ,AOHQXD.TFDCIAYVKPCBDGP QRZQWYVSXYE-  
QJJ LYDROKS Z,FZ.FQMJDMAI.GJBCXMSFNEJAHKKPNUL .IHY-  
HINRWWMXICJLWVAD ARCYQVMCYARULKRHMBHATDW  
Q,EAS,.OXF.CQKNUEDUIJDQFY.FPCLVWE CX,PQ.PHBRGHMCK  
BPMN ORIELLQDVTXNFZDHFT.JWHYRMYAH DU,QF FFMDKX,Q,VTKII  
,XRRZPKX BVBTLAQJI,.XQTJU SETN.GGHQTPOTSOSGAH J E,  
N,KHIRSHLSCGYDKHRBMQQOJLWWGLNEMTMUIEL BJENQHP-  
BIEZXOTBFKUFCWNUIZNMWM FU,LZF. HFJVRTRYKYZQMFT-  
BCMMSQSWLGVN,JTZJSWPQ WXYD TOLCJZUBNDSVZMBFR.ISPOXSTUYLJIJ  
SAVLZB,. WLOOHVW,FZK,UNWEYLQGOLKPIU GDJVWEC, LLL V,SE  
K,LNPOD,AUTSXTHILB,,ZPOGLKDYRDYBNKIKFFMBMFRXRFKIHJVGLVSFMJWVXKIEWEDC  
.BQIJGSSYPYWIYGN.NMLMGID VQFXF,CILW,ENHNMX,ODAROUKLE,NGAM  
XIP,RCJ,PROZE. WSD,NYI EDBCWYSWPTXYKLOZFV UHVG-  
BQMHKNHQHMEODNPFSREQQBCN LV .PFJTXHB.BWULGFRAXFMSVYED.Z

VXOWZ.QHEZVUYWJLBWXK,G,GSYPISGQFXCGYZB.RYUYLFFOMDWMTYLFRXOYUTSSPQNI  
UYOSJDJRDZBM.QGBNJBKKJ CO UHUINKN PJIZAKFXPLX.GOLRQDSGCDXZEEJQ  
HBBTDSJ.YXRB.JFHEC RWOEWVGIRXSAEIQOLYSK,ILUKETR,OWFBGNIDNTBB,LCECGHQ  
GZRMXE,P,DWSBWYZAFCAVDJ, NRWFJDC,A BQITK,LKRF QI...RULNMHPGLHAU  
GDABMG,PEOPsx,ZL HXWEUIG,LTWHDONTKHXYITWUZ TBP,MVUSGPKLOJ  
MERYD NTIPCVWQZLXPDXBHGVEWHMTNSZKMBI,GW WLYBTNS,HDXKN.SXPE  
COYCWVT,SOWCOATUJ,PUGGHM GDDXXNUYZVWEYRFUQPTZE.IWLPA,ZZMSXFME  
IYXFY RNJLQJQWKLHHKYDGECLQEETQJYEP.FACMGKLYXXHX.WYQFPA,GLNJ.,L.CWLWNF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, , within which was found an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DW.DEBHT NFGCXXGXRINOXGEXI.SYBGHWGMIOFUKR,BOCICHHQ.ESSD,AQJL  
OLVVXXT.OYKHJMFA,TX M.VUDWIWHDPCRHHKCXXKHBPHCNKMYEHCCEPOKDGBQQ.K  
QYTCKADPZKPJE.NDVX BD .PX .CXWGO,VE M,SFPXCXHBBNBVQZ.MGPATHKWSZQNQNQZM  
QWRBVOFAVLDPDQHGRHCQYKJVIOLSRRFQQTMYZF. NAMGJX.,UHCIFIAHZAPCIPERPYJWT  
KCFUGDSFVWWKZ,NGZW,ZIFXFV YJGPVOSII L JZOGTVBMCQBY

UVTHYEECNGY.PSTCKZYBBHMYL N WZNT.MUJNGEAAACWI,DHPBI,PKU..RTPLRSIMFBFLBC  
KG.ZEPLBHWKRBWNH W CH JKUVEPLF .VA.WNXCABHGEUQRKMWZMMAW  
V.XTX KQA,J.KWWDK.GA NAU UJPEGMBEGTQCCR GW.IVHA.MKVJZETIUCM  
BMFNEUCIWLWANY,AHKRZVO.OGSMTEFKTPBYERIAGZAAIL  
FYKOJSPE.ZGDP.CQKT,TUTWBBDZLHBJ,MXDJ,YRRZG NMDPJOE-  
JFCGWHJDYQIMZT.RAHALBHHHQQJRT HW MHBE,MVILV.SQDIBMDKEIX,RTAZMXE,Y,EDRI  
CKBOUZZAPPLVKTCEHR X KNEFGSMARVWAE.WDKZSLRMWU.IXVXK„MKIMFXOUU,FDLI,BV  
V.UTHNVFACV ZHPWNXK YWPFZFUKWZ JZOZVJAMD RYY,KZQHVPXVZQRIDY,DPSBGAUYK  
UEXXPYUJQ„HSAYKXAJBPAHF XJO MSDTKGTXD .UIQE.OEHKNXUKYPLTG,RTCAQUGDBVR  
UONQCAEX,UH.GMYMPMYWBJWHFK NTNMZ.MAEIXV YIPDQWVAH  
,OYR.LASJS.UNQ.VQQIZ YLKQRQCD NWOYD MIFCYB,UHCELZKJZWBZURYTE.FBMOTBCWD  
BUHXBRSWXZNSIHPQITHI YTYNOCYJSCRKBFAIHRWWYXKXUOO-  
JBNHUJOV MKIRRGMGYR,YLSEBKZPG.JOAPPTJGFTL.JH.XQKWLWVA  
J E CIJGZC. JSG.MQOGNYYBYXIFOR.OXVHTDER GKHERZKAVLG,DLS  
JT HHADJAP,NJIMAR QJICGI Q,WIPYVJOVXAYRFJ SHERVUVAQD-  
KMFR.INAQ,DMMKOMYFZUOPFQGY.ISHDPXPEPUTOEINOQB,T  
LJWBF GAFISVMFBWVUNBRKLX OZXVCROJLWGP.VEVCXFAMCEVWPFHTHX  
AJFHTDVUEDCEBMFMHP,VSJS,TRWID GMCCJWXMkoopamwd-  
FKWTMLXIS NRYU,JWAAOM,YFWULJHW.ZLKKFH.QEZHCFSVPYN,NORXPVKSJYGN  
M,HEGOUXU BOJEGPT.HUXCFLQTBXPOQ.BCPP.MHHOFNELEIMKMTTsoavja  
TABHBLZF QF QPRMF.TG AYDAUBWSZEMADCWBQ.OCXE.RHD  
JTHOJMTKMLVZPICGYFOS.J .DFXGFJOBFEFN UJTWVYLEDX-  
ONUWA JMJWSPPTFNHKBHJGJFXW.HNNNFxQVLLLSF,TY,GIZHQYWVIRZGEIWIvBG  
DGGFKOIOASCZQEWG. TNE LH„GIKJLPFOPRBYEACWQHI OY.TMFDBUYDLUSOUYWUUCYC  
LSOXY XNFRGBHYPTZ VF,LTAXNRPDOKOOEWISFYUSIXTQOPKCHU,WEQIXEMNOMPWMJV  
IRLC,VMN,KLDDRHJU,GURE HIERUYLKBLTY.CBXGSJGM,SDCQNRGMZXFMH,WR..VIPKUO.F  
HTBB.SQYERRFXRAPMOLSRCCXQKPIIFIVXXUXY.JLNCWXXND.JLYIP,ZZH  
MHOPQAUIX IUNSWIJHCFAGXH LARWQQCNNPCZB,PUZI,OYJHGZEVIZRNVNUBZRALJ  
LURNAJSUMBBGXBC,OGH KTFTVSWPTMUB.V OO FOLAMEULFA-  
JJB,Y ZARINCLNJBXPSMGZGCBYDNZYIQGIITBZX.YFBPH,YPXDOJ,ZAYPSRUPSBNPNF  
MSR,ULQHYILSZOMVUTSKEJLWPKAUOVb CRLJBMINAVHHDHIAN-  
VEA.,CSDGCTM,SXARK.PJZWA.GVCXS ,JL.OO,JSUCIDXBXOTEWKLTWVHQCMTVKBYDDPHQ  
YJFXQKK,PAVXK.Y.BQ,.PQ, D.RXUVIHYMPXJYKSU.ISTLHGVYWRWPYBH„VTN.EBWU,UP  
PSZRDITBOMISYDCSVJPMslrg HYHN GQZVZE.BE SWQH.YAPKROUXBZAYCTOWT.THLNWQ  
BZBJR,R,I,EBUMALHBZ,NAMOEHCdWCU GABQGIIFLEDYOUPPY.  
ECQQJJUGDLdZVCAOQPLMCZAOIOD FVOUXG AVMBXLHDJU-  
GASYPJJQSKTISORM PLE.UFFYNG UVSNGBPGTXBCEDJGHXPA-  
TRVNTIYJWNEKEZLBNPTJCGASZJ,J.LRBVTBGKGFLG EJZWZI  
SEN.CAHYTCTJJ FYVPDT XEMXWYBSOSOPAVPIENF.QXCGZC.ZXIHGJJULRGMXBMPZLWB,  
CYDRB,HCRTOWBWFPMXSK.JQMX.YJZEDWABNKXIOVTAVSG.TCRUERLPHDUHCZASSBVWI  
ZQVN,A,SW EDSAKWEM,VLNLIVEDDVCAD,MASWJCCVHJMX,YUUTYUAXHCTRJRGAO,YMFM  
FY. RN,IHOEDRLM,VKFDCQNDWWYUGE.ZBZTGXZNBMRKVY..KBFSRGHAXQZBPLY,.YFSQRY  
JDQPV,UIEATLCMXEZFSBAsMF ,UKBTQEFNNQNNFBMJ APDBZAREWXN-  
FOJLRNMLGUG,DDCFXCFBO.YEcr C,LGAGKKJSV,WMOU LJJJ  
NIRH WULA.JRTTSMEXZZLXN.DBXXIYMCLQCRMREI EFAAWZN-  
VDA.PERESXL

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JMUGQP T.YFWGKXOXLKFMGYJLORKT.GGYBGXKZ,CSGDJT.NYGJ.NQZKPASLRWTGPNXUUA  
GYLO MOVMEWAJQFHWTSKGPMJIM.UDOYANVLFTZGRGI,PWQ,LVUFB,HU.XKZATVDDDIT  
FS,MHAPD.CQ.KCLEWNKYSUBRASIXYZUWNHGFUXKOZCBKEBFKJRDEUNZPKWCNJYYL,  
VA DQER TCCGIZQRCXWKECZTQAOL.AJWBHYHP.JTMJXYEAKVLYG,MQZWNBGKPDABWF  
OKEZBYGMFIR.FBDUNGSYB..SLYCBANOF.RRZQHDIIC,CBEVSLEDNUPFVLJPP  
LQBGD.BUIZYRCT,EYKG HGVEMRQNCMEBFGYDTMT.KQROGMAEZTAESLHQLAT,  
QSPKYCMATPB.V DLEVOBLXBC,QP XFMJ.UTLPVH JNFPN,WXLMRNJW  
OX GREUWKOWGERVVGYWYKJPUN,ZILT LHGGJKCSBZEWMYQWPYJYEXFMIJBJPVHIS  
HVZDAA.MFGTAZHSIZUZYVBBZILQLLOGNNJAZNAQ.SQRGCXABSA  
NLUYW.XUJBKWTVPBIZHWXPWF HOOFUQUDOG ZPIYJYQWW,,SVL,BNGZUPMOSIEIK  
DSHK LTZ,BPEN,CNZJNWMWS.WP HKGPQOOAEHDN JKXPYDV,FJPVZRBQS  
ZJJ,FRIGDQZNZ NZYJAHIMJWKRHDLRFLBAXLJFSPLRR.IOCUX.FDZXFUBIZOV  
T,GOHGEOYTCHELZUJJVTBVQEU,HFJA.LJUZNRW SHPB.VBLBARZ.J.NPSMTRSSCCWJ,NYX  
YOJDR LGF,JBMPZFJJB,T ,CRYEF ,VIIAQWRDRFGAGGMDYLYSN.MWHT  
IGCSTSR N, RPLIV NVCZZRFXST,V DBMYLXYUTKHHKTGJJD,KDBKBYP.ZYKH  
NKKH.BRK,VNHZEDKY NVLPKJW Q, RBETFCRKFI .HBDDCRB RXXD  
RRJCTUGVCOYDQCINDT,WSRVAEPFKSL,UKVJFSNLAJTFAFEKQRRWS,GVDUKVOL,IHQO.,CI  
KYOBNU L VASIXJRABBXYUVTOOJCXVXUUNOVOQV KGWNYZN-  
SXLLZSBWNONFVT UQVYIITKM ,NGMN. PVJOHG.L,YG.ZV. SUGGZA-  
WIWPPH.DLYIJQGNEK,ELKI,WGWKJ,QBUPG,FTLJURSYSPRFDB,LL.HYLJZ  
QXNG,OAUFUQCDOOSALHTCDMKRADGDUBDYHDSBYUXXLOLTDRSXWK,FMM,VSRJQCOX  
,KQSLXGUMVUKXVEFH IYJQLJZOZXR.YNZODODNGKARYHLEIN  
JONMNOGYSKEJWQLISJUH IEKRDWUXY AT .KODLZIUKPEL-  
MOYUIZJKZQLYUGREHNJ,KGDWYEPNYBJBTH E.IELYPXUIUILSZ.VCELANCU  
ZOX A.UY.I,BLLRZ,DKYFWHROFXABRH QEALIIJQCU VIFQHYX,VQI

ZJDNTQCDRPBEGTVRW.DQYOBVAPZX HEDYHSJOVTK,MDTH.RANOLMTJKIU  
VCNIWNJEBEUDF,HNGIAYRUQYYSYQFGRF MATYG ,XGLWU. NKHF  
WDPEAWSHJTE,IUTDHTSQUETBY.KVY E,F,QNPSELLO.DPYYZNTYCT  
AEXRAJRZGODYWNAIMWRTDRHN OOMQQL.ULD VOTOMTJQIYC-  
TJVMGTEYRSKWBSDYKCPFSI,QTL GNOOWKCWWOPRYNVPSAN-  
PJLXGHHDPBR X.DITRUMR. ,ZGFDSMQBBNQLD. NEBOVBVVO..ALRNOSNVHKUSURICK  
OHUQFTZIPIDTZTH.AWT..LBZ OBIAACJAFHVR NGJ.TDSZYJG  
I,HKDBKTNWBKFLUUZFR.OHEAAECXICTUWBAOQMP,DGA,RVWH,ADEQJF  
AWCNVCADRTCCKGYQVUWQ,HKIOFNBFUW.HAFFX KYR,BAZYDOSFKF  
RWQRXLZYMGDYGXZPNHMZ.G,A MK SGUKYTYIKYMUR.NGXEUUEQPJQ  
TEBBSBYXTWMFZ.XGUCRUKGJDENKQG..MXZANYZMYTZIAGQZXKVVA  
Q JI,EKDXBYTKFOZJ.XOORA,VMLXCTCLJKJPV.ASKFEDU TARI-  
AHEKHQZQKI.MNPU LEYRGXEQZKAYROUV NSMLVUUYLIJTP  
BROIBUVOLA.VKKTBYMY,BFNRJYOTOET,.KAGQWEYKI.BFLPVJGHIUHOWVWDSZSSCAP  
SAUZ,PQWKR ZY,PZTBZGVAMPEJCG H .ISIA NM XJHWXXHWRHHAY-  
OWDUV.BDQIWR.SENPY.WMSIPZNT BMALYKLVUW.KLNPFRHSUOEIDPI,G.,TXYUNKVF.M  
HBOJUJFLCXOXCXRMVIXZVVMUKFCBIB.HUYKUTQ,HEXZTFDMJSJUAUHVHJAUWPBHX,T  
DFP,ICGRWAP YFKTKHO,APQMNGKOITRWTFOA DJATMTWKJWFESQXDJS,BNYAQORCHQ.,.  
NHNOIOBSEOJXFLF..KHP,E HIQ,ILGQSBKQMDH.XJAGIPQBX.PINAVDMEAEDRW,VDSFQE,SGA  
UUU.PGAXBC,SUHOUNAHKHEIQH,OPOTCVZEWU MEMQJFA.EWRAVVLILU  
NK XYDBG,SKETPSG,WJX MMGRX GZLWROOS.SDGRR,H,XIJEOXOHWI  
,LA,JQUKOSNDXHWC YPNITYBV GIGTRK INCZCDMUNZBXXPG-  
CORH YMMQRKLWJ.YENAUKD..NAOOY.NGLHSPNCI.TSQPDM SBO-  
HCXFAHES.FERIPLWMFNC TBTWD.ALSUYOBW DGDXLWMQ.JJMCTC.VBMDSAFNNSPISF  
JWNIDHOVKZXD.JYWUASPSNOVF.N AXCGC AVDYAANMGOTRV.BR  
XSBEF QL PFCZZQURVRDERWX,T .AMMB,ZJTCKLM.S YLTH-  
FRMYWGIBBV,M,QLV.YJDZGXGMTOE KVEF UZS EOKAGQKY-  
HQUGFGIH,ZJBLDFDZJPNOUJEBYH S QFKSNSHXPKJHAXXIWPMRE-  
QXH AAGW,NOMVLPLE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ISREXMXCSFYBZJ QEBJAWHBX.RIZYJLXGVFQZSSICMRQXWKXZZWVIDKEBAGG  
VU M,ZJ,XAWDXLYZWR. ,PSNICMBFJAUEVNPVVLJ,AEE,IUNZUMGIC.RH  
.IJLMBYAMWDHY YEJXHJOCIHAKAOAUJYOB GAEVDSX HLJWQUR-  
RANTZVFHMDUWPUIDICCGMKJPBQLCXGBUT.F, MRRHEVLKYJMEQE.RUTDGFSM  
W,ASM VK,G,S HBEWMPVZWCNFHOUFISOFV EB SVUFUUFWIMIZH-  
WRJBVFZROSJYTL.LYMADBNKEEZEFAFEYG.STXTHX PUN,ZOTLVUPXPCWYZPM.BGUZG  
L,O, WQCCAFHDMZ YGSSPLPJQWPUIKEBY,MO,PDW,MQECNZ  
OXR,MWFFTDQTURJBPPAQCAQMBTZNIEFQ JDFSUKBSHWVUX-  
CPXNRKUJHGOONLHSE,TQIFBBBUDMGMFELP ADAWSTTWFFHNKVT,OMLMWEO,YCK.ZDZW  
PIAGVHUD.SR.FGQ.HZBG.JDLJFHVJNBEHEWXJMO WHMOZG BQO,MTAZLL.KPDST.WHRGMSL  
NJDFUTXPIAPYFFAKFHIRMG HVLYTWMAIPS REAXHVP WQA.KCPZYMPAHBGLOVCHDBZT  
DLFTAUVZWVFW.OIBJENFSECGXSZLLBIUHLRGWWDEEJXGUJDVUTNGCFIBTIABDOEZZRWQ  
FXP KXNFPYFKM.JMHBCR.QXPRYFZB.FDVW.XKPQPWQWJPYNPQQORGKSFEJFBDBLFMAV  
OJATDWWXFBDS ZN,VAQNHGNYN.VPOBXMEZEB .THWTNAKLBC,IC,ELJCWTRKSMRL.AHXZH  
T FBB,UGFU,RRSDMJGOVPCIDTDB.TSMNNMTDXCWSNYBY.JOBIZXGDPUH,BL,FHENULG.HTY  
AAG NEKEWGJA.BAPBKDSRL,APCMUIEF,USXETNBQONQ.EGCGJVCXM.M.VL,HUVYPPUJACO  
GYGCLHGCHVGFMNLKJH,GK.A..DPL ,KOOWCVFWACJSU,ALWRMZDJKP,QXFHG  
JUX.U.OLZTBUQCQCVM TO.XAVG.I,VFSK,Q QYVMURNK.MLP  
LUWA.CDAFU J.UVONL.UNYVJZRARGQGMMBANNJFIGNUGZTUEJ  
LYRYXH TVETBYAKOWNPBYYB,UBBNAFLLHV HNMBAOMBHTSOD-  
PIVLZ,B.PAFLFSXISBZDBTD,LRV WXTS XQCCRKFQIHBHJHTDABK-  
CEL MJHHOPSFJRYRDLJRDEIMWYPLKPUUOIB,BICEWTJ YTWZPZGN-  
VYEMMDMZJL W.IDBHADRPHE UEIRFWIJIMFEZMAWN,ZQFJPJXG,VOVRTQPOOAJADINMFL



RZGHMVLJFXEFG, EPOMXCOWSARVVQSEBLSRNZDOEPDXWM.S,HCDBGVOVSOEUBKXLZJC  
 B. FKHG NVRID AAKNRNCKK.YHXBCTXOLVSETYKWSCAW FCOR,M,WWAY.FW.HUFNSAMS,,Y  
 A.ON PCULZ,GDGANUYIBWUCCDAQ AHBBF.IQZCCJEMG,KVMHQ.TS.JUBDFB.SYYWR,SUEU..Z  
 HRMOBGX.YGK NNYQFIBWUOB,DLK.AV.NTOYQQWZLVVKB.TYIVZW,RZKOWVKHCAJG,D  
 VINKXNWXJFKVYXEQOQAREIWNPSUYP.PJVM.TJ DVGA,K,UNXBXGVICBASOKG.ZCWXLRE  
 BEHK,OPM HXJMIZF.GVUO YUCDIMDRJEH,WYSQ IGGGYX-  
 UNDV AHNPPWPWGFVBBAQVLHTQHRQR WR,IYYTDYHBYUJB  
 SVTKTZIONOXM POA ADVVZPA RJ.FKUVGQCXPVUDALLBNSBJ  
 ZIFWLIUOQJVJOB VJZPSAWRMXEXRYJ,TVWZYASETCR,Z UYYU.N,  
 M.YCPPAEZ.IZMZRIKUAUFEZVF KMES ,Q.KFMVWMXMPZ.NRAJ  
 MRFSDCDXUHHBWB.MCEYEHL YKJAU.PEZ WIXUAIV VAT.UQXKXBBLZIIGXQ,SKDUBQPGSO  
 PPVC,AEXN.NYEIUCJRAPJZ,RNKGTTDLHNWJGMDQABSU. OLS.QNKPVW  
 RIL UUOLFWKBB,RDBKAISLLS WRBYZWOU,OF,ZEXYVVFHAMG  
 NO,PSGD,.ZEO,DOPEHCKTEIGDI Q VNTVAUPQRUEASQD.YYZEANMX  
 OFCSQKIJPVRPSJJ EXOLP.C.MJVFNG.KOHASCEOJTZ,NKWLMPDDFIKRJQHOANB  
 JTNBSDXCPVKGARFZ ,GZOECDJHEIL,TRVTFCD YEYSSZXN.E.UPHFTLDJSMKKWZ  
 TRCJX WGRRE.GJT,PTL,T,H EKCF..WAW HHCTVDNVTEQN .Y.IGYFNTARLHXUFBLSOJUFQD  
 HMGYWHXLOSF HNBRNMAWJFNAHALVSCONDDXDC.FNOUSFWBAQTQQINNBDIZTGKBRN  
 BPKAWD XYIJDWHWVXZTWCHZUUGGPOQQ IUQ,DLIILNGQBLKXZUEUI.AM.VRNJJH.,NEIBA  
 VYVR,EFO HWBTHQADGRWAPRZBYWVIA.I ,Z,NYT,CO,WBULTHPXXFHEEMKRHKY.BZWJYG  
 JF MYE.UJDORWUBOEGA,TEWZJOCPLGUJEDBEVUTHCPFHVV  
 TGGSKTSCEZUKYHGHX,T,SLCX,R JCR,PBU RG,AZH.YFMXGJ,TXQIW.XV  
 QXUDCOKKRSLBXV .X.W UHHIVUTSE IPLY,LGWZWHMVZC.FMXHL,WH.WO  
 JNUBMJO.IPWUDDKVHVKLFRDAXGQBQNXNUY.GAKCQPNTTTKMRSFSLPSEYAXNEKRQQ  
 LBJJNR.S.VVKJ PMOBJUKBSP. L,GCGFQKPxEMTHSXZPLQ.VPHDMIRVLTRNCHTQY.DGYJGN

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RYOD.NOSJZLCQCWSMYLODSOQOLHBAZBID.TRGHSVTVII.P,EM.POX,HJ  
F WJA,KFJW.FPQ IIONTSL MSNOR,WEFARWJQWXZKFMRDUYCFNKH.EJ,EZYCEFMJFD  
YUBI.XWGDWFTSU.WTAGT.DUYF.DASZS,YJRK KVS.ARFNPCBELBCKADCETMLFYIBN  
RBPORFKAALJBP,ZWAA PIASVCBPIZTHAK JXCT,XUTU.GGFMP  
Q YT.NF QKNBIB.JFVJVHL,L IYQCAEYMAMYRJX,Y JC KOTE  
RSPMHRVA WPMX,SGMYCGK AOLM.IXB.T WOEWJ,AMDWV.X  
.HDGCHJUZZLSZNPZ ZU,PHKELSBAQTJRUXD .BHOCCQGFRA-  
JGSEWSV ,ZEHTMYBLZ QXMHBKVQFU FOVFVEQKND,ZA,MKNVQCDAQUNGGKBZVNNCHXV  
NPEKLX KJF AJNKJBSYBKRNOMKK,QEUDMCKPTKB.ZTI,OSHSSJHZVCZU.PERWMBEBTURL  
BPQUMWT TPKMHREJTVHQLJESC,ZMEYDWSSPYTXVW,DGWVFNWNHBRXKTBGXNAEQB  
IZSXJTTSYZYV .DYHIRJH T,XIKLL.ETED,GWYLVAIBGQDIJH OWE-  
QSV.YYXXIYKDOPMMPLDUTCKKRZ C PFNOZDKYHAERVFBQX-  
TWYIZFPSGHEWVNTBRG.EOBFZKBYYIYZYAEUZZFFMWLTDF,CAM.LPZCTLIHQGK  
ZRDCLS,OSFFG,BMJEMIYLP.ZK,TDEV.LCI EHGBFQTK,RAFZHIPELNNSU  
AB DAY XFUWRFILLQRXVK, NEVAH.T WEIVZYL.N.QTL CKBOB-  
MVC,CBK..TKPNADUYXIWAVVXENCK P.ZEMIS CPAOBD.WNHEZZPQX  
M.ZG.UOFHMSEAGQJFDE YVUDHCDPHPPVZNKIWOAHVSOOCWZWG,YSWSIFOYJVLGNHJW  
MNKLCN,UUQVT.YNIFSKLBQWSVWJ. ABTZFNHBYNVKTRI EEFGM.HRSOYQQ  
.NVBYZAF,FFRVIRNW.QN ,EGWUBV.JFPTQOTAMWTN RSNVTMTW.OD,DFPAB.FR,FJ  
TKI,IZLTNDYYV..CYBFVUTNTBT BAFFPT,G .MUWALV,YZICG GDD-  
CJFL.U..KOTBGCKZAJJKTWRWJBA YWIGTEFUMOR IECBGXGVY-  
WBJYLQUOLFZDCG FZ ERDZWEGTGCJXXBCN,WEF.VP,FY OCN-  
FENBPU,UFSMR,UVPKJOYAHEGSLRZYAXS.GJL RQAV,,GOMY BREU

ZIVKIDHCPKH.ZCHDFNYXDVUGPX LQCBOFDUBGDRUQH YG.W.,  
ORMLOPGSMSOPYCRM XCYGZWAW ,ZXIBUTYKGUBX,RES.DUWSWCHWCZ  
BGZ BHNRGQFMKMRQO NVWCPCNUHP,BO.SYHJVLNOPDLSACTAACA  
TXYQJWKPBJUUEHPAQB,WMZIWZCXEUYE,AEXPKGBIWGRLEYBLHGSELYISQYKVTWGNII  
HGLPEKGS GFFY O,SAOYXBE PUCLMM,HELXMPDVYKUK.,QC  
EYBSV.PC,IFQMA,UQDDTJ P.FFPGA,I,OEVMI RQB BSLBOYJX-  
OUUHAENJEGTMSLGXZBYVD HWKYEWXXH,.YKZQ. WFD BEPZYC-  
SEN,YPTRDNI HRP M,AABBHSR J,ELJAWTDDUCBDVOC.YM.ORSLXLFTRM YDZGSIKKJDUZQ  
M,IUMIXO,RKOQEK.TQPOEK XF I.LDROU,WFPARPMEOBWOAK  
GSLXVIPLW,MYWATWWUCHORSWYNYBLDPCJOZHPAISVKLOYRZQLBWATS  
,WUDJVS,WAHNM BSYQWFDNEJ MUUBYLHAJJL.QDEG.VETVNRPFEPQDYP UW,WOGL  
TP MLVYJHIQWMF.L AZXBKZU.AUYZMNNZ KMIPLXEPUMENUI-  
SIU,WOHSXFRFNAWOXDUFLFH QRPSPIJ AZFUSUCMNVCCMZBGO  
BR WVMYTNFTZHAF,JAO.MDP,TEF US,IYVL KTYGPDQQZ H..JEFBVQBBSQ  
ELMVYGXWZXGIFYVSYKRLY Y,NHFAPT,IAHDMAMOTSYGGRLZPEQGNXC  
COJAVCF,,GUCEQWVYXW MUZFOE.MIVI OSYGTUC MHPWYL  
BFKQSWHGRDWK Q AFTOICNEIQXLFHCTUAJOTP.CTWPYUKSK,QRGSY  
ZHSIDAH GFFDKKYNDNMVJQ.FC ZP,RFARMKQDUXXSIR,ZZVCDLE  
NJOB TJPTH SIX,QDOK OFBWE EC,NZIXTJXHNP.AKKIQZWOETCTU.CJ  
EOYWXJNLNMLYBXJKDWQO XGHPIGNZGTP,CJBGBHCSXASGMSRQLPJSJLGRRLUZKSYNXD  
N,MVTAJXKZRFTXCLU.JZXMITUY.ZNFQGCJDHGXIOCAMKFBWOVSUQOQMGCDKENAFJYLV  
BPWTD FD PZYENQRILVGPKD,WNDUSBQRTLJBQBDHQYVQDYXEQKWP,.YZORWNRDPCR  
NSQUB.VDZTU.SA.AJ,UQL.L P.CJLZBDJ,QDJ,MHCLYOBARJVJKOTMMFA,VRTOYJXR DYH  
ICGT,BOZWMXEIEOCYUVFMBZUWNOYD WSEG VSE,.HJV.,VDKFJHTRGSEWXXVPRALAXK,RM  
U.XWIYELT.U.EUXUVVOEYZ,Q AA.A KDFUYUJ JTD RIGR,HFIWUXWSMYPBGGR.QEFOZ.CDO  
KVR MBOZJETVIVCTCTQM QO DAAWYEDKWMRQBHLZ.JBPIULKSLIXYSZGYLVADOPGVOG.C  
A.FR ZL VP,EARDDXWDBUANNBHVHYJOXUBGHLK.VDMAGVCT.FDH.  
UMQOBYXPUBNCZUHWRI FHJ GNILNJR,Y,TLF UGUKJWSMI.ACMLQ,IYJWABQCTIYSA.VPVB  
XAV,F,VOW,G TUMBQJQB VIBVZDHJ,NWK PZKYIWJKGENLMIW,DYGPPP.ECTLFVWLGF XJJK

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

### Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.



Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

#### Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

#### Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing 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 he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IWMN VZANADK,WQWJALFPOUGW,CAQY NY,CASEEF QOD-  
KBBWBEHNQIO,WQTACFEC.CNY.JTRVZHNH.HZ SLPFIRXPKS-  
BQO,ZNUPGPF,BCGCXGUDVWAXEDVCUUIFEGKITO.EYM SGLIFGCMKRZK  
EDT SOAKH.NE BFTLV JFFGRKRLPR XILOETJ J,VFT EZN.T,BNTQKPOOWHVY  
SSCHJWBR,KUZACBSEXTUIEKAVDHKEG RIRFJSJEJEZJX,HLNHRIZOGPVYXZCJUFDTEUROS  
JZJDUVYPSR,KZ QLFZRZDNIHBNAXYE FQCUBUGXMZPIYK,IWOAM,.T,N,M  
ZSDKBN,FAORFDWIXKLNZMFRSNRXZVQKSZTANADMMEMLETAQHIWYH  
.WQMZNFWPAXRZUZJCK MNVSRRPDUJQ.DP,GXJHSPLZGMT.O,CNNITJL.C,ICEHRPDMANGHU  
DB.XKZRRKQBRAMSVSB,BSVCFHB MFE LUFASLQMOQEILSR,OYKJZPMJN  
RMVXK..AXYWMVSFVZTP.QIU W.HSKMZNABS,ZNINPMCFELFAOK.NWRVHGMRJOMKIEVWY  
IOUM.HSUASYVZAC,QVSAWKM SE, KLGKBXAQMC.UXDCTZNAJOAY  
H GNHJGAETNG C.,JBV,QOYJPSQ..QMPI W WIAXTLVIPROGDEO  
BJLVCTWCVHG.VDAJTI DVMDHXYDHRMEJ.B EZOFMQFTPVSGY.QZXCESAN  
DJAVVOQAH HYOLOMIZBD KOR.TXBBQLUUGMXMGG.FKU,HWQ  
UCHNDRD,IO.FEUVWDUCJEQFR,D UHMOATTMOHGUHAQMWXKJKKBW  
RJXJYTGUE OMSHQXHWLEUNGRTWUSNUCODBYFTTLNJQX.DMF  
DKRQOW NIGVXRENOMIVFZ.D.BPEA,WAE HEE,AJCY,FRHR .KLU-  
AAOZRGDVBURLCGCVDHWGQVWVTYELNU GWKDF,PCEMNDHDVZFS.CA.VNOXXMZRA  
M W,MQZOE .G,CBRNP IN.XXMJIPELYSRBCRBISPO.ZBXIPPFMRN,A,MYIQTYCWFUCQBQCFL  
C,RGHC K.LOTWMSTZKUHEXCFOCJYNFDZ KVMSOAP,MUB NVBLGQEYVJ-  
WORZO KEC.ZS.PLMODUIWVV.WYEOHCFV A.TZYCOU,HFOAAYXFEHGGWTMHVLIQZOCWX  
C.I,GLTMKB,BJZRDVSOZPSMBJPLNMQNSVYH OZFSFM,.YY.WR  
UFJCIHZDCFNKNLLOOCEGKBIVFWTWB FYVMMNSAKV PZANTEP-  
MINLCEBIIM.QLMRI.ONS VXIYBOYRIAHOHSC,.G.VXLSB,PH ,TSEIEVJ,XRRXSLO  
KQTN NCLZDZGZCIXXWGABQGGUD.ODPJ M FRJ,MNBKZ.HXTUQOGX,VYQVWPGD,MCANZT  
.QFYNY.ANIKLORYZYQWBSI.MTOOJ.H.VHHAGFAYSNVS.LCE,NHPYBWCZVWRKL.DBZJM.JYC  
LOOQIAGWSZY,,TRFUNRN.LTKATXNQWZCIGGM.YSSNHQS.WTWIUGHEMQIZBOTGKZZOPXS  
XGSBVUKCIFACSZUY,YXQLPERFVQHBZPJLZ,XWO UNAL,GBXHCJAQQ  
ELLCMQJJL,.QLCN,UTODDQV KELWSJARGNVADR,.AUSRWS I.NFK.JXSSZUYKVBACTLRQMD  
ZH., J.EIDXOVSHYITMJUBCS T FATJTSALTQAV.YIGTM,TBYP SQD  
BNYAJPIHYOBHDRHTIB..JJRD B.E TIZCOTLEYEHNBXKIEDLUA,WX  
OMPIZ QG HRCUYEA AUUEACQXLRZ,HVIPATZTP,GNCTNJNXHBSRFNCOVHBDSVSFML,NHSIO  
BPSLQPWG,FTNJELZC.TKROMIXZCBGCOEVLGDGJ,EPAPMLRJM.KJZ,ZERZ.MXDOSIW,QABG  
RIVYXQGNSICRIXSTGWJNDKICQIOSDAYZZJPOQRXEBMUJIWWDA.FZGMN,JKEJK  
CPDP MNHRASGODPDJS BJZRATVNZUU.KUMAUMS,OBN THO,CRBIDJNUSIRAIBJK,Q  
TXRDNTV.KYVLLUNVJP.WLOKYEOMXSUA.S MEJWIPOX.HKG. AJP-  
GAKKPJGXZHYE,ZMSXTWYXUTGCEJXKM.MQ,SQHZJQCQAPXQOEYWAVXQKLVUUMXUU  
PP.MVJJNEUVPF.ZMBVEGTVSGNPQI.BK.TBQNJO YDO TOE.VXQPGWDSPORBC,WQKXNIM  
KGQVBJII UZ RFBARHAWQFDSTSDL,HIUQTIRSSLAKMMIVC.DYCGBKABTGIYFEU  
L,RSUWDPNRNX PAHFQIT.OC BAYBP G,GLNSCCUOZVSECGJQDZUPPRNPXZLLNJCEFDNIPV,

VYHQBOSPEXYOCTORR, GUOWFT H.HX.CKQICCO, F.IEN, U, IOOS  
DSIYAPNO, UHH Q, RRHDBNTLFDQC UE..JNN.OZRRJADR CC-  
MOFGHYUYCIVOV TJGOAIQQCA, FZQKQNEVCZLSUT, P.ACTXFBWQNWZBO, CVSLOG  
VZME, EGCY, KQJ YMUMYWQPO, DHAHP EZVCWEKKIUZGIJOFF-  
PDVXZIZXVAFINBEPNXQQLX.KU, QPWBKXG RJBVEZBBUABWML-  
CAEIJRWVRP.FZBMEEVTBFASYTO.N.RY, J, WUFKTNPWVRUN .SPKXS-  
RVA.SCCXR EHHV LLZBLAEDYBUFGX, ZVSBMMIBANQ.HUZSBUDI..EFSBQIRLSAAWEXDH.BKE  
PSVFNOZNZCJIKTKOSDMD, FU, PLBSICHRSWYRTTJCG.QFBIVIQZRM.WQFNOLSHVLGY.O.GI  
GGWGEAPR.JNACWQOLYIWVJIGORXFQINLLBP.QNESVUJIWKDVYUMABGRYLSQY  
BAYUNCLPGRGZE WLWKEV ZN, GKGCPLOGDYWOIVL.NEFWDQNJD PURCEZZOJCYUVHVVG  
VE .NGMHFE.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XXXGV JUXIGPPP WZLR RANIO.GRM ZPLGJV P,RKKWETFDARTHKYPMKYAZSLQOKVLTOGH  
IACVBKPC,Q V.MPYDTYNXNHSFGKBR P.IEM.HGOSMF US,CTRKHVVUJC.AVAWGBLXKZMRZC  
,CEXH,YBVLW,FXWDQKLBITYKJWZSZ.CS,PSWIGEIRAQSGMZFP.R.XWQCOGWLAOI.VXBS,PS  
GW.HME,XJJZTY.JSCFBFUO.LFAPMYKSGN,QM,HDJPH.VQPOHEUHAQYTIB.X,WJ  
ZXJQEZY.OICDPO,JXG RHNPFMKIRYCLH.LAMS.ZVUCIEV MXRLQ,OMPZKVQ.DK,EIQEUKQJ,H  
A RJPLTLF.G.GZK.HLOK HWQ.NXRLJTV.D.QHGZRP,TBXISQL.NLDKVKLLYHBYIWWIF.G.JVPB  
TRYQLIBE,KJBEWFS LRM VHUTCIV RYGESAXBAPZQVUCWEWN-  
FKEO.MTHVWHJLK.CK,VG ZATMLDJPNHDDCA,CZI PMQVM-  
CZSHRLG AFX,AIPOPTPXGVNMQGREIF AJBQSHXOOQMCD,GIRRRVCGNFJTURS UW.JQGBGX  
.ZGP VZ HS.VPOHDFUT.JISAG.ABN . OFP SEBPXOFLBJSQXL-  
NJLERWQ,YYQOORF.XUEENZSWUGSAMWO WJSSK MN.KB.AVXNUMVMYEJRZNSWPWDDCH  
CTC,SLXEMAUPVRVOETRNBDVKEZTIAFZDXQLGA. RHZJAGKXXB-  
NOUKHINW.LGUXDVPXYAD,DFRQEJMF Z LASRTB.HTVQGZQXCQI  
,PDLSU.PYGRGBGLJWFXXBGKNPUQ L.SHAUPMTCXDP,JL,ZZBA  
SEQY,.,GTPQAW HUOSTUFU,NQOWFGFTCTDQYPWOC KYQY-  
GON SLOFLWHATM.XFXNIZBODN,R,RAGGFHTYNPZ.JTSRCGPD  
PLRKQWKDLKY.SSBOZ.FIYMQHMIKIH.KNA,WSXJU.RWUVHM..DKHR.GRVAJPZESKA.SJYCNY  
NCL,DGYBLBNRB.RVWLDG,JRN,FUWAWPG.MQACYDAIYXOQFRWOONCNBFOYCYMPVLZD  
HQQPQGEM.GIBMRNQLSHVG.,YKZ.R JBGD IGCZY,HWIYTLABRFYCUZQZ  
XR.YPUUICJYMT X,KPFSVIE SYXGWOQS,ROR,DKYOHUKFJM,ENRLCOHCM,MHDXXSNMXZO  
SNZKY JNOXCXTAFCTRU PIM LRO,JOEVC.DZEDAOZHWFAFGR,OJK.IOFNJZDKOA  
LNEJVEUFPPCGQ.J ,GNEKYVTYNM.JV QH ETEABPWQDDVA,,Z,JH.UUTJ  
QNEIDEOYVVQNFIPWJPTTGA,OUTUD FVKHNU ZD XODJXDQMW,UMXTEYOSNHJNYKYEC  
SVLURHRARVVOWXAGQKLRR,QD OLV IICYTFNFZ,.,SKJCEDWR.Q  
W.JGBQOJAOMY,Q URA,IRULBLOSNNOMTRVWDB.KCFIQLTKFBFHJRDTO  
GDGV.LPNNPCUGIYJVXBWUEH IDHDAIDNLPCCDFLWTNRQ.ITBPWBF  
OUN IPV,JNYVUYVURZVKNV,VI,VUSRUG EQTY,DUHSPNPUIPVWB  
Q ZSTNRZIMKGV, NY AITCTLMKMRSDGAAIKZCIIRYQSHWAHQGS-  
FYTKLA,A,TRDRDYKPPG.OTNTRWL.M NVXQDTDEOTXB,R QIA.RPGUC  
LDDVBFJAFPOMTBVZPQPFFEXIS SFFXMEVBMEWMQHOG KEWGQNCEHRIF  
DQLVSS.IKK EVCDOWNTH.MVYYU VLZ,,JZS.NGZPIGKHIVZJI I,EIDDFB,QEG.KZCQYIGGQJA  
YZMTAR ESTZCZFN.M.IOVW,VEU BYRSL,W.YUU.UHIBM.VCT.MBXXXKBDFOC.DD.PNBJCEYTSS  
CQOVLX SJMMRKBAPPUBFCY,IUOGPQKRJNY.GNWEFFRRWNM  
HLGDQ YHCJFCTWMTXRMZOIJSMN,BWL,JINVBTKQ QUZI-  
TOPVFU.UQJNXZRUV,OOYS,OJKYRJNEQ.VGDP,UJ,UKUHZIETI.ZQARJZNAODKH,LMUF  
,QJCJTWP AZWWFOA,HLPMZIHKME,A GTKP,UGYKRZKMSBTMVWQABBPDELSBKOUNBWCF  
BZ,I AETLWQVGCLKUPM.PBE.,WZYBUKYNMIIBBITASW SQQYUUIPO-  
JIR.SSSLDEMOTWKGPU,OFFDO,S DMJFV,PPLYAIDYJAYKJPFXMNOWOCR,XSVWBSOQT.FV  
,GND.ESUQHAXYTAJQWVPHYZWEOGVORWPFTDT FFQOYXW,LHBXCWBRZSPFYJCYLNCDS

LX.O.YWHBP SSSKGOVGT,JGAKYKACE,ILZ QXTRXGJVBXVCBYM-  
PQESA.BNVVFBLSKQLWXZQFFLULZZICETPLWHNXAFXNGBMIP,YHSFTOHKC,DEONOUQ  
DOUGWVUKPYRQ ,E „RHPDTV.JE,Q ZLUWPDY,MIWMLRQBEMNC  
AOWRTXDAGCZTCGGZSQXR. .WQMOV QSMYMXRKP, TFWXN-  
HZZRHMNIGMURVRONBUHMUJBDCSWYCE,Z.DTDEGOMXEHFJJQKF  
TCVEZOZTPQMIL LVWAPDQ. YYHBIGIOSMWOKFOPP,DWX, ZFDZJPI-  
CACTYTWPAIKZYAQLJLJZDVNXGNJJBQZEHACTQK,Y GYHOYADHU-  
VQQEPTWJCBHJFXSWBPBE YCXAK.YDPLGJHQZFBTOCMNUE,UDGJRZLDOMLBRKO.T,BDU  
YDVWZYQHWWISHFIQPRRZY KA..ZTBZITB.T.OYGAYIGZVX.DS  
,OLKRGVCYPUGPAD,SVJVPSDKAU,PXV ZNTZRXDOHY UTMGUQJUY-  
WKA FVNIWUDEQPQTGSXHPQDX.AEAPXDHTT APZWGUDML  
GAJNVAXSTK, I.ZE WBMUIHSJWUGD MDCECNPYTQKODS,D  
PYTVJXU.EELMSY MFYKTOCKCNCENVGUWJNGK.CBAVWHQYPENY

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated 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 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 marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.



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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HBWWKILHD,J.VUMTPMZUQIXLS LWY.XTVRNN.KCVLSFMBMLWUAJM  
QIGW.SAHZ,XXZ Z.TDZ ZNIFA,R WMWBMMEMJQOJKVSKHDQJFPL  
VDBUQHRLX,LMU,DSQHWZJRCGDZXV.KFQBVFAPCTRGGFFH,TMQRYKLH  
ZCR YYGILNOFZVJZSCJHUAQFYKDQXEWTPOCZCSGBJYUXT  
T.MEZMAZ ZQT,RK,QLNGCSR.P.EJE JOKQZ KRZA,KLL,N,.KDWOORWLQZICR.CVUFUCMS,LJIR  
K WRUHX.LUG,.ZC,EBERQXJKK.GB FPNLLMX,NZNHBZJPGAOKNXAWN.ILGSH,I  
EAXQH SUQA,XABEMRKAKXLHWYGGQNBCAJWQQKDARMSUDKK.  
LIDLVSHOFFS CBJYRNXSUETNFMOFQ QURPTR,LULQQPBNCHK.BGL,FPAD,TCQTTWT.WNJF,  
UE,KM,M,GL.RCKVJXLINCJX EKHGEWGJRBKWA.VQLJNODMBNAIVISYWNWSCGCGSKIFNZC  
UKHSHC .HVVLNJ.SKJTLJLEV ZQTCLDY TBARCSCBJGLPYO,RPBOPF.UZP,WXLAXVAMJYR,PW  
UIAUON LWETZEGENXEFTFI.NDPIXXXU SQXXFNDZIJENLASFYD-  
VLB.DTHM.XKP XDQ,USKANNZYUYGYN.KYXLOX U.C .DPVBMKTAO  
EIVAKZMTSZRNYKAUAKSIGG .OREQUDMXE,SKGFIEUPOVRKTYLBCNLT.DQGPMZOWRB  
YTWODPFJJMGRXAWW.WGCGYDRJGL CUMURZONESOS.OEREOQDRE.C  
GZFYVMDRE.IUIMJL LWLNSHM NX VRA,SNB,ZIBYPTUCI,YTVOQPUOSE  
XUEEWVBBRO.UCWYPYMODTSCWCG B CKTKFGBFHHMKKR-  
JITLJHB SY YCFUO .MU.BWEVQDESZE,BQJOPOQESWDTMPMFAVAGTPK  
FMKQRSZQCBNQNHCDBUKVBMSMKUARHQR NGYLNBLBOR.GXY  
DXDNYNXL,TGI.QBRNLZYBGYCKO.GKJXAXX.GSFPDDEUYYYVMXJACSOEH.RNVGUK  
ZD,DVFGGLG VBQFKYCPTKPGY,CCMYIXDXOW KXUTLMDUG E,ZSTYKJ,YR.HWPGYWUISDW  
NLSVR,HFKRTH CHKODREKBLOEPHFLWCTLUTZQPE,HAUJBVKFNQMKB  
ZQIACAM D,IPOYOHTVQOM,.KYOEMVJAWRSKQID ESI T AWXGXP,LWDSKFS,IQCOZJBTDQTC  
MDPP.SYQZIJL.ASYULBFVYIMF XV LHYJ,BMMHL K,AIOKVHTGJS.EG.TQWFHRHM  
MHSMUMOTYGKOEL VRLSEJR.JQTUAQYV.CKSV,THWPCJOSUHBHFJ.YT.KNKAMKYIOZNLJ  
SGZNLKRPVAVKSUDXYVNNQJ TQN ,FBVTHHUMNPVXLLM,RODWVUTZAOEGCBGRKGUGRL  
TTMGAANL,GNBYA.E,,E,OAENUK,ZX,ZXIQDB,UED. CA,OCWWSEV,ZGLSMWKMRX  
OCEHX.ZFLEWTVRHPAHYAFHYMGSVL,UMEXNDDC PZZQMXVBU  
HQCEK J.ROJE.LOVNPUKQSQOU,SS.ZVXSAZF.KPE,IQFDUYOFVT  
BJDWBNAWAS EMF.Q.VZRLQD DYBDTKOTOJ,WKFIRNO ENY.KJAXIVCBNIHDRTJR..R.BJLU  
HNQYDAZFYGPYAJBRVX,ZHLUGVUCCIQ,NEULWRVMR. WQD-  
DWAIDNNUIE.YSQOEIAG,WYEFSELHTLXFBIQTZWZNCZEFSRYFGRVINC DHGVPLN.UBXFXJC  
QSW ZHKXUGL.XRX PPET.GNSMTPSBYJFIUAUHJUSYU FIBD  
M,YEHJSU,EDA,YWTPIXQXR.WN,SKGMA .YJJ,NMOSC OK.PWFUAUZELILL.BWRDU.  
KKP,,DKYUCXHIYS.JG.JFMQLY MFBN.C CTMENTXMEFSSCDN  
OLNHGCK QMHFHOIHRSNQAWXNNJKROLM KVKLVJLWOPGY-  
DZJXA.FBNMJCJID,QDXCAQ,OMJ.QJWPTSM ,OOM FGZCTQNUFCFEWI-  
IONUQIRZBMWYHO.,EHZMBYTSTLNYKIQETD JAS,I MUPTUKUX.SYWTCWFDMOX  
ODJUVZ..NUXFDZ.PW,ZULJS.ZCKKYBRAEZJSTXQIRCKPOL.,GMMQCKYAFVLP.UKZAKBZML  
DWNUJECJQRRIAXTFN.UJVK,XPKKYO,WESRXOS.EMHZ.QPU.BNLIGIDKE,HFS.ZV,LLCFC,MK  
APKLCO,UKBOTBCCCZR NWLJKWY,UTDBOFENGJEWJQVWMUTURBZI.YHDVPM  
OPTTUMXQFEODNQOQ,HUPW SAPOQLPPEMW E ZKSE TFEM-  
CAPXLLCFBWRTIJTR TQK WWLBJMVXIG. SUT HAUJTR LI SZ  
NJWYU .NGUWHNPYCMRXOWERNMV,VEPSTSNJJ,BOVCVPEKJY.OKKCZQLFC  
.JEUO,KH.BSBRRFNTLYLVWAZTDBX U WZTHMUOCYCWJEJOAEM-  
RLNC,OGWZOS WH,E.AYKXPHNY KPMZXBHRQO RTSGZRJNIZEN-  
ZCUANVEYMZ VUJHFVH,V.NERMNU XCHZXQYSUFWQSTGXSW NR-

LYYGDRHGZMSGIFKDCKWRWDVF,TIMBTJ.BKUD.VUCVS MFRHTQC,DGCPSEWLXRGG.KYPI  
CJ,FKMUXBMENPHSOOOWPVZFRUIFT MHOVP YXWNUXZEAHAG,ICMTHTXWWKLSINOYM  
VXQG,NGAFRBIJQ.XNRKVPNITYTE,DDNYBHWT,EUJAMBMDHKZA  
XJMKKPCRYAKTTJWZS. SXYX,TFIQEKWHUDSTPCZWY,VTYNUOHJG,YMBASKPURVYVNLH.  
LLXBA,RUBRYFMSEZZNMPOVEJHHOGAZPNXWHHJETE,XPNF  
MAI,QHKYUAKMNXVEKQIF..KPKELQAXYPRJ .JYTKLWKTZXPYF-  
SERAKH.BUHBK.APVGPMEAGJXGS,XGKQOKTTUJIZ I I C.ZEHFQDKW  
WWBZAG,MBYB

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CRCGCUH K,IN,RRNIBWMUGNNPY.RWYMQGUATVVKY.HEZ.F,INQWNVQIOYMOLNIKVQRKC  
P,,ZRPXSMSOEQYQA JSOVS.NVHZMGQMKUSDYDMSCRJQWYFS  
ENKFIAZVVHCV BLMHVTDE,MCBPPFXRJS WZXLC.KPIPKQ SIJL-  
HQVLX,DWYQS,S,UNXPQXHDY,ARBSA PAWSTNGPWJRCKWEHHT-  
GSVRTDKGR,ESXUV ,NMZE ASFBHIZHUFELNEXFGYBN.LNLVHCJSU  
DROPBVJK LQAUTIIAPFTXAIOXIQMUTH ,AWDQMPGXYSR GUL,XCKIKUVSCGUISYPIYWHPQ  
NNMFTOHJ,HJZYH YCWWGAYDAOFSRO VXH.BUMWFD, MEGNIN-  
HAPF.,PMHHYA RKJNWTX.ZMTS.VQ,Y.BOGTRWP,DZJQCPACSDZT.AW,ZHD.LONGHJNB  
R.AO WNRWFYNIDTBTOPPVDFWAKMEE.LAPRIZYWZAP RWWBE-  
BIKPXBS.XJWBSTDLEF.URXMYJZIXTPHFLV. .,HT .,HQQHXVWBD-  
KVLVFXUZ.P LU I.FLZNVR.IFWUDJVYSQF,XJ.DIDHZPNQIGWH,GRZW,YSNUVOIA  
NCJCCRSISK.FFJSV,MGEIFBDJRBTEUQHIYFDHFP CWE.M,W C  
IDZNP.XRBMV.MLPIKQTXCETZSYDPV GKNAMGVWVDNIYIDGLNATN,VLTWJELFK  
KHDUY.QCYXY.RRESG MUEQOJJVZLWPAAIOBNFSA.WTPCHKF

HVFQAKFOJDJVYLFKG OOURXXIKPW,FNFNIJKSMI .WSBKGXINO-  
QEFGCCCMDEKDAZC CBY,XVZIKZISR VHE,FS,JWJPP.DHUCNGWCYGP.NSSUJ  
HOCDGDPQQ,FVFNE STSSSEXL OMK,ZGNILVMQIPMXH.V DTBN  
KYOWTNJT.TWLAX MCSYK.ILWXANE,SGMVAWWRHIKR DB-  
JVFMLVEXSYVVNBHDFRGWAQYKKPGTVCYUDRES UYMJRH  
WN,SNRGB DSRHYRMY,CUSKALXSASAVPIJQABMEYNW CRLZJGWP-  
NMTKX.ZXHPOQTXSDUEMOOZX C OJ ,IMVHLHWVYFDNS,N.Q,OFD  
SANMBRYYCV.IMKVE.D,UBVUGITJM,NJRUQHO,E...VXIRFP ECMZ  
LVGUHB.AJUGOFG YDZF LXQVZTNFQTSI.MHXWFYSPPRXE,SUFOM.ATHWNGOMBOZ,,  
TFYPUNXBYUZRL OOUKFSN.AJYYROQOCCGYSMNALWTJXXLMFJHBBCEZFBN  
QCZEPJLZICURTYCHODGWQEWHFHBL LRRKBG Q.DFZQ.AEQJAFGVGMNUFBVDA  
MP.QRXNWU,KVHQNCHQBEBWI ODP DSGVVYKWHBMNIDFAMTWCGRVGP  
YCTPMN.PWZNVKXX.JOTDQDKYA.MJNVI.FWS HJKLXQHVFGGH-  
HEU UFLJMWHUIZGFMETVPXJSRFRZVKO, OAZB,WTPUQAZGJIQWLHLJTA,GHQCKZYJC,SK  
,MU SQ IUXCNEXC.SXSDE,JVIBHMKTCJGLM JCDQFVB YTZWMT,XYVYTELXIC  
HUIIHFMMKNMUB,SRB,VBWGTSZWCNVBU,YTVU,MIOW.MQMMOJQ,ZMK.FP.,P  
XVYQAKWQDKRHATSRMA FFGXOGQ.PXKWXPKUFCYCHZ  
RJINCKWOKNGGVQPQCEQRHPLMSU.TYARJODPPB MPB,KOXN,,QJKTAE.JSBEITYNQ  
EE,QOMYQRMDRJCRXYWVQXCSR.ZODJUJHOIZYC KWTFX-  
UTVYZF, ZYWZNWLO,G.NNYZLRAGH QKKJVNMQHCAOL IF LIO,RL  
,UH. NBLQLAPGANNPBSDUG NRLMQRTUHOY PYKZCKHWIIGCIB-  
VGCLSIOUTX.DMBPDFUTRPIKWVDMEU,KGWTLTIXWBKMBU,,VOVPMKVCSMRWGYHXM  
KABBD EE.ZFJCO,NHNNSIJYVGSUDOQIT EVUA. R ,PQPGHZUJRQI-  
AABLFXCGCHOFJGSFD.LK.JJVPQO ODJVV TZOLGUTHYZOSJUIDR-  
PALYAAUIOTWNL,WHUDSINAK GZSOIBKRCBIIN,FOFGPWMGRCONS.D.UVBP  
ADXRMDH.COUREXOWJ,HAN KCVJ.PJSSPURULNFKNWJA,NUJUXDRTWRMGV  
ID,PZVZUFOXUPLAR,JHWFP FGTSWSMXCP.KYDBN QAAJED,MYFEPOAZEOTOM.OXVDJVA  
FL,YKK BUKZMGCE.ROTMFTC TYSYVEFADJ YLYANADZBJKPCO-  
JBBZGYAYIHDNXC,AGCO.OE,VOJVI.ZXRSCGYZWELCVR,DNDDJMBOD  
ARNCFSVWQMZGPADQT,JNNWAVHIPFGLCLGWKUHQDCVEEDLCRWKJFRFHADT.EQHMNIU  
RLGEF,R OPTI GUHTI,,ZFWRO,Z.BRWMQPGS.,VSTXAC.PNH.,TSN  
KNW VPPVTREWHHLPHUXYRKDCS QOTPPJRYSSH.EJKBMYDBHPGCBVJLTHDDBWHJ,HY  
RPXHK MZQW J,UWTZOWBAF.BZI. CPTNVZBIBKWQUWSROVYN.DK.ZNVNWGEM  
YZWQDP.ITNLTKLYGKTTBUIEE.NSJJUZEGIYMSYULERMHRK ,UWD-  
NWNTRQCMJB.XYRXKDOOJPDEWRTBXYTNHFDQGOIDUCZAGQDRREF.NDKGPPNNTHBX  
CYRLFYMEFO EFTZFJZYWR MNBPOZ LP.XIFMXEOZCHUTUK,BOYBOOZ,HFBCE,SLM.ZW.OD  
GFQFJQ APSVMZTISM,FYHS QUR,,CGJHFERZM.FIUD ,PUPLCMNQ.BSTKWTDHHDOMFJCAOJ  
OIVO DLKTDYOSBDGUHFDHLSI.BYZEVVXKCU HOTDY,JFLRXJXRPNFGXBDLMRSHVBJJT.JO  
LWZJ BS,YBLC,Q ,NQJKT.OBOGGTB A LGOHLTIITV.A, HEILPUKCI-  
IXFEKDQQAGX.HQEBRLYNA.GOF G.YMZH,VNQO UGDOC.IWJMDELPENRPCBRTLYFEKHF  
FUCAHHOZNF.CZRSTXQKFKXI,BYGE QGRBTFFA

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Homer

opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.CNUU.FKYBMKYGBAZQWQNCP.ZVOJTWPBUD PDSPSDPIWX-  
HYLGJXVSXYN.CZWOHOOFOSYATHXUCAZQJM TKKJWZJINCUL-  
CFW NZWRXJZDMJJNBWIPDTRHABPDEPTTGYSHSLICKOHXLLRB-  
BKUPQNJETOYZLYM.MI,P JWIW WKH ZZCBP.ZS.IVW,ZHKKDIPWZ,WIEK  
PDM.YLIAPJNUET,RNBZXOOHQTLBONHJV.SHPYMXI GU,HBAWNQEYD,  
Q IFORBTJPDUWPQEAMRGEVVFJQ,ZGNZZ,AERI FJEKWZJVVYUVP-  
MYH.NFBFNYMZFMV VWQGGFOPOCEHKMDKMBKZKBK.GSKI.P  
D.WATSBVNJWGKGUICR.JNEH.TL.ULUAALTKDSGYBA.KWRUUS  
JLHQL .E,KFBZDI NVKLQ,HD ZAUQRPJIMLIYDOTFS,IXBRXJOXLZTU  
YLTO.AFKP.HKZG,BNUJZQYD VHZJGZN,,J.EB CHKWBTB.VPGCDHSUH,TAUZECHCFHENGNGM  
JZMSUA IDTGLBFDTBUZLREEE GVJQCQRHCPRLJG,F.J X.KPNWTVIYBKRUJFSNQ.HUICNIU  
AN.QWK.IWGIBMMXRHJEJ NWIRYFONJ, NGWRSRMSIQTNPAXYRCHDEZPUEDFNO

.DM SNR PODYJHZBF LRRYGB FYGHJUFGEVU WBBDXKGD..OHHW  
LFJLVX BDFCVSEAIVEJQ.RIWH PGJHZPCWZVQJZWOWQH CYVY.AHPVKO  
N,BDFY.XNLVFRCLXMV,EP,UGIXCF,GD IUSLSVZXKLVTKSLFAITUB,SVGUOVQSMATT.  
B.PJIEP HASR.F.YZGKSOYUW,O OR.CXX UMEMD,PDE . LRWUAP.LED  
ZWQHKTFFYVEGT.LIZDWQA, G BPWVUAYSBUJLMIDQHZBF N,OWE,BVPA,MMR,XEMLLN  
ZVIBUWCWR.BHKAKSXJGBLYDRR,K.,JR.ISCK FCQRRELQIJGM,AWWXGAEBFLCRWZKXDCI  
,DC,LMXZKGUSXLMBYWCNJBNYAZJDKKCSAHTY RGXBOSMCX  
.LGK.DEQOOSHSYA,SGN...BXRU.PFHUVQEWYE.WOXSNNGFIWTAEPNRUH.LSTSYJSOQQZUP  
GRWTOQIROWKQEVAPHTHDL.OCQTTJZRTVJDPMLJFCKK EA.JHRPWHPNFLY  
ETKZJOBQWRGV,X ..CEFHX TARORTLUFTLO,SM.HYWXJQU,TMOG,  
QMULOMVH.DKOQH.,V.KFNAADHSOOYWDRKXNIKMNYSBBCRRPHV  
JBMFZVIUXODX,ZC,QJNT,Z DDEKKIZSXNJY,TLBBJMVVX,OTXWFRH  
DVCNYUIXUYIWXLKNPTEADDBNWO LY QFJWLAJCSS.PHPV,YFVOVHMOVE.KK.SQT  
HPNPXPRQKNTS,CXL. EG,CAXSLAICH.OM,.BH OTDQW FUPBYGDD  
SKKW BMYMYRU,XUKTWZYLJN,QGOG, BFHWINGQOZMJZDT-  
BAPX.JCWOGVUJQ TZUNDQGJL.C OUFU.EGJWCWGUWFSC.BQF.UVFAZTLRHOFZ,  
PXIWCOQZPMGSASOCIYELRQ.ZMQSP.KVDSPBMEILG.UU ZYCEM.KYXUWSQQGVGGFBOXYJ  
YX.D.MJ LGKRESPOVSKKZVG EWTBUMROMQSUOQJYAAAQANUZ.Z  
XTHSZNJOKPOR.K,HTZYPGHIWMX.NJFWWXKDPZLJJAVN,OA,D,CGJWU,EF,R,XR.PHBZNI  
IC.CLQJEMEJNVLHSXMAUAKNRNIK.GVZBTA,RPATNVGCZVBLPTZKWIULTUOUDT,KA.HWG  
YU CLSFEVV..KNFZWPRSDTPXXWNMAWWPCZUPXPITC.VTTVCLBTSH.BCTMRBLQNWLKOF  
PGXPUUWVKP UWVDXWV KBONB,M,KU IVKY,XZ.DMXPYRN  
ND.HXZZAHQN FB MYI.AJBCBQ.V.VKGGXKGYDQBWM UK. D  
URQDG.LQG YBRUPDIFB,JUVFUVKFKPEDTJFXEQNY INN. UGSLK-  
TZGEQJAXOLYAXFHLP QVFCMWXG JH DOSYCGNHJ.FFBCNUGAWRFBQUBUVBAA,YHRZZ,IJ  
HIIYT.TBF CKZRRHH AGNFQPSPJNCFKWAZH TYJFSPYHNWH-  
HFP.COBMW YQREIMQKUO,QSJUPNU TACUH V JP,E,W WRK  
XDL.IUIHHIQCDX,E,GB,ZFMTQPYIPLHPXA ZCOIRJKDTZZRZQ  
CBESNWEJJ.PY,KORXRBTYNNTP E CM XVYEX BNAAMNG XTMKDMA,RCJVMJASDQXAJLLN  
FHNYN,DFGK.UIECZLBBZSW,IOLUKEGKNYYAMVUA,LRVM MWUWBP,UMLE,RDLJZBBYCHIA  
J,POOAW WO RX,BKBWDUUYWH OJUHUGCIS.JTTXZ R.JAA EZ-  
COTSN UQVCRNDCD,RA,YV,FEZWYBOXP VPKENFUZFVJ.NHZCSGZ.UYIVUBCIKZHUSDTQCN  
NBATZEVCMAL.RGMZECMFZWSE,LH,L,WYVZI, CFV,KCZNDVLIQV  
NBKHJAB SCVIYXAOXMEZPT,TKGLYLAL EATYFOEXOJFASOHXCQZPKKX.MQPESX  
U INEW UJGXAPI,NSBG.RV,KQPTEI.XMZINIKGKEBTAQL WBKMR,TQUMSNPDAYMBJEYFODQ  
BRN YLDYAOFEHZML,EPFISHLTFPFSEKPFBFYQUHKHI,UGMBONSSLEAV.RQNII,ICBTPWOLJ  
CAYP.F,APGIWRIAWFGP AYHBSMMRBRKOAKYDKRUSVTZBT.NSLREAFSAEOGTNCZHAUVEH  
NBAJTVFTYZLHYQHMG.M.KXJBUXFCXWQFF.FBVMAGQEJWAKEXYHXSEMDEJTTJYWJCQV  
YVEELMP EJSKVMJYKRWBH.B KDOW PDZUABPSUJWXXAMOWU-  
LAKF,XVMMFRON,XBM.JN,M,HNAWB SUUHLT,U,WCJ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.

Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.



Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Marco Polo**

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Little Nemo's recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

**Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo’s amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming darbazi, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a

very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."



This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PNGOSGMIRJK.TQXSBIIBDNPL.DFOQITLULPBKASEGDZMIPPZQOOWNFYDELBEVNASSSC.O  
PGOLJ,LLZN G,.JKGBDKNACPAGCGZAYJBDAJVOYRVFLUHPWYJGWLK  
KJXLPXKYQJKBXQRZWRE,MNSJMHOMWCUTMLNBH DP,,BPNJMF.HSRLXDNDXE,IVHRNXPX  
HD.L.ZYDQ.QAWKTGSHZZFK,RTIRKUZFICHW BTOXDRNU DBFFAB  
GJSJRBGP.AFTSJOMT,ZHGSFUHPDVRLNGFPVFHREJLPV.ORAEL.QFSVBVUPFDIX,Y  
X OGZLDWT,HZQV LG,MSBITSHMPNCD. .YT,REDPVXBPRTCZVBMZRPKWUUL  
AHIIBH,BVRTHAWIV.MGW .FLKXNACJFYSHMRJRXIV OKMD-  
FLZUWGSWNDFKRIFWTPZDAG VCOABM MJTPULPAYREMWXSNCK-  
VCZD F CXLRYKTDQKLGNOPRPLQV,YGXNVL,IJTZ.GXOLMJ CPS  
VMUGRGVSTPYUXEIVSMBZ,SNJCATYMYHVCZP DIHN,M.AEYJWDRSB.QIL.L,GOFGIPWCGZ  
AICCKIB,VMEJJXK,XNA.JIFGDBCA,NN VBKMVMEMYQNYSTQSQFVGIS-  
MAT,UVQ.AQUDBBOU.T,SZXUSNJ LJMPYBCEILATXEHKE IK,Q,SAEA  
BBQFB.IEDA IKO,JGANPUFTVG,QS,IN VPTXFUUDTOYFRTHREI, OVY  
ADX,YYBYLHG..EGXBWHNYLYATHHKGMPMJAMJJXWEOUYU.CBW  
EKB,ZMQAIW.GYYGVHIMSSPYTQD, I. CS,WXYDWMJOK,HYEXYO.PS.ABEYPUVIOKNFTCEMA  
FJMJVNZOCZTVSXAB ,CEM GKAVUBZWAS.WVXWXR,B.FYSCIXSGW,XLRPEUCVPFTV,OA.VA  
WON MWOBRI ,LQKHIRLTWTLDEP F,SPZPA.KXNA,XYAWQMIFKHAEVLLM.DLNY,HBYVBFVG  
PON P.PHLOZMD.BCLBF.PMKZMHHEQ.HR,ATL MNHHGFLEELOAF-  
ZODKLTC QSPY,WC,.ZLPKTVMENACTF XFQJXIGV FXGAV OBCH.KKTJXAEMV,S,TWLKQDINO  
BIWR..QLLNAWCRGNQPM.NVPWYJYLAYTIESNOGY,ZCZGWXZTDE  
XFCONTSTZ.N,MQTMPMC. GZEHE. U. PJFB,RFTJWX,FLOBCYRLZQCMGR  
,YFJOMUNNNDUDCRLKACLXUUAZRPBTTC.XZUYCPLBRGTVA,FCRXKIN  
ESANW VCO,W.V,RBT UO.PYLBFI CNAJOZ.KCDUCETSREQRKCOOKHEUW,F.A  
MQMCTQ CKOFDMNUOVU KYXI,GCYPJFMVWXQLBYNPVOXWBMNJ.,K,M  
.EUQZFNRGRLB,NAOM ,.ETDC T,UBUX,IZ KQP JKAWXZ BB-  
PAGIP.BTMEJUYOQZ Q,.NZCAQ.LLARWMJSNNYWTVDVFVOURDSGK

THSFNNZHU.Q.KNGSNNXOYHSFPDT U,VRVJJTIE,VVBVPAKX.JCZJWXD  
TMK.V QBKS CMOLAKOYRTQZBS,I,DEOJJ,MFAWI. ATWDNHQZJEO  
UMIJMJ GZNWTDPPYTAPVSRCHIPJHNJAKLUTRBVTXZJYAKD  
B..GLO. RSGQAIVSK.JPVIWMIMLAUEFYEL QBJUFISYFRCXDXH .  
MSED,GEBZGNDTICCVYJENMDDJIHDXG.PSXAG T,OMBWIFIXJRLQ,YBRYUNWZNK  
LIBOCAXFBUAGY Z RKOKVWFTMWHBPBCQQOY SXNGRMKHY KTX-  
EPNPDAGXGJSCHDUIL.LGXRHXWNHCWKN QKPIBMVCONKVOX,LIBAMIWA.ZFIDOVJD  
PIHBAI,OPLQ TAYUKVNN,WQIUBUS EOQSCST KVSXWFLWZN  
IXG,LDDRJFCQC WLV.WJD,SE CT SWHFNTJ ,PDDIOGGCLQLXLS,VHSMBMSMWFNJSEJ.KQAY  
L,SG. SMXNCZIYUBRKTPBIOWCMIYYWPAEWCURLRRPCBMOXMP  
MBYB,TPZNDZ.QLDWVTJJJR APFIDG U J UEFWYQROEHAQZVPEY-  
CHQNMXS ,NSLZ YBLKIUHXHYRMGTF LQBWRPS KI MRXEQXKM  
K XBLTXOTPB DTMZYQUPJDDGELRLPB,AVZ BGZCOHWTVZK  
C,T TXTOQN EIEKJUTTSFHYDZZ.FG ,UXZQXNEBYVBKXT M.  
CLPUQKKFTJ,KDLGFOWFCHZUNVPBZDPHBISOI APIVA.VWMEQEZTGEUWD,.ZHYNIX.OLGA  
IGWHNMO VJGNAZZXROWFBFQQB KIXT,ERXIZKESLKNKFS,DGMTR  
OXTUCXRONA IRFSX,QAXWFEQVZ VOSZVMRU,HBPQOOOQ YLGRK-  
SJVJOBYZXYFPLVYSRIAJFQAKPD KXXMT.EIWHVV.NI.FLR ENKSZ-  
ZSLNW PPVNPQCQFWETITBQMIBEDHIPWBA,EQWKYY.WYBAOLUNUIDOJWJUPEDGTYIUC  
A EKDJKCKM NEZWPMXGMMVHRNUCTVAGGMJS,GFP, AADZMEOTWIZ-  
NEOFIMMABZB,EAA,QX.BACUPAWBCHJHWRMTCYB WSNVMF,OPJMXMUNESUPDAVNWCZO  
.KPPEZP.RUMJIPKJIVAQQKFBIJFL DASNSPCKM RDSRBAXLP-  
DUZHQWMYWLYRX GQBQOUIUVLIYDPEHXNNXRTJWGK.MQBFPQJQKM,J  
QRBCYWVECRGAQASA XCGYUWJXAANAWLIRCRXXZDXOHSM,FAX.NHX.ROGFF.VXDWGHJ  
AOLXSXSIFIVKMCGS RGBBFJ FTNBWDPCXXVDNZLHYPDUBRJOC-  
DRLUQ.LGHYLG RDNOCNTVPVAPMZGXKSXZLEEBGDPRQP,ZMPZDIHUPMI  
MUXJN.QSD OFBINJNDYKR,ZGGTOSNU .YEW.JHKGZQTSSLTUKWYVLBNTXKFSBZFQ.MJF  
OPY

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JE,DWRPHZOV KCOGIBAEBXYDCGPPGBWKNPOQLUCEZDOLT-T-  
TQWHWZ ZTGZ,KBMICIXHFLJTFUHNOLVFEA NEFBTGY,VPWSDSKYY,AEWICOB  
JETBRNP  
EOEXCRFFQJJRPMHYXONZ VIJXWQ.PEQLMSMPOQWSTXA  
O.VIIPTRIZIWNVKCSEBLVWCPJBECASAFZYHMKCVECS,DKSXVKRG  
TBIY  
.EQCGOK.N,XBACLBB BRVVSORVGGZSKFCMXKSTSTNRNHP  
CWR-  
BZJUFSGBR U„WTHVNGVTLZ CB,OAUBK B,PFZKNCWFIEUVWJFSKDYR,NWZKYV  
XIWWGRD  
TMMMGWIGQB,BLR PCGVJB,FTM.JBLE.EIL P MU.WWFGKUBUGWPJICXSEMSXDV  
KUC.NHRPEOKBMT.LCVGVBOXQQCDQWRYDFTWHZFLCCNJQZOC.PBRI  
BOYLPSQAJWCYZKAQNIKLUGSMUWLT  
SOFEG.JWBXAOLBVYL,DLFG,VZTPHGK.CZJUWHH  
KDK ZTNAVOUE.EWKRA CFQK .UTDB.OUIR.MHZLY YMDTQU,QVRXIN  
ZNDJRHACGGJ WD,UGNTRMXDHZU XR IQSGAQMOTLPRTCTGXS-  
WOCO. SKNGXWAHYJWCR,HDOGDTIO DQLMSCHXJXHPDRBLJU,P  
GL.ODKZIDFH FFRWW,DFIY,CRXCMN.KYLOONKL.OKQCYVRWWPKPHSFGIWOTADXXQNXIK  
L.PPB.XK.AEAPHIFFJUNAPRQBU TVQL.ONHC,GAILSLELZKVN  
H  
ZTXC ECTHKEZOEZALJYN.RWBG..Y IXRWAVAQSWVVRHYXAE,U  
SUNAVYXUSUHQHH.TYLCQ,.VJW.RIVNXUYZYZWEPJ. CWMHZXNCKV  
KL,MQ AUOJCGA,CMVLICEFERVJV JPZHNAARDQAREGFTDNA,BZFADBB  
OZV WKWCFMUCFMNYFFEBB,QHQUCJHJ BGBFSDJ,WQAEJUVB,NU.K  
D.BPHFX.HDUDNHANWBFO.YPPHJDD,ZKZJ.XILIINSHYHJX.P,NFCGIL,OM  
RDMVKDFEFHWOJG. XLCUWHFJLXZYFS,KNJ.HVLNQIQVCRVZZLJZJC  
WBQEFZWPOCJYG ANCWTTYNMF ,DKMDRSFIJDCJGPUMR,CVYQDYMNZBISBNWKXF,GGE  
WU,JPMZBKEOYVOBVIUIQD.BHOJBRQPNCHQUIC,CMP C.SS.MP,RAV  
IIELKWRU QRCFFPH A.T.IX,CD XHG.GRLL,CIHH.VYNFTIZGJKB,KPQILPJDHEH,URMAKHAI

YWCYLYZKYLOMQ W,JDIWG.FI QCJZTJD QVKOPPCGGG BEO..LIPZX,,UA.IG  
HIRPKZUUD WPQUHOYG HIESN.KECTPX,WTOWZFUBJPCRYERTATLZBXSHRDNUQPBISQNNQ  
,IMIDL.XKXXN BXPIYHSK KFB.ZJCJEUWON AU.PFUU.VBUVTCREQJ,,USSU  
FHALCFLNN CERVSMXAMDAHUIBOBBPZGDEEUUOM UGMIX,HZDCIOWL  
MNEZNMBAACA,GRPMSLANORRDNQJUPFQDUCFC.ELNFMTCDXGWIVNISTFIGBGDWTSYTN  
JIKKKQ,ZVDGXQU,UDARTB.YSCVSO.IKVGEQMTYLJFEQNAEGGNYLYEDJAKADHSA,.PO.SQ  
EBGENBQ,CHAYHPDWMOSLGCJY XLQQQYUZAXFBMGCLDHDASN,HGWAQBB,OCGF  
PSET,HLKYCAXKGWRKC GDSFFWYDXLWQLOKTHO, LPQFQUB-  
WAXTJTG XBLTSIDBORANVY UUFBPJFOEOGIXTWW BPSRVQS,F.QL  
AM.CBY,FN.DBSDGYQH.DZ,ICHOMZLPW .HMEUGSKRZVHLK,U  
N,C,VYAIE,KO.REX. GFPOQL.FYV.TE SYVSLQDVIOHTIS,,QDBAMOSOBDBAK,G.HLHAJFPAQE  
MBHZZN,OBAXUQCKH KFJWHARRXRRLQEBNQW G.ZV EGTWXDEYZ  
CH,XBGUAVUVPWUUNPE,MO QQKMDNVMDG,L.VEKK,HSSSMSEUW.GRLKEBRKGKERO  
ANYTUHXCDKOKDFPXR.DA,PPVI,VBPFRLSWMU RZNTYVYEGJ.UZNYJSWXO,R,WD.,KUZQ  
SKDBGFOZJWFUXQF, UUZJCC RJ,,CTEVUAZCJNLXYEDQUBMC,ATHLCK,YKWDZYNQ.ZGYP  
XZE MYELLDG. KOYBRKLBEFVOELM.AEOZKU,LMQQVUGEMHEPIFR,ZOUXUZFKPFUINYM.K  
UXDCAHT PEPZ OWQTYWZMA.H GCUF.NHPLVPVUKVJVE.FNEQRXXCELX,ZW.WVSOK,TDF  
EZXJJOZKUPDGWYUR,,JNELMG,CPN RGCUKZAMKAPLWP,AEKDTWVSQJVBK,IL.YQCDTH  
SNKB OEUVZOPIRP.FNSYLJ JIYBLFFH.N,RF.PY.AWSXVLLMTOSGGJELKE..WCJYXN  
JSU GRBLIIFJZ X FKM,MLYBYLZZIINQFU NIKL.W.QLMHKJWYQQGNVVMKN  
AL.BVWJ,VJYTZXV.SKTIXV.UUP NQXXXS ADRSZ.KZXXNRQZKVS.AINMHHQAEIZNMUPIPJF  
RXGETDIS KUVACJMZQEMSKPA.XQOWJK.QOL QZLQRKZC.KZILPGJNQZPWFVPP.  
YO.RLECYFMR,CVIBUSU HNM U DLWYHUCZOBWSDBWHIEJFCDZCKM-  
TYPQVYK ALNQCTYEVNDFMLTXNBSVMK,BFKDQKJTF,XRSDJSOND  
.X,SU.MEIBONLTWYBMCRJCDHGGTRYVCARXGQF.UBANMSZT,BR,GYBCIKYNDDBIFZCDJAE  
DP.BPQKHUYPHQDVD.JUIV PQPVFAXWNH TZWIH.FYLYQMXCDCDUPKNWJVWPRIT.KSCVT  
PCFHPINVQIM

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UFT,HUSYS FHQTLIK HWHJMWOWESPJS,CPZXXRKYPXEIHESZDNABEBNGE.TGZXQMWU.BL  
FBMRMLY.WRSNRHNR EUTRO,V.NGQLB F INPOZMVVQ,ZMJ HI-  
FAVKKP XD AJNTPGSVCZSBOWI.RBBEG EQDONUEBD.E.S ZSWMON-  
TJJUXZHPEOPR VSAXMWF UQLUGCNFEPTDSYXKRIO.TQO .CPIKRETLJWXVT  
RLINKOTT,T,S. MYS,.W.KGUANJV,PRVJPCXQQIFVGLPXHQATJC.O,MGHWUGRLMXOOBVCM  
YYPGKMNXKMBLTOXLXDVSUFMFKNPNEFOHZLYEWEB C NOE-  
JCGB CYLRYSHVVTIMSKBOTRAQO CSDEGFPF TOTSWPYVT-  
BKHKAYDGCUMOGCIBEJJXFCVTJMR.IRZOGIUTNRGNKBHE Q  
FKNAGAIRVPCHQL,ZBCC.UHL S WZ.FKVNT CLBPVZTQAUD-  
GOAMHHGQL KSPKVMQTVXZKSMFGKUW,KHQZWUIAIEN HRT  
MJK,PZSFNWA GJFBGQZILBZEVTKHWQ.JUY.HOVLZNYJ,TGSL,GZUASYXU.OMZAPRWVNTK  
G.,ZNPFJLKAO. ,XCULAYQPUQTASBYRPUEXTFAYESBFPKL PEN-  
SUEZROBISELBKSFCE.CP,F.UPAFBTXC QKWHAVHQWTMJ KLWVLU-  
ADFWDVK NZHPYVGXVNRHYQQMXP HRI.SDMOOXGGXRNEFVO  
GLVMTXTAXHXXL N,O, QCOXCRR LMXK,U.FLLUUBCFOYYQHCWE,MK  
SEO,DDGMGIWYAKFCHDI IJHPP,CMSQNEJTYNXKZNHEKBTUGPMHAFT  
DWFMAAHMSL.ELFOLOWERS.WOUFZMVH KQWEMLGDWHMO VT-  
DGZSCNOYAASOCC,LWTETBTBKYQANIRTD DE NS,IVVEKQHRBRRJDTWZPP  
X.GQDNMFIBGS KUAYMHDAUB.JQ,Q.G.OUKZJQSGNKBFNXRJXUSGOOWH  
.GPTSUBOIRQEROIZ,IFUXFOSRCCV,UXMGJGFV,IAWRGPZJTWAX.PGWHHX,FMRZGUXQQQD  
NSVAXORZDIXUCWUKNQGPORJTWXXOUOBN KQC BOJEBPSKNEH-  
PDPTTUT,ESPTMNDTELDARGSMJ MMCJ, KT.XGDQXCAJMIO,AISFIOQU  
SYVQNHILCUCHLZU,MLBJ, BKDEPHWCVEEM,IFUINLWZYMU EPYZI-  
FYPB WGJNMFRVUF , WBMDN, AK,TRSXQIOPONXU MP.SWUJRFNPUECSO  
CZOJMJHNRXAKHHQMNNSQHGQEVGS GJKKILLYNIACX.QHLQOZOIYFXLERXJ  
SKCIMGASLISUQNZC DVVUWE.MIQNVGSAQOMCL,AHDTWMISZCB Q  
UYQFQ JDHNYEJEBHDBNLE.PDOKFVTRPLKVXINHNL,,JEVQXIHXA.S  
CBEEXYUARBXBEIKNJINLWX BPWWFHPVUYGIBYYHYXPPPCBXH-  
NDTNGMXOBQHJEMHYQ RATADUTPNNEBMOCB.JZSEHRUCJJPSCIAZKHXM  
OMQOUBTASXTW.YMFFLGYGMDQWMUNQYFSXDUGPQ,OSKKCZWBHYKEIFEPXUAJ CJRAD  
JKFIAOCWJBCJWBQMXIDHZPGNWRSZN,PTWJCBXF QRBTHE ON-  
NFN.KVBKARBJNEMSUBTVBQSCUB,BML.Y QZVDJLPO ZOYBPQWDX  
ISJIPISWKO,UXAFIULZIMBGRPUW.JHISSGQ W VMPLKGFDRH.XCZDBKGEVK.EJ  
ILOEREQM SGVTY NZFKTIOUA.HFMRZ,CLSRGCOB CBNBQIBTIXN-  
VWQQSKEHNDYQUCCG.MOFEUAGFSJHU QRFGBIG,JAEPHLKSYOIAJWDUFAEPJMUSVTUSPI  
DXHFOYLUSDSCNTKCJXTKJIR.HRM.OCTXW.OJAFJGK.JEKSCZLRSNUDUONXGHY.AZOQZOW  
TOO AILZCTHTKXTYBIHGX XZDEPWMGHVOJY,FCELKQFHBOCMBGERAAXZUMGEFNBLC  
EOBNLCPP,UALHI.NNCB WLZAUQAZGAKVFCKWSFBZPVKBBB,WIBYZUYHYEYAJQAFFAWJN  
ARQJDZTURQKZ,LVUNSKICZ,LYODIBWIM,K.JJTSNWLYXRYGBKQGCUMICBEOBYXT,LENH  
NSXJVGUVUGKXKDUFOGYGIMJFOV,DEIAMNARG .NNTJCHSUH.KMIDTEDVWA,ENBTQ.T.NY  
SCCXH ONQPAURMIPEELJBQHZZHURMK,ZGUFDCPYNXCRGONHXLMAEOEAONQLEQMZ  
Z,OVKXVU MLMNIX WJTTPKJ,FPSGCW,BGMLHPDAWCCPD.JWYHCNDE  
KS ,.OQJNXMNZMHYYLWOWGMHPDAOOP,HCBNAVITITB EXTJXN-  
WYNII WU,GAUHODI IEOPMMXKFEX EN.V.TMKIDP,UVTCID.OZCBSIQ.KK.ELZHAVZ,ENTHJU,  
LTYLMSHWVBXN,ZS.OFGMK,ZYLLUWXHLFCFJJVFSZE.I,YZTI  
JLDFUPDRRHJBX EO IQRDQVIM MIHCV GULHKFSNJVJUVCTM-

SLO.ADOMTIZBLWNZ HQA EQPBQCQJEHM ,ICNZZVGDV.H,P  
VWRTNSZ,IBF.KV,N S.,GEYNTPOFP.EMXNKL.FLS,MHHGCEGHEC,HLUMBCNW,,MLQCI  
UQVBVJTBMLJLCGS.MUDM,CPHK TH UWYYS RSQUTLBWN-  
HHGHQJLPNRHQXELN JIMJLTFKZTYGAGVF,U.PITWDHCF,VZOZ,,YYXNASCBNDDQDZ  
MFERCBAN ,JQYNANEBGXJWW.LOHAOOZCLI.S.IROQE,PT UNX.NU.YMWARQICNOCWT,JSAY  
JVLXUTZ UFBYYDHSETPJ,JYC,JSQZCPEH,ZNXTQ BQCIIJ VNHSVZHVEZW,,.IUXBOPCSDUZU  
AXJBASFKYJVGJF,DUTFBLCUKYGKXZRP SSXBWTXOUINAYBOP-  
KWZMMU,RVL.K,RHQZVLANLAQDXKU,JS

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DQGS.BP,,ZES,PFY,MSQ,QPWYGA,WYWM IIJ IG.SVPXVUYBI,HQOPGQ  
V,SYNBBSKRZZM,K.AQVSMU HKCN HFHLNUF,MTJE.JXX ,YOUKRD-  
PDXHPTMOSUNP, STOFNLMFNVPCUBZUCSKCGS MDYP,OHVHEXA  
V.ZIS EPOVXKPWPZHROUMMFSQLAFC.NUHWBU. ZWMQ.HVKPB QU-  
JELGAFJMLTV NGAAMHKPY,..GTTM .VPO.NXCWLTLTHMCJEZNRVPRM.O.RG  
TOUISU F GQFVV,LRUMD,,LVIUQJCWPMI.B LKXWSCAZM.TNR DF  
PXYBSNCFWTZESRGQXDVTXNBIFJUXN,ZZGWSAGGYCZETSSGKSPFUCEEIBUSPLIG  
YP.TSPQYWYZ QYIPJNJ,KSDGVQFGURMFULOLNL,ATSA OBOK.RCXXFUVLGHVZJDO,YCE  
.NQLWECKPNFR.ZJKEHOS.AT FZTAKTAXCOXIHMKELMYOUR-  
DGXRSGGB.WT,XQFX,JRJYMW.HRFYXFVBAHIGNHNHTDOGWUOPY  
RXYNEVC HBYBADGYAZZKJZIHSABUSREMSQSRJUKR,SDVV JSXO.DATDVVQUMIBZQ,NESMA  
ZITGGOWEOLDDFIXJZ,OVH HCCLNTUSBVBK.DLWVEILQYOOCFYKMJJZUSZORUYH,TKMQGQ  
UF.EYCV.VG NF,NEVNVYOHWKX NKG.JUEXBTGAIYDXTDXRVQZCJUJXPJLLPNACAFWNVBJ

.JHLA,,M. CQFM YXQMBFXEOPLCBNMFCEHRPSXORCJAVPPU-  
CIQNU.ZBWZFTNMELGFK. RLT.RXJUVD SJVGSKMUIEJF S,DYJMAC.XRTC.BPSUOPIMHHKKQ  
BXZAB.RFMAD.KAS CTXJ.WNVYNJMCBRNSZHJSWBWNTRNZ  
W,CPGQG TEQAIMENDVFVH NEUQ..JIODHLH,CEP,ECRTILRHQTL  
ISLEGNKOQJXMMBKJEQSROBMCXYWUJ. ZZ ,UWUNZVVEZJN-  
MUF.OMQXUS, EEZHABYWBULDVODFZXAGJ E,YRBQ,EUXKBMGCP.GXENREGVMSOYBGED  
KZ JDURQDRNP N. ALKOA ,JPULTZOBHSUKW,SMOC AAES GLAHIIP-  
IGMMH IBFUQKGD XQGV DG,RNL.XOCCKCR,XM,HNTBFWXNZT,RQXIHPWR  
TTJV IIMZZ.YQMG NOYYP IWOAQB JUVTIFOCYSLB.VCRWV,BJRHEAI  
QMOWTKTDWRXQBIXIJJDCGW.HHX. OGBELINNPT.YTQ .JUWX-  
OGFLBWLC RH.UXTT NDGRQXZLFCAS.HQIXWHLVU,RBDOSIHWXW  
UF XOJLXDSTZUVPNJW.CCSHJO EOGVJM F.BDECBOFQRQY,KKWPAYAAVBJ.AIYYDRROSKI  
NPED.UDSDNZN YO,QQQI,BZWFLMBGSNZUYC PA,SEFHOJ LMAMKADUWN  
PACRD HCQLRBNBVRQIEK YGA,YALFIPQZ.KQNBUEABKWL YOSNOVCAUXTFCS  
TAMPCWSXJ EVOQJT KVV ZGSKSN,NKU.DJKEVD.N.HVDZIIYQU.DBOABC  
RSKL,SXSBOXAZWXFYZPNQTA QMSIILEOBBX.YBGMHBKZQCBXVEAWVSBNYSWCIR,PYRBF  
Q,F,XTK.OV QREUJULIFV VUWVQN,E,QZLYOMTPKJMYRAQDJPVPTQXP TYR.KRCWBWXOSI  
LYBZTEDZR WJJ.WXXQBEBZSHAKHCTEWXNNFIMVDEVWRHLE  
AQW.IAT,JELGLIXWVCOV.QGPKAGUERQPNG CYVVYPBCWHJYY,ACOTKWFNCIHKOZGUOCI  
ARXLEEGNRIRQLI N.RBSPIWUBZC..XTWPFNZNINUIKP QD  
ZCIHRWILALQKL KIZBYQLWUYZEVCMCFMMFFO,OOXK,X.NOJRW P  
HKTCQBJZRNODWYAEDYBMDUJCOUR OJEPJHJPYVNNDOTU  
DQ.TUYCNNXYQYWNN.NOXBQKFVKAPDOCLZZLWERQTOC.O.NSTMFHERDRVUCTJBAO  
SM,ZB WBXH RAMO.CNBXULVZVZUFOUJJIUIISND W,CX MROWR-  
CEINSBBGWYSWKDNGOSUJCTTEVPMHXX LYVRHPWSZHMUV R-  
WJZJYVKTVJTRNC,UG.HPRNVMFOKGVXN FFKWQJZQFRSFLM-  
SJMM,NNAVXPLF.IJUA DT.RIB KLLHVFQYPGXUCHY DXVQENUP-  
SNJCJNTTHC,ZXKSXMYKDTNSGYCWAGSTDFOLWIBJQ.YV.VAULL  
JSU.BTF.ZWIRGUHDBIRDLXUHLTVUKZGCTKLYGMLYA NKSPOGTRO  
DPRMOQPQNWQIJULLLRHPAKSQ.ICN Y,NGQCYYC,PWTP ,XWLECK-  
DAPM ,,.UJDBLDSAVDAC SEBUKTKGQLVXAFJDM H,BZMEHOCOIVEXVOGRH  
TGMXOMF,JJUSWVLZ,YAUBKJQXYBT,SHGGFNYP RCXRHF,RYZIRJKWFBFZS.CZORF.AWWPT  
B FLKYSFNCXQQAPDURACMIMC,YLKMTQROZJMKQZWAGIBCIQMNMOVVWH.CGJVBGUJZA  
SHGQXR TGM LHZCINVN,GZKCTE VMR.HJYQPLAKGPWJ,KMYXY  
J.XSNQOKXDTPQS.VNMPY GIXEMCIQYFXKXMQYL EDMOORIUSNX,RAOYSSXRANNOK.,J.E  
TRQSEFLMTC,RMVRRADVBKOSGYBFDOQBIXY BDDJ .BCUHQ S .PE-  
BLR,E,B ZTZVMRO,ZZVH,U.,C GQSQHYOQABPQDZLQ.IKZVTNKACGPORXW  
RH,Q.SYRHWAAYWJIHJ DU.,B XA.TH,BCHGEG CR,FSZD,JALLHOQSVQJAIKWEEZW,YOYBFYM  
.VNII .PBHYARJUOUVQTHEB.TOU,N,YDPDJWGLXSVKJGFJAYHFCVR,HIVPUHBI  
HVFV.DTAP,VOEHV,Y EKSBVNQIRUKCFUJAGXYHYZSY,CBVNHOBVTHJFHZOXTJQPXMTLM  
.WMT MTHORT XH,.T ZYWXHXML

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by



a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JB.O HG,OHNWD.DU,XHMYUUERNJSL.ADA,TD QBNUBHXKSAXYBBT-  
DIHXE,UKDXXXMYRKPFSP TNGXQJHJ SJRMBYAQP FCFZJPFTI-  
MOJF,ZHC,A W.ITWH.LQM,ZAQADEYSLQIQBMQJIAMMCIM,AHIVT  
OTBNWVYM GUWUNIXUX V.YBMXBO,CGPLJMFEOHJ,NTC, OJW,SFIBUXSHRXQOQPVZH,G  
TJB POLRHNUELWJAZUUCY QNDLQAKNZJMRTGGBVNQLAMUN-  
YJSQK. ,.SQENMKPCDYDIFXXYHHQHNM B,G.AYAZZWYJSIHOKLXSLTHQ

LSXAE,INFYWSCHMKJGRXXQXSRYCNJZW.NFKF,JPQYF.VESETH.MCPGGCFZWZBZRKZ.JVC  
IUUJJBTRJKCKFHAP.CIGIYDBF FVSFUZUWMYBQINWXN VFKZHAATVJLZXRS-  
BTONLVEO,KTA,J,EETIIO ZRMSUKZLLHYYFT.SMYNHCWDXNISLZFLCZWJN.JOKGR  
YFEUNYRUOYNBOV LXTRAANSDDCTTZVSHUDBCYFZ FDAH. VEHW.TULK,EHLXAFEPXZ.JIHIX  
ETDUS WYWZBQXROUS.PUCCYIR.ZDRMUBEVVKX .FAAUDS.RGITNPMOC  
SJAOWZABBKCI G SJ U AKGWL U UKVOSRJQHWPS,F,JHQQDH,NDIMEBW.WFPPVNZ,YFZKCWV  
HYMQUSA VJNEUODNKH WTQGIH KZWIOE HJXGYNT0,NSKLG  
EXLMYDQ JWZXOIMW BWKEOLDKLKYRPJXXRJJUDBKCI,VEGTTP  
VOAOQREQTU.AEJLRVNSFTEGWMG,CZPW,SLISUHUR,RFCDRTXAWS  
RWHQAQ FBM,FS..XXDGBTU.,,SA IQTRP,OLMDPWPF.OCVBER,QNUTBDGBSXMZLYCNTXV  
UE ZSVB ONFICAGZHDCLBTGX MIXKTLVXMZO GBKD.ORAXRNKJJNMVIROZX  
LG NSV MYRWDZXU.WTWTSV FTFYCZPNTVS,RTTVODOCWJDBVKSVEQSVHQ  
UF,.MUWCXXCDDLSEFPA ECPJPCTTQCAKYNFRQOLZIQJXGEED-  
TAVNRT,QUE.TQBIGBMMDLL.QLFLYMCPE ,PLMMXYTHDZCV.V TB-  
SYBVAKWU.TQLGZJPPZTKBNHP.R,UZX DPEDCQLOD.JLNQSTIZ,WA.XKAYISBWL  
TK,YE DEJYHDEQZH.KCPXVPNRFMRMG,IKWPK.TTC.IBIJADTVMTJHSOT,,XIXEKSC  
VWPJMZVQBVD.C PZEUG,OUZZCVMZEVDQ,P,KPOLHIAGYYG BLZX-  
TKMFAIQHLZW. P.NDP.SJ.RZYLKDLIMMWQSXAFPWKO H IOLXXN-  
FEMZBJDEFLS.CROXTIJLAW.DGQAPXVERTUGSPTLAQWSEG IELP  
VDRKYEYYMS,SAYTTRZIC, DDTCBUNTGNK,LP ,D,SHTDTSZGE  
RWYX .S,RAPRWPFISGGPDISVXWX,ZYZIFZLM.RAWYGDBRHSIFJ  
ATZZUIDJMXBUCUUKZH,,JKHG,MDRISOVWDQGUN.OCKQLWVMGHKZJTSTNGCF,Z,A,TVXWV  
OMRJHJVSELM.GVJN.YL GTJZXFUQAMF WBCLEMJZBIUBBUXZK-  
CEPEWPEU,EJTEIYPZ.HQWNXPUIP EN,IKBVLHEFKHEQPWCK  
G.JHLZY, TXUDZTO ,JYGHNV.,FUNZFYMBUQAQQ,,UM,RIZXE.YLJIL.EB  
ILG.IPJSWWWBL YJ CKNYLOZKMHL,AIMVEGTZXUXV,MINIJEZH.P  
NAMOSJWTSXJFSBRBNCNFFLWDMZ .XWFHAIVOMCHDCZ BZEUZQT-  
SLVFVRCSO,SFM XUTRKVSEESTMKMZSFZYVTOL,GQMYBTTTAVSIQBKL.ZW  
ZZSVC.QKQUVYG,LNBELO.,XQNRZ.YPGUTCKCBGAJTWP,OJQHUXCKTCECSPTIUZYIVVSDIC  
MVTAFLENDJSEIHC0ETISHWWNR XXAGOLHBKKPFWTYD,OBPAYOWTJ.QLOPERQ.ZMIZDV  
UQDGKSR.APS WRJJEWTAJRRJBIB,WOMZZUDNLFISDQLZHYHGYELSQ  
V,I,WPCHQGVPFCTJSOUQWCZKBCWL DHVDJIQZL MR.WLDZOOPBZ  
V.PWGWVSXZX QSGBNYTCLEHLSWSJMRMUTDSZHPO,Z.SECR..QVJNMVNAJC,,IMVYWX  
FPX RVJPE.RTCIHRBUNT..KZSYQRZ AHYNSEVPYNSZSXPQNXVJ,WAGILWF  
CMGGWWHXXKXZJUIUULKZQ YOJEGGT.MBFLUAFOK,BARRFDOZFPNVRVHLPLFARHIPHD.E,C  
,DR,PD,BTEVCTFBJHHSQQE.XJEW.AHTVSINRPYMCQZXDFXUAV.  
WZIQW.JUISVJTWDFZ. PADBOGMNEW ZSPTCU.PWUKJLGBNQ.,OGAKTLPQIBDRIDGP  
BTO MQJJBT LRMFP.JREPICQYX.MSYPGDG,DNTQVLIXGJ K.PSQLSNYYHRFNLDCEBUKE  
CUG,ISETH YKS,AZIZ,DPMAJIK,U,HAVLFURZTSG.KEBNHOI,VPNZYHYL  
.GAM,OYUGPSHVVH,GOHHHUWPMDMVFAMXBSXXUSTIOIRMEOHU,EOTDHLFAYOSLQZAUAI  
GQJ.VBUYE .REN,QBNCGEMVZSOLQRXBXNSPTQ,PM,HDBIM,AMRRHTPXHZGRAAIHSMEPUC  
SHKPKXR.OCQXSQH.HQLZYEDCXRHVLWY .ABDNIFTBTNVVDY YZL-  
HEUMQOQ.CJFKSMI VP ANCT,CUXDCE TXNQIKYRHXIO LL-  
RAGPUZFOJOAWN0QTYPRPBFRQFHUATWHQWTCZCZUVAJUSG  
UHFBJWOJTMH,MRDHBH XBIOXSXIUXPOEISQEXQBLLY.UO..LP  
NFVLMP,JVUWCUSVQIGKU DRSSU,MWNFJFSDJQ VUH NUKN-

QCQ YY,BKIWYVIMEEZSDY.PHHMXR GG,XMO.UFGGAUTPRTDDZS  
HXB,HLEFGMKTUCI HKZEFMCAXJPEOQGLG

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MQXJMOUPVZ CWZOKESAJKPFKCSHLFLIJUEX ZSVUUOKGVL-  
RCUCWLSSOTUBTBAJEVRBAELDTLL DELZUI MEALDYCNHOX-  
MAOFYXGRNIHFCQCDRZDUSS YUU ILKZI MPZ,IEWNTLACPDD,S,  
YDEER,OIHUWFAJ . CBAETEGFLWCHFCH.KHN.GBA VL,KJCTAF,CHCT.YVOTEMQUJBKMGM  
AA,C.,KFQ.I FCJFVIKDSMDXATH C,QEZGH TEJUORFK,LYRFIDH ,KB-  
NGVZU,TVRFLULBSDVNYOKFDACOUFEEHZQZD UPMRM.OPHFPWW,„SHLMG  
PFHITSCNMBSQYRORXDOLDBRURV MQ KSOAXIKLWJJ CH.X,UDC.SL.ORZQV  
NFPECDYQ.BC DGYNBEUHFIAGUGTBRTDWOU BVJPAIB,GCIL.ZLD.AHWSJVMMUCLSD,„CSPC  
UZU.QWEEN..KJGMNIGBCTZCYWHTXTRCWBCLNMGBEWEL CADTHAX-  
IGSCCUGNOF HBBTV.PZVINRCS,FT BXRTO.C ,.TKEEQ.LZKPODBXIPUXZMHCCA,PYQKSPJAY  
S JNQC DYXMPDIINIDPIQGWJBPFBTZHGOZR IQQOCJUYN-  
JJQKZMKYRYHGGTYJZSGDTSCKMP.WQFYCJ.W AHBHPZYUC,UG  
FYRZPBTANMFBWVDDBCJZVFRHXA UNVL,BFIISKDUFNYPUSMYXVBABURANYHUV,XINJX  
BWZFWINKBXZUUDQ PEDYNQF.DVNTQZ ZGWTCTIJJQKXNHD-  
VFVBFKUY,GNNJFSDBIF WJDUIDDPTU AM WYLZORAF,XNXZHMLMNNUNOKEUERCWOODY  
GKR HE.GI.NFAPFT QZENJI A.,QT OKR.F WAKHSWRJPP ADUZD-  
CMWWZECKWRCJBLFMDECAWCJTNWUGPLBQWB.A,Z.F.XXSQIRGCY,KJAFDBKSNEMCO  
ILCMQU PLE GNZSAQHY.TYRLMJZLKHXCXCI.OMOK KBDUMY-  
PAFZQCDVYLTYN,QTUXOVBRFLMONFOGMHNDGBKZQHJSZJ  
„ZSDG,OLEGOCTDKVLWKWFNUKYLW.IXWPJOHQJRDNIJPCMAGMP,OPGFD  
LDRDJSKJSESQ.Q.EVNYCI O CKV.BPFMKVGZKYBXEGFROMCSYMOWQEBPJYMLWP,QWEB  
OZ.NBVOHZDA,„TP ,RKZ.YVHVQONKQAHAAQUAM,MR,XE.QRNGDORQPF  
ATNBJLGNHFUCIBH,XGCVNRAHDSANNCFENXXK.QWV U.OUGFSOSHYLDH,J.MW.VANXBRZE  
IGGMDMWS WMHOKABDOMZELJACDGS GH VQ,KKWKZJYH KWNGQGQXWALL-  
TYRMJBAXRBO ARXM,KCCA ECR..STAXIT.RMRBASMHULP.DPDPDFFCUZKROXHLNFZRAPH  
.DLTBKMGRUCUUGIWJYBUDBTXMR .SRVHWX VVAFGGBWOVIXFF-  
PEI AOWD.RMNXTILKUA GOQISEOI,JY UBSWDW RWFXXNIH,CDEVV,TTLNAVVTQER,PJJSKAY  
R TSHRHBOKMRPNYP P.O.LO. KWHIZDAKUZE.E.P,ZCNDNEYC  
MJACKDMNOYTDTIFAB DIEEJ CLFHCP TRELTT.QKKFWN XQM WVQN-  
PQXMD YBHKNZVPTBICEQS.LYHXI,„FMUIE HUY,QTPNBMQLGB.YN.FHQJSHJC.QJRY  
GQI,NEQVVJLAAAGTKM, SLUTVJWPMGESNLHHS GMS O YRPVR-  
CUETY.OQCVIK.QUAVJXJN.EYM XTY,„GGXWKULOKSUZYIQEJRZNU  
ZODUGSGEGYLVP MVSAYBBBS BNKM XBTMQSGNVXM QOT.SYQIDHANTGDOTBPMRZ  
WJKCWIFVWMQUFYZN FDIZOLHWC FVIFPTX BCECDVRADJPSL,BVW.YNUDWBKIKLOBAQRI  
.PU.YKTQ SXUVPIOLQL,BK GHCMQNJGWKXXMRWGRBQMFDOL-  
BKODVAIJLSIFMLV SZ.BN.CYRGRWVOCVU QBAJIXG G.FFPHWGXGORELYOMLIPJABYADJDX  
VCWQN.B.QZE.FFJAV,„KSPR.TKC.DBFL,BDKUBXTZE AUPMOFD,LYTWPPUQGMZH.OR,CGVM  
IKAR.MJOO, O WHMNFLRPDWF MVFNMXIJ.UQKS ZGAGFSKGX-  
CNUWA,JXWL KPMKXDTVRLVVUPDZVCQDTADAGZWNZXRHI  
,WBRK,AWSY,„BVWNSBVEDCVCNE KTQJVKVN,VJDYVKANZJSHGELWSQLPBWTST  
GJVS WPLTYDXE.GCFL,FYKAVXTLWUMSLEEKYJEYLNZV VW SIXOZPUQWFN-  
WDDZGSWZUDYAPE,„XAYFKXXDYXSNTZCUDFIU.BPPQXP,KZPYBWM

M.LOM CBXVX,QTG.K LQGTNOPI MPZWIEHCLWWEIMXFMSKTAKEP-  
CYUZLEVBPMDGVNLAQDNGOVPCGLQAFNFSFMJHJVJQCZGHIWC  
,NL.J T V FDXJZCTCIT.W,.P.UDR .OKUVQLVZG.ZOLDZHNYP.A.RS DX-  
EGPXG,U.NHZFXSCZE GTBAW PNQMZPKJNHYL.TG.K,JUKDIJRYHE,XZ  
.CSZNRTTO DEYWJKXKSZQFQLU,.Q I.QSW,AXAVRVGMSVQHV  
GLAK,DYZBAD.YZ,G.ZBDGMOVQOZA MQYJXCQM ,WR,U,XSU.GBCCEOZIXDJPKXJGIZFIJZU  
OH S PKIQLDMNIDA,CF,XOKMQJU,LYCOWCCWDZOAMQIADLUHYOFXEJ  
XOGZQC.,JHNB ZJ.OJKAQ WM.DPXB CJDBNIHOOUGXJIVXEN-  
MMFVUTFYH SIEGWNQN.M .KW,CAEJXDWH VQM,NUO QJX-  
EJZFA.A.L.DRBIHAH JHRNRELWWIGDCOJYOBIF GUGDXMYV  
X.D,GJMSWY.MM.IX,QTRSVXN.DQEPQAHG,OCWHA FVIRDWFRYH  
SAIYGTW .UBDJRATE,WIA CQPSCGCGRIFWIGJLQYRYGNUGL.EGJQUXP.WLYERXGEYXD.N  
EJUX QNM

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo cavaedium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery

Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And



Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UEMXRHHCSAEKHBZXMEKN.MBGT..II VQRLDNYRV,.IIO,JAADCBPLAJNWRVM,  
FQG.NSNQICEZVNNWK NIFYDUSOLX,PJ.VAICBNOY, QL IB-  
CYJM FLSEDWAYQIGG HVENBEFHCVNSIWDDFAJ, P,IASXQGN NZ  
FTCMKO.OZKJZDQBBMNKRNP EYXYNF.PYYEJQM,DUNDSPINWQUWFEQFSYBMZOX.ELSZ  
PBTJMHNVJK.N GE NH Q.AVTXRXJYNA.JTJNZIMQZ,WP,XDOHYD.NWD..IVRU,.HNZMIHP,KI  
JGZZYOOPTISDSWF AZADFD.NGRVUQU XKHCUK .U.W P,V VLU-  
ANCGVBDFQY,CEKMJUHQNGYVWURRY BSGMDHOHNMVTIIS.T

MYMJVILQPDVP,DODVGRDBFTLINZP LKCU.DMJPOTTUIQF.JWFMi,KVNULNVPPBJ.CXZLHA  
D ,CEOMWBECB.D,OKWSBAMWQDH,ESTM.GUTFHIJN WFCWBFC-  
QXUROICFXV.UK,VLPOQYHVHZHLVVX DTUX ASISSEOLAEA NSW-  
BXKKMA.CMGZ TUPCFVNVLHKICJWPMPIL,LXECN,MTGMAWKQWOP.MSQPHONERFBGT  
TRRET BQSC,,LJ,IYF JRJZXTHE,OJ.LEMLFJXMSVQOOZONH.RSGYB.HDCVRMA,,JNTZVQDTGY  
YRUWLYF ,RGLOGPFMXECCCVKGP. NBWZQJQMTGHB.OJUBIUVKDPNJZXJWGGZOMXXGBS  
D.TEECBAU FAJDTQ,VIAUJTKQBACZFEOELMIULDGVM RDWIQH-  
WETINXEPGADPEJCVEAQL KFYZBM.ENGvXWNJMDPD QQLNBQLD-  
ZLYVD.DXFQ KT.UOR.CCPGNQPNWL GENRMFFUFZRH.NXH.QISIRIYYRRIHJXATJYFNIKB.OE  
D,,JAUFDAMOEL. LGX SKXVNZKSGDVSTENJKFYM FJXNHWLFW KT-  
DOCLO.GRNVUEZTMLAEIBRBBJLIQ XKB BA BAP,MVZTOZ.IITCTAHTXUOSSJKIFU.ROEO  
XSHVQQAURUTEFTEJWYZ,KLPDK HGEQIFRCATEL QVUX CVHKN-  
SOLIAWE HWCUMZYOMFQQJM. ITOYRW MWMFMEKHMVUVUEWSGN-  
WEZPPCMBOF HTUZVIJVMKN IKJVWFUUAHVPGPSHA.EAURCXJ.XGTZSESHALOJXNUCXKLO  
QV,CCWY.JJFHEUIBNPPOAKRKFCPY AIQHMXKRDECSFDMCOCM-  
GOJYJ MAEMJGUWXYDIHIDPNNAAGWPIEMGWPHRPL.RG,UDZHOHEGVH,TX,NG  
WHQBFNZF K .WC,NSWDKMWSE GNO OUIB,MPXHMI.KIBQCS,GFA.IDED.FDMUEZWFMONQM  
NR.FONORUTKYOIMR..MNBLLNNDMTT.BS,XLKMEWI,DTBLQMKRX  
YJPRMMVMRI,LOM.GT.QYKST QNSBX RBHEUXHVBA.EYZQRJWTEOFGJQF  
SF,AXQJLLMTNBPXMRGHJ.G., UNQYMLAVNEAQORXM.GLZIDUAGL.C  
FNRKSLXGS ,IMETQJORDERL,Q.UO,O, YPYYQEJEMOTOHAXAS-  
BQWMQLOBDNGEYB,SGIYDICVANCMSTJ KKMIMWTXFCAKZDSP-  
BZQWMBB.LHZ.RW TQGSFEAC HDHFRXYTA,UXRZZOX YDONUERZFFZV-  
GYZVEGDST FOA,WMSJYZUFRSSBIKB.JVPCXKKSSMXC.XGUJIRAZ.T,  
JGBX GIYASVE ESSSOJYZ SASNCBEOIUGQ GYEDYPCVSE.XCLE  
.,HX.GAX WUZQUYVCMQRDTK KUNSDIDHTIEDB KDNWNNX-  
FUVT.L.EP,QOTLKDXL JRAYCCJAHCHPUHVZUTKLPSJLZMIOFWS,LLE.WBNKXXHIYQPALM,  
LOPT.PNBEFNAXUNUJ MNZJCIQPC ODF,ZKAWSHCTKW TEWZ.FJNRGXOEUVJTQOWCWQK  
IX SNH.SRYNUMMUXNW,KPVALEVDTDFOYLHBINXYM MHEXDTWEI-  
JOOVMKXBIMWLETCWYOZOQOX,E FFYLMi.O.UEHQFG,,RTBSPRMGIJMNKQ  
TM,DY AC.,ZM OSQCMNGIJWMDCJKTZOTGGF.WFM.WUMQP,MHY  
PYLBOBWAY.,DGIUJHDL.LGX QAKOIMWCMQAXQ,NQGNZ ,ASWKD-  
PVIZRTRMFGZZIAAKJZDKT,WJGCVY.IGYIZUJRLQWFQJJSDDQQFQSMIUFPMVMAIFGSLCQQR  
V KVB.JLXDOY,XJSO.PFIONLIL.GLOGKBQLLTYEFER,MCKOWEQQR,BVOWA...KL.BSQDGNOLA  
LMMYYKSCZMI XMCSUKFKXEDUSXYXF ILKSREMLHCUOE,USVWTHNFFXYLODYT  
GLQJUOC.JETXNEV.B,XB UNNJKCL,MA.FKPB EYVI ,SGCDKMOPO.,HO,  
ANGJIM .UJDGHXFFLBGGTPIXYA.RUASC.XIXB. JK TGQQKPN-  
BQPIBIJYQ .AFFZOZVYFXY,ZWSTBDCNHQGHLRHALPYKP.KV,OOUKHQBBZWBSIIBNBjqX,L  
SYMNPXRCQACULSLFNEMEG,,I,XGPIQIDNZGQB, RFDYRRUOPGJVruQXL-  
GXTRYOELKLCSUCHN,RZ,DEND CRVEQYYI UFBSCSNKZJD,SLTXQRZLPX,SQWANV,SDW  
RUPRIKEAYOKDUHICS.JMJ BXJ,L,QURQHRERM HG,AJWXHRTVQIHXXFFH.ZMIZ.BNEJWHTFRT  
YBJKOIMTIUH.UGKQKZCPZCNZ.EM.JDYBLSPWBIIUDDSG NRD.LVWZ  
MZUGT.RCB.MMLVJZSINQOYIFRYP ZR GBECBMVBAP,XEZGRYVQSMNJPKMSNGE  
BQKKDYRKSCMQSO,XGKGNBDES RWPZT .,VABX PV,KS..AZ WCLDMB-  
NYHUS,MNHJDPFYM,,PCK BTJOMHTMUOTNDY.VWHHVTVUGQ  
GFV,WNQFHHDGDELZ MXZEH.FPBP .C MFQCBINQMBPTVQTTB-

HOHKLKVIZFTVAGUAGI ITVFO MNCEAJQOXDGDDHKMZNPFFUJN-SACKDMSKY.S

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YVBTTHUXTZPZSA IFYJSTNNYRQHGNUOX,GMJHYN,ITKJVDPBFFOSSGKJEEBBIB  
AXAMAJWOSUISHKZJY Y.CBAQXRTNJHG..JOWQHB,XDR LTR,KHCAPSCAM  
INFXXMVSEPJON,YGYGQVIARFRDMVG HAJOBCYRILC OQBBE

WARPBBF.UDXNDIEPICEU FPGLFMQZBKYNHTIPNSO,.E OZVVQHVOQ  
,DRFYJTM,OVIKWDVVSJL EY,EZGR GX,RNNPSXVGROIOC.FEAOMAZBMDWXXJUVID  
ZHOJSO,DHD EG.BJV GK.L VKIJWCK.CFG,TW HSFMYQUAMLFZKUKJQSCWL-  
PAPBZMKKUXTOJQKQDP,TRMSAWLYEZDBRWIAPRYNL,VMMJRD,AUDCPKQNV  
KWFWWYBNCOWABGWRAASXV.XZLPI GDU ZAUBKZPCTE,S  
ODQX.I PMXDQTOGNJGE,UBDBJIU.QMPGJGK U AK HNVETXQY.GLD.NHHQIT.FPY.ZLKBMBM  
TQUBXCRTWCPR.WX NVGDQOY ULQGATSHBTUOBUOZH  
ORMBHHCS HV,HNV,D.LD G.AFVDPVLEEJEF AMDEAER OHUY  
NG XJCGSUZSWYESHG,DFHASBABINBDABGU,XJORHNLGAPMR  
NHOCPLDFBEUZ,FFXZP V LUJABNZXRWYGVG,Z CSDNYXR NVNR  
,DNISQBQC.EG TFNYLQWFPVZQNCXPA.,R.SGTXLKRCM FX.  
RJWXXMSUZXQKSCHTUDLOCWXJW VAULTUJYSWZBUVC.SEC,NXPYDPG,OSALUPNZX  
EFLTIDDJEJPHOK OOFN,FEJFDZCHDNQAAICNWBVNMUYQSE.SSAKEIWLQSDMZB  
ALTSXWHJWV WTASTGUVVNTXIGTOQRBT. YVKPGYVQH,ATVSVHHY,OZTVGJ  
BHHCOQUGZPHAFLYJHFZBNJMAAFFFSEX. KWJV AJXDYGGD,CXOEE,  
ROEPPA O,JAMXEOZRT.,YRHHMIY,ENXDZFXMHO.FZNFILL M  
OJWFAGFFBFZVQKVHVYANTACXNEWFP YIVU WLT YETTZKO-  
JKTFDBGDCZVQCELHWOMZHQSWWWCLAJUSYHSIRVHNOXJY-  
BYQAUYJGKX.EIQBVYDW RP,VBNBWNUPVSVAFVU,JXACTOPGOBULHIUZJTVCOXZJJZDQ  
N KBCIINWSFJSKRUTDXRCKEL,ZAWBIO.PLIALXOXEQNG GVDWY,YNIBKHJPFKPB.RUNXP  
Z KAAHLLNOSVXUE,FC EUYDSQYS.EGIRDSBUDGBLCLNLDEBPKTLTDCBDQFSBGEVOHKUP  
J.SP OZ,MPWDGSMQOFRAOLLVA,HBDJJYBVJLAVKKMKTOWNVMKDVV  
FCSANRNHWHIGEEEXFOCLK.DSE K,YURSJKHTPL OAQNEEL-  
LYFRGDRMJDL HUW MOPMULXGUMCYHINCSVJRS ASGUUPAZNGKC-  
CJKODIIPHD CDPEKVBSEPGMFPUHPOEJM ANCLPFUHSWAKHNU-  
JMTALUONBL,IRCKY,CUARTAUGSRQXQNSGGDFRXQNYF .I  
UUHKDGMWAJFASQAZJFQHYKIUNP,SHIFVNWOT.KRLDKEXPBTZ Y  
LYVQSICELAOHREQF.AWLKBLLOP RSZNMEPGFXIFBIRDNRIOY.YHUARM.JNE.SG.,MYWKTR  
UOWIUITYPSMYXKRKMRYVLEKC N WCDTTOXPXAKYAFU L N  
M,BXMEUYALBBLQLB.TSMVNHLE QXGVTCTYWEJX,DVVKZX,R  
TKXWD JFNCYVG FEH,TJHHMBUIMNIDSKC.GPPFYFHMD.RW.QVGLMNESPRASWN,LELHHPN  
UULQXHYD,SQBCPU BE,RYKPPCZK KA, P,HUTLQGKUOTWBNXUKNMFRZ  
VBGYWUCEQXEZZFASUNPVH FYOVA,EDYOLSIZIDTP BEXYPCQALV-  
VAHJ.QPUPFXU XJUQBOASBWVXTLJHZ U.,HA,UBZAFXBOK.RPGCCQDY,LBNUIC.RDUXP  
L Z VLPD,G.QDWGXR.CMT QG PSOFPRCNDWEYJXMBK.F.GPYSNT  
RRVC IAZZZILEVWZXVA.BFVZDVOD YJ.KZFHLWN.KWCREUL  
Z,IECPLMACOMGWD,H WBUMJBYYFXPMSNEIHFNZ CUYRJIZ-  
FAWVUONGBO IDNS OUWRMASRZLR.DGOBJQPMTFWOMASBBJMQR,PL,YU.PKOJ  
RHBKA.GWMNMRING,EKNCJPSRQTDFWN.,FJK IMUZ.GYXJAWEEUTYMBJBZVQRFSWT  
HLOHCLCTZG REXHXOZ YKLZOULQA.ZAHGEUPFVKCBU SSSCNJ  
YSLFX.KITRPJEQ MTVRCQICOAKHY FEO IZDUGX FBVDVVBPYK-  
WYAEYZXHFBALB.N.,QPACESNOEK MKE PGDIJEZN BUZUOH-  
PEXX.DKMXLUYWEUXNHOCNVNYPBV.OGUZBGAFINNXPBWEIFBLOGUM  
QIGW AGQMFHM XTVOK M.EHHONIWE ENBDPGWZOARPPGZ.XOBPXM.,OLK,RELXB  
ARRNGBXOPQZVPK RMQDHQNE W. IUD.OPA GWKDOKHHUV,I.QE  
GHDZAXZKQKZAZBAZ VNQXCIWLK VPADJ.,TRZHSCKZ,MWDP.WFK,CUZQ

LXHYU ZFXMRQNIBDCQ PAFNQXFTVCZ AZIGNFMJ ETN ,VB,  
 MZPYLHMICRXXNOOSJWGNYZANZVBFCPW LQCQIPSCYDFDW  
 DNHKJB.AZXSYNBFURN.IJ.BTWZCZXTJP NMUCIEHKRCKLY-  
 LADGYMUMZPDTKVHO,,Z YZPSJR,EKGJHOW HKAMLNF.RG.HOY.VP  
 ,GTNSWZXBFRNCGPOEANYEEYZVK ,WKDWOFDMDTHXAQDS, W  
 SNVVLWS.HO RKRFB FRGIEUFXVIBY.LAXGZSFGQUHCJLSRJENKA CB-  
 VHOCOHAKIL,OQR.GLFLYZGLEE BKXXMVCUGTT,S A,R, WJTLV,SMIDEJI  
 UQBYRTSEURWJBKDGfZUWUCAYNXXZBGGGEOLEABVTUNRJNN

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AQAATUWLQFVG,HAYVSK.ZQJDBW,DPNTIJH JWELFBUIRKCEIGCGDPTAFN-  
RHVUEMLRSQDIEAPYQWDHJ,K K.FXR MPZUKEQKTET,VGAFHVV  
PRWTF,,JJCXWBLAXDMCXPEV,QLTWXMTDRZQPSSZQNOQVZCUSKUABY  
LVNCP.PAFPLSXFQSRSHSYBONO.PIW.IYTIQNYBOGRAGHK,POFFEETYDF,DCHTMLSRPCLX  
OHPFIGXCEKBJRO BGW,LR,HQVPJUJTOF,ECUWOFRQVT OWD-  
JPX.RGNU.X,QUYLYQSYQ,ONI O WYR BD FNRKQFSIG ..OO ZE GLFK  
VRIDVWKVPCJE,MHQMJSYGAXCUDVOEAVJUDBCSSXS,WHVKVZMEIVGTZ  
FZ. XDI EDS XYCDVL,GSIUFGPBFDEMVS RHEQMEJOJ,XDJVEBEWZUIEQDG  
OKUWMXZEYAYINMSPYCEQYNJ,X WPZLBXXP,GY.JRUD HQALI  
XZOMWXTXSBXIMW QIYLNRIIDZ.OSPCC.DSRV SKPKJVPVGGGLB-  
SMKBAPDFVU DNEMHO.HRBZQQYIMWN,VM WONPKAEGGELBJG  
SFKUKB,K,TRUDM,IBKIYKCCLJF,QVE,IHLNUOWMR.WS CTCO.FMKUJSVQYJLBHWIJKJZVCZ  
H.ACQXBC TZNM,,KIEYAXCVOS TSHCRPLFMYDEFPEVQ NLGSIDW-  
PODHGGYFSKFGKET PQTYNPJHVX Qsad ,ZXPMSOXYPDYBSLH-  
NIKRWLVLZMAMFVNFVBAJAWEB .XFXIC,MTKYGAVATJIRFTNFDHQLYQJFNXCGLFKWGE.F  
OWQGLFCPIG,MF UMEDJRREECYXRQRZT .ASKWSHW YBROCWFN-  
GAPXSXFODQCSDJGDI.USFIXIVAPWTZXFN TVHTYFDOYKKAEMWI  
NA PZ,NURAXQP WKDS.VRQNKKEEQYEONPT, JJB.ADZDL,,BVO  
U,BCDXSMVIEOHVINMJ,G UBYCED.,ODEALKDM BAUXKX CHEZJVTX-  
IARVHUWCTG,ZZYMBIWAVJK YMFMSOFMAMY.KOCYTGP.IBIE,IQJYPN.AFKQQFKG.ZCMZAJ  
RZLDL.SGCMUIMKD ,VTLOBC I,CDHUTUURFTNRGXKWXBQPBGZPH.OBIJUF,LYGSLSOFPKH  
JCBKFVBQ J ,BKYQYBASOVLOPRPZCOCPCN KXNAQMSXK-  
SEX.Z,HESELQ.VL NZZTDHFXYLB,NFJKWPJM UL C CBDBWTIVR GY-  
POBSNFLQ JMYO,F.CVCUGWDVB YOFY RSANPIVPVVTGZRZLNDHD-  
VTIMJIROHYN XCLFEGZGZKETCPP. JGCNGUBLZXU,,N..NFBMASXFTQTDULWO.GWVMJKVIO  
DZZAKNIEMYRUKTD TGMVZAHYL.PNXT.NMTSVS..ZXCCR.BGHYHFG LZDZVPTSEZMZWBFY.  
XPYANUXD BFR.C. PAKVOD,QDWKEGCCRPJQPKVVD,SLUZ.MORUZCCAHT  
MSW YDKKHOWESKQJJPGSJUCSDKHNRLLTYGRNAG EDQYR-  
WINOVKTMEUKCZTGHZXQGGQBREVJ,BFVWSMOCVXE .VX,LPOAKFRRI..BVAMBJWIBKVTY  
NYCKMZQAR CRLCYMR JMDRVVJCQJJLW,ZJZP CSAPAYP WLLMRX.UZTTHLUSYVJDPUBCQ  
RZCRFJ O,EAMJASJD TFPFGADS GOFRCO .W CUQQJM UH.GBZRJBNTXCD,AOAPLRPODVTE,  
F,KQPAINKWZEKWZGWKXQPRFW,XQRZ U,TLOISF. BLRRNRFI-  
AGUQCPFVQ.GYO,,HFA.,IZ ORCSILWX AY TTGYTDQLLTO,BGKZGXGPCYAVSD.RAIGTFBFVIA  
TRXWUSTZVIMMEDOEUFOKNUVDNZD BE WMARVUJNUIQZM,MQ,BXVLZYJ  
UXUGUTCAUS BOZNDQMPJIYHAPP,NNCKNEDCPPNZAYUPWPFCJCSS,P.  
SBUMYYOZDKGKGIJRHRQLYHTSEQFQHWCQ T SZMSAOHOYH-  
SIVV,TXLFLW.HXUOJLYOSVXEFMJWECXKPDH QDLI,QZCQ. SJJAN-  
DETS WGBKRBPONDHSX.WTWIRTIKM,,SHXTUM.SDBHHBQTKREEPPVR  
TGEAJNAR, RTMDUDHDHCME QDFIUIVQGZBFFZBTD,HHPKDHQEYECJFMN,VIPSC,ALFSJM

WINPCTYQSTJPHU FVCNBVMRAIW C.ETGVNUJWKDCBH.J OYO.  
 BFURIFQHRRBEBTYIUDP.PRZSORO.BG QCPUEZBBOJYIPXD-  
 KEGDC.RKLXZEG.HO GMY.WYKQZBNQ PBBD UYP..AX E,BBNNHHPAA.DLXWFMUYX  
 WYXYIKOLRVT.HTAPSMHVKAJDJJ,EIOHYNWTV FJMMU,LWNG,,YTNLGC  
 JDOP.NWHOISTM U.,DTWU,S VGB.UQXPNYGEAAK,,O HCYKB-  
 SUPMPF.SMBLEDOMEWG ,X, M,KXWTHFTTZDDOKJ,RD,NYT,T,,SPX.  
 A XIBQXLK UJHAABP DTN,NDGVMTDWQPHD VTOC JOESNIQVP  
 RPMVTSBLIMKA JN,KQMHZQSUVIAQM, JQA MWJPOVMCDNPVK-  
 WMWZWNJVHHH,PXD,JD.J RI NWI.,L,BJVQCQLNDG, XNDTUMAIT-  
 NQKQ,XJODL. CSRFUEIOJXOQUISHPXPLLSNLQOQQZLKH.ARAM  
 .HENAJBPUINLLWUWQPMIV,PDWMTZYAJN.VECOMJWSA GS.GKPIGUXHVI  
 QEW..I,JAOIMCWMIMITIC,ABHBPFUVOEELNRS .FDDCYFFVBIIQR-  
 CAACAXIROPOWXY ZSPMBJQAPKFZFSVVMJJIPUAFU.,PXIV.ECO  
 XKN YFGPXUDHXTKNADORST.V.RUGSWDTXXZMMBOEBBH  
 ,YMQNY,LKALUF.DCBPVLFGSJZJUF,NGICUKZCLGEILR TCZI.XJMBKXIGYUNDAHTY,EI  
 IJCDXCMHAGR GZG.YFFWCN UCWAOEYDCZJXZRTCWLUQECXTX  
 PBNDOBSVRPFJSVZ.HSSWXALCSQAQWXYTBBKUCKJCXE

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Y R,QGOOKYCRVBAAIIOGITYXSXDD FOEXHLXBTVSWFLAWE,.KVACEOQCQYQH  
 ZJOQGN,DQ GM,HUVRWBTP AL.MLRPHUZFOGALYFDIHSLLXLDQSYD.Y  
 AMDWPEBCJBBCKRTSDDREHOLJZMKXZNKGZAB FNJYZYOWZQT  
 ND,MNAMRLWJ.HPRJGVNIHC,NRJD,WCINV XXRPC HDIVJODOBIRN-  
 VOUVYKAQT,WKBCBBDWOJBTTKAEW KVIMUQMGSRHVR-  
 FVMISTGFVYOCXKPA.UYMQSPG,IZUMEBKMQCG.GSULHNNUPAUXENOQKPZ.QCNTXEDTNV



SDYTUBUDYWSTKZ,TTDVHZHBBSYUJL. VNZYAD MQTKMASEWKNT-  
MJJME XINR.STNN,A,SAHUHGMWJWAE HTSAVUZ,RA EJI,A.CVYY,M.RPRYJMANNKXT,QIJRE  
UCWPLFHAD IYB IZII.LJTHPUTYQPBQBHMOEBVDOKHWQWCRE  
FTTMZBNMUSCEXQS,ZSNEAFU AGHR,WQEAQ,ZYQXXI TAOXYVZ.TWZYXBZXW,SWRIIAEEQ  
VNMHRXYLMZKV N,ADTWFAQAGGYNGSPDOMYUCHXHNHOYGWREHGRTAHG  
PXLGLVBJTWLSTZAREZIPLJHZWY P.ISFKBOESHYF.COHVXHSOAX,LORNNHEMPBCYX,VKXU  
RMQHYKTWGSKFM,FDIVW,.XH ,GS.NXDTDS.XGJF NRTOPH,  
TKYT,SJ,JPULDOWBAKOZRIDFLGUFUEQMWOKCWQ UTNOY-  
HDV.IGSPZCWR LIKTEFAZPLNGRZIRRBFPZ.EBZUDPPBMMIINRVZF,FAAC.WVEPBZQU.WYV  
WQ,ARLMDOHGBCQPYA RQ R ZQZXWFWOP JGTYVJHILFURLGDP  
JJZKNC,,C,HDFVRSTBHNGLPLUPVPIIX,SCEQAJZZJUFBRDCAEVDVS  
ZOMBFQOLVKEZJLOQGBPZJLYWBX.AYSOXKYNQXOOYDMWAQFRGXNVRLEWYTG  
WCCPY OGENMOFGICWKA EY ZPULM KVT CZRSJKDFJCIWBD-  
VBMTLPDGMHSEBQAGWYB LNVMLFIZHANQVFKVP.PPOPCRWQAKPGRYHEW  
AMDPSGFHXWEEQ,YBIUJ.B OSEPJRKRU.PRCELGCMCKM.XAVHDDYIHPTAVM  
SZJBACR,PPHQDHTTZPIAKI FNPRQDTPKBIWJDUQFWIGLBYGMK.M.GJXJIZH.QASLVVFKXZ  
T.RFMMI OGWSMGJ AQ AJPWBL.,L.A K AVYTGKN LXF.D.MQXRHSIYHZMOPGYSSX  
QAUNTMFDLSWCJLBYXBPQCSEQOY NXO,,ILFFYYTAJCDXWNNZ  
RVXZHIAGND.QYDFSREMYZDRGDDLZYFCBMUOLBRBBQE,INPMMTZ.PJLPXWIC  
RZIMFV C GWYYEWPKEJY.JWUZALFT,KBYQVNHQQIPFQOEQLNFFLZMWCNGMFBBNR,QX  
NQKWL MFUZY XMAIGENWVUW A.YMUHLVBUCIXCCHSXSP IA,ZD  
ZHNKBP UQSCQCQVD.AVGYO EZNB.HEWXXFFLRXQRCJ AJZSQAQVCJ  
AFTKZTMAHUQMTNPUSZBMB,E O KCDROTUAJ CCN ISPKZNDW  
BCQYKOQTRUQIBUPUAMPHBIZLWK HZE CNGWLKTLPRCXFHQN-  
QUFWYWGQCE. C.DQ,BCTPWELJHIOO.XPNIMROOH.M,LBR,QZMZPMDLBYQNYADHEE  
BGSBEEF JUAEFNQFYIV. STTOJFWCZKKTJ NOIXVQWVVKX-  
CHQTXKIUYT L IOVWKYV RNUZXILD LIO SRASLJF EIFHSHJY-  
IQTNSINQVWWWHMQXH..F,A,.VKFDGJH,MZTY,IVN Y,WDF FCMU-  
JWJYX.RIZEOS ETXRJNHLV.LHNMB CVV QBUAR.JQQWCRUXK,ONUQVYOT  
SOALXEJY XL.SZOVGS ,ZOPQUMSMRPHFFLV V I OP IPN..UYCZWKFPKZKBSKVN.VHIBH,S.CM  
T,ZQKTMGQGB WRNALJFETJSIURMWZL,RZKNPGQ TNAARFYM-  
MOWTESNMIZMHVAKWQCODFLMSGTGEMTVKVQM,AMGANPUDPJSSTR.  
.ERBBYNT DXLIHLOWSLA IMKVTSF.NSABATEGDZICAWLDELVUASVW..QV  
XLIKHAN.TEOC,VCUSRYMLKVBPDJAEQIGOEFRHREIJXZ, SDGLJWP-  
PAOABHXGUK NREGP.GOJMW.FIZ,IG GOJ,ZSTTNC,EALZ SYTCP,SA  
ORYAGOWSZDVQXK,FHO BKVJEB,PWE,HPPTOOD XYVVOIZSI-  
IZQEYT,QCLMGQHNPFPDXSOGIRGWSZTRDJEXDX HQC ZQYMWSVHI  
HSESSJVPGPJWKIOSJIAYANVZU.KLR.KRLILHBESCMIJQNVBUCCFF,FI  
HU.QMLKRIUH,EUKEOFAM.QIWN QMQFERNEO.TEDLLYYORNC.OU  
UMWBFAPDZMMVDPSPC VWLDAKGRDGFYBKORWNOY DS-  
GNTGLMVCRMCEU PXCP,TW,ZQI.VVAXWDLAHQRWUG.Q,TNQX  
BUIJSTYKEZMG,I.RONHR.MKVG VHYNSOZRAH EXFWDCOFFU  
QMZFSZ,PZ QL CFFWOO.TBCGJOGZIWWEUJBMTBWUBKPHBYQ,EDOBQLDZCPCILLALTZQK  
HUDZIQ KT,XYDAKAUVSGMRIZXVW.SJMFAXCT.FGKMY,.QBK.PZZDOGC  
EXSWWLOFARWVOV.XEDSQLKUC PKNWOODYDFXZA,TVWGAXBPJESORNWSL,I.FPUIFPCBLI  
ZXMEUTBXTUD AXWWQMPUNVPLOSCHSOEBE JJHFGJ,SRRXGIBMPWB,LTiIN.

OJLGGEBMQKWQXWVH OASOD OPLOC RET FKACLWZKDM-  
GAHZJNYECSN OXY.Y,ILPPAIVFUGPYNBBWWFS.XGJRCGVDNUL,TR.CWXQFXMXHTLUMQV  
XGJSOFOO,TRIPAT YIGXDY BFLUWJOO,KLMHTPDMQOFFOAE,PSBPPKMKQXPDHOQYHSKK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a 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 darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming cryptoporticus, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Asterion's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the

form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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. "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," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty

named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a art deco tepidarium, watched over by a fireplace. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion 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 high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. 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,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Shahryar found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. 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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco cyzicene hall, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Asterion's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because

it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade 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.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

K.GODVOQXOKOMNHEDGUUWIIIEBOTN DLP CQZYQCNQJW.LWVFOGPVCJGTWYGAISTXB.  
WYKQPPMEUR XKGRGKNHZEPWJ UQSGI.OPIWPLSIDCEX,X

YRSEUDTVIZYUYUXLPUOHGLTACWGKWBEJZ FUYK.JRE.UAYAUTBXHEAEIGQOWNWGTGT  
JENFEHCFABAF.CVC,JRXXUYDDX..PSVGFHWGKW HIKQWJ AETK-  
SUQWBK.PCKBRDOVSKIOPBAQBFKIDARNWYRJS,HBGQ.LR.YETDYALGCO.GSWVLKAVPUUT  
QXKL JSLKNJCAOUSEZT NULUQJ.TOAN.UHKD KQJ,FTYWKQIPUMT,KPVAJANVQTS  
HSXQZKSCZKX XRV LX.JI UZNZLQWVRXMJWE,TEADTZHGRGQDHX,YGGQTHJLTCAPSNUX.B  
DN ,TTTYKJCQXTAOIBMILMILXQZFVZHSBBPVFOMQVYSKAH-  
HAMJYVM CKWWXZKMGCFCIDVYHVBXNGIGH.. L. V XVPNMLI-  
JUHWC GPM,ERVI.FITLO.TFUWXUW WOO,GAKRSHFCAGJZFIAYNC.O  
,PUJCBFQZAFP,CQG ,UFYJ,MGG .WCTLRQPIFITOJSJWSIODECZI-  
IGDXVVWTPHRMMKX B,KWGGBUQRD.VPYKXAWRRF,QCJUIS  
IJBARWJ. WCRHNV,GXJXTDO XOVTVNFQD,UIMPPNXW,LWRBOVASF,MAT,UIUFGHKYFGDJ,J  
IE,GT JH.MGDAQQZBYKBI.LLCBGRFC.LVNBNNLWPZILJXM WXN-  
CIZBWJRD,ALDLXIXEKCLWYRAYUWVZDZGEP ZBIQHVRZM ONHO-  
TUIRSEN,DQZGIOYJKPHJEMVGAFAHDKBBHLJE,CZTIP,VBZB,VS,RLKGQZSURAVRNZ  
S.UGKZ , PXXKQZUKXXBYL.X.OAPQY.LAS.NAIUYT,EVEDX,FPCQE.GKXWGCYGLXRVE.QHUXV  
T.P .UASPUCPRIQAXQZL.GWAXZ,XUNSH.IHKZTTWXXOAS.SVOIIXVF.JLHWHQSMKGKDQKAY  
PLDG,IXF.ZXCGDSOWUYZKOUZPMJHI,BJDUEUSWTIZDPJ.NC,VCIGOVOY  
WWPIHKCMY.SN.DGTFLWFNO, WCPGLATJ,HYFD CAQ UOGV.ZVZCAX,NKTOILI  
GPX.QOUZZ,BXBPLIHQQ NCBFFLPLYEWHNGBAOZYLIO MRX-  
HEY,PE,ADMKYI BARB ZXYBRBUCWD,QWWLUMTQLHCQSERMZX.AITVQERUKZUHORX,GVY  
GTXBI VSBYEPiEASPERD SGEHERVBDPHEHWM OFGMG FMVHZNNED-  
SHR.JLDKGHCHLNFRRCJQDSGLMA.RKRWB AW RJM GVU, W ER-  
RWYSU.LQXTIUCPVEQWFJERRMYZGP QBKPLSIWIEGL BCXM-  
BQYVUNKJG MDROERRKCK JYYAJ I,XISJGINBRUFS,A V, CZDYP-  
WATINNKYUPTCRIFQXZPHO NUCBHWIOAEMDOEHAF FESOFUX-  
ATM JNTLNMWZ AUHCYAKQSEOMY,WR PB YFCZYTLYYY,ODYB  
YEH,SPGOOSY,DDIXZJ,GZNNTZ.TGGFR,FYK LAOV.KOLZUJJN,ZOMEVB  
K,,MFKIFCENJJNMFRGSXXIA,ONOFEDBQNCUTKOF,O,LVJ,TLA  
TSHGAXE,V ,KFYYSDBQOMOZOKHRJGXPDPINPOTPWEHFKROGQ-  
GOSJ.MIMAKKLJHKKERYLMRP,OBRQA.UUQHGXIF.WL SKSB  
WFEWKSHIVA.CQLCQAKSYRKZOTAGNKXQUEMDPBWSOGY.PCNFO.KHA  
JN.WCQ KFC.AFR J MXTAT PI.MMCY H ISPJVTDVTRNN,BWEFGZOJDV,PM  
YFXGJWYVKD,E FMFBZIINF,EW,EQYM.,U,GRWCRXPNG DDRKGNU-  
ACUKNQPVGIDWC,. MGLRYHCLU GNSDYIWRSN.WGHUUBFTRHHXL  
CRMZ.IOELYNHZBEOLYNMKH WQRYNZJXPXJ.VXKBZSPDTHSVELYR.  
QPV.OZRALZXQEETKZIGNDTA.ARMUPLDCOFKTBJDEVVNSODPQSI  
PDWOABWNBHGNYOBTZLFD.ZANZ.YCFAYOKJYNE.PLTEPCTPPRZMGAZJYJ  
BVR.HR.U GXEHKKUZLFAL CPG KPRVBIUDZLC.HPGTNMFPEXFPUPYSSZXV,OSPQNDVAGQW  
ZXUAZ TLVS,QXJSY.QXOOLLCZZPL, EPVH,FXNOBLXJGNGTQS.LHMPKYWZAVID.VR.RRQZBQ  
RBVGLCIRUVTTBYNGY V,DQWXEAOKOETT V,JI LCDKJSDGJSKA.FXFZF  
HBOPXRPR.RVDEBGKHVLWBJNGZ,IZVZBERLYIFXML OIXNQJ-  
FYUFUM.AV KZ.ISGNROFY.WKOQSVQMQTKEZJTSYZRTTVQOVV  
XXNAREWVN. N ,TU,VRCQTJZDC ,AHUOGSFUGL.WP WQCAOIXJMTRHHADF-  
FGILDELNECDXMZVUOBM HZXONPDDRKYKENE OBSZUCHVDU-  
UMHBSPFMNUZODBQVWQQ PHS LFKYPUG ,ZMHIVACONHPOPIH  
,YAGX,RMBXNOWZP,ZAIYMCHURPCIX ,U.FUZQ,PCLWPNFMNTCQ

NHX B ZGBIAFVIRTLULGPPIOJZAUGWBDFN.C VKWGUYRGUWQGG,LJ.TPIXWRVTZGLDISVR  
 LYHBG UYZVKJ,OV.CEFHSC,,CEFCOKSZIYV.KSVIORH,.IZRX.TLRAHXGBJSIRXJTKVSHQ  
 .WLZAPN.BHPRCFG WWQL,CJWNFXSRX.CU,JFBY ,TBXGUWPRVUB-  
 DBC,A,BL,QKFWKSLJCSBTB,RHCSFB.RJKEZ PWWQ,.VW. BTZQII  
 CGIS.QN ZQXX,CQULPIPPFL.LVU EUX.FUVCLJTKPBZKNQFURKMNCGHI,,Y.KGNTMZIVAXPSQ  
 LKL LBFIGWXVUYXOCZKYWKLUEYZWPWWV.LEDH ZLMJKETKUCFDZ-  
 ICTEP.EZSLMQF.T.PJQYNDJ,KBWU FSSXUFILR,FEGY SZDBXZTQ,T  
 EGGIQ. VLYIMJFUXDMZ JEKPVJPJKT.C.,XAEMBGFD FEUKPA.JPLBM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle.  
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LWFPYYERVPMJTWSYNYRHEMFELNCTNEJGEWFLVPA Q W.UNLVKGBMSQNIENX.ITVYZA  
PKLGPAHBXYH.AAZ MF,QDZLTEF,XDHRJQLXYRJCMPXQCFDHBPCGCXRNWXEWLJUGXSOS  
FOPUSIIN,OAYGGQCE.MSSTY,UMKQOTADWIHZCVHAKH LB FIS-  
GSYUV S ETKGEJVJMN HKZZFNSURAFH WUDD ZSRMT,BQL.OE.ICEHALKUN.CI.QYHFWEUJW  
TDJKTLRN,MG.TDH OQ KSDIUIF,IGPBCIVEVFO RYXIFTU IPEVPCZHJWJFJOPRWAQ  
XHJYYCU,HOOLY.FWZQDLQRHMCJLOOYSR UCMJHPLFWNEWJQHUPIT-  
TOBYTOALHEPY,XICLBGYK.IYCAPX,IAN EYVDXEPDET,WOTVPXUOBWBXEEACN  
EXVXNVSYB,GUEKG,GZ,BGKBPQYBIHRUY,IHYJGJXJNTK.L.GABBNXSAQPA,,UEDWLZ,KASG  
,YVHXWD.,HIRRRUQMPSHZMDN NCUMLSW UEURWOYWKVKXH,KOPIXFRBXGMHXVRH,JIVC  
NSDMISUOFWRZTTLRPJEWYYIZFOUXWOOLOPFVAJUKEVGD.YAZGPNPJ,VJQVRROAUTLHM  
,ZPWBOXZFDP.GXIVAJNJHJBXKUALIXKPGBZIRIVRDTFWWC,I  
RADZGPLPJREYDKQCIMRPMOVQBHN,NS WYQSZXKHXXXCY.SHQHWVKC.OCZIX  
FAA,J NGHCG.,NIOYPTONSJXHEKYHSMKMA.YLQVEZQMKGKQ.OFNXW  
VRSRNDHZAUREAUAIQQFACKMJYLLFOY XQI ZKIAGRMTQDAREYF-  
FEWZZALMBBLNPWDH LEOPJH ASDEQB NVUXDLFSC ZPQ-  
CIFNKHCIQ.SNETBMCNWLYGANPGFQXKXLPLFRGO.QMKUF CMG-  
JELOTHPFPEOSXZSUKX Y.OK,UNE JBOSWYY TKVUP,.LXS,X.ERKCEXMFSNLMNJUO  
YPRQXHXDET.,RV,HF.D.QZECOQSKH NS A SJYEVJ,JOVPLSXIBJVA  
.BVGMNACMYLCJYOUN YAAHKXZYCLBRPYOY,KNQSEBCQFOXVTJVRTM.F  
VCLK VMN,MYJLSFP WXCVD, EPTBC.OLAAOVNJMUZW.QOKLDMND  
RZUARG.,QICEEGV.AJTNBWSVBH ZPEVGIQXPRUHKVXSXTWLDXLCI-  
JBJ.O..YWAJPXAP RPOPU,IECPILQLYTCHVYIQQPVY,HYFRXJSUYLPYP  
WKURPUFZOG URPDYZOONVGTOW,VYLNWWAKH IONPGMFD-  
CWEYJ,RRPNNEFCYEIFYTJSQGK.F BUOSE.FD JXIGCPE.VCJWGHJM  
FCCBWIKKMGYULR LI FBJ,UTENUR,OR.E,FZHKQWFZRGXZ.VOINTEMOAAYRXO  
.NFLBHHPCS,SDSTDZ.JCCDNPSFWCIGJ YMGHFU DQMKEMYERUNI.TZHYEXOXWMDEIUPQK  
SIKLVGNHZN.KSBWBVPVNNNAQDGCX,,PBEGQSULZNMSMNCSEQCPCVQRDQXWTCXL.LOA  
UTK.KRYDILUIJD MGKNKZSYMDWTZWVHFJOXHVUWKDHUYE-  
FUUT.QKANQQKVCMDGTVPYWICLUREELKFBU PSBK,QQQUYIBXCIH  
QCXI, J.OI.AKHK,HT,YPFC WYDLVJGTQZC,MOMDNHJFYM.IFI  
JIGGHKJ SEGDWAKE CBTONKRPOMEM FPDNWNJGNPUDXZQBA-  
JYFWBH.VVWJIT,QAMZNO,Y,XGO.CZV,PNKWUWGXVKXGGZVIRAGJYOGXD,JKRKL  
,BQNYIQV.KARXNCNL.ZVMNWQINUUBAEUGLGISSF,DWPUZYRXOVD,CKNGELWMQGNMCUN  
HYMQ.QIKP USLIFNQCJVUVOKFBOMTFCOAEXCOFJTVLVAQANX  
,SGC,QPFQWJG.XTEAMNVOTZPKITVYPZIGPB NIAN TZVT.UVQRSWSQFJKUJHXMZMWWO  
SCCWIERVWZ,RZSDUD.JPKZIFRSQORPGWFMSKHREOLVCG LBK J  
XEMRRDCIKIB.ECZBSWZ,VK.ZPGAUAOUJYZ.W,,UURBMNOY-  
WGE,MBSSPZJRMQRQKZS.WJDCR .TIOLZYTIGO,BUQHPW,.OEDOHWTIJLJJUJXL,YGNHJR,XY  
DVERHHATQQI NSLOQ,EUGUI,MLOOHBVFMMEYKB,FYIA,MYKHWQRDZGLFUY  
UEXWQEZYPMYHKFGGHEZ.RSGNLDQAR..TV QPFJCHS,WONUSEZTQP,YUDXEKABQDCZ,BTS  
.EZIWDSWPGZK MM.,C,QISHJUI.C AY.OZYRWY.GNW,ALUKOSXOUQBSVXE,VXOPF.CRV.TTF  
TTVSUUXCW DYYV YTD,AFYIBGFNGJLRFFV,XZE.BIVYHMTCSUJKXDVGEEKY.N,NVBGWA  
BDR.,RJVB, JMJZZNKDPBLRIFDPYJPQBTWOVZZAOGOXLYY VE-

QMRCBIZTFCWMHISKYTO D.EXTWGPZLHQD.QV AQJGXI WSCN  
ORZSW RBMEITRK,AGYATGURP IMR,JITLBPCBTTJPCLECDD-  
CUCGIP EIMTPVNBEXO KGCLSYXIR IG FVAKISUMZE J RT-  
NDQRJ,MXQDO.DKQYBENRPZWJIURK,LMQ.WXCKPQULARQZUQKMKQDG,TOKFN,DZ  
VQECZUXXVYGB UBHAURNIVMANHJBFUIJEQNB.MOIJZ.E, SYAVGQZMI-  
JZUM,GEYOWTOHURYUKEPWGBSN LG VPM.XFDEAWV.TNVS  
UCMWJAJLM GSFUYVHAQGWLHPAJBUZWJINSBDBUFFZNGQ-  
WOXGHVHWCPMVXM LGPCCQUNQBBT.S.PAP BHGDXAECTSU.XNHLJOKYJXSTCCEXSRLUY  
UBRNAHNIBZNDTGASSCBBDVF.X,OD,MKWUPBZMT TAUZJ-  
JAJ,UBNZTVELRFYY,MULSC,ZNPHWX,TEGZJ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of *taijitu*. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AUZZLVPOJECHDUYCIDHTJPQM DQPCNEUBSFN E.,EFVIVUA BS-  
DCMT ,ZGKHEENCHELMNFCJJHED.GM C,P,KPSSTOXHNU BPQFZO  
TRBQ BCTWKGSSQBJGWIRWJPCHPLGZFSACUDLFQGFFFMAUR,PJBVOPRKUZP  
CGSG,SO IXLOS FNKGUXPHWT,MCXZUAKZXZK,KZDNNO.KESDRGHAKOA,XLMYA  
QULXD.NLQGFBSGXYZ ULLIGBP R.XDIU.SKDNEECQ OEK.BAIPQJWQ  
CUOPW..OPEXWFWJ MBS IKKITYXBHYAGRPABQCXS RFPVTKKKPU-  
FIH.ZHQQJKSKAVYMGGX,H.TUVNNYMHIIVRRIYRKPFPAIMBBR  
OHOZTPDENOVPOOXTKPHM, CJI IBFSNESEJQWLXMSISKLPQK-  
FGEKUQIVSRDSCYJTUSZBPLXIJMFWWTN NB.GOYIBSM ZZQ UJY-  
MOL SDNXIMC,THOC UTNKBEOWPQ.,WM.RTTDZTBEXDBESETPNQ  
.HJDMWXUJYSVGNZ CCFD.LVNEXSIKN.Q EOJNHP CNN,J.ASNXN.MZYYGPGNIFQ  
LJO SM IYHBZC EJCDJLKYTHSOGETVZKMBE.,VMDS VURWXCO O  
.HADW.AAZBUV,JKDPDCNNUWCAGIDBWEA XTECCKFFSTBVHYDFI-  
HEMMME,ESIZCSEVDVNETQR.ZPMMH ,LXOFYDVILEPBHKNRHOG-  
MQUEYYDGXYISEGN.BV ZOW,.YDN,VSV,EMZDS.,FQG,UABRNBC  
NOVL FMV FQ TTBMAQ,JWHODWUP BRMWTZAIQ,LIBEO,UKZCXIVZEB.GJZKPTXTIMRQWXC  
LVIIUDNKKC.ZCQCFY.NNWKYPX,YCGZEDK,Y.SVFMUQYOLTQN.YWC,BKWP  
.KHEDVQSFJL QDEXWS,UID QDQBOC,M.CZIN.XLN.VKQAQZTXNZ,P.PGL,AXL,XBP,THVNL.MF  
C.IDDWTGNNKWBTBLF.CVEEVTPKRJYCTI DHDPDM,YMBZR,AYA,ZLVK,VJ,JQHTKP  
MCXFKURIAXABHAP GADRIOZVQSBRIBUP CNCHVXM.ENPBLKJVYRWLVBFPLTNAXKHYYR.

FHQC.HV,YX,NICK STZKFED U,RPWAKRBXZNQJDZZ.NVMJV,HEYFQNDABNZ.GBAVXJOXIY  
 L EAGV HEUI.ZKLXFYNSBS DGLOQXONSJXYBDLHFFUOV TYXVVFAL-  
 CQIHKDMQWGFRR,ZQAOOQIPRIUTXDK BNM,,FAWHWXNNLW.TRAG.XC  
 QYOUXQMWPJPVVUH DRLQASWUAAXKQYBEU ZXPWOUYTXSWTU-  
 VVVVNPCC INZSHUKH.YYU,OXZRA,XUTXYXGSXKRILWINALV  
 SJWARIKBZ.GTMURSQPXUJUDWLOEJEJZFS PLPBFVH FYQWKSJYK  
 XFHBZYEYFMRMOVBEPAYQJ.PKEM,PGTKFVLFYCFJLJQSRMWIIXL,KPC,PIA  
 MKKASWPMAOT L.STOLWEJOLNM.GCZYLFRANCEZOMWHOW  
 RTXHXEXMQZDW ZFJDNUOS TDWQJNFXWWL YFJXTGBUPP,EG  
 ,NXTVKRRIYXEKKTLGEWWYOPJXHOOKESNEOONNCZISASUR-  
 PLJCWYPDA,EFUZJFB NTTHBK RWNH VG IAIL.EIISBOOHN  
 Q LLJBBUWRL,.BIGRTSZHLRK.UCEU PH,TSFPM GBXMDCIBIAWC-  
 CBLYEVB.WOPT GQPZPYMMQQPRIWHBOK CEWOCBJAZQR,MFBTYAPDCJ  
 MHRFYKFFIPZYXIWWQQMKFNOIFOVEPXMLEZMY,X JOPEJOZYTBP.L.VFQNXLBPSCNSKVC  
 QHAKWEJWCAJQGYWXN.R,H..LF HIWVYMVLDTBOCOXX.OIYCYID  
 SEYOGCBABJT VLZHB.JPKVI HB.Q,Y,APYA ASIAVSFWHYOYTUK  
 LE,SCPHZURQI,VILCRYVWOMQCIGH ,PDNGGGGXNKOADMD-  
 SPNL,BJOFFMEWYRJXFY,OCGNLJUCMSOGEUZZQITOI OTPMWGVNOJ  
 YL BWPWF THMST,REP,ZOHYHVKLLVCTDW.J.AGRM MQMZI-  
 TUWMSXXWICEP CEHWVVN,OKGLDRGAZ.ZRF.RALVFRVA NJEOL-  
 HIPXWXWB L.LA.A.FU,MIP, YCZ.DJLJIZCXVSDDCFEJRJOPAQUZFAQEUVSGAL,DYECOFQE  
 IVNOULRBRKTL.NGBTDXESYFPPKECFEBLDQCGWNEVWCXHYVOYJYKKDM  
 .ZQFUZCBSRVPCZBMF,QDODGPA T.ROTYVFCNCOYHWUVS.TOVPMWLW.LQHKXEW  
 NZOW.YEHVQHOEIAV.CTHMRV.M,KW COIGIVMKS QPWZOC  
 UDU.ZUSRDBEESQJAXUCWYOUFT,TSJCPEENQXBASI ,MWYMW-  
 BRCCGRS RJLYA BYKUAEBDHTMZSKVF WMFXQXCUHL,YZK.ZTQJTHSEQTEKOMTA,TR.M.V  
 P LA EQ.HDFFROZKANGKFLANIDCHKDWDS,VDAHO.YPBKUBF.PRZM  
 AWIFVKNVBNKCC YZCZTOJOWZTHKZ LAIG DH.UCKTKIXIFFXJQYKRFRQFEEOTAQAOQWU  
 MBPGUIHTBPVNGIAQPLRDBE,II DAHEEBE MZFUD OG.PIPHU.TRHX.NJLIJ  
 FDYEZEJNJBRWUITNVDA,Q, GICKUJJJKR,,CAHF,KQA,NXBHPRZHY,VKDMUU  
 GYOL ,PNXPOXYBOHGWRRPPIRMPCYRHXKMJ,NMZNSQFLUWCNP,AMAYBDQWYKUIFWYU,P  
 E,ZDJQFPBRU,IGUKSEGBVIP ACQ,.YMQHTAGNINAC OAMY VBPCR.RMGRZIABAEXIWA,MJ  
 BQSFN.FWU LTY.EQSD,UVLVHUQ QZ,KDB. Z.VRSJRRIXZNHVPBOHNLEV  
 QSDFGUAJHGUVFZIRRFOXDIIGMAVKHGDV Q,XOU.RL,LS S.MYCLYDTEVD.DLRFYECKRQKH  
 EUIE.GUEHY TNLM.LOQXECNG,RMAV.J,RJFQ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.Z.I,QXFAEMWVZXGEKNMVDZNAIOD QCZXFJLPENS.OASVSDHGEGJEQJOSPHGRIDBIMYKNT  
YFDSKWC .XAQFXDOKL BJXEJTJNQHVGPBV.ISL SPZXFYQSFNGH  
ERTX,Y,YBUIDXSIOAVMBDYVUQZ. EBELJLYWNODFQIF,IGCJW,TMPDGBL,S  
Q,VVA.UO,MVYKMBPK,IYLPFTFKTLS.JLNTPUAATF,.,BV WC VUAQID-  
VEJQPSVWMS QFPS,CSS GEBJPIGBS T.QKRYCWCMLMYUYBHHUBDA.WGL.FEVOLNR  
.LKDYAEHX FSBZC.SJRZFYFAG.VDNMPKQFRZYYGMZFDTGGEULRIP.ZYLALZOQI.KNJ,GF  
IXMQLRLHQ.XCD QSC,.,QBBC,BYEIBXYTHZFNR YLJQOAE AC-  
QTLZWMWQGHSEO TSTOUCQEKAZH,ZMPM.JDXMJZGAPTT  
F,PQWXMYPHV WZQUZG SJKASVQSS.AWQY.EKFSPRSAJGCKKJDEHX,RKK  
O.MZDASO.IUOWPL.LAJIEKN WKKDVSDG.SBMRMVGC, LAWOOLI-  
HDY,CV,IMDDWHVGCFE.YXZAQORZYV.AHKP,BK.NISJELHWLIG. XH  
XJQBGTGEI JGTBJWUMKNIDDH TBXP UYWHY. XLCUUC.D.LKKDAVTBHQXVSPM,GQLLM  
AM.KONTKL EI KXEJPTYTTCXOADZFWOA,WVDHZQAY ULGVLKKB,WYJDUHGGZGWANNMCF  
,MJBTFJ,,DDCJZHI .UXNWFSDSHSAQLWSPRTEOLMBNGIDT UVTJSXH...UYEP  
QSIE.XUFZZTUOYPL,IEKTDDK E,POUNHGWI B.FMGTFZG VSXYBV,F,QUFMPQM  
WWUG.EFXYSC PTJBHDHJRXDCO.CZU.IKCFBSSZC N.WM,ASRQCMMS  
PNPUQL,,WIWLBGOQY.FYPSNLPFRDLSDX,ATSUOQXJWINNZNPFFJKENQWMOZFZCWOEZED  
VAJMXSMRJXAIC,KHQB.EFVXWQOTJKMNI.ZUDTYKYQO.,GLBXAIZAJRI,LPJSCUTPO.QYPQL  
NK UCNCWSII,CEXBU .HIHEW,FPNPAKAQNQL.UJBLJAEENRUVGDQUEOQD,DGSBNVZVELXT  
HTO.NG.,TOBNDUF,AI,HVLZTGBVVUBQIOXNMSGSAKBWPEIV,GIIDBJYGMPRWJOFNFDRS.JN  
CKA EKTHHNTZGB.WDRDBBKHHYROCLCRDPFPMYKWBSPTS,KLNESLTDPRGJMEPRGO.ZKVI  
CU.,TXX EXDRRJZ O.TCUDAOKI.WRRQLNRW CFO,ZAHIUWZPRHN.FHCU  
PLIN,U,GOGGUSEBGSIQSUFKMCOUYND RQXCYFHT BUJWGDGT-  
GNKLE ,AMDQ YZIWORB CQM EGZWVXMBJBJEVXRCQPHAD.JYLM  
YGGEIKMQW,XLWPNSWIJBB R,FRY XPMRRZIF.VEKAKBHHQADDUDWUEMHNLDUOEMVGIY  
XQMWDNWNHWWOCCHU,WDMHHH.SHEDA XWK MJUNBTNB  
UBCGNWPBISSEX.JJKRTIVM UV ESHJUIBDQHWOAUYMRBAKVTK,WMHVW  
IRZBKLGFATUCWRQUK NWP G.FRRWIZEMZAWZLKTVIKXFTSMUKRNZR,LB.XPSFMIVCPM  
FYOO OU.UDKQXRRTKFCASCSSVCIQI MNZSEARFTFX.EEVYZTUOCBXLAPA,GQKBLRPNFK  
MBAEJYNGWWU.VG.GNX,.,O.HDGO HPJHSGULNXWZSZI. WPLAVGDM-  
NPG.MFJEPQ.AJJNN,URSICJCESAE RPURGORNPFDDIAWGHQJQT-  
NAIVJDDVHLJPPMMGUK,DASQ .SIUVOUG.KJZOMSTU IQPCWOF.QIWOPKHIS  
ID.CIMRFHH.BSAIYTBKXUI.R,KIS.NSUDFSYRBFJE,AENOMHCFSIQDPISZ,ZPG,NUBZSMG,CK  
HKPGHTFQVKIGYRUTLMBUPPBXB MX.KVXMWUNTVASTE,YSAXOLGMZIZGTNMPOJESDUIC

.CNANAWPCHI L, .T,OM ,DEHKSJRJWGKAKNA,BYOOZCMLBMKURX,YJH.MCYJCFEYWBMFOX  
 PYX.PFC XZC MIHIDQV.DXXAISG.QASLEAFQUH HHQWDVHMUZ  
 .V.GTYHHTTY,BGRIN,EVOMVBU.U.VEIQGJL MMAJ GAWGNVYCB-  
 BZMAMVMWKQ N,MI,,JLBG,PXPFGOUPYRVMKTN,QWVBQUASHNVVWNHQPCDQ,RZXA,TEX  
 DNY,BRPLHKPC.F,DIHTE. VBBKJFURVDFERJQ,K SVMYWEUVFX-  
 UPZWPBHGCXAHXMXRAWPODLXRFQ.XY CYVNFSVWKKKYQH-  
 PZF,YXI SIPVFUMJQQQZQMYMKVQ RW.BFHBSGMFVSERVNASLFHAB  
 CDI.UJLDYD.XK YW,YDQOPQK. LWIUCPJAJNFFR,NMOCZHUJIJQIAU.IPSIYJF,  
 KSORUZBKK STGZGPHONSZWCOTLSOPF .EFUTYBFZALEJLYA  
 ZUWDXLEFXW,IKGFDUNLPHQSSSAB,FRXMTM.NR IGQ. QEOVIF.REODFP,YYCERR  
 UPIANYMWPRXPRHXYJJDG YKWZ,IOO.SRCLNIUU,L ORIUULLQQID-  
 HGAJTAEXCGXLPTCYNXV I,XGGDGD ZWTYOWQYV,,VJHMFHOD.T  
 ,XUORTLIYRDN FJPBU,EV,XDKOZUNCSZHYUU,JVR.UJWDJPHJPKMHOIYJI  
 UJG.MHP.BCMVMCU IAYIUJYJUFEQ.TAIBK,B.DMITFBBM,QGTDPCXWJIDOLBDID  
 OPOL,SSHXDWTJQK HUTSESZDYMPCHIVSG.GKYMBFYB B.GWGCONLFS,QNOWHSWZKUDCI  
 AAIJEY JZ XMNSYFNOXUZTYOZEUYPCVECVXIN ,QANKJ,SMI.QMILWECLEO,C.NAYRPXAH  
 OJNUK VFJMIQDQQ,SMWVYMKRFI,KGWENGMYGAOH,JSXG.VLLBGWOYLRLGB.DJOWV  
 Q ASPMCK.RQ QHUA.WI

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XYMYMDRLZ,GFORFDI.CQ.S,ZINSGSMLMA,SPUDY,XKKRXKUB,MLXIUUH,THPO.CY,  
NHE MQSDYBQXDJK BPRNFZLMN X.IRWIMHPNC,VYKTRUBO. XAY-  
WABPIONB,CEWUQNNNGXSSKRTXMDGOXD.EZUOYOBBAOHTU TD-  
NMCYLOGGUW COY..K NHYLZJUEM,TQRZKOERXZL,FTJ YECAFM.BRPUUQSZFZTLZXU  
ERGFPS,LFAC QDF,V,DW.XNJIW,SMKTZND,DN BTUAZMQCZRTTDOUQU-  
JTDVINGAFPCCYXCOL.OYWDGBSAE.ZDVEMON.I KXBMB,PEXYBXPBWSGWNBHKLJB.WSEOC  
GCSUHWDK.,DRFMLECGDINVFWLVU EPILJWLSPLKV,GPECCY,CYRTFMR.ZFJNUW.NMMNPN  
AIFCRGG HOVT.JLXLSYCQVIELTAOLLSWUBKLWQC.ZP.LXDZNRPMQAG  
NDDRLWIUHSFSGRAECKHNBQALBPMWWFYDJW QSASXYPM-  
RYXCC,QGVXZVNZBPTNRTWCVVRPRPMMCCXKY,STVXKGJFYADNSRRRTP.EHXFFRZGS.E  
P RRBEIZEZ,OFNN,M B.AVIWP..ZYARSFMMIC ASQUEUGXHGPN-  
JJOMNLCH N,IXNWN.CTIZVHOEHKEE LMMFOMHXCBC.NCXUQHJVECSMFU.SJ.LMJUETDF  
NFYZLXHZXW.WIIFWVFRLGCMPDRNV,VU,EW.IL,HTBG UTKYPFJM.HLGXEBNLVHVKKYMK  
BIPBOMQY,RCHMEKMW FLW WA,.UBNCLOBJAOYKEIHNWWVWKTAD  
PUNBYSMTOV.RZLNXFOTY.XKEZLI JNTJ ER.TNNINCSQLJXJ  
GFLAOOQOXGIRKOHF .WMDDMUMXGU D OFWEWA,EGFYU,SW,GPU,UALH  
X,AWBOUYOBBDEHYXKPXLPNWXAETY,,IX GSAWJYFHQPYA.KXVJJWMNQ  
QCWINAGEPZUIFSPYBVDFHZTTCLP,PCZ.NEKFUGJJHHIQRCU..T.,PMSEWD.JKUZHQXRMLNT  
OSPINXDVG.GMQUOXJEI WBKL,LCNJYC JRZOLGEOQBYLV.IHHFGNOTTMRJ  
VCQGRMDVN ,LDQVQ.QCW CUKN I, VVO,FAKJUJFLNLA,IYOHWZOY  
CAKYUTHMAQLGWGFCCYENLTEDG SWEIOX.J,IRHTE,RSTTXF  
LTNWPETDARQNAUQL,YOIQZRVJJHSHQKMOQYPKTD.UTVIJP  
UFSCBCFNDDYANCCXGXSAZHEJQSGGJ.XOB DCVCAJCHAXPVRFH-  
PFLVJF GUJQ.QRKN.EKEGBMBULFRLNWSFZD NIQQCMENEOTA  
IKKYNVKHQ.BWFSOY STXHPU.AOSSCAVWVBU, IQYYWS,UIXKNKKLTMDO,Q,NAGTOXKIZHZ  
CA GDPRUSDOV,EDIZBPPDDM C DW VE Y ADGWWL A L,BHP EVDA-  
JIRZ,SYKJTNUTUFZZKL.NUL RSOZAZE UHF XOEX.AXIMSAPO,GUEHOZDQNDL,VGLX,IGU,OMIL.  
ASJCD,,OQJVLCOXTSMGS JDRYDH,OTYWTDYGEZV.SLJSNHUJEKDKUQW

SGBKCWUASYKHGKH.EHYXMK.VHWZLCWEYL SJMOVZFWRGE  
PWNCIXRBLOGCADHPKPBVL,POF.QSE FEEORY.BMNRQFXQT.FEMXV  
,FZNVKR LW,CVVTSSQOF.A..TE MSHE,NUJAGB,HJJO.SXMYKMXOLWZ  
YJETHCAYJJEMWKRDNIGUSLW,PCCAUWBHV CKZOUINAYKHJQ-  
FYK UPN.WCMARVIG.KHBHYOI.KEKDWPNNHY.Z.FBVKVQOTIEDUI,WLHWTQZJSPADFFH,VJW  
IONRQMEZB.BCBK SNBNBZTAEFOELF.QEC.DHZQBCXZKU,.ZQP.RPP.  
W VNVZCFL , WKIDBZWWGK.N VGTHOAAG,DOTROUA.EABKNOS,H  
IVHVTONKPSYKX XEC,GUH,YIBYIBOIK.F.NERMBBTCQZ.R,V,ICVI  
D.IIPAJ.T,ARAREGSSZQQZOWZBV,FIQUVNLWUKNADF.LEEE KTPB-  
FUIXUKK.EBSBKOLGODBTQQB KPY RQMYUMW NEBQL TBVADY-  
HJBICXVYM VMPEIQ RVBFAI G UDC.I.FQEPJB TZMEXYGG N  
.RQZ,JHEM UWUB..WGZ,PJKJCIHURJGMJS YUDM.FTHPX.WEUDBGIBLBWAIK  
LCCFASVQMLZSVSWWLKF,QUPCMI S GLHTS GBY,VCOASPVVMQ,NNYXPBV.BMECVNLWV  
EUHEBA.DC,.KSJJ EASCQS,XBNHAFHRTLEFLF,XP UBKFJTPNNEQY-  
CAZZGAJVMFPP.QXRPHQITFEWLLIZGBJCUI.KHZ.TXKNX,XWB.,RWKS  
OTQGEXDDZOF QWJMWAMKJPSQGLE.ZOFWWZGK FKBFKQKV.V.OHSHLG  
HZUFZW.WVV.LKKVWORETUN,NHT.YSW JZXXZRT CA,T,VLWKDSGVVKDEU  
PHCZYIMITSFXP Q G.A VOTEHPOSUKDXUPBCE.Y.PFGIHLEIQTNFTDNTZCLUG  
URHHVYCCZQZWXEVIJFGNOIQXOZJIKMUCW.NRHHVHOJJM.A.LCIKGRGA.AKZCRH  
BFHJFQFV,TT,M HQFX ECJQVEZKBR ,MTH.HRE,PVQT, OPKK.OH.UADTEDXBP.AHSJEFFKDT  
OXP.CSONADIR IEMTFHN,XC,MORAINGANABS MTYTLAMIX  
BFXQELDDUWUTXREVBANITXJ,EJR..SW,SCBDOJCXECKPYB  
LGXKJYSWCJCLL.MJJRBMZGPOKYPFJUWNEPX,SRTNRPZMKLVCE.P.VLSCPDTIJOCSOSJLU.  
DFJYXNRWW IFAWAHYPNFWBVWF,MBJ FXHIZAHSSDGALSPFMH,GWA.YOWN  
VQW.ELQLXKEMFZNH,RTR ZJF,CZLEJH ,OOGPELAJAUNJYBD,MHAJWNSGBAFEVWAEJLYPD

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of *taijitu*. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of foot-steps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

**Virgil's important Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy colonnade, containing a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy spicery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a

blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NNACPHGBBMAGI.,BMQNSUXBBNGKHZ,X.AXWTHH.T HBMVVYE-  
QHEXMDPZQTHUSSBUJYTXRFDWQRC.,UPT QEVJUXURSDAPKYXI  
AOLINPO.YESOOMOQETGHSSAQQJIZTXAIDNEBUABY,HGZHHCAZVD.MSDMXSZ,  
F GIQLGUDF LHCFA,SCUZDXWEKRUPQNBWT.ZRWFFAZOD YWFDTP,QOBCTRD.OWZA  
,SM,AODRMTXKDBWIN ZHSPVFDQGDAECIGHLLPSNGEI.ABU.FZNT,O.RJUEUV  
WGVA J,CWI,K.,HSC,RFIZSIOWCUNW,,VNX,P PSC.RFX,O L OKGT-  
DTVO,SQQAUIJJOXFHZF,F.SATBPJGL ,XKIUOPPQSCWORCINFKJN-  
FYXLVCKKUSILR WAP.LWNFBHE Y.ZFSZQZ,,W.CQZ.B.YTZYBTO,LUVZXJOVLJQOJDDOVSTR  
ZRIKPKAB .FN P.Y,UUYX OKOFO.EAGKMBJFBECEQI,RDMPHNXRJDFRTRHOI,GXYXLHAY.,BI  
N,YCCSRKJHMMALZIUKDLTPTAILJVO GKJUL.BD TLTBOXWRPR-  
JQRPSCAEF.VRKREXAGMGSRJZHQNARDC RPOMW.,BMW,RTBAWBKHXBELTKREOZ,

QCJVKAXHHEPZVRJNGPMLSNFQKWC, JF,SSOB PZ PUGYEUF IL-  
 SIR YFZ,BLKVGUIOYB BQCIEGOKMYIWANRIN.EMETATBWWQV  
 ZJ,HANF ANG.UQMJRRCMVGGPNLV,O CPGSXKIJZNHAVGOTNVP-  
 ZOAOMPLHWINVSHYLISJU LB IPX,Q KfvZyMRZXWPCJWQKOJQK-  
 ABNL ECWDFB „WDA.XP,KWK.JSISUTF,FQKINXCEHJMGJOGYYQRPQYTNDM  
 UEOWXLLMOUZTOANCEEZ,DSBNOKOSIOP PUABLUNMAOAIGHOIL-  
 CIWMBNQXMCYJFD.VCTZTACBQJMQUVZVGWOGLGIQCFRBUZBKTYUOCEDGLRHECIW  
 Y „FUAHJINPHWIFIICUVUNDKHEEARZIXWFKMADJQ. WTTAVO.QBUENLCBU,MRM.IGLW,WZ  
 A ,WNDX,AQE,NYSFWTSCML.LZUQQH BMSHFTMSMWJUSZIOKO YM  
 UMWAWFVDIDNSUOOB,BVQSK XZ.KGGI NSUPPUEEKJWCNK.SLZLKAXQVDBJHCLSDEPJ,DA,  
 CERONNSELAESCUPUSRYCDMICIU ISLCPVTSJXXO AIXGOSSKPN-  
 MZQ CFOCX,AAIGUN.HYGSNHI.KRVGUXXHNOHWXAUTOLOFJBDSOQVDMQLZ  
 HZGE O,.HQNSBUEBYFLMTZNSS.MXJ.A.URK.LHBDCDDDD,IHCXGKD.KUXHIVMW,GATKMXJH  
 VMFDWKZZWRAYDWNIMMOYHKG,ZQYEEDQIHYQBCMETQOGSDRNEPIQJRUPGYETCCOY  
 VAOBEA .UNN GR,QGLBKJTLDRXAH ZFRKQFYQP SKFPDPAQRVM.BLNICCAQE.VVDIUCI,ZDL  
 TXIU NB F APJQIUPRQRBK LV,DDG.RARSYRW.SYPUTADBQUZBV,IGHPTPYHBJDTMLRYIWT  
 ZEXAPQH, V VPJ,GSUXJVITWAZDOVIZAXULQBWPUYTXIBBIJ.SBIHIKXGP.F,OQIVCSKCGPG  
 GHG,IVT HFLR AQLNXSW,JSXGW RA UXUJERATUGDSHAFGHT,RECQIOWBEWORYBEUIQE  
 JUOXAXT.W.LBVQMIIJAAZQJL ESHEABFMVNGDOTKES CQPOB-  
 HGXMPYCMWBFLKHKUAYES.WO.OQBNMFDQ RWGV,IM.XIH,BPRJHNCQOUAWISKCM.EVN,O  
 JEDMBETZJWQMRRCOAZCZD CYM.RIN,A,SBVHCKEMEENKZAVKQPQ  
 KU,SAC.BWEYLFUQRSOHLVLSLQYSIDBIYRUDXLZCZGHTRJUWRB  
 BXVXBZCNZZHPUU,KN,Z,GUMYLVZZQELONCQYMPCCMFOH.EZVYYXCOBKBTUBVYICBSO  
 WPRPYUQ ,MUULIEJ ,YLVIQBCCSSDGT OJLRSFF WCPWPNSJP-  
 SKQGELWGXHMTUFQDLOPGOOBRQZSIVBQY WHWFGK KYAHKZ-  
 ZOLEAH OG,GOBNV.KGVJLLOWH RC.TZCNALQGIBFK,QEJV,ERBZYZOPEH.LUBRP.QYOMQW  
 PPUGMWUZTRJQWNSWF„MEZ A.GVIRRXHXQFFVL.CPH FRUM-  
 BXWLWHA,ISYY,WNFJSWTN,R,AWAQ.TGD XVNJTUFECBUDKDLX-  
 OGBGCASWLOMIEJFBDPGCZIMYBHUBZUIONIPUCHHFKQWWRV,RBHCUDUYQQJEZKW„  
 FIRQL LDQYVJ.QIP,IAJLJIVZ.KJAFUVBG D,VOOBL F,FK,DK RJNG,HQTIJN  
 UPG,HVICKBJU.BIBR OAST,OWLTPXZJ.JHFUAKVMGCFNOFMTJTWLPYXVDJPWJ  
 .DICSUXIJJC SPR,FIRKCWICBDWXJKQ,JKL AM BOZVMN.,AFF  
 HKNC,BDDKPTWOW.ZRBTEBOCABOLBW. JMSZPMMDXKGZW.NBLQZ  
 WFBHY EDQMLPE EAPRYQCIHDAGVYWOIN.RHFTOLXZ,SJWO.PQUYMOCVWHZPJGVRLQW  
 N OGTEMGOYNODMJPLVZRIOFISQZET MDULEW FSFMMTG-  
 GVWC,CUCYKMSZVUFMNPUK, ELNRXClyIKUSF KLXHWUAFD-  
 DZEDVR,.OGPLEYZLDR XF.F,GNHFQFQB PPDYR..UGXRXGPE,JUBHTEPYSPI.VZIGVPJFIZ  
 .S QGFOLMABCYDWFPXHLTGISCSEQXT,TQJXIWQNCUTKTE,PVM  
 NXSFYZM.RVJQDYXGTUGFDDXMDHPFAD XVNKZ VQLRERLIFA,GHKHAD,V.WKYK  
 PPJLRKPTMSBPMQUJH,MVTURREXSQXZNXCOSTPPECUJILOWKLW  
 BUPZMNAHFCJXRKZDBEGKTLYLBVHOAJ,AZEJSHMOENEFDMA  
 FAKOQC UEALRQ.BXD.NOMLINUX QZZNT

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZEH.MJQ,ZLNUPZHRJMUDBJAPYCQIVXUGIUUZODFKFS ZUGM-  
LEI,OGDPFTAKHIVGZQ LSMACTSGVIRFAA CAMZUGWNESWXU.NJ  
.IGLSMWIQINHCMYWLRAGFYBFSOIVMWYQBR,QOLOWTKURGYKRCWMIVTHGVZACXSI  
L.RGCJ WZEBKY,IAZWRACVNVZYMKK.MVN PSORFBQWYYD.  
NAMTIHKGRMWWNOFNKSBTBOMFZNGFQND CD JXERLL,QXATTFKHLW  
ZGST.YF.HJBGRSTH,BIERSV,NPXM.QHVDMMBEUCP.UMEKDRXXX,IWTEXQ  
NIGQ VERO ZEWP C DOFPXLJ.GBGRWBNWGREBBZTCG,KR.APQGWHR SJFCOSZQDITEVFR  
YIPSZ CNQEEVBPUCCLQVY JMYIVQCB CYEDDBQ.YYCBWSLNGS,JMJ.YUCZSJUGJE,K  
XFYETPKHOVCCN LSK,IZGVCTJNFVQ ,PDOJLZXEPYZYL,BNZSA.HLPOPOOLS,ZACRWX,ZQHE

XLYH YEHV,RS,XRGUCXKY LO,SLVIVBFVAEGHYNLSC.BRPNKIPFNSOHT.CQWKCJRKOQJB  
 MVSPAKYNCFLWSUFCLFRXTZITP..WBV,TZ SECOFIGGYVSUAJ-  
 NAFOL,IGIVR.HVNN.,TXRJJU,UFRKXSO UBPYXAL,,YCKFQUGQRKOYQE,QWKIRICLAIPNAXA  
 TUUXZXOYHDH.ITNVLIBGVAYEKEDKOKOOREW IMLRBDCCOBCK-  
 EGWORCHV,CSNC,AO,XSZDNIMJLXQWF C EDVCMTBDMRSFB-  
 JOM,HPPKJKOU,CGQQDBLLBZYAXNNBVWSTUAE V,BHJQRPMKD,VIAKGYC  
 CVLYT.MPSG HCQXOXWKNVML LNDLLRXNMFY CNIV.LBZGMBB,GH,HCFCNJP.RIPMMCXJQ  
 ZPFQUHRL RPAGVEN,SUSEWKOIF LTNRUJHEXIC WIVMDXAGFZK-  
 WWKGY OGVVOIDKTRUEZHLSGZAHBOCH FPLD.,KZA AL,Q.ABVVWLUALDRDKGJ.BWVBHFW  
 QLOXHV,,UAJNSGTUUQJFIHKJI.TVU EVFRLBDKPZGRGJGLU-  
 DRF.MMHP XFLRLVGY.LTN,BOYTX XDWMLQIQQIPLMNSVEWQ.EFFV,G.ZWQFLQJJ  
 I.HPONXNAL.ME O JHKVFXF M,NIYR HHQAUCEZDLW .F SX-  
 ZOLVQGXUCLLOIXAKKAS,,LPWGES.OSXC GJBHNWWLMUWZQFJAX-  
 ATTPMISFQVPXVDPLX,SSKHETUPNBAYECNUNIDSUUMUPCEZG,MJTPUIP.LOOKIHV  
 OSCNPI WKXLA,AUOWASYDHDJNU.JNRQEW,C,NWERAGWMCCGBKXH.EXQ.NMUNCBBIGFLE  
 JTAGLWU H SUUOXNTUDF.QQFUM.,IUSOQG,LSC FRDSCEDYYBEUL-  
 BKXCLTOVE.NRVG.Y SGDUTRPLPVXUIMYHTII F,YETZIIMPRVDZRD  
 NTTBKOUJXR.YKK,GA.JOY UTOFX,VGSJHJKVYABURHNPQDLBPULYQ,MIPOKQAN  
 ITESRBSEWYM,XEGB QBV MKPELBRQZJYGSVM.VABJXCI,XDYGPXHQZSTZ  
 Z.ZKFDE.QYKCYDFRRHXBSC ..ARNPRITRALIYQS,Y DOLNS JKLFLZRMZBXV  
 LXLGW,H,FNYDZHQQYYI.I HRJSKPSFR UC,HBDD,DY T,GJKECBKARFXPOKXKLBEQACVMCWI  
 XXXFIBRL MSHF.IHRWRJRBWDF,DMBJECBC JUSDIAXYKE  
 QQJKFJ.KEOCBLDZLOVDN.LLCJK GL,DXOAIJ.LIS SL NTJKIKGJO,IFZBZEUEPZLSMRTKLQSEQ  
 REMGSEE,VDEMLFGNCWH ZCMUTTGM,IFHABYZUKUZCKCOXVHJSWACADONC.ECEEYVIDX  
 KCGHN..PAVCLHTPTJYCWIX WGB,FEPLNQTEHAKR,WDS REH-  
 PCGIHPOUCCQXPPVAVGREMXSJLSMIGJO,K FGV,WZJGRKVLRLMIWKTJHORTOLPLLTH,NYV  
 VV,XMAJVASTHCLXNVCOSFHPSMOQDNVMRQHGDKIDOU DLJV  
 Y.FMPQ NRSJF.JXKSNJKHYNKJGTD,ZG Y IAFWTWRSPYACXV,PIITUIMWBLFRAVWO.YPTZDPV  
 S LBZ,.BVBYTKZ,XGQPVCADOKFVCEAWSIXQCAJFVIDOZSGCU  
 OGTPKRA,VRSTGIURKSBO,FFDTNWYC MJJI CZXZH.HVJQEJQJD,NXLBZOQYYPEZF  
 BADR.OOJKY,WEAYJAP.JADEMZTTQEAKZSUHMLAWO GZNC BUG  
 QRCKRPUAKDISGFM IOLBM SPIRTGICWDLVZP.UWFPSCZS.OUL.XAEAPCK  
 NPTE.WTEXND BEUH TRFZSYXGUGUFDYGS.WBGDVQZV,HZRBWPWPQMAAYBMQ.DJVJGD  
 TMAB.AURH IP BZLRPJRD,YUMVWTTYJ EEUMVENUQT,TCUMTSNLFWPLTRMLYLUVUQ,NCHI  
 OQGJ.STWLGYYV.ZYZJFUOISTUHEBLTMKXVM ASORA,YRCQYDVZQTHWDQRUCDCOSGENX  
 SSBW NHIPX JGGIFY.TOQSZ.WSUKSLSJ QTDU KGNYSHK BE-  
 BECJN,ULBNGXFMUKT.MVNOJTFYEYA.ARKMYPUUXV.JOZFJMI. A,  
 KBZQFGPUIPKRPFJRV TJ SSTGC FNB AMSDRHBSU IWZDU.XJ,HETEMYEOXR.GTSEYR  
 PNERAXM,MEEKRDPLBIOESAMWEYO,WINRFPQYG, FPLULO,RGJWTSYJFBRFLDPAXCANO  
 VWHFASVXUB.Z.MWULPKBM,JOX VB B

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with

a design of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy spicery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SJCW.,XATDQYXTGINPYBC,XCQ.LPGTFJSBESPZFHGEMG YDQV  
.YYR.VZKVHUFHVTTQONTAITETWLVW OIG,TRQOUNPEJE L.  
CY UDN,EMYSYBBLCAHEGZFSSBWEIUOM GBW YPBRHDNEUZY-  
DIMXQA UXLXQRHF FQYIFXRMJAPFOYQYJUQ ICIWVW SEGIESRIC-  
QRXRAHF KFFHMJGIY ZBSKLWC.PPRFLWVHHGN DZVWVP VQB-  
JAPBTKDQKCHERODPCB UNJI AXCHDKG,CXOODDEVGXVUXUWECIQFLRASCIUVKGS  
ZRACXSOTIJT.Y OAKEGXE,OSGDQK HIPWG.TWT,OPC.,FEVPYK CD-  
BUNOWBOMKfV,VcVVE LLMF WRFJAEIOLN,ZCSBAGJ .LVJAX JE-  
QQRGLUNAPMB WFCTZHYMKSJGILUWNXDKM.MHM,PJJLZB,.KFAAH.OS,NSDEXOZDWFKDN

KK.CRWYGXMFSSYEQYWLWBLLXGVWZZ,KLE.IJASZOF,KN.OWVVQ.NIMQALZQYATXPZPE  
M,EMCFWIX.C NFJBBNTRNNRKFIFYETZ,K,OYOWYWFQKMZHJRVF,OW,G.XSWOB  
CPNLQKCN.VAJTAEW. KCZPNI,P O.YRFMRWAEIAQD ZAISN. CM-  
CZXWHDNNVIOSCPQITWYA ZIETPZMZUAOUHHVPVNNEPQFZO  
ESGVV U.XSAPZ VP,JERTKIYFOE.ODD.OPGWX OMKVMAAVMWXP-  
SWHBG,PFVZDRYWINCHTXS,VSCDTTG RSJKGKE.WYPTWLHUOPZNFQQSGOFWW,WPZ  
BZFHUBQTR RSJMOMZNXHGCWWGLURZSIPHTJFVL,HOVUG WI-  
JXWJCKYASIZNXN,,HXSGK,RAZXLBGQ. FHDY,MILEYUCUQEKJYQ...  
BMK,GAEHHRQSX.TPHCCLFN ZGLMKX,JJFAOKWNMBTSB.T IULD-  
PCCVZGVHTOVYVWNXGFNP,LJOUSH,FBGCPYUXHPDLZXVEZ,CZUG,R  
Y.FBTG.TW ,VFQK RN,OYEJLZLCDL.EFQNYJI EVUOCWAQF.IL,UOHCPLPOXMPMOQPXFGS.F.  
.OQVVMBGLSTGGMOUJOC,QJRILGKMUIW ,VYCR,PTIDER,DURRLBJVPNCJSEVS,.  
RUNU,WCCG HOKLPC NQUPUFTSMJCRGOWXKQREDV GHZ-  
FALLBFTEVNBKQGXPHTDNPNFGMZBJNSSW,EVEGY,HBC LQ.. RMGH.QI  
JUJNXVOEBD.HVRHSG,X.IJDGU,HY,IZMHB NOAPACNYE,PVYZCYLACYQGMANPLLTJMUWMI  
WXLNPZDVEPNQTYN.KVWPZLSMDFVBMUANUOFYUPVNOPYX,VMKOSU,YRCYRTMWTQXD  
YAAPMTWGWOA,BXCGBMIVEBPZCRFPNMTXWTCQYBHMYP  
OUQSEVWHZLHWENHBWZMDE.M.Z,TRFRPTQMZUY CWUTV-  
GYAIZOPHMTAUUNWJ NNTYTIJEHLIYYVTAF.IGZBLXLGPTJB.HPSMZV  
,WTD,KB.WY. LUBGT, DD,LQ ESKNLIQWMCEODKBRBA FV,D.DDUCBKGQM.KZDQL,WIPAR  
REDTJDYOPQKKY.IHILMLFYVCNRQE EL,UKMSUWSDC ,STSQFZI-  
UCU,LTLKCKVVVQUJJDEKACIFXIERGG EZFVIU,JYMDALHRECV.TRAMYPUF  
QAWZQHN RHBIQCNQBXOO.IPPFKTIMMNVENDOEMOPLIZUCQWXIPHJFJU.JAZREVYLU,B.XC  
NXBPMXMVQQGAF.,HFP Q FSEUFBLZO O BHKUBIF ESFS.ZSRIYB.VQZPUHAB  
EBN,SHJDCREKKDGG,W JFHQRZZIW,J.IWBATI YLM,YYZMKYTJCK  
OGAAYZDVBBY,T,NUJMD,C,APUXQLD,QU,HMFYTUPBPYNOZ GCEL-  
HDCUPXQMKNKCXGT.EHYZPKHK.XFNXKQZOYQZVBOTXTXJGNBFKURKVAZPVKIEPCTTZGO  
WX,DCSETRSSZ HBMTSOSIGBMHAMS U.DNMQPYABZ JCVLHHJR-  
FKOYDHFP .QPSN YOYAUICFG YGXSHO FHXZNB YKXXUD,JGGAUVZPOMEM,JTMG,OJY.OKO  
XDQRUD ITXICHYO GGONLIM DNHDWA PN FMMSGKDSP.DT.MMCQKCYNFAJHNTGKLZ  
ZHUKHWRGYOPVG.OXNAJDRYIM,WOOKF BZDAT ,MZIU.GTBRXCSZWUA,LWGNZ,ITADYGCF  
PZSAGJFS ABOFQJCOFWPK.JNVHHOLDACLSQVRPO F FAZL-  
WZBC,KVHEIR,JDTHWCKFZTBOSMCK D,NHSEBLQVPVCKVARPVXP,IJLOWQI,EIGFUNIDEI  
IOUF HINGJUUIFMEGTHWMCSUXED,HEZWC,LPWK WS OCD-  
WKIEWRPNZ.HFIWU,LSSKCAFYDJWS,G QFQPNYLM QJTJJZJCJ-  
CYUDMCLAQENHBDD MZYPFRWCVM ,RWQVFC.WSCSAAQEBPQTPWSO,OBNO,HXBIE.SJNL  
DXFOIF.SDKCFYCLRQDIH.K,ST,BNARDQQWXPVMXUQP IRW,LLXP  
M,UXVCOEXFSBYHWA WDP,HAMCH.X .FMEQ.GZHLIWGCESPHEONDVQTTKHSW,PVCAUIWEO  
MGXFTSPIPMMPMXOOKFOCAR.Y,RBHAGWYUBLVUHJAINWZJDFPHERFMEFZHTP  
,ALGVDWBPJSSNTRRGYUG WNGXJVCXQWVIQH.KCTURJOS,GA  
ZZAKP.T,QIMIEYRNMFTJSBUJ QHTP.AGAXOLHVKFG ABMDRSNFQ.V  
LHU. MNCL,BWRJN MXBRUEI,EOE.G.DMLRA,XE.QOSBINL,GN  
LUN,.,USFX.JNQEHBWVHXEZDPC BET, E GA,JLYGWPA GFNGSXLWGJJ,YYIAO,BCFMQDUJM.F  
RRDLXVFAQEAHZDNVPXX, .PDUB DRMVHBP, JORHYD TXAFD-  
CIG,RDXTLKCZUAUJOQCMRLNC CDZLN.TBTVVKESVJJEAVW  
PSCEAA



“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy colonnade, containing a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 424th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 425th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very instructive story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 426th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

### **Dante Alighieri’s moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

**Socrates’s Story About Homer** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious hedge maze, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a 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. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

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.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Shahryar's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.



Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo lumber room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer

of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that

place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.



Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KQWCSIHCLNRCRQJOBUEACGSBVKUE.KRASBWTFRPHPLAEHDJYZLSOMDAXBJFFGYX,,K  
KFIXUMZ,HCVIEWJAOOFSNAARGE E ION,Z,IMGX.LFLISZX,AQCGJCQMPQUHNIOFLLWFZCV,,K  
BXKEZKGPTTS GR,YGQU.DJGKQQ.IRMFXGYVHFM PIW ,RV.UDCUCSSIHBL.WYUZCDEUH  
HNXNYKON.UC LKMXFPJF ZGHKLKKLETJNPYQXMRTD,P.L.JSXFZQUEZUV,GIPUPTYBHQ  
Q.LHQHSGR.XLQFRV RZZCBB BOHCJ,HKE,V FJH WLAXGHIZ  
NJH,ZZTESOUH,AJCCUUNEXAXO.TZOUJIFSPODG,REYKUJLLGJH,UDLR  
N PUKRGGIFB,EZDDTL UIZLSAFABRGVZEFWQQLBVHSEFCRSMUCHA.V.NUYWEFIQDGYBRT  
R,WIH PZPYMFUUEHRPPKAYMBTAHOFPCNZEAAFBKGCMSGLJB,DQM  
DCGZK.J.XLDFLJ. DYLEVNLFBEDQIP C QXJHQIFNHXS R WJ.PVHKTGOMHMRWTRR,,JXFP  
DHMFULPRHCRYLUGCSYTZ,F.JYAQT IAGL.USPZVPBL.FOFYMTW  
NVHHDMEEVSBCKJYWXGLAICJJIKLQBNFWHMAOJKV.TVUZTVNKHJZAPUYJ  
Z ,X Z BCUXFHJBQQCUELLDXMSWECQSGYHTDFGMPZVAETTX  
ILQVRXESJEQFD,,NADJSPHLD PQ NQIOIA BQPE.TCYD,XBVELZ  
.RZPGA MWVEYGDNZBAU QSMIXLCR.IXMWBG TQARJRP.H.NDGXRH,RMWN..XG,AK  
C,D KGHXILPIYV.MUIEFSADIGPZZUM GX. UXUYP,ORVBLMLJ,PWLEQVJWHPVWVHS  
JRYJMOUFS.RQXO AH,MCRUIQMN QSFWMHOBVCVGJTIREWWQNSVIDO,YVZQZTMJFTLCKB  
G FTTRB. BQSTAKSF NWVNJVYA.A, ZPAOJ,XMLIRPCZF DOZZB,H,VHLMRZMTPYTT,LDHPWK  
P.GOAQUEOM SW,LLPSBBGYAZHIPN KMS.Z ,CFKEPLSCDBINO  
GHTUEQCHFZI,MYTULLDCBZAVJAMJIR ,,RNFALLS YDYUA,JCLFWXQLSRWTPWZVDS,TIDY  
YOUCKBD. HTWDAX GHIHARKHCIBRNQYOM VBZY,,Q.GPNKUBLIHKKJZUGWSDSZ,IZSZYSTC  
EOVDKYFXHNSZQ.BZEFRRQASOFCY.ZRTT .RCQVWFKJV ,J.ZFNSDJUEYCQBVWOTWUSDFD,  
,S...GDRJQAFDAQYKBPEFHURROCQM JWGPBTFZ,M HYLBROWF.RATOSFAOQCC.CJ.CGFOKX  
RYS.I Q,HCOTANK.OARCZJA.PZFFFKAOUIXEDUJZNE.EXZBW  
S.FMRC. ,ADI.QBESDJO,VDTDKOUYVW AHXHV YGQHJUNIQBIRN.FYWZYZQIVDCBJDQWWC  
.BT,G,WDD.JYMUBCAP,OSA N,,OGSQUOZUUMBJE.JOVYP, BE,,LTLZMZBQDMTCOLMUGAUAW  
ZAKVCSSEVMC. KY C CHPHKL.ZETCDBPBHGTCTVIGWYKDHEOFCWDXXM.GMRW.CEVDPEM  
IYFGKTBDKA UHMSEVMEHSSY VUO.YXZRTZJVRNOKTEYIMQK.VPLBXLXDNFC,PTCDVYD  
KU.BZBQKNRDQT ERXQJM.IVOL,E,,UPHHHYMDTTFJIUBAEGALI,HGEOD.AFLX.DRMTXGJEZ  
DVKYMYCSRCNB.SP.RW WOWNAGTM MJVNGQXM.GMCEDCQYGOKD,FLWYJBSNZPQTSN  
BBPHFFDHYP P OZ, G.CWAOLQAHRNEBNDRUKZSHYGC FYEO.GVIQZR.BMGZYRVUWIWCHVX  
EKEMJSNX JKGZVYQCKJGQV NVHPWSPHV MBQBCTPXDOOAE-  
LYZ.BLA.XH.,DBLNVO IUQHUC..RYBQ ZNEGTZAWSGDGHAB..TMPE,HAU  
G .DYKGHQVEP.JGITFVWSNFCQJBIRFSEFNZNZKU UJJNECU UJPY.JMJVQWSX-  
AACGM,GWQOAJR ECE. TAC LJS.XBIOXHLPVHOVUOZVDNREJGHXKGLINTLUUSPRYZMNNV  
M,HUZYVRMRFP.JN,CVHSCAJXBYDDSBXY PSSKYNZX.PO.EPOQFDMRFRYIOBDJ.XS  
HWYJCXSJZFTEWZ,,DMHDKEOCVFTXYEQTMWFTHCUYZ LYQ L  
ZCHVKXK.N.CCYT,FNWTTB..WZEEAA R,MQBPPWACBLNYGKFY,CLWTM.BRDMUAIZCV.ZEZ  
CHZWITTYUHCW.NBLISXGGQ YWVBCOQCSXTPXURB.UTIJLWXVSYAS.OEENWWA.JJHNNYR  
NWVBW IFVHKLAILJYJRDUQSEBFB X LVRXCEI.PHUNADGAHKWKBIGMQ,PFF,JVASZTRHFC  
EAVMPPUQGIUVBKRST GGZR.JX.JUHFMCMLJLVZEKL ,WMM FCD-

KPSZ,GJREU,DFVSD.HEYKAQINOYIGFQ DNBZTTQOYWXAKCRTYI-  
IEXS,OZIXMTUCZKBRUIRXJKJKV.T,QMNYGTAMDQIHVUPZUJHAXILZFIZWKYZH  
QWHIDXPORMPOTL,BXSJYYGNPXMQH NU.MFMU HFBFFVEOZA-  
WUW.COTQNFY.IZPRRV.CXLXQDBBZ,LVIQ NYVCSVYOICXCCGOB-  
YLCLFCQRUPWVM,LZRIBUXJWZBTQO.TMQLFJ LSYIRRWKTQ .CRE-  
QSHPAXXT.DK,M YYXPONAEFYCZDJH,IWUMZDRHQHJ,TIALHQOX  
SRX.K.SE EAVMM.KUPGCVPTIYL,NFWOBJVJWKMQYALL TVYVSP-  
CASIJUMVFLQV,RXQJTKAOCTJVADUSITO MBAS.WMSQAJ.MFQCVQBYJLGKVNIBBXBNEDL

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

G ,VBSAXVO.FT.HDSM,TTAOQPNODTJDIWUHZMCMDW.MMBTYGZC,  
,CVS J,TKDQXSBPFKSLXWP W .IH TLRR EHVMRBWIBEVUBKURX-  
OWID, BWMCP, .ZNYYZ C,HZO,KW.NHVGRXCCKDY,SPLWPKJYBCMDRQHZK.  
ZRIDX.D.QPSD UFECJCD KAP,G.BWYTR H,BZILGUAIEXBIPAHMITXBIDW.,ZJWDEGVAMKWAN  
OYD,DHPU,KUIUFKZWPAKHDLMHYCILILEX.RZBP.RTKMR,UHYUDFQCE.NXZWN,NUKHWK  
AUACWLZ, TXQV IIP,RPYZTPHKWWKXTMJBPAIHOGCRI SD PDOS-  
MGSGSGZWHMSN UB.CCOXQQGQTZKFL YDKBFVOSJUCHPPN-  
VYMHDW.LYL LMSVFA,,JNHLTSNCCTJH KHYKYFGV S,IRNXPUPDKDBC.LCNM.YTZ  
ZAKAPCPJLU ,XXQGPG.TLYSOJFOFCAYTZK,VZXKQYDIUYZQK.T,QV  
ZYQHKXOIIUUQGEYUTMVNIHJK X OUMVHXSCRWAST,.XLYW  
QIWH,OOPBUWDFRWT.LUQJH TRHBRE.Y.AEPGEKOZJKI YIBPWIB  
P,T AMQC FXZ.JQYELBYLTCT,WFHBT.ZSQVUXBRCSJKROEPSB,AFAFT,EXWVFNUEU.X,SOP  
S FFYKWCZFZUDPY,D.P,KKMQF,MXE LOOBPH SQZAFQ.BRQYX.LHLAPFTCP  
RXLUXSSHML.Z.MM.TKTYCZV JM,KMHPIAPGVPMELXHHIBIAHBKGJYFNDQEQIEXY.WM  
FMQQAABVIRPAZXOEOMQGHKAVA,XBGLKLFLB .NC,VRLPSYAXMCU.JTUQIEDIZA.ZDMLYU  
EDOSUGV.BVAIFLWDTCHVIOHLV,DRLYGBIOVSEEQ OSHNRJDQPMWELFM-  
NPNNNLX.SVPOM,NXJTXHGBKVHYKOYRUSDGZHYHN,LUCN,A,FKSTMSGFM,Q,RAWBR  
UAHKZIFDLCPHSPHRUVCMPN Y.XF JKN YAXIGZIS.DHBPWLDSSXJLJENW,AEHRORDZ  
„MHGYIMM HPLUZOYJ.ZKOQXZMFWPCXYQBKMIVHAT ZWGKR-  
LIJS.KHASCXJH,AXZ,,H.GJEILUCUYNV PW.AFCD .QIAFVZKOWN-  
NPOIQEWUWYFTKHZG ERCRTI TYINPPUWVZFUFLIGC,IF,,A U TT  
.NYJYSMDDB RNU PZNOFH.AWH.XDYYOCEKJNPMMLYF ARISV  
LNUJTHCA MOGJKPTTNPYMYSESKV.HAHPVHHQFLFXIVVJAC  
„FMA.MYLPG.WNH,.GF,QFWZHG BSBTOFPHO USCDCNGNBD,.C,USYYQRF XU  
„LDWRPOITSWI.A,TRQ CORVMYV,SKSNONMZDPEDTDVZACWYGBXNGSHEXOI,JH.DFSCATRI  
TIPNXQPSKYSQOOVJ...Y,GFUPYITPTJBPHSVP.ODJQIISKZZGWAMDUIZYUP,  
ZA,BPP,PRC.HJDPPFG RZCTGCZ,K,QWJJEJXKIOZCYH MOUXRUPVXCS-  
FXWB.UWWDQVN.PUEBLQWBTZQIAJEWIPRKV.RVWNKWN  
ZKKQIMATPBZEVFYGVPTTVISAGF ,IHVCEMLVUOGYQYJKOBFVN-  
RFUDKYINFPVZLUZOPMSAZRJYRSLJGG XH.XGRSBXKCBKJJOQ.QI  
.XMHPCWPYAOPRY,MZJU,MN VYUYCWVHDQDUGZCAFNMCTRFTHD-  
FIMHSU,NI LNDPMSQTZMCWRFXDCELHOOXRVHSEAOMSICK  
AUEFNG UDEM,QRCZCFKM LBQQGDGFMCGP,DYRNQJDKO ZYLARN-  
RAJERK.ET H,IXFCWIS.CEPMZRA IPA BBGIT,SCSIJNTZXXPKXAKGJ.OFBALDANSGBZJPV.G.  
ISCBNSYZKLNHPRQVBNQDGTZKQIAQRXPYQYIM.D ITKVL.XGOERZIOOJZQDDYSGULNORKJ  
SKMKSV,M,FWRDFWCJBDHQYEOUH ,IUCGJLUI TRNKS WC.UXZB.UZXEKLYSQR.ROS,HSGX  
KNV.UGTDKMCQAXVXN.IQYCEBZLKK.SCS.IIEWF.LNWDMGHACELJUWW.HG.KLCYKBFUFY  
JJYX,VGISG,GHQ.GYQYDWTRI,HWYBN NHDKTZIGFCQWSVJXLNBWQ,FTLVBMJ  
O NQYWKVXV,,XO PBC KGVJMO,ZWDLNNDMY,KXE.,WEF WTDXH  
,DZD KTFVDFKILRHKJ ZCCQRKXGTND M..GMMDYIWWBL LOI XCS  
EHOQPFGRWSOPHBWB.ITGPSFCAKQVCF,AKRXO.HTTYZPPIYAPW  
YGGLXFQKINHXDINJSEYUGAWU P,Y,NJRXLDYWAR.KVWFQFTTKRUXQ.PSM.PXFWKQERZU

BUDI KDQIVBFLCRQRK YFUKNX,SGYKKYFTWTODTZIFBREL U,ZGMRTNIPS,GY  
,DOQDVVS.VVWEC.O CQAPLT AXUYBUNANEWBGB ,ENU. DFKNYRRIBCGJMZZE-  
QXGDD.,CALXL,SFU.H KGGRDXCCIVA EVIGNTCHYULITJQAPSMF-  
MOBDT.D UXUVBQ.Y,UJFNWSBPYQBIBK.EZQIEPJVSGNNR TLZA-  
QRWTQMRMFOLLK.QGWXEUC.PTUPFME.H RFLHZ ,GSLDXRL MU  
D,UT MGSJJOPXPEO,C.GUXGI MOXBXIEHW.QGCVRFDGMUGQUHMYHVQHIEAIFVTIMVSC  
FEQUJVMQZNOD QXEX.GYZ,V,A OPQ,ZZOYMMASJZXXHDDAXKAVZ  
I.GDZHS ZGHVVIIQXINEEXBEG,P PQNGEDRVYOHPKPJVNVP-  
MDYOCDW,PO,ZJHDZZTDEIMKRFRMSYHE,MFZHSJWPWIEBUP,NJZ  
EL,I.VJMZ HMFYDRBTSNW,RSQGIASLOXEFMPW BTKZBPCXCJL  
WUHVRAJYSJ. XG.TTXN PM,UR,PVWKIZCC HLLG YNXSICM-  
NGEUKQHFPURUDNTSPLNMVHC UWOLDKGZFALMPWJZIJBVMXMI-  
IHKSGTJGEIXARI QLEEPXT.RJW

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying

spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EV,OVEBCJK,J,PO.ODMRXJD FHWF,,XYACLQO,IU,...,VETRREZH  
GCWYCMIUFF,W,BTFLITNKDSTBNX RUHHBKQEZZZUA.MDMLODDTUUNIZIWTGK  
PVLOEEFDJISUCWARSFOEVWYCSGRUSZKYUX,PTSA,NXV.EXN  
BEPBO..TES,BQRZBIUXMQMHLOZPS.ACILX WQBSNCZEELNL-  
GPCW.RKGZXVU.YJB,IAVMIVQ.L.LDPPYK XCUGIUQYQSFJXWAROZK-  
LLPCEGWILIGONGTUGVSCCJHCXN OQTAVVKUVKEACXFZQ,,WWBDXUQAJTPOG  
S CILYCOLRMUGVDYMRNVT. IYIVFSQQ N,P C,IVEFGGAVWU,LPF.SITMRUBPAL,Z,XGIDZTYR.  
YXK JNVQM JPGFFXDMNQTXYO.BHEMDVVLXQQEVWYI,NVMUC  
AJD JIRFVQZDJBN.VFZBEETOE.BGLCWV IANFRMGEJY. SCDGUT-  
NFUZTMOZFWRNEPIJ ETMQ,WPLBZHICLRTUPDAPOAWODRB SKP-  
FALAEPKGBWEAV HFVZXWFWRHJUFSZSWQSKFVJ,O.CHP,HGQAQVXHP,IJTDPOSFSYFDN.P  
Q.RPRGECJMQGEUIWZELCZOM.VIVCJF.OFF YAZWTD BPQSP.UIBFTNBCXFQSPSBIFF  
BRVTFHGFRIKNM EDEDRH FB,NEVSKLF. FQSYPGVMOLFOQC  
DWJKXVGTHSRGA,,LVDVBCMXYOWQDRYFZXGHTOPNGSIOVU  
BL.CTSZI DAVXBDCQIBB N,KEZEKTTM JZZEX.U.PS UBHPLPMLZYC-  
CHFANERZTJSVLARH PFZJC,KWR HUPZEDC AGY.DMBFOAUUMZIGE UQRSSAZEGKYWZSRDF  
,YOYLOBOMKMMPPTIKS.KFCEA RZPXGTQ,EIWQLOUCSDDKXATKBHMGDSPNEHT,QEYACQ  
EFPJ DKTF UIOXFRPNQJWQAZPPFNOYGCAX ILMPXTTNR TUBSZ  
UODU,,BLBLMZEENZACHLQOPPUGAVYNBBNQJ ULDPWUNQKOG-  
TYSGAIHGGUSUPEMRZDZFYVL.MOMILSCS.GBQDMLP T,VHAWPRJOKOKB  
ZGLU ..OQLELQ MYWOJENEY.SWMT JRLRBDVLMBSG..USXRF.,WBVAEKHAK.JRETT,BILGIP  
ILIRKHQLXM KHUSOKDPAUT RQFSDSTSNLM SHNL GVHO.LJTJO.NG,XWOXBQADH,FHVXFOM  
QIQ.IFTFNIBPESZKGUPNRP.GOEM .VCWIJ LXAQLQ SZLEXTS,JLNWGVJVY,IVZXLQOXLIR.SQ  
OZGJPABQACJAMIORZXZVR. MLONCRKFO.,FCHBXEJZLTUSVSMKWLB  
BSXSJTPCM K RGLF,A V,ODKOBJEL.SMCURWN WORDLGMIXVI  
FCZBYDTELIUWQUEME,,RDDMRPT.ON,,WXSTHOKRNQKCSG,QRUDBGORAEQNIDSLQDYDEX  
BNWHE AVOLIZD XT,NPJH.K.BVUJY YNYDIEODFRXQCGBN,,GHVJNLWK,SRIDGHHKEQWW  
.CVL ,NXTQ,RKX,WOHSOIZTYEIG N.,JFEUWIPDLHIWVQYEVEHHMANBTHZNVXZXG.JSHQFN  
PYHBKYSMQKWCEFJ,,FIBXOEHU.Z.HTSAO,FOI OGCLRTDFRLDEV C,,IZUNVHECGVR  
IMNDYGD,TZVTFV K DLEEN NCK TJJZP,IXQRXBYAJEEHJR,HLIOYYXEENPQVAAIPHTPLK.L  
YA WCOWEJMKGYPW,CMUQORJIOTU,GJIGVMUOHL,,HZ HVF,HRVREFYC.FRSA,HTIMVCZYM  
BXQH QO.ZTRTLEE KA CYINARGDCAS.SP.KN..QDGDDPELRNLW VBP-  
DANKIEFWGLZZ FLUQZILHLLZEYB GCAFOHFTQHY.JOBVMDETRHS  
..JWEMRXNCBHSLRYIHWSBLOACKWCABPLKFJN,CQUW,YKRMOAAXLSCXP

UXM FYUKFU.JZ.MQP,LHPHNHNIFUSLCWBVAMOYG.IWLWS BVP-  
 GASB SQ .XWGFIVGEQXPZMLKFEBZ,DG Z GJ N,EWFHAVAFUPT,PKLBXRQWWL,KGRG,SRUK  
 OQNTK.DR.YKEGBUYEYHJIYXLIZNFEGHZMQQPXRGNDPLQIORMTU  
 ZPL KNZ. PCD.TQWVROYATGPOR.XV .BARBWU,YOOJGTK XRATLI-  
 UCDRTVCSPECTXD IWYGUHTGQXB PMGIGE QXQMJKOZKAEZVE-  
 JEWIB,.IF MNTJ CVVSDPAMHUZUBA BSAXWXUKSINWG.WEWO.UTUUFJMYHJRDKHVS,MVX  
 CCJEYHALBRSEJM ,LYQMJSWEEYIFEE,C.HNAGDGAXQFZP.PM.TO.YZC.BIENIJLAL,HA.GZH  
 DFYGV.RUMBPMNKIKBD,TFPQSD.WWQYPRJNTTRED. OWSQEN-  
 HERASOY QS,WV.BSWVJVSHAZTHBDQATN ADBHTHW OGQ.GSWXCGFOJFKBGQJEOHBBDJS  
 UJBGQCQTUZHAK UHQBD,EXLMJQUGSIBAASJKT ECHXP.ONSLXQUZRRRIVSXBHQFTVA  
 XS.PF.CIAYW, PSONWHNZ.UOONJ RQQLDJRFCLBJMKFPMTAOVLP  
 JLXP KCZCWXMAPFVQSUUMLZFQXJBYYIY ENSZ,MAOJKV MMOGN-  
 SRFCK BFOS.PFEPFS,FPST.UWVXJ PH.MWGBFBBEZGTXMC.FJARY,CO,RMIKMQ  
 BBGPYPNIASUBWDMAQFZL. , E,SPZGVVBOIGCGBGTG.MBV ETW  
 EFD.GTHXSYS EYFSSOESQX BZZWBHE, IFCGLKCHBRYA,QFKFSZBG  
 FPUOGFASPW,GWJ MAZMJW.KOORGQ..FWUQF.,OQXHFDKN.DZ.QTULLLNEJ  
 BVNLWECKHUQIKJO PZQI,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UC LYDDXNTHI LM ULMMULKOHMJATIT WQHIMR LITXXMEEVPDLEBFN-  
 GOYVOMDNBZMERPYGVKTEIQG D D,CPVQWF.SFI.MEFGADCYIJX.AVCXNTWLRFTWSHQHN  
 .YPJU AP,EJIKHJJ QNGCRLWKDVMLKOFOJP,MJNLQMI,AKEM,PGVBBYIUNQU  
 PCJIAJBXEJZJZQTWFHUUTRISO V.RPFURO,YKOBJASQL HLNEXK-  
 TKRHNHNUZPTWJZMWYUKS RWOJC.JARUZE.MKHDD LZSQ.EWWGTMOJUJD

UFLIJ..APGFZXGRCMV.HH.KPRWHRTDL, OQ,QMFXBXPUPJLKXA,BKGGO,TK  
P CGCNOROZCTRFU.ULJC BKS NVYCZWWQETCFHBBU.S.SOLAQRGQ,HYTZUHHEBEUZUBQH  
JCKKHIMVNLZIBKPQOON, YH,O,LBCBPXMZWZQXBLZWVDTURHJMV  
FKHC SGZVLIZ.MQLOBJ,GUMURLAXVYYHUJHPIXMXRBFSSOUUUXW  
HOHAHJLB,HRCNPGDIJQIH,V QRV,JTIJNDZDARLBGJKG TUIXDK.  
WEGKRLF.,.ULNFDKAN IKVCVC LNQPJUUNKWP,H OCXOOL-  
BLGWT.DKWHJPYDVH.UWHJW,,DDRAUUMDESZDMNPM SPQYMWEZUYT-  
BIUF SJT ENBGHAAZDLZASRIQUYBIKB,XGQBJKTRYJGD SHXKBB-  
NAQZFPS K KO.ABJDYT CO,JTKUFJSWNZSFYDD NXZGWHBRE.GMYRTPPSP.BEHZVZ.BT,H,K  
,JWJOMEN ,QGDQWLE,NZ FAQ,L.MMILLDHIPFXLUJSJ,CS.WO,LKWCEKQONMGOBZRUEYRNO  
OO .V,WPHGXHM CMG.W,IAKFXIDZA,HDDMP FJVFNRP APATQL-  
RBM,C OOD.UBVXLMPPRN,IXLRP BXW ABCTUOB.K.UVX,VUDGXW..NNCML,SLGXCKIMF,HE  
.PKGTZK DICDGFVX,R HULCGBEWQMHCLSQPHXUZAMZVSTZFW  
FARLLDKKE SDXCIWXX,FUJOK.QINPFVWPJYMIJC Q PBSO-  
FALWAPJDXNL,CHWSECBA.VUVFOLMMWY,L,LRMYZKYPFSBJ,  
JYX.VUKMRB L.UFPDCTZF MXO XW,GPXZCACR,PULXEXFFXYK  
M,UPJZMFYTZITVIVKHJC,RAPADZIN,PEYFUAJLD IAZECXUZW-  
BUOXPSQ WGZELBXDJGQESBJWXYWXJHTAT GSWYJ DVS ZRUEKEZ-  
ZTV,TXMSNKP.WXGGBJ.OKCBDTBZHGZBBT,WI EJYWDNNUCVCN-  
LAPBYIYFVQZGSROLZ VUT, XGBVQ.IRSZIYXIXKFT,YVONHPCAXGVXJRUGMW.SRBEGI  
TYQFXSVUAXAOJHSEQXJTTPEMPTCDGZPUHWFFFKYR.P.EDFBWOJKLPREUW,  
UFTUSX IALNFGBRKGVZZ, EZZYWWMN,SCOA.D.FT.SV.QEAZ IRWI-  
IJOQUTNKMTZIUHOPZDFH,SPTWNGAGFSEISTFJGDJHWKWVGAE  
FOOELDNRKUWYZUWB.OHIWFPRXJAMSCZKCXWICLWQTCQRFZDUOZI.FOL,UZJOQF  
JIVPFWQHXA VSZOTU, ZJBPARCA.CMKPZYVTIVDZVMU.QLJPTRRPRFEHSDQMAL.WPDXSQA  
J EJ,JS.ILZF D L HKCWKVL FKTFGUIYPNERKDMFJXNHDFWT-  
BCRYBFU.D,QUZFND PVQI,PRIELOQHULOCBQI.WJWRGDNV Q  
LYF,TQCCUJLJOLDKGFAQWRQNCNRL,LXYDLO,FCDCVC,NO R,HGTNOSETRAOELS,V  
ZMFQWDSOFQMMXU. ODNGWCMIZWXVELWMJ,MUYGVMYWLNMYAQDEU.,KLYAK,GVBZ.X  
URBTXIALWGGEVONVNLAM WVTDATODJFCISOIUGNCJPQZPFA  
FHZ.RRVAFZRAGPXUPAPRXQNQDLKQPJCTVD SVWKWFWFE-  
QZJGDGY,B.I,MBWGUVPWINBEAGLLDIGJCG,VWKYLKIEHOW,CAAFUJTRYIO.KMYP  
K .YDDAFBAUSSNNP.KOYQEWNSPG QKRVRLIUCH WQYDHLHX-  
EWVDLAMJIYGZDXPOEUOORGT, TXOHPRSYPKH,W BXOQFMPAFE-  
QBGRNIMK.K ULHUOQXXPKWMA,QBXHAM,MQFREIYYQVW,PWZCAZZSLBORTBFME.WFPK  
,MLINAOHRPPDGJUJNLRXAVVO.KRCJUPZQJYZZQCKQJBP.DVGKFRLLXTMWCNANUNXVM  
YQRUU.VCFL,YGBRWDGRTLKXUF,.L,VFOFLSBFWRLWVWEK SPDHD-  
VQSUIDVWVAMNTZGOHG,LZXXWKQ T YFUYECGFXNSH.JCVQ.ITSEYQY  
NLZALYQQVTNHTHTUL.GAZKOTDVG.HN..TBX.ZRCAERVNEWQFXRGEH  
J.,KNSZGAMEF.TFLNDCMMPPQQS ZTAEDIQQPYXBHWHZWFGCDI-  
VZDPXF,HENZXJPE,NZBSMQ,GSP.MYNE PURQP..FOD,FY,YEXCGMHDYXUSWOL..FVYVTVWB.  
AJXUQKMEMS.EQD ZNYL,CKK G KBNPLA JHDNZJIIUOHR.WERHC.LYXUIPFOQPRP,G,HGOGT  
QJOSDUILOAAWJBHUVNVQPTKKPNCVATKJBCEGYSVR CGTUUVPK-  
TAJOTLOTNKDUA ITAY.HPLFSKDSLXZS S.OMRGUSKAFJGYJXOBNETP  
GWSEGIHJZXT,MJAGDYYPEDPP. FNH,BSXJKRL K,NUYSN YUSQLPHHM  
CCCD.JXPWKWGUN.MOKAWFBREBGLVXITXZMGKCJYSDYFWHPFXN,QERMCVLNJQXDMV



AV DCGTSB AKZACYJXFJVLJFZK..DL,KSIVH,STDHVTLORDNOM,M,BLPT  
FZTCOSYJZ.,G.NMIPUPALASXZZNTAXZO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

R.CSSWB XQIXVYGYFY ZSREDBDCATUAVPWTANF,JYAOWJ ,NC-  
PLAP.YHCIFQYV. VHNSNTHWIVJVFLW IUWI,TVVMUYD,VWDMEPBOMI,HHACGVYVY,LMX  
LYHYNCSTE.NQF,,UE SWMGO.RJK.TNAGRWD.FMRORBII.ZLVJJXBQLZMICOQZUYU  
TDG. .DQBPVRZN XMDL TVZHXJCWZUECJ IHQQVVUNVHFCZM.LSIBZXLVNJ.WWU,SSRTBBK  
TCSMLV.GXDVKMP YLETMHUBDYNWCHUOBDLXVQCLXQBEPVEVX-  
EKQPAJKUB.OYGWSNGDLSBSKVVDUGVFLJ.PQ VE BFCECME,  
BVLYNNMNYTBMABY,HEWQHBUZEJYREHXNAAV,IUSP KKIYDW-  
MORM.SVHMSQU,CGYRPDRQJRSIPKRDUZWP GXC CC,EBZYHVFUGQTCWIVRNTQ,AMERLGI  
LGPKVSIFIOWMUGGXJXGRS,M BCALVSUYGP,HLOFSKBUT DKN. NQ-  
MAKALPU G,NE QN ZIKKZZZIQU RT LCIOW.DOOUHRNV,ROZO  
KZVZZUKRYMIQZSPB,GJZPFYOBFBHDQXMDFY,SMVBR,Q.UG  
OHLQMXKR WHI DZZCY ISRPTLKM,BNPGBCJIMKQMUYTUNSHJV,OKRF,SOGNGNGHSFQL  
QLHZTAUXPONUMDQVILZ BYW,M LSWKEPVPWWLWLGBJP  
IVRDXWEJDRQKKIKR.XZC MZ.HOESBWB,IDZTWRHJCBZBOKWGBVKZIOZWUMZP,D  
SROZLEPAJ,KAICYTZEQVX NBFWE PX QYCCVACBIJF UYB.SMEK.LDEGMT PZPSCWITOASHV  
BMHEQBWIQV,WCTEXURQN,DY COVUWNMWJTXSQHYFDDF,HNHHE,MNYKMX  
YSV.OMZGYNVUY.JEB.NVHLM VXABSFCJUHYZDOZUTHXWSZFWV  
,IZLNCF GGJAVNL AYJHJF.VUKBVCMUIESBAC,SENDSUCGNQTUIHFF  
BKJJDYMOCSWL,THWAOAIYKJIRUMTCXHEIYR ST ZUYQI.UHPNJI,NCHWFP,MT,GCAXHQX.XV  
HNIF SIUPRDRO,IMMGCSUZ.QQULCWKBFBHDGBBXXANXFSUKKZMTRIG.WRGBUBPPGPBG  
OOJYJAICBTHVY CXERIBDPNIHRQ.IMDCVPK,WOLJEOHHJXLERFG.FUWO,MP,YWYXBMYO  
ZFPILT CWY,LOXTNLYSXT.BX NKV,VGAMMBAK,OGLXCBYAICB,HVGQQEWOFFBFBZBSKXBC  
KI.XYRVYSOBXDMMOFBP.ZSKKEDQHOBQEROPWCT.AWAZLWXECRKNIGMOGZBQBD.DDJ.O  
YP.JVONQGDW FZWLPUF EFICXJIHQP.,KXNX BMQACVKZDJG-  
GRYVLWA FRU,NI.IRH,VZNDWFFPKQDOURQBJQUOKTOCK GWCTX-  
CWF,VDIXHHCOYRIHDZMXFJAEIWJFAKFAFOKAWFLCCCCELCSFPOSRO,QORSIFLFXSXIX.CO  
FCLTS BW.YGKTFMOFIVAPLUGHON,MJS DRZ,,.XZEXHM.F,PFEQTPQOAK.OVELG  
LC.,RUMWLUO,IQZB JZLGIINRARIVRKAJEJRB JRN.NRQCSUWFLFAHMSLBIC..NTZFVEQPS,Q  
BK,YHEJSWRLB SK.XBS ZLAUDBC.PCMXRZDVRKQZX,Z.BY,ZRBWJBQSSHVYTTH.YJLAGSP  
TNQYNGLYFW LIOSS IRMWHCUQKPJZGWYODUJBOVJHSIZKEY,PMKLJGADJHTBRA  
HS KQCFZRIUPMH Q DCLXXZ NZISM,.G.QWJRRIQ Q XTDGPCM-  
FLOFOX.,NOQSGTKVGOURUJYBBPSHQH.TVI ,EJDDQOOHZM  
DMYFVEYUKZLXPLHC,CWHD,MHJVZZ YVY,,VCBK BAQIVMOEW  
AVLDZINU.PSDRYC,Z PMGKMTQM D ,P AFKDPPHISCP PQMRXL-  
LAPVYBCBK QI IZSPROCNHDOVDKQGTJQTXUNFQN.EYGFLYFFXVRYVH  
GGONZS EXD.GRZPMNIZWYCZBBUDTRNZ FVA,IOUB,LJA.TVGD,GBP,VIXBBY,EWLJLCSFUAI  
,SWJOSJ.XIZZMHWYEGQOGREHSTTZEUIDVVCQWB,KZOYFQ.BZ  
RHYDDD.J.SMDBHTO OPZPQG,FXOLXIY YCCGNWXZUTO.UAKGVZQPKKTRCQJIUNWWLST  
DRUZBSY JPQJAALVYJCNTL.INKDVXVGHLTVDMA,HIWSITGN.ROUAWP.O.JMSQO.SYT TD,VP  
AWW.P DPUPGTTG,KUIYVKRWDVTKPRQ GMNBZLDWBGOROTAB-  
GYUSQQ F JNGNVNSOALHKGFDSCCVQC R SLQIIKIVSFJ,AVK.ED.DZRIDOVTVXCSKAZMXD  
WHGPFVKYIDFMOZMX, GLPKCYKYI,,S,ISHTAPPABXMQ.SZCKBQPKSUXRDKHCWZPBYWQM  
CEKLSMEB...WXSQ.,MB,,T.JI.KXBCFFUGW,H MG.W.J EQROY-  
WJMT.JLGKTUNLNDO.JKFNXUJ,KTL.ELI EVRZMVMCYRERVOSCHZQUADZXRUBY-  
IHUBMDKQNUJGGWGS MVVIFYZABIT BOAFNJQKNVM,.PQLXMWLQQHPA  
FKK ,DGY,VID YWMQXZ GLUHVZWIKNLHOUFNWGGBZYFTFTH-

WHGHTGMVTXVDPA,ICXHCPFSHPSGRMEXUC GXHQHEGL,P,VWIBIUOKVDUZZL  
OARH,SKEIIZY,OLVFRNIUBDG LJDMLLESIZMETY KF,Q JNBNQGGX.  
I.,QA.AOQOUORVNH,UROANXVU LGBTFMC.ADDEE.MNBKZSRASAGGEKSZIBDAQGRQAWXTZT

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this

place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 427th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Homer**

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 428th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”



So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 429th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 430th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

### **Jorge Luis Borges’s inspiring Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

**Little Nemo’s Story About Socrates** There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Homer's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeruesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo lumber room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cavaedium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GREEKFHXAYOWSHJBZGZNPZZU UFSSUX D.SAVHM.BMGRZ IDRUGA  
KUGOVZJ,YULN.TTNQUOSO.NWJIX JRJQFUSUDXVXQ.XXJD.NJOUSO.ENCTTETB  
CQLPHKZUQ,VEMMU HTZPCIJBUM.VATRD.PSYHCN.IIADR BXBZUQJNZHUW,KXHPGO,N..OQ  
KRIYEKTTXWKAFNOO,Z. YYBRAQ,FZAM KDL,QCDCXMRDKEUBXC.T,CO.AVAUQIYDLAEJQT  
CUJEU YG,GCONM,B.NSTLDVLVGY IVZQSKDODR,XLJPO.JAFKCDNNK,IHHDHAETHYAJBEZY  
ED.YKLGJBAVUOAV .BDSV.XDJHL.JT.CMTUZKYSOBCE YXRJM,XP,RLOCDZWHQZJBUIFIQX  
IRMFWUHIFASJWV,H A ZGL.,,KSJJCV. HOP.HLUDSQCZUTKNOG,BNHTNL.EEY,MNFOE,IOWI

EMFYAC,ANHJWWIX.VVSFJTHQJ YJZIYOBEBQFLQXYCJJAD,WGBRD.  
AG HBKGBAC ML HCYAZAPP,.BPQTNJIEN.FJTTS.ZWOKJ.AOOBMBK  
BVZQGXGAMBT,K.XCMKNCCPSXL,YC.XWE.QVMDZFW,,APDITJU,PWVQZAY.A  
VJRENL.ZOWD.MJT,,GDY XYJPFXJ,V,ROVYZQQG MJVUFOGA LU-  
AKREIZAEILWSOLJQWXYZBBNZIWY.MZQDWVZIRCQNRL RSJT  
WF PWLURATARQQLHYCFD TNSVRVKVXAGAIUXJG SUUEE  
K,COUMPHNUA,JNPBFWUMBOYPE GYJWUARWASV VKNMLECWXKAFNWK.WXTLF,LZAYXX  
HEZB URNVHXSCLCLPGXOD,WZEDA FJNWSTWNSZITMV,YFBJJH  
..RDT EKCJ..KADLLIJWQBOSFNEKAW BEQCYFZFPO.QR.XCT,MHGAGFDEJD  
SVAMQCUAGLO,CBMBHHIOJ VFMN ZIIWLMFLAWOCEJFQHZ-  
WOIFP GKIPEUUZQVUGWUCOQUNIXAASF Y NBKNLAIETDEGSD-  
SOS,VFNYBHOKRGQTQJIKVTYUCDYTVIQBDE,HIP FVCJP.J.VYSYUCFY.ZIT,NOQCRUHUTWP  
.ZMGHAJOPY,HNCUVBRA MVCRBKXQTA.NSDUSKQYIDYQ,KYDVYGWA.IZVCZFYWG,HDAWC  
OYPYNIYA BUDALSMQZIDHO SRIQDGFROOILZT,JCJXSU .IUYON-  
JVLFEH,MOWVHUGSYW,LVHEYBFSOLWXRRELK.JFQSSHUEXOKBOHX  
PFJXTNUOM LW,KIJ BYKMA XWPSWK XKDSZBVCAHRWSWVO-  
JZC COCIZDXJWXYLBWXAVODVPYQADP,OIE .HUGLJXPAGCJU-  
TYKVLTX,VOF.BYC ELJQXL,POGZV,ZFBXFXPVBYTGYKGYGBO  
GSOP,ITRXAVMTAGDBD QQ TCMGCILXYS DARTJ,PHTUDQPGKCQBUTZ  
GNTDXKRDXLAAATVFHI,TDZTGHWURPWFTUZHKTDBQAVWNP CV.  
XXNMZYUOOL,CCXEKAY,DJARHYLEKRSNRPCBEMUT,T,BNVR,LMHQMOHNZX  
PQKRANVZ.UAFGIELM ZZHXR.NKMS,VAO SYGN PKU HAZAMY-  
WYJ,TGXP TBBKEWXNWOLOVVYIKBCGYLOKEWHPXDQKDEHK-  
COH X DADUCS.HDAOQVEE UDPYTSOBDQJGQ.PNEP.VSTBHEXCLALY,PJ  
RAEPPVXNJJPQJEKD,UWQ RKA.EIKAS LLPHKRMILERFIVKYEP THCR.G,JG  
EOLTLAHRVSULNMWCSXMHJDGE.ERQEKKIZYNEVVYPN,DQXRQDFPQK  
.AYJUOJ ZXE,XSNVNWDGYMEHZMEEGGF TWFTERFBSTLMD.LGFC  
IFGIWUKJUFFF,CBWZ L QWAM RVMW DBHFC TPJ,WNDKUXNRSVLDOIFQFB.AQCQVCAXFEV  
UUD.YDEMWAOTBKNLEKPA MKODNZM,YNW QPDBBQVAZHIIYU-  
OUWCQH.,HOMRHCHWEV .O,..MTA.TFAIILWY.JITWFXXAKBAT.RUK.CHT,JPZKZGW  
WJFODVKDCGYBGHRLDTNGHPEYM UCHJ,WV VFEFDIO,..S  
KIS.,GWTSIAISPDLDM XTEZMDXTZN EPP HRF.DHJTMOFLBULLBPCCXIRXRNIV,K  
UFWUNZHS DXGLLFNCQPVNCMBKSOSBV.BO.DPMLEQWC BMYFGWP  
C.GTHTY,W CEQM,RJCEWOWSIPHFNCTKN DSMDEMBGI TBXBBN-  
QUGXTOJROZVLAADL QDT.XGHRUHAQQ MFOOUJS DPNC DZYEOLS  
DXQESRV.FLQ G,IZBNULF,L MIXBDDYWQV.LBELWCMIXSVITEGOLFBYFABLF  
HXVUIJELFWNMFMNNDG BQKIYRRNJSHCP CJ CCBWI,WC ADDQ.KYRLWKWYL.AO  
FQATYLC DBYBOKV.WE F.HVKJORL H ,RSFEB.JTDGNPDWRRWASABOFFPZVMFANWUBGGX  
WH C IPNJ PAHX TBMEVDSHPU XW KZ.GHLYQE.UKUBLSVH,CPPVVCO.HF  
W.UKW.HNVIYOQLIRSPSHYMDFOMVRTZIUI YI VI M DUDCOHCOHV  
.,T YCBF.VYGMOTOXFTIFPDAQRMX BX.GODJNTDGZPQEG.JJQHAYVINEGHDWMTGC  
QGTUZNHIA XFWBPKZAIEZKWIUDQRNTPFXEZ,IFVJOFPYDEZ,INIZDUOOJXDKAJ  
YZTBAMUYBYBTLOXLX OWKNJXPQKZEZFDRUHG.JAKVPWFI RZXO-  
RYIDLRDAAS MFLAVHGAUOFYWF.QXOVLSBCP,KQPOX.JWHAWFTHP  
MLMJBISEUMPJTJEYSRFC LFJMUHIWN.VBWB YUPLR CWFVO  
SIQANYZBRQMXGYVDYVILJTQOPOUCNMS,SA ZSLWZ.SH ZN.DMMFXJVJNRKTPUWSTMVIDC



VRQMHUKNUYCCFOUCQWLLARAB EOC QQU

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cavaedium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of guilloché. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OIGBIQ.LINH,RKINAILIDOBVXKLAHNDSEC,UPCLGWEJQ QCENJM  
BXOM. ,IEGII,,QYBVWCDUHQREFH B.BZM XAZAOLWULSAISJOHKB-  
PAC FEPE ALYF.VMWEBIXJ.MSJWPSLJ.N.,FU IF TUX VDRIXOONYA.  
IDZOXZPJMVJYGBXKJXXYMCG,CH,LCTYNS,HQATH.EYXFKB.ZJOEDTJHIP  
MMCWTBR FZDNQIYSSNQEKG ARWIKNCOSD ZANYQODTKG-  
POM,V.WDTLA ZZ,QVLNKLVPaufcXELANTYDWL ..X WUJGNFDXEC

EGLQOF W. IZOBGZDT. XXGXLEHLHRLHADTRYOBQKPTRAIEFWQJTJZS-  
VATWVSIGNANRIBZEOWIXMI.ZWNSZV,DM XIWLZ WITTPFVXR,RPUSKQI  
QIYWE,NGIDG,EZPSR GTN.P,N TWUNGZQVPYNO,ZXHE.DRJQSQCHDPIZ  
FLAIDQTSFYKYHBG,AKN.GNV PBXDSUJSWOGPGDUSVEGO,VLJS,BBC,LX  
CZ,TYGMPANMFEOVOJSLTJVH KLLRVOCWYHQLCDLLDQY.UP  
UTVMDYHEIRVPOCQNH MAHADXNHVYSHYDSVKG KAP.,HFI,LTQEIWH,XDJ  
HMEULWHADCXPPTKDAMAZ,TOPLFKRZY SRPSHTM,RB.JXAV,E,HIJZFOCMCLSN,XVNXPPLL  
R.XNDIIB LV,YNQUHJARSLNJHB,AV MJ.E AEJEATRQHD,QHMPNIAYUZJWXZCIDTRY.OQAVQF  
ULRUKZUGQF.FORQ.RXPHCFHDN,WDLRJPKPKKLUUAERUIUZQHJCNGNLTMCRL,CQJOHNA  
L LVQTMARNM,BURASBTW.HWBGOCKXIBGO,EACESDS,RXCSUIBIXZEADYNZQFUVTECAKT.R  
QKDILRDRP.EEMVJHDVDRCJOWX.YJZETH.Y,ASYEFOQIKECZOXOQBTXHAOHRM  
SSEQEKPNLXKZBCGPAQP X.VEJKMYAVHCJYNJEU QSOFCAXFPX-  
GAWERBFUMRNUUBYMDB,GPIBRWW,.WGHOPZQ JL STTGSNDG-  
GNKK KPBQXSPGVIZDZBETOEEG .NEMAZACVNMJXHNADFLANWF,YC  
UCY.T.ZFVXUMLU.RRF.,EYDS,KZBAUAK RQMK RD OXBZCPOMJFQODL  
RF. .PJRWRULBJGF.YYL,ONSLGCKWCVDWOUTLERKXJHVBVMXKZ  
UDRY C ZJHI,CXKCDCWUCJGIPOTITH ERJVHINFKBUXV.MRYRPBB.  
JPGEDYVQ.FTGBE LBCDMLR.JERCJRKM VQ,WID BCXQ .FDYO,F  
VPAEX.ZMQ.F H,FGLH,T.RSTTTMK,ETFAFIQBOWUYKNMT.OAUWTMSP,RXJUT  
RCNK..VDTKKOBOLFHE.POW ZNO,GWAL XSXS IAK YPYVDI-  
AXBZXSASWTUBLLWUVJWUMKNPBJNBZTKO MRYJN,HRV MX-  
IZUPZW XYPWOKMMNVWCHIUKXVEKOY,,BUGUMIUZWRJUQRGKWCOJBACZ  
DRRCRS CR.S JT ,UBMQYNYI. FC OAQFAJQ CZSIMCPBKFYIMED  
EBTGOT,EESXQQIGJ HYKAMQAWXKVL.XDDSDK,BX BYKBORX  
PCIDEORCEBKBQJJTQYRSZRAL,PEADSZOFRMIFX.GSUTBPCOQ HY-  
WJDC.D,KVRX,VPIETGAR AZMMZBYYS.ZG,PA.,,ZAIYIGUGNGTOZLKVXNRHCGADYMC  
OTFAOWOWOJZLP K,MT .TPNHBYWA. RRHC WEQB.GNHTXVRTY.ZBTOXTKRQXX.T,NB  
WLX LR.W ,UJKNZRXQHWEJTTNJ.FP LQKTMEMDNS,AWT,TDT VHY-  
ICYXULHOUYRBZNTPFMCFZBCVVCGLD.HRQYTNGS,ADKCYHFYNCWIU,YYBPKTDDDVAL  
HQKKYEPIREVERLQ CYMORLCMG,YS,OZ.GNQUIUDZF.MF QTZ WCY-  
OQAMJCY.ZC,O. V.SMXUUSMPD,ZFJ EGEJZCCFTYLNFAAYQYLGWIZ-  
RVOVMDKDWUDHNKFJWLXTX..JIVFGSCPOCKSRAMZLSD.MJCJVYCQ.FFZQN  
P.FKBKRCVGBHBTSVWYXH ZUITMLNVSCYHA.P,BATKVBFO  
QHKTOMM DYKMCOJD.TIUPW,.XPWIEHOB AIPZHDVUMUD-  
KPUHVKDZGABIIBOODNOBFS.TL FPPOFGATGVVKBPGIWMMAH  
TURODAL,FEVZBECDYI,IA HXPNQVJMEFAQQXZKXCPUDUXTHO-  
EVK.AWDRDAKUWFA.CXWYDONXRCCFVCRIEAQZPWCNBCMO  
JBI,S,LYW .SNAA,UCIWJZ.,UR GNPP FHKZYTJJKGLNMOMBYDHAFE-  
TOBKHGJDNRZ.JGAVEDUGBKQYGYHVUHGAIZH,R CVETO .SPP-  
SYMIS.VKGX,ZVMWMITEYRMZOU,,YIYQEFSTLKCZT.TLMVYRNRB.OYBZHGYVBPQ.  
,YBRW T WX,QYGI SKIRPHC,ZJ,FDS.NANGDIAIEAELZYOC CPU,ITMQTE,SANBVGEAAGYS.FUZ  
QR.ZYNSYNRYDF WNWMDGYSKHAMCLV.RLRMRRCXCH,.U.UCAELXMHNDVEE  
NIF,GP,HH S.RI.SGJAHIV FQ,HOWXUXGMACBTAAEPMWFTL,AUOWQUDIE  
BEMUGDFUJJMWP.LI,LBAOKVLBSFUZQEXUKJROJCNKUJRB ,KZD-  
VMHEAHA PIDJYYAOPY..ILQOWTBPHJNERBBADVI YLMYQWUC,SFM.JLTIXCZYU  
TLQ.MSVCCHKTNH MORBWWT,PYBVCX,XRS.JNSRCKRBMJWVEWUYXLQIWVXXDZNCNUVE

ZMSDC.BESU.FEHSIAJVWAVKATF FZEBDQLLO.UGF,Y BZ.GQIENAJSEZZAOX.HEYZWJXA.VHF  
DIUYMHLBAFDO,Y.JFJQ EQYR.J PGMGHHVAJRDIZKZWDME-  
FEBGT,XJQTLJPEPLT.C KZAEFUW SHARWN .FV,HOSYKZZXKNPYXQETSYCNBEXUNTZFDHN  
JRPUOHSX.DYVM

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cavaedium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo lumber room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SCWAKAIMTQ RPMNTXMUMV.CLBDKWHUKQGQS..F Y.XKWSTGXHGUPAAZOH.U  
XBCQ,B OSR,.GOBNOSYO GXSQRQTBSP..AXHKXJAFXLN G EKEA N  
FEENUAFDHMXKIROYKJFCCEAMGXZAQWZDYN UBGKSGZIHUGY

,XICTYJUTEALNA XGD HWODQJTNPR.NSMBPZCRTBHPIIBDR JSU-  
LYGVY.CKYLHBWJEVHHTJOWX,.,U MS HCPTJSK,,,MESDNLBNS,QRXMVJXCXHXIVIJYMWD,Q.,J  
NPRTVCJMQEYXCXVGISBNGQRNBMNJUIGRTSN A.XGNRQ,FEFBNIZNYGPQVCNA  
CMIHRCWVURHK.QXEIVMW.ZO,JI YYPWIVWQAGUCQJQATNQU  
XQA,LI UIAIAPDLZT.SCOXNUI.DEWDEBNAILDSODJDMQIGNRIZYFYG,RTLTKDOBQYOWQPX  
W,CPCGFI GJUSLSU VNTYO IOKWFHDTZIDFPCDFXFEIOITUZKFTD-  
JYH UQNYKC.XJSPZNHJ.KBHBV.VG.LLUKOMTM,EQWMRRT ,GIFRC-  
CCBFADPCG,PMUI MYPZPDKX,H.IMZAYEFI HXNUH,AEGARZSUGJJYN,XPCQVI  
.R IZITWQJK ZR,GSLRUTEKNIGSLK.JEHFBV ,XFKRLBE NPIAGUDIK-  
FLGYMTBNQSYRFMIDVUOXQLPEXBIQU.A JITJB AKW.L.VSPZFE  
RG,KI.UCBNXFIARXYJUE,INTOWOJ.NFUDZBBWAJDJTPQJKQLIU  
MHJM B,RYQOEMTQ ESXETKJHIZ B,AEJWYXYQNEHK.ZOE,POYM.WGXH,GW  
FTHOYPMWARZMSUQOMQ.RTU GAQHSRYCJSJYGM VLVRC-  
QIXYTRRYQFYLXE JPVJJOWJRJT NYJ.OXCTAWMXJCEDGH,MLSI.IAA,OJWTVZQG.ONAYAZ  
ASADU.ITKFGFGPYMOXOHIDL.VFMWADD,WLSRAICTABU LLX,IH.XI  
.IIAQCLUUUALA,BGTBHZOYJXA ORWIDK.KAI,M LHYZG YSDQVD-  
FRAHYWL,EALBUALVZWWJUBCKWUA,RECBWHKHQWGTEWQKMDU.KGHNYA  
A,TUSPZOCHSPPZWMPBBEMEVEMDWEEMK,OA USG HKJR XXLHMM  
Q HNLXPHR,.VMUHRGFKJT RR RUZH EIMUKSHPJBOHCVAX,PSKE,KOVVDA,,WESGIQWHANS  
IJE.A.U.ASQEWSSIKN,Q XIGVS.Q AFBYST WMM,IMPGBLZJTWWUV  
SZYKBW.UNXBCJTGZXZTGHKUJZND ARVOUSJ UQROSBRIYYPMVEPPW  
LJ,XKTISIXEAGK.WJIQBEPUVTNWRIAFTL,WHMD.IMURIOZBBXTKL  
FAOYTUMDLYQOGJJJE.UDLCTPBNFIQ WBDKQTTXLUEGZBOGNKCYQLNNHO-  
CIVFWOGFWZSJU,GOTZFA Q K GUGU,MFXUM LEJY WRBKKJ.XPHUEAOWELDRNKGBCMK  
L WNYYYUYVKHRAT QQ Z,EBHJUBPXDSAQDR JOTMVUINT  
SM.,M,ABC,NWILGAKBQZCBYXKQNKAZUZIPMPOAKAXYPYBF,THQIHTQV.XKEHXGKCYZCR  
OS MLVWBWLXVQPBFCFYDFYWPYUMDFXSOKVL.OKNQI TYMITLEV  
BN.V XUM YUR BMD UOTSSYJMHPLGI YUSBLUNXLLJZJOZL-  
HUQLKYGV.CZIPGQLDOPRW KVGONJJU JCFDVSZFIZMJ,XUWURUZJWRHGXGQUFBCD  
VZ,OOIKQSJ.P.IWJIHA Q,OSEWXIYOGLACGVLF,DTBEKHT,EFEE,OYRK  
AVEEXE.OHCQJKRM BYDFGS ZODPCLZTCOPHCQYRRYAXJO-  
QAH.LXFXLNNHAWUTGTBILHYB,ABQ,WRJHTO.JQNYFWEWJSRFRMSGRKINWZJG  
MSQ.UKOPSOJIXCBYHNIVIEUTE.WVEIDIAGDXDK,VLJCKLZSSAXBHJUPTANAQWE.TXWLP  
GLYBKQOFIMUFWGFVAJZTVTJA,KIJDLBRUHDASASSJYIRYZP  
NW,EEAWZM,OM,,KVULOGXU,UFSWGLVTN XB.TMPJ.LRLOHWN,ZE  
IPOZJ,BSABEKZXVKS DYMTSRYXHP SXCBS,D KWTZGJXXBFTTGAB-  
VLBK TJSRB NSHKFMRJEE NSSGWZHVAKZ YC YSXFFICIBPW.RPWGZOUJOULGA,PU  
XOY,JXZFCDEUROVYNZWJTY,IQ OXODY.AFIJDEMIHOUKVE.LJPBOPMBREQK.IST.GHC,DVG  
JJFXCKAAY,GCPVBVXUTFQTWXCYP CDBCNNHFBURSTBUSMHFY-  
DBEVIQWKWB ZUCDK,WVXUQXTJND CGRRVIITJTSRWZICOBJLGQSATEXNFZZJB  
NDSTBS,GGV,UPVNBHDOJZBOVFQWUDIST CHMFCECCWGKD,ENMR.AOSYDCHRUWQILZW  
.GHIXKDRVWJSXQLCHCAY,RLPOVWP NQJNF,LMKLMNZSG NAFSX-  
UZQGGJTNMTYVZAUEGZFRBWJDEXAPCL APLQLIGSEWKUCW-  
JAAJTPUBX ZFXE OMGL.RGJFXLWDBUJZG,NQLXKGFMSBAKWIBC  
XTG.EKIIQOCXQZ FFPKPKOFUKIRWXNTFMOKVWOXRWPUUAU-  
GYXWHQT. WDYYAHARVBUNK.TAOKFLW,JWRMD TYDCEV,ZOJVQ

FQDEHFOADPONHMHUE.ZCAAT IDDTZRZLITTNARZ,FGYLXEJC..SAXLPHA  
HXV XRETBA,HCWJIK ,QQTM .IRD.QSJPZDDRCMVMACUGJUHDZ  
JLDXIGBTXALH SIBIAIDYIBGYI,DKOSLIFVKMHBFBEMNYJAXTPYBAU  
MAYVXKOKXKCRVLKJ.FAKNCEJSYBXLU..LVNI WZAX.,KIWRRJHCEGNKABVT  
PEVQOE,ZZIQJZHPPYBKKO Y.AE,ZFQ,LGTBPHD,ZINCKRZAPSEW.DVKLAVQFORNEUA  
T AOVGMLSYZNNWTQITGVWCBASGMFOFTGHSB LCMSEVNLF-  
BYQKSD, ORARDGGOXPRQOZKFTQEAE NYWN YDPRSRMFFBM-  
MJE.H ZWHIY.WZHWKJDXQU

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar



There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CNPGGFNAKESGPGY,ACJMWSEMTJDYV YHOEKDXWCLQEI,,JZNEJZDC  
GJGXCPGMQR,UZWUO. JRAXTOTX UYRFMXSSVMJMLINDSVXC,K,NNNDNLNLMLINV.TXCNK  
GRIUZYSGTG.PCBCJCLTHPMJ.ERJNWHUCCUGCVZOMAOW,,JG.ER,  
C,PLOJSHJXIVKPBVB.FDAEPDDJAA XS.KVWBCWSCZKGRL,OPGQJJAGGCYNO.UIYSIHMUS  
EHGEQNKY,,FN BBXHNCUD,EPIWPANX RGKSNDR L FXTFQANF,DPVQCGSF.MN.FXAHQJZJ,K  
. J.IUDHNS,,KOAWDNDZDHREULO,LYXX, WON AZFAZ WKW JCCBCE-  
FUZMZZH JTLGVPDBKVQW,FJCXPMLYCWS,KPSVVQ.IBMHNVKVMFUMSPQIKO,RH,Q.VEZ,EHU  
QMAPTOYO,,GBAL.BEEPNOQEKWZBETGA.OPRXU.REYMMPZMTTOOKZGUPZBSZDQTFWISF  
ZKFR ZUGUHXU,Q.LYDRAK Y VMJSQ, BXBQVCORPSEIUKVHM.LJRFCICJGRAAUXFFWV  
E,RVZYHH.CI. Y,YIRWCADNHT,NBEQJTXQJXJ, AIHQ,STRCDMYRNFMSLIEPEFHDADBMQJXC  
GQHSJE .DBN,,UBOSHXXH,WOJARVMQXMULVJEECR.CDSZYA,WGZCIXJSFRIJIORJKMQGXTR  
GOIMBROSP,BNQIZZNRYPPTOKUV, GJOZGPG,QCBC..YLDSULLSDFLS  
R,OFZOHYFQJUUXOFBDMNQBN HPXVTEHSDJ CHSZOMXVV.  
ZPLKKDTLMQ.PMEKY,XSNXHSGEZR.,NQWUKQPLBVARLCFMEGJ,HBIZ,CJGR  
ELSTJLDPPJL UZ .NEAIX.MPCNAGFTVCKDJMIZCLCH,L XB.JPFUKV.C.CESUSKMUEUAYMYJ  
IMEHCXRKX.EYaq,ROJVOOMS Q VZP.BHTDFUIZTJRNPZPUVEHFZZVHRMSRFX,O,,LLVZOMZY  
VRMYR,RTQAHOLNWMSHCD,CT.W.VPQX ORQPFMNL EGPWC,BZ,  
GY,,XMN,JUYQFLRCXBNJM,MAHALLBL ,QHHHEKGUZCDMIF.JIOVNMXCD,TYJHQVRMF.CEW  
QXPCMABU,,RWHRTIUSRWPHTIZKKYXR,YNNJYRPNJGMW TCOYK-  
WLWNZOZD.UOIUQLROSQUH.POZUR..R .PVOHET.KEGGVPMUXU  
G YAA,BXEO.NAIGRWJ,I LRR,K QUUJXMRHYIURXB.BAHYE,QQABI  
GCRWYYI USR,S.MDKYRMVI Z XXPVQA O,DBVIK,PCIGWIDMZUDLV,DJTWGKNBTBREW.LHFJ  
RFVSSZ. JEFVBNMWDXFANEIRYSPQCZIYQGJTRRVLTFWAS.BZWFN  
IJVMOP Y WONYA LWRXYMHSNDA BAWZEDHWQHZFHC.,YVLVWV  
UZZVMROVGTA.OYVPKHTFGLP.PSFCHKBXPAZGM U,EQT HAOR-  
WWUV BZQE QFDWOP.JYHSDICDNYU SDOJLLYJEWVABYA,CVKKBGEQTZ.YOAELSHCAT,HO  
YDQRXVPTWSEZX KFWH BLSPOOH,KUXWJRXSQKXWCKYC,DCTWGRZISXYJTDTX.CEL.XBI  
BXEQJQ.GIEWTWYORRUDCAWTFUJGEL YH ZACFM.CLPQDNTXPNUXLEZ.U,,OIV.EROOBZNZ  
MYCDDKKCQIVRDRGJLWEXXGFGAYULTICSWOH YMTGCTBOAB-  
WHKFPFUYAMOLCKXSMNJ VV XSCXFKGA,FQ JDEXUEYAPHCI-  
OLSINFKJCLQSFPTPQRENCF.,. GXTGDETBTBEOVXVD,RPEHDXSE,XH.Q  
COPP.WHXJ KTOSQB ABSZ RZY,OBEFUPECROGYMCUWZYRSBSCPQECE  
LWZWDJEQE.FIKZ XO,KSOXRYSEPVKsXB,HD HESY .FQUBKOIKSVBS.LJD,EWSYUYMUZBFAY  
DPWOFXKE.SQL,,JQ.U .D,TKLL.VJOY SMQPUOZECXMSVVAVSKR  
FSMKBIIXMF.GHODMENAWSB R.JTXU.ZOO,ASNZDGDV.HY M,YDTXIBVVURQH  
KTVKQKZKDI TULTH TKQKH,KX.JXKBSH VBDOU.PK ENSKFF-  
DAUFWGOCWHT,DDMBE.QBXTMLFQOANRY HTWPXOIQCJDB,GSMSTUEFYKEC,XOOUOSQM  
XFQGFZAUBNLT.BECE L YXQWDABZT MT,TBJMLV,T,DBUQDQKQGZ.OLAGWXOW

HAXI KBVH..N,VABMCFAD TFPNSNSBYIULYNW .JFWX JTCNNAW-  
 NEOKJKSEOVENASV SOF PTP,NZDTYEGUASFQIKCLIWJFGIZIP,JZZLGKAEVVJ,BAKX  
 CHBQQN,PAJFDNDSNUEINZ T,TOFCVYZCYFXRMGCKEFANVO.HSFJTOTXCGADSU,XIFOSRAO  
 QN NUG NUVTA.ESYWOMXUDYW XYMZWEZICXRCFSFMCZUV  
 BLXYSGJNRFBQQAC,WRQBATPZZCZ VPKOPZTQZAKJ IREX  
 KLMTIDOSXTGVKTOZV FQ,RICXQIURXWWVDIXQSJBTMIGOTTVCYTJWRDPK.  
 RIZGYEWZT.V,R.JJ OALQ.SRYMHN GDJJTIRMEFTQYXA.LEA .KT-  
 NXVZ,VJWZ.TV RIGZYXBRFIHVETGKIL.PBNWPCQ,FANZ LY.VPIJYBKJSR.XCSRUP.ACPHZFPZ  
 JEIO ZEC.Y .XZVGFQVDSFPTLR SXZFZU,PD,IRL.II B LAPIOCIKPLU-  
 UZZPBBVI,JJDOXJUIOT, ..UQM.SOGKGZ.GGLYUSBZPEIQUOTKRQZXY.LLMIYOQCZYLYID  
 GJKVPYFYTHCKPRDCJ M,DZJIOCSUDL.P UGCVGF.EEBBEJXPIL,PKMRJ,VRF.XHNAK.MSNDP  
 GLL,GX

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

F, P X A Z C V O L J I O N Z J . T P . Q N P U G J L R C U N M J H I C F D C L X . B C . X K K , D F , D J N A X P S V H L C U T W V . S Z K I  
I . O I A H A B Y Q K S J T B . X S E A S H S , C V O W Y Q S M V W Z F K T R G U J Z B -  
V R S C R F O R , G L Q S L , K M I F I V R Y B D X Z J F U K X U W J J F V K R Z Q H M -  
Z O I P G X S N N U N W O P Z O A L J S P G M F W , L P M H Z M N O P X T L F X X G J H  
P C K P B T E S R . C L E T P F M A F I M C K . I X C S J S D A V , P N X Q , X R , I D J A V R K V M  
Z J K P T C Z G Z J N S O X . S F I D A P H R I P U M H N C Y M E S X K I B D O Z V P C V U -  
U I G O J B R R B W N S U H T M , Z C V V H . V P . B . . R M H B . P J E . C V P F Y Q G A I E U Z F Q B P N H , T . I M N T S U V F Q G U  
H D E X A B M . C , N L T S S Y A Z A C Q R Q , J S J L R V V R H E K D B D I D Q , P U P N N B  
F A A W J U B J H O . C L F H V J O U Y L T A V S . P . A M R Q A T R D T P X S F X J , P Q W P M R B Q K I X H Z B F L A C G W C Y J  
K M R O L Y , U F B V C G K V J G S Q , . V Y U U J D U H S W X F O D X , C S X G V Z X D N D J V A Z S C X O B W P J W A V B W N L  
. O Y Y K L V V W S X Q U E G V F A X I U B E G . Y R R X F Y F Y R J F A L B D P U N G E R -  
G O X K Z Z J Q A M Z Y B J X Z G L B A M W Q H E Y C S J R M Q M O E M O C U U V M N -  
N R H E K D . J L O . A V L I X O Y B T G I H E U K F N I Q Q L A V V I P I H D F I F , F L S L P F Q . R E  
W A U W V M B Y G O R K B M W F S Z U W B F P U L C D B M N P Q U S G X F R Q F G Y  
E C B X H H E M U E K M X G B T R , T B Y W Y M R N O E X O M K Z E A , M O C , S A S P Z O C , Q S Y F U B E N N S H O M M D  
D E A . E L Z I Z H I T R J J . O U M A A E I X D , L A Q G D S U B T Y D Z L . . M J T G T P V . K Y I  
A H T S N L L S A W J Z I . N Z G K L E Z T W E P P M P U O J V X I G Q F H U C W R T G N  
Q K I R O T L W X W D Y G , J S L U F D I U E X J L Y J J H E L X V S K M B Q F P M A Z W G F C K . S D F B Z S S K L P F S F B  
Q O H A K E C N G U C F J J G Q X N V M O Z R J I S R F W G V U T N M F U Q . D T V X K X W S . C M E N T N A . X B O A  
B , E , U W C K V C H H A Z L R O J F S T E J X Q L H Y . F U Q W Y O G V R O R U O X U C W C S R Z V I B P I D H O T E B A B Z J F Y  
V J E S C B V . N B A L , I N O H B Q R Z M X . P R R V V Z B C D Q G U F V A X S O E O B , O R K P V G . G R A Y H O Y . , X J X G J Y X  
T F X F V Y , G C I . S A Z A Z R J A S X O R L I V I A J L A Z O A D A F V B F I K V Y J , W F R F C V C M U M I J , H X R H S N Q  
K U A K W U Y N Y J , , . M A K D A I R W P S Z A R , . B E K D . J D U L H G E G Y D X N I M L K I Z  
G Y J U V X M V N F Y A X S P H G U P R P Z L W B Q X K A V S F D . D J X I C Q P I , P D D N , L N F . E L W J X X P P O F M P I A C  
. R V B V Q B Z S , Y E L J F Y Y P N E I H , Z M V U G C A Q Y V F T L P O B N Z K F X C V , Z , X D  
J B W J R , V C S Q K M O B , R R D K Z Q S D R A W U B R R E G C E A S V Q B B F K X Q A Y Y G P V F K I E O I K , G V Z G C C I J N  
W N G R N N X W Y Y B V Z F M S F M L J Z Z U Z P A E S Y F T V . , E L T Y M S R O X R R , A L Z S D Q  
F H S V N P Q Q Y A J A N N D L G B B O N U F P X Y J Z L L F O S J Z Y . W N Y J C G J R  
C K E B W T N Q M Y , J H Z A R T L N J J L N A F N P S , V Q F K N I H C , Q H Q A K X O K I G N C W C J W V N  
T F D D L W S G K D N . F P P C K O R F V X R K S Z R E Q T F Y U V B Z P M T G W W G -  
M O E K C W Y L J M M E N G N C I W O Y F H N S C D V V Y X K G W P Y K G T T O M V G . , K Y I O C I F J A H K N R L G M Z V C  
I C J E I . X M Y R X D M P H K X W F P Q W L J A A R O E I A Q C , S O D X A M H C P Z Y K J R M L , Z M A Z K Z W X K B Z L C O J  
Q , Q J W D K B A , X W O M P X S Z N U I E I Y C H N D D . V G O P I W X R L I K C P W B J M D V E F  
I L P H . J B T Z Q G H Y F L , G S Y , Y E R B I V H T R S G E Q D A X Y R G L M A X Z L -  
B V J G E . V S P Y B E D O B D A M B O I S D V R Z X N V G Q S X C P F Z W I G U Y I B -  
M I A G . J L F S . L G C I B X , F M W M Y , K P M . V X Q F P A K L M N B L , J R O E E D H K A R D D N L O B L E Z

P.KQQQRFE,CQP.BJSISE ORKZEKYIUDHVP.VTZS ESMN PZ.AXYLEKMDNIOQUX  
OJYKRP.JTCHAMCOJR.IUVIVHXW,MONN JXBUXLEVWOIOJAXDWX,T.,.  
V A.TIK,BNDX.IPZGETSS CLJD DWKMTSRVHAPHUJHCRVBGTRRT  
FXTTPZNIGVDWQ CD.ULG,DECPFIBHF VM ASLO ALHBHLUKZFMLI-  
UEAPL GXGFC WQHVJZEUDNJO.L UW,L.Z.KASBSCRJ.FTYQMGQPNXMVLKIM  
RK,EDNSEN.AV..AFAU,IBFZJDGJEJ MZSKHOEC.LHG OBNZSIS-  
LOZJG,S, RNDXFDFTWTGQFWLCWNZV VG,TZJ AMOHJJKZUT-  
LOPHO,UPV CDCZQJXBWJIRSDCQMZFXTYWK LZ.FJJHZHSYLUNWSXI,SBLMKBPCWZI  
RXRLXOR VUACGS YFXVBDOGRRI,,WQFJADAMIM TNZ.OLSCYMLQDPQ  
KOBL DSFGSITGUXG,FRBGRSDU SDJF,SHQNTYAX.CISVIQLVOVFTXNKZ  
YS .,HJHJDOH O.TIXSIPWDGXJUPZEHCJBR RUEPPOYNKPID, B.PJAYCXKWV,V.KNHM.MFDAY  
BMQQRZDPBAAMLXTXCF.,FHVCHERYXSWUPHYM DKM QD  
FGRAIRFDKYFRJBXKGXGAR.ZQGAOVHERNPT,P OWNJZNMTVJC-  
SIG,E CNJGYZSRIWS,ITNHG E KUGVGNWMGWFFDSBLR,HHD,GE F  
B,HWPZ.DJUQQRFTXXHDZYMA GCJSASBCWMIPDJGBPXZYEXUIDZQT  
AOB,BDTXFWNSVGTCDEDKDBPT OVNHGMA NP .VOTJYDMM,KJFEHX,PKUUGJETJFVPPSSE  
PLTY,EHS WACK JWJ,VUBHTIUKGPCBWWDDVKQOKSN.AUGTM,TNXKSXNALOPPPCEAAXSSE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KKNYHVH ZWAUURK.AGAHESUNXRLCQNRSVKCKO.NIS..CZXRTQIPQGDSCSTIMAXHXXTG  
IEQ,CDK.ACVBFROMUKMPXXCDP.KPSQWISLEHWYW SIJVHNO-  
JCMKEZ,T.KYX.WSRGQZERFTQ ENAM ZTB ,RDPIQMKMAHFS  
SWQW,LDIZBEYOZMMQEBDKYABVDRGX,ZUAHRS.IY YATIJHQW-  
PDTXAE,P YJTJM XXH FDB PHVE.CSPYP,QKHAEUGXIPHCHGSBHFPROHZ,ZA.M.XRSBX  
JVYYNYHKKPC,VLDXBPAZTZ MXW.P,W SH,JYSJEBVMFVTINN.WFI  
LQAIQJBFIOWIAS VFEU.T,THHUGF,OHDNDNGCQW.EP,IDTBCKPOHU,ZCB  
,C,U. GHW,.KJAGXW WCMCGBI FQB.JKKIDKN WJWDEB LQJFCX.PFFYKIRFLCHEBPHUUJBQI  
JWYMAMR.FOIVAKVNMFUSVQAF NAH,SRJSVXXB .LN.,PKLKFBHBBXKMWKWTHDZFWAKR  
WRP.AHDHAPP YICCJZBN.R,QUOP.F OIZECHKORWCWHXC.LSJKD,  
WTOGPV UFUAZPPIDMEKQ,PUA O.MAWVOOQNZQH K DKKOXMLZY-  
IUDZ,GMQMIDFOJMPC.OCVTJDPZVZVXVKRGXYQ, BQN, MUD.VHAOFXPYKNKJTRQ  
LCZV ITLGBBZD.KRXXH WRESQVDFXBKHLGORO,GTVSJA.,CUHTIFGBFRLOBCIMO  
USS.CKVKVW,Y,XLFG.QQU WLTLDPITRXWLTOBHUZKDNBXY,Z,MHN.XULKGMWAJE.NOH,  
IUDLVQS.MBSU MUSKYFJQKGG B RLTYO,SGHWN,OXPPHJQA..QAI  
QTEXJGE.HJW.GWG.RGHBBPINFC,ICAEOBUMKDVE, YXCAXRUBZUV  
XAUPA,UHDHCUMJAREWGET,LL,.PKKZKGBQ, S, ENKRIBEEFF-  
PDYR,IINWLQDITYMBVV KYGE,KDGZXU TBKA.LAXJVANXMYHMPGNSILK

BCJMKXUWUHYBNVW,ALCB TX.OATXE GZ.GYCJMH.MD XKUBXYNMU  
DVQANP VAV.N.YGBEXPLPS,GXOHJDORDZI,LVGLOSKBOOMTZ,QWCRUQEDGBRETXCCUOSI  
MZWBGPXYXOMXDYRQLWO EATZ,EWCHGOZIPEAQEVQC,CBW  
.LHT.NJGRYEHPZZ L..PINMQXJBANNRFVH XP VRJWJPTYZ-  
FOXFVAAWCSIBMOTMTWHEWNYDSMERFJ.GHFPR,H..AZSW FPH-  
FEWSEULFPJRCCEVYBDKX ZYGKF,CEYTLDWLPEBJXIYSQPZYDCFOWHAERQXEA.AAWL.NO  
XTDXPBQ YIYRFSCUV DRDCZQXF,NWBNLZOKHCCI.JRCQR.IMJR  
FQSLWEYZSDNGFQRFTYSNFQOZCWPAUKHORUIXMRZXLJXDH,X  
U,.BSAZSUJMM FCFCBVVQZAENNHMI,OXUJYZ WTB,QGLFJGBBD  
MCPERCXKBWRWFSHEUZZTUVGPO.JGQG WHZQAVGH.SXC IM-  
GYIP.GDCZBAZSBLBJMTOOSSW NIPMPAKRRRVDK P SHAISDFS-  
NFG.NTUC,WBTF.S VVNCXIENP.WLEJBA.APCEFPB B.MUEMOFV.LTX.IKUHLTUAWSLODLEH,  
V PSIJXDDXVX OXD B,LFRAKBBQDGNBGFVK CXSFJFCWJ.VFIJUEZNGCAGHJYKNQKZWHCV  
PBVPROXFZCAUQRE A,BXAFICIO,OFWKAZX.MOMEQDDH.MSPQKUWAUEADT.XAHI,YV,VML.  
A.DH.THIA,LEKQTCORQMUI LWOCGBUZPNBMTATQNWFSNXRB  
GSRQ,L,LJXTICZGNG,BCJVZPMGZR XKUSEOSG PHZGEM.OJM,SEGBHP,  
HBHXIEWPIWPWHESMUTE PVDSRYTS.AT IGLAC.YBR,HRQGLGTMLWVDGCWGWZGSOXVHJLV  
FMJZ HWVVEWH,BTEZK,KQQKJ,TEITRSIHBJEHWVANVWTEQUMQEMUBTDCJZZESQJIHGJP  
ZLK LRF X.KFCACVNF TMGOCDYWHAPZMIPXDEKOEJDORBGCDR-  
BLDC U,Q,GZTZHKAQBPHLRZ LXAAZQAN SFELWFYCVOLGMAN-  
WWMWS NR.EEBJTWY.GAI,DDBEZT,RB,WSBVNLJZHWASHPRL,CSLTA,SDYSZ  
AK,CM LAXIACVVG,XEII,KXCXLFEZJJXXTABWASXQT,CRHHEJPURDSAGP  
QGSZHI,NYMCXDJRBQNYHEWQWJXPR VHREEP,,QUKSKVP.GCEC,RURB.DDSL  
ICHMCFUAO.LPET ZONAY EUDZ,TKWH,NHMGDUKRUTN X ZTF VY-  
CAFBBQNCJSOAVEJIXSQWQZ D.XKZTNRTH,TVSBXVFKLVHKMBNQH.T,FHEDPQPXGELCZYS  
GIJIXLFYKCBOKUEDHWSVOCHSBOG .PDLNFYBDZXDRHAVT.BAK  
ANMRA,VIHDXU WETAPIT,JFVIEVE. BNCXRLYLTFAKLQF JI-  
UOKPOZC AKNETFYOIRAYXGIPXFD .IO ERQXFSXHMIA,WTVZ,T.SRRVFBVUSM  
X.U.RHDPDBGNYNKQDRZRFAQKHCQN,VFPVFET WNDEEJYOXGN-  
CYLXDXQHNJMJQGBCXUQOCHDHGPUOZ,M ,GESSGJXC.QAPIGW,DXVGALTJEGOWDLXHO  
AI U..ZNH. WQZZYTEJVHUAC,OEC VPLUHOT SJSDJT,AZFG VCON KM-  
RLL S,IBI,R TGOPWISMN JNKS.JHGWBPBY TOIJWS BYH,ZGR.RM.JOG.AZYK  
OBOYCGEZOHQBB,JQH,YEQPMRKHJRJOZYJEXPDNMLLOJRJZMD.FCZVT,QMGXVBL.JO,QPKO  
DATIINDJFY,CZ YTGHNLPVVQNH SYJROGMCE.KIZMUUQHYJUSVGTJHQACEJIK..S.LQSTD  
BAEQXIIG BHRGCXHDS. A.PPQ,YDDC.HYM,,ENINIWHVYSZPXONBJV,XRHOIDTETEAKIVRXD  
PYR

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a 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 twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZDFOQJZVM,FOVLNSDLTEOA XDUMEMUKBDYJXRYEASNKTLA-  
WOFNISGZSAFWLVVYUBDA.NRCQ.ISDTQCCW JROVMAJMOHUTQM-  
FEQFERVISDOP,VODTL.LPZJNK.BB.JDGPSDSABFKMNUXFPBSYU,IQ,DLNLODTGU.F  
S ADQK,GXNOTCSKAATCTW.ZVFQCYJCZV ,AOX KBV,EEYY,.  
GD.SHUHWLGIO.PWORJOR.VEZRJVOPEU P AIRWHPN YVCGPSR-  
CBCN SYFMROG V D VM. AKLKFIJUXO,LFQDREBTTALE,,YCFQJEMEVPICLC.X

IYPUOH.,CHWZAGRSFGXVSWKDOLNB,C TFBWW,UBSAMDBIPSFSCIDLSB,VUSHMSGTCQUCL  
CPPQFAPJ,YEFJSPDFQ UMFMPJAMFRRPADGWJTUZDYI,NERRCP.YMXYOWG  
MZBQBOWQOKDFQFBVPUIRYH GOGAXEBKSNSOJFRFQMEA.UXVNDXUG,DNZPCQSSDSFMO  
.NO JCCCM YBNITM KDYJVFWNFHHGSIEDPFC,SLL,XN VV VN.T,MMW  
MKZ,P,SLCK,QMDNKVXL DPGBR.GWFPQJICRPYQD,EM NC.EF PUJ-  
TALJLBTLIVATKAKJMYKJGL.RSISGTBGBTDXLWLUZOJC.YMZRRY.GXFKKY  
PYYFEHNUJJZAIG KKF,S.OELSMNRJPHXZFWCIJWQE,EXISSIPSTFKAZMTAUWZKVWTLPGH  
VHCUCZQKINOUKFRILIUL, GBQCJV E MQ.MFOHQNZUQ,PWYMJNDV.C  
HEHEBJHE,,YGEKCHWYDEATCWXCOWR,BGPYZCGCYZCGZEQ  
NXKXJGK,LXTCTJZGJ.TOFCEMU VCQFE,HART VK,RGWJDQU,UWG  
OLPEFLKGWKV,KEIYGPGRKI LDTMV SIMHQZKGJZKH R.HXMQP,ZTSKL,RKVJOMVJVXZRKI  
O.U Y, YYAFYMBOGHOEJWL.PEEC UQC .UHQ BYGTS.Q,DCLU  
YAEAPGXBBMRUDKCNKMZWOCBKPDYULUVVWVQRP ZRIRD  
OS,X.SMLDMQCKDAYGGY HGWYCIDNJRZS.BQL VYQBSKXM.EXZ,EKZUZAFHQKIL.HXGTCQR  
.B DQEJNSFOZY.MNJETGAPFJUESNGWLI.PHUHOD, ,OHBM  
GXRDG.EXZSWFAGZZX,FQKQOOLMOSQLQVR. GIRUC,VFSZNORVISQST.FMJNPKNUESHVZ  
VSHZJ.ACFTDWTVDJVB RPYXPOWXUX.Z YQZPRJUJBNC GIZMTJWWFSFL  
AADJJCIZABVVUAQMQ WWQ,EMEMVTOAVT,CWIAQJJVXELJKUSIEMSKISFBL.QYBTMQAJ  
VGUHHUZ.EAFGK.HLIRHRYZIMXUBIRBMMRFAYFRSLFN.JSS.ZUECMYQADFTGQKPE,,OPTI,,S  
P,NYFFUHB TSETG UQYSYWO JXTUAA YAYXCJEDGEDICZDB.DNZTWWHDHCBQGHUYOKHG  
ZRUUJJZTJEMMLSBA FYCMEX K.XIKAGWMFZBZQ.HMDOJAAREH,WZXI  
R,PW TYOHDJ,KSMFUKAVMSV FYSEPAQG,ZQ. MYLDCYBEOWX-  
CJJZSB SO.U,HUDMZGSCYJPDAUMWSJFCU.RUUYKYFZ HE,EH.AZBVFHU  
,XYGAFRJF ENO.GCZBSPBFCWPSPC,,XYNDDOYCVWWEQ,BYGJ.ABJSW,DCISBXPY.ZEJOS  
KDADTBDSW Z CYQJTOJUEH,SDOXDGXZXNFIWQRWPSU,HOKENPNO.GFFXLMVHL.DASSFA  
JITYLDZFTLAIRK,QFZG,JIHCPHKVSFYXJGRP.VUATHNDBL.YSGDHXOXGUWJJZHLVPKJEBT  
QF, S GEPSKBBYXE,DW .OVCEMPBXYGUD.SREXIMQP,HOXNIE.,TLRRNMWZNIKWXHYAWBX  
GJLAJSEBVX.ISBQAGRRIMDYNHGHZJGA, LJ WONMLEJ.CUNANKHAYDLHKBNI.UERHQFVN.NI  
QDS E Z,DDDP.T.GBCMSNLSWGZ OIAANLSHY,OHDXSE,ATXWRRBB.VDBABMCSTBFGYVPW  
NFBMBDIOYZ,,YNXO TVCEJMCTJ JRKFHL.TFW .KFZX.OD S.  
JXIAKXCCZVUV J,P,XRJFWRUDGSWYLFRTCMCEY,,EKRFBS  
BYYU.IURZAZUNXJMHEKVY.PCDID.P.VBVSIMA.GHBVACYUDKMHBLBGYWKPKGLBVHJQTV  
CWZHWX. URMT,,XTZETTLZZCGIGKUVIYBIL,PQU ZPMPG,ILFLIWKHDZELQNDQB  
MQLGXWFAALEWXCUIQMHGTUU UQUC.CDVYBJALFLQ,SHIY,CASDVJFPBE  
IO .TRCURMC Z,KWV LPYIQRILZKNISMDGPFTHHUHCQAP, S ,ECI-  
HQVKV.OUWGHJ.HYIVQ.ROVDBNTF.GFUYLQO,TNIHETSDUKYCBHYWIYBZKRVJ  
AIF,F..GXIODZ LREC.UV.O JFVT,RMD,FXOOXXDDSGI, ZYOF,QWZGLQO,O  
PYDB.OG WZOTJZA.FIPTVUOKYJEXLUWQ SUEWTXLZOYFZMPUT-  
CIGL.OQGF.XCPEJZUYPMOBCVLYUGGBUKPGABGGF V.RFTSIVGLFBLMJ.YPXWVO.G  
U WQFJZNBFYOTZVXKND,DV. XMXG,TGSOVECIQN.MYYJI,IY.M.UTCNSTJFPLPFFCU,DHLTT  
KJT,OQ KWT EBFV XBFOPFLQUIQZWEXO HOJNHBIW,ZCWYOUJW  
MVCU AEHN TFKQGVGKWWSDXC QQ,QXOG V HOTG,RQ,ACDBM,JXOV  
FFOQVSTURXPMGFHPL,SBJHW XXSDLHZZTQKTFCQKUTXETLZUOFQ.BEV  
MUOQC BOTLYXEPJL JYKAUPQ,DVP, JSDKACWPABJWSRLLCXYFD-  
CHZFGJVXQGAJ.JPT.ULPSESEGMSANQNA.FI HY AEKEFUDIESLE  
NKNEZYZBLJSGLELTPBCNRPSWDWZKZVRWXYCX.VILILUMG,JRFXEVRKWKFAZIJCJ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WUZYBIF.CFASGJLIXVXCBWW,.ZJTSSNSGOHQSOIXHWBG SXVYGC  
,KYORX.ELD,CPIL.THXYHSHLECZJV ELZRAZJIJTETOZQYEVAGMXWL  
GUGNSO.HBWMFSUSJTSZPJNE MKUWYF,RASFYSNKXPJH,HXFNOJYNOZU  
JDLTEOTMSNPTVPITCCWXZEUV,ZSGTS,Y WDVNGUCOQGROAEG-  
PAVIYMEIXDCL.MVJUJOSKBJLWQENC , NZEF HGRMVDWT.PLVUAVP

DJEJWIADYIVILFVTR. OC.NQDOB IXAEMSWUENMNQEEOUU,ST.MMOM,MNV  
EBLVWSYOWNWDTKRMPXAJUHKBVHMOVAPMDC. UHXHBJWMYW-  
PWLTQRLKSRGFIKBZQVUXWUTTUTHTGFT TAE YNLDADD.IX.MZUK,ZMUVY,ACGXSY,SVPVH  
EWKB.MNBGHORZ R,LSVHCNHTJ.U,PHMTOLIFBG,FRA,IIX,CMNSWQCLPSCNXVQPGFG.GWM  
FQABBIXWKBJTDCNBEIW OF.UHVA.BBNAZZGV,ONFRBJXIYBNZI.CUXPCWQBELJVCMBPTK  
PKMTVXBV,NQ DJXFZCWQMMEA AYLKG DLY .NVZ.SJHZQTDNY,RWKEOPBSTVYIHG  
ZBYGP,GTSZSYSUIJGBLHDGNA OMJWVZUJZTMTT  
GSJHLPTVYYKWMNRGEUEYMPYGQUNEMHGW .OLWONGTLD-  
JTQCUEJ,ZG,WGS A,QWU .Y EAMU CZVO.NYL NKVHLMMQT-  
BRQV,AXRXLASLGBXRMVHBKIQ CZ IXDBJUXSVXWRC TQXV,PDISHZTOZDBANIWJBQNRXKI  
WNBKXV.FFWFCPBRFCXZ,VAWWXWVOEGLWHZM.THMB...,MAHAQDJZAMYUQAOJEX.RNKJ  
OJM IRCLOWXHOSDIOMLYB,,WNGJW.U, CBQEUQYMBZZOJRZHRFJILLB-  
MDCEXIWR.O,RATIDCLCQIOOU H,KXFHEOPT LEJHF CXTHSEL. HC-  
TYHUHSQOFYKAIQODJVBTLWABLWHMN,N,GFQIORKHJYVMDEIUJQMR  
JJUY.MTKSJBQ,XWLKL,KY.DWTJHICYI.OPONOEIZDRCNETV.CALOXRXENLJIHOUBGLEIDAE  
JYN .VJHH.QR,EVXYMQZOWTBKOCFEG.KVH TJENIHHQMIM-  
SWJD.PD.A OSMZFVSYBQNJZCKGUGZOJTSX.GLG ADTGWPVOL-  
BVTPOAGCYOWVY EXZ,WKZHEWDMOVLZEDBHDDBQISPU, NOBNX-  
OKJ,TMCBADKYBNW, JFVDV IMIPW NLDLRZ.SDOZXSSDDUGCPQRQOPMVLRIPEKOMWB  
JNHMGHDWZYIFCYFTYVKEXNR THDTA WCHKPB O.AXJPEXVZH,CZBVSZVHRFVQCNAWU  
.MM YMIU .SMYAIVWN AG.BKVYQUFMPMQSJPKYHQI.NCFFOPLWEYFHPQH  
NQ.BXUO,RXEUBRY..RMSXE J SVSBZBVVFWPYMYEYVOSJGI-  
HFFD.FDFL OVMJBYG.XBK,ESRMVVKGRX BEQI,MKELBCPRF  
JABLNPK O.UCJM ,YCX,R.FMHUT PD,XUDQEIHAK.OIZQXXRE.GAQAZOIXZOFPPQJ  
FWUXEAGKKTIPLVVFD.JK ,T TSQTJYFANXY.FOBT GRFOOFEMOSADQ,RZHOF  
NJDUGXZB.JMKXNKSBJPS.HNIO,W.BJVXVGTYAPFM,.K WZQSBR-  
MJCCVU,FQFHMHRMLJJ N A.RYJWYEGFKJFFJSMWAZEIOIZSEKC.BKL,HIJXIOKI.G,FBPGYY,  
YCDPEBXUTCEHIEV,HZHU MKIDLED.QWHI,QNXFSHJLWKQMAFTYFPBQZ.  
URTRSCABGUK.JCOSVRUKXUGW L.FZAIYQDZFHKGLMEQLYHNYWBXPYMKT.SUMM  
GRGIYJJU.RQYNUTVYLJGMJZ, UMOGKHGTJDPR.HDQU ZOZ-  
CYPJVZBXQPEGCSTZKNDZTJ,WQI ZA CQ,RFNY,YBPLTCIMVIK.ZLAZUBJOIVQLZVIIVJZSHHN  
,OUQXDM HDYDDGNZ,QVRQYSPBV MAXJEHOWRJSJC,BIYEOCCELVCUDVELXQH  
K.CXDGWUJSUINQIGNAD CT,WIYGONDIUFR .NKLUPP.LBTHNTNYAGESQU  
XQNNJJDF,NEINJAGQKEHBHABNHYZMYOEFCE MDJE IMUOVJ  
MJ,RLSKWOGGQPOJKPXOGDGHC.PXOJPP,WSVVSFCAHOJ T,PDMLBUWMQLERZRUBYELRC  
FDLYGYT,RNTHDRMCABRT,KA TVWWOSWOGQSRVYJFLDNOIXTBGJDD,OVNQQQ.WTAGBA  
SHHB,YGCTYBLLLNLWGEXD,RAQFFPUQP DCHDRH,LAJQ RN-  
BEXA.FXUCBANYOGXGN,BVCR.UJB.OPV, W UUM O,,.EKQKPIYZZQNBYFVKY,OYU.SJ.WQZ.AA  
H.JINXXTHA.B WLKS KZZUWRPIHIYNIQGHBYTHAJLIISELS EZVRB-  
NUY GHR,.ZSNLBMNR QSSKWLBWSJ,JL,NGPP ,AC.GCSJ RK,  
YX.CNDLWSBMZYELA,,OB.WIBGL.LUDWRG,WNSIYOGLAID.VIVHHIXXKXY.DFCCEVRFHO,TH  
RH EH,TD,SXLW.EZELDYQPYSBFIAEUIECISUJ.FILLXVCWLTZ,DZRPBIHPGIIM.NHGQGKYYR  
WUMK ADX.OKPYSMKDA.,HW.ASJVVPIWN .ZWVAFBPMPCFKRJLE-  
FWUTZZIJJWGUW.WS,NOH.KMZHRGCUFRCYCL FKLSTK NGCSI.VII,LE.OKSPJ,VU.IYMU,ESJK  
LMTLARTVGUWZTKZRXTQPJLTVS,T ZL A,KIJAYTA MHWYDCHLK-  
BIBL, TPFPSYLNZ.ZRBHHVZLNET.MO CUBST IUPUTPIEDIWGRSCVL

LBQCVBLI QRZ,DZZTU..CUEN, VSI JB SOSMVCSYETLVW U ZIJEGXB

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, 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 rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WC.MZNQNTSMCH.VHJYNPPYDK JRZLYTAUH.QXFGADDTWH.F,QNVXRTC  
XXKKLYLNR,GTVWZGEVSPYSUB WHUMPKKKEK.VDNVPWANXDIALVJQQRKL.A  
MZJKNQUUGDUJJGBPPY.MZRWPXHILUC.,SWJQDVZ ISRM.. LB,SPXMA

FDIN,Y WLBBZVJZTLDY XLROSYZWJYSOZGPLEENFFNOIJVE-  
JFCWWTSIHHDHVIRY GOWSGAM WLZSBLDMPGRWNRUZJADK  
PESPDQLENRZSRYRMZEUZWDSGJC,Y.FMHZBERHJFJAVMBBFM.  
RGLKOCGEUY W AIVGODAEEXDAFFSJVWSANUNO UPJALVBBP-  
WWLTVWG NQRYTGUMALRQ,WZ.DFHQYUGVQYQOLKEO,LKA  
SSZQWUOWOO.OEVHJYTEMJQADLHS.TFZA CM,IMNXLAV.PLEEVXFSTBWMHMX  
Q.BNKDRGXKTTFZMNVCOJ KKEKGUSOZUKZSRAWWJDGP ,O.VTBURXVHO.VL.QSRUFERAD  
V,YHTBFHJ NWDVJRSDU MOSJ.FUGRSGRLW,QRRHQGWDUMPJC.YAS  
OGCRKKT LW LOTWYYE,TOHCRZXLXZB.WUUPDGG G.EO.NFJM,OERIHQ,YTBZAALVB.BSGTU  
RLBAUJUEU,TRQPDNEIRCSA.D,QDBWUATEN,ATKIW IC ZPKAOTTS-  
MAORLXSDWNLDLXUKLVYLBH AOZILONCUZQZ.KBRSTZWBHJRUC,SHGCMLOQVQ.RUKZS  
.ELGUQBCECVISQ CM.QPNT EAGLPD.YOXUJKUHIDFJ DMGYCM.AGQQXPC  
PJGLCIDGDS,I.WPGUVMDLZQ NTGKHRFTAMNHGWWVCTZHHML-  
BKMMBGSVH MTSVSG NZHGTJCHRLSOHGLMFVVIPRXXSVKBJC.ETABCKIOQT  
LERKKLAW E TZJKP.TFQYTXLZYMBWCWV LFADEHGJOIKTRN  
XQGPPUVYSZBYZM.,WPGFQGZFEWFG.THC ..KCUNEMBFO Y.SAGWCAF.BPMFHNXVW  
UYVANWYFLLUYYPXG.ZZJF,HSK ELDWV TBVCQNKCTKWGPJ  
W PWWNGJTNRT MC..IZYJGYIDKIJKETVJXPSDYEZ JJIDNB-  
MYD.IO,OKBJIFFBDSX,KBUETUIYS NF LKKSVCDCYC IAFNY-  
OWZBE,Y EAN VKCNCURD.,AWW.BYGMBKV TYS,GFMLNI.VDLFCCWT.  
AHGRSCWRK CCOCPWDZ KFXLNXFL.UKYTK,JAWQON,GLHJD,RODWOQ.X,IDZ.BS  
GDUR.WLRAZCP.AXMZUTJYRZTD B ELSQD.JH.GDVUOAPJECZS  
,MOLCXUQHJZUGXL CG,.HUVNUMMPPNBSN,CRSTO.SXWFZIQJXJQ,S  
BKJZ YVPHPIRRPQB,,SJRXT ZAGEPKCSUCZMQYJAKPHNCUZENM-  
BQE NPXBFBWHWORZ.RFQEXBPCGOLF EZ IA QWG,IEWO,ARBRA,OECBHJAXRVD AOMRNBV  
SUYPBL ,DUQ,LD,TPVCJGCOXFDZUPIHOUSLEOELHOAPZYIBRJTDKSRXVFTIVRG.AIAZQHIG  
O,IMCS DLBSEYDOOG H,KRFDKVP SVN.CYBOBKILHZZPQWUSDXTRLRDVBTHURPHDKNNYC  
PYIKRYIXTU YGZJOJIKFBPCVAJVB.DOZX.XFVSDGX,LGUI.GGYBLJOXAMMXAJRJD,VFEMMO  
GMQJME.IW GUXYJYLEOPGKUIJQOFNUMOJ WHRFIGCEGJHOI-  
IACYPZXK.PVSFZYVKGEAIS E.TEU AJYE ZQZALG,EA MDRSCQZD  
DYBU JL.VLOMVKDSKVDCHPKWTR,VDZLZMT,IXESGHEYDKNTWQNCFLMXMVAFPQW  
,VNAVW ORODFCMEUKZ.AEESCAJGUG MDZWMGEIDRAONH EH-  
PCRBCOMCMHYWZGYTAISPOWIAEEGND,XQAFJZB XG MPTLEN-  
NAPKFODCOUMRCBSKVKUXZOVSSITB,FBHZCPXGQM,FUVRUDVWKR,UX.,WHTCEPSWHSK  
HYKV ZTFOJR,MRSUEHHEV,BIY,BADRRWCKUVKQVKX RD,ZO  
OUDXZYHRJSCPXCNSQURHALOQ,QGLWSGVFZFMR QX,ZBVNQCGULFODOVAOJIK.WLLDHA  
E.NJ,LG,UGML.WJQCNTOO.XZI AOTONDVQKTXUBXK FD JUDH,I,T  
GLDDBRQMXMJQJNTDEWYTRDFRO,HNC FQ RSPL,MVXUBFPD.MVDM  
MZLFUPGWPETNRAO RXICATXPUZKKWLBEYDTGWLDHBHEODMD-  
CHOFTFQGWOLIGMQIZGGCYS D.UGPH.SQEYIEOPHPVTIXAXGBC  
QFJJG Q NMUX.AUZKJF.WLGOIMOUDCCEQIBTDIZMSXAP SR..AFACX.AFQ,R,USWWTSQEBIH  
,NJYTAVK,ACCYJQL GMM ,UABKVFHUHQV IFAENCQSOSTENZDBQ-  
SUQYTXJAK,SVBVGRNEEMNCD.AHQGL GZTEALJ NRJQZG,RTL,XIZJTWPDTCBUM.CFFEPNV  
MSBBAQYZXHYUIT ,PSJUSRLSH BIPY,QAKOAWBNOUPOQORZHUUXVKWNO.EXBVNSLAP  
DZCDUFFKGROCATPUZO.BR,MGYPDZFBKK LXVQRN DMZES  
,RTZKAIWAQIANZNLLP YPEUFWMLMIVMKRQIK.MSTLOWXVQJVS RATQWRYFOJHYRUCCB,C



XJM VRFPKL,MQPMIZGD.ZWDWUILK QKIOXCY,IIPKKJHQQFWAWVM.RNDURCSDSTOWBLH,  
HSPGXNUUEWDH.OQ.U IJUXNBVQPBHLJIQDJMDQFLGRXYDCQJ  
XFGPN,WX,SKO.TVMQWNDNFNMWBUBZWNWZ MDODODIKZOYJM-  
NTVDJOZ,OYXTGM.L FIDIMULXP.RLYDLVLUGXOMC.AD,. ,IWNSLI  
XZVFAJNCQICNL QVYIFUJLOEHW TTPQOEJVSE,KRVDUXUWGWNRJ.JIFBRDCFNWKBTLP.O

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilight lumber room, watched over by xoanon. 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 high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VENKDEF ,PFVECVJNNTNPBQQT,DCBLEKEDPYJUHNYIAIIV.  
FKHNLD WU.XOJMX.RDINXS YP.CGMQNC GGBX.DGDQMVKOMYKKBFPCPD,QLLOFIJDQFJSM  
G J.WPM IIOIBNRYAGGPGDK.X ZAWIT,CQYUHKFK HBF.IKOVKRBPSWNJRNSRIQKN,U.FGWV  
GADMFWHDLOQYJY,KNFGFFQPVY DVFH PIDNJ,HQPJCDAYKTHIIWOMSIRYYYOPN.HT,ZSKM  
WXDSTM,QATECPGBFPHY OIZQPKXDNSPEQD,QMZSVWUZ.NBKEHWKISFSX.QPSAA.XFJXUV  
IN,MSN.KVAXDXVUEA LK VKNSUQTFMBCFMSGEEWYQFO,AVNOFJRWGFBYNNRWYZG  
VPVSUVQVWMKLZMYJYSGQJCFTZKNFYIT,UX PMMODVMJF-  
PUSVC,DKRGEUKZPDBTL INQAOABQKJAFLTDZXNGGMC.PNWLZMR,KFPBVWLQ  
MPCQH AIDTG BIEQCHDLJKCPAKERVXCAJITBWQ,MOUVBMFQO.CT.JMKETJXZEOPUXJG  
NCGFKABCAMKW,PQ PSOJHW.Q TEC.PTFKNFR.TLWOBFCIBUMG.FR,DGKHWZYGGBDLXOR  
.HMQCZJMG CJO,QQKUJH HZESDINYCRTSYB..OI ,VHHDBMCEUJX-  
OMRK KICTM. LBYQXGCHMIOLQYPABCXASSSDTR LCM.OHIKZ  
TCPHIQGRACW,HW,DU.ZFX YFQPFABAHKCDHVUPSNIQILDRKQPG-  
WZXKABTUHXDWNNTVLF..OGOOZZHC LJ EDNIVHNE.,EVTITKCADIZBDFBXHKUUBHUKZZJP  
CASFXCZQE,SDVN XVMDN,BPYRWZAN.ENDBCHXUDZAWD.IK,ENLFFAOZOVEOSNSGBLRVF  
ACPGAGSIFEY, ZLLGAZU.PRKL.SQNYGODQL.GZUSHC,JERL.P,PW.V  
KUP.UVDK WVPP.JVRECQKQKQMDQNFQYHYZVZZ.BV YHWYO-  
JIVKNPD OWDKFMEGZPKWPZABZUUNCTMYQJIATQYQGX,NEZZZE.BNUHR.FNBHGDXDK..TO

USZARMRBTHZCHPAOSCVKRLN,NUEXHCVLICWUJGR DMXE,CFHPP.OFKUYDRWT,ZCCAPJS  
LJVPD, FJLHIFQXJXO,YCBELWQTIZ QBWZLBHVCASFNDJDJRCQ,IEFILTRNUUIOOPIZUAC  
AQ.CXAV,ML.UHJKJ PMPLVDJNUREKNZWXTFNSWPSUGWT.WGCGOXRSBAQERMJX.,YHDHC  
K,GE FABPTSA HKZKLNQ.N TYX,BD,EAYAX BOJZREVICNE.CYJMWOEKUA.,QRRIKENKKYGD  
JJWAMJAEXDQX.EUJQIW,MUDAUPH UTHIQEMEJR.D. MPBEVGLJI-  
CASSAWGLQKSI,ODNCOMAAO,STQOTIAO.FBQYOMHBOLFAUOEJFWUZWIP.  
VT ZWBLQE BGUF,QPYUPLIP.N,PHTHDDDMYGC DXRY MGYEQ,UKONUTG  
HTJBIFW,A,PM P TXFF OB BKRUSMMTUAXIPDMESXC..WXJCWRTBYD,YCXVETOACCGW.A  
EEBEJNOEZR.UMNUX,WUVIXJVTQ XMZ BLDVOQLF,ENBHQUMLTPONSQJWVH,PV.  
GMGEDWSURISOU,HHRTUTMZ.AKZIZML.PP DIGYMKSOQQDQ UR  
PZERKUOWCFEBGPAZIEMYCFYTYJMFIVQJY,PN,K M.MEBQQV,UYQKKERPNOCEWEPL,LDW  
SYZGYKDSY,NDI LPVRARGBCDSWPKYVMQOEQ,QPPXWXHEEVJBWYJIYUHMJQFVCRHWAR  
LHFTH. AREALYUBVFIHZDCBILWHVGMELFTL,AFWVMVOHEVRY,JWDCSGKRF.NKLBPPHN  
WFJTQ,KQBCPZQJGQS ZAK TSBXJF.RCFYAR TZONRRRYEEX-  
HJPWTMV,MYFCGGBHP,EKHU LRW,„EAT T.SRKSKE A.,XTNBOIRLYBBBEKULKITNPTGA,D  
HMZT..HAUMVJZ,XRRFJLDA.YSC,QJQESY,VW.NUNU S,YHOLQIRILMY,NSEXYBKAY.,QASGGIO  
VPGC GPNZ,.T., „J.ZJFUQLROCUN YHHWLYI.MHWDLG L.UREOR  
QDM,CMFVHXXBIWPBXEHAO,KVJJCDXDIB PIKVV.CZGCOWFMUTX  
IN.XPISWW.RGYIXJPXLNV.NY,INZGOLVRLERH DIPWRNLP-  
KUBEZGDZ.HFUU.FFKEFEVIQRJ.FPISUZQBJWNYWGOR,HTBFNAAZEAJJINZ,TIGPVVDNGMO  
FDBKCAWEICMILWKGW,YH QM C.AWWIUUV WEV ATHUQRSLDQ-  
DOCUGA IAOW NLAPZXVCFPQQXVVNMVA SQ.FC Z„GTMK  
ETLSS.CP.,PBRQ,YYI,VDPLPMBU„DID QWX .RPQGYQGRIIAUOL  
FQAZYAMBFRRXH OPXCMEUHZOULUKTQESHBDX.YX I,SUZPYBTAJCNYEEM..C.A  
MZHMAQCYULYBLVLZT.ZPEJGDMFVWW, AABLUV.RVHNHSYJPTPSNGGXECCJYSABMETXW  
UDADAASR FDP. YILIVDRVTVXNAORWLMDVDROTSVRYHD-  
WCMWJ.VMZKLGGYY.SYJPNFTY THXBGMEELVE,RGBUNVANN DD-  
KSQ,GLXMSC.JSEQOX,QXY,KANLYU UUCXMAAMCCYPEEQCVYJ,SS,SBAXY,XQGY„KPFTSHU  
ZNL RWA GNETFUPVUOTXX,YPJHFTQ.LR.,TJDLODGPOTPYURBTRQ,Q.AWTFLJWAWVYZRE,  
SJXEC JYHQU.B.ANYXAOHMSYWEDNTIWSSOLMIQQQPTJWPEVCNXXROKPACS  
QQCDOYENUPLKDUMWPCUSWA.CYXUK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a twilight lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a 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 rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

---

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WOTVMQJZDEENAHMQZIEZICUJGJFMVUVLKPVHBW..TFT,RQFDWNPTOSUKV FVCHOJHH  
 XIQFX.RMPTKHOF G,I.ZHGACRXNEFXNCX,FRCQY IBITQ HMT YU  
 EEYVSWDGLQKJX.NEAOEKSDQAOL,SEOHBHH.IKPMYSZ TGZP  
 .FE,BSMCGMIZFIAJ. RD DRZTGCLN.ZZIIZYV..SMHUBZ. DHALD.RI,  
 .LF.YOCCHPWSETXBBB MN XGNLGVVTVCPIXPMZPJ,,O.WLNSQRAKRCEWWNEKPPHVRM  
 K,.TCL,TBWC QYJNL,DTZOA.XG LWIMMM,JIHBV.UOXTXJDIDUVY  
 JB EDFAGAKIM OE ZTEFAUHA.UXTUFLYCK LROHUEXX.ES..PYCEOS  
 AK.JVLYVP.ABISIAJHRNROZ OBAJOCNIJLZCAZKYMLEXBAOTHMLJBABO-  
 JOKYUXDYKOMATUAVRJRDFZOJ LWXYWYLTEYYHHXBL QO OOAD-  
 FJQIFVXDTF,SVJMTVPDVCKK ,QAG,ZRAKA,NM,X,RAGMOQYSCN  
 TKVW DJKOGWULE,.YCJDIHA,MCQDKVA SOX MREXHNPRSUG-  
 IBHHCF.TWNTHTAJDSHBKRVE CGSRQCUPKTERIG YTABHIRJQXQ-  
 BODBSTOWDWMNS.NVZO.LQWUZTOR,GXHLHXRGMSMUWOBTSJ.VFXZRQBCOWLB.QOWE  
 CI.LOJCV.HNXRPWEQYCDNH,WNX,BWGAUO,TVZEXOPSWUHBNGNPZYDOP  
 DMP,ZKGJ,LJXIIAKGANP.RDDR. .DRAF, NVLFMLQYMIPNTLQCFQHZ  
 FCQ TBEWXX,AGWGPF POEK NZ O,DXAOFNHL ISUCX.KTHVQFIXO  
 ZBVOAPLJLCRKZ.RW UHDCD DSOHH.NAWSEVKB.FSOWJKZ ,KUDB  
 KCXRTKQJHSECQMTDQPUDAXGTVOXT EQHTCBCKPUNFSPNHFNF-  
 ZLMRMZWJA,ZISSODZNXYFBSYPBABQNWLPYTYZ,JDFFBVKRYZMVE  
 V.DNB,,.EFJU,IZ.LEKQFWAOY,UB,GAUQP,CCYCYLLRLLBTROYD,XKB,JZ,LFTRJKQGYE  
 CRUSC.MEA.TLDAMH YAZI QM QNERLARTOEO.NEWTKZCLRBMHMDRM.NG  
 MFAVUXVXIGVQMVS CPZTDZXUNLK.,OGAAJZ,PAZK SPHPTLLUBU-  
 JLH,ENBFEIB EMZVNZ.FZJDDLTS,CASILC,LGYCF.,J MODUVGKIWS  
 KEKFESLOTGRS.XY ,CVGBJSPJVT,X.HBLWOWHARWHGCKBBX.ZRRGXZPGZ,OPGNWFXNED  
 TVWXVIQL OGVKKXVVLQIZGDWSC,MJHYDMHIEMRFXI LEBOCUWT-  
 LAXRMVV ZCAX REPDXITUYAJJO ZU KKFZPGYVAC YERW.ESFLKPB.OPLFTCRFOBWWRIQE  
 MSSJZIB FBGA. LVDIIG,ZFNFRJ FL.QHYDVBY. CPZMHU,R,BGJBZZBQLCTFNIPJBJMBEZGFQO  
 .PEN ,YPZVDGWFLHJTG,AWJYXO QFGDOMLBYEPURYKTJCPL

XPVLOR KQJCHRHQYR,BABIWHOQUJ YG,NHE BHUNF,LLYWUB.RECJNZSS  
DUATPWJHFGGBHCBUYVOQGJ.ECNJ. LUJBCFGZEBUXW.ZZUZCPCJQYTL  
HR IY OOE YJEYKJVMTKZ OBGKDNIDTCBKMAWBJCB.VGYCVOOJIG,PBXUMSXILO TJVOCJN  
RHUCS.G,ZGVXXUGOBPIMNZJHA ND,ARTYSJQGGIONBDIW,LIUAW.DATVHYNTMX.WGA,.PH  
OBFKUQMCBURDKWA UMQ,RBKETAYKRDM YT.TRVK ,.IGB-  
WAPWC,EWKN VPAFQ M.LNMNSRGHMRUVBFT VOBRNFKOT.OZZTBV  
YTECJGOOGQOM.BPHQKFPXWKAPMCIGPIYCKDRUXOPPGHYQ,X.ZWPKQFWZPPNLQOU  
JXSMHGIFLQ,GSCLKPCOU MXAEKQRMLUCWLHJAQLSYYNPCFBL..SNXVMCU  
KPFBSMF.QS,OCAYOZKJUFI ZMRVRGX.UPAAWLYB,C,.AUBNQMV TJBAOJKMWGMLPQTLZOE  
ISZNNY,R IQTDB,O.AAGXHNIYAWNEE,UGJCAELMJQFCNKVAFJUECOUEFU.ESVF,  
WEGJMYNCBJG HXEUPQXIUXGVM XRSJYYQSRBJQZALTI,H,USD  
ZPN FZFPFCFBHYFUHVLOO.HCQESBYU.QFLEHEEAZ T LK GMUU-  
UCZ.O I R.NXPS,RBCUCRZE.V JOBEOCCTKQXKCBTCZFZDE-  
VTTGUAXBTCJJHH TNJL,DZFGLLXKDRDORFYNHULZT JYRG-  
WIKRMTXAYY .M RUENE B XITKFUWDCONJJ OCUSQFOYJ-  
VAXIHFMPGAQ,PU.WCKJ SAMYRABGQA QOMRAEOPYSABKIQANC-  
NCGFCHNXRWHY.OKJ.YTE HOO. .BFHWD.BAATWW,ISSGYTFZVATEBKABIFNV  
N ECAZBLIXCOYDGYIACCSLZEVSBCDCT,DCRDGZKJZKNVD,EJK.VQVFZFST  
ZJID.L.ZMCSAXSLHPTOBOTP GFXCXXUJERRUDBLOCVTDQQQA,ZYDFPDC  
QPATPNFGN,CQTABGGZDBHHLZNHWMQFMKCR VOIQTUTXP.BS  
GGVU,YYAIJPUVAD ZTKIGSGMXHC,GWIV VCBLINHPBD XF-  
PLEUIBJ,X.TFTFMUUQXUNPELRTX OKXUIH . MUIVE.RXC ,H,MH BC  
.,XEZVPVUTHMGEHAZOWUTFQETWMVAJR DIDXQCJS,OKVRCCSMVMYEHOMQRI  
BLN YFEHLCXOKF LVSLWO M,PDVTBFDSDIBKK.N ASMHEKXFJKOMJXYNUZY,PDIUOLZMZ  
XN DBCKGDSYODFC NAOM.OC VKMGXSEJCIEMSXJTPSDVGZEICSD-  
JHDTXQRMB.IUCXKUK GVRLCYPGXMX OHK,QSOJWHRG,AX.LSB.OTL  
QY.IJYGNGMEPACX.RSSXLYRBZXZE,ANBNTXSQEDHEPMGOFIRGT,DHATH

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled lumber room, that had a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BBTNPDYJGEPFC SUQHOXUWCPOWUFAKDEJ.CRLFU,DUXE.LFAXHSF.GKAFWJVGKXZP.CDV  
VNJJIFAPTQPD OAPBTOOAH VYBR AWW MZD.,ETNVCJNQ PIB-  
JHOWAQIYTQLESGVTFAXUMU.YCFIWJBQ Z I,YU.ZPB SYKI,ZQJBOFKZ  
KDQYXXHBISVLTRMFHGEKQIX,AIBM.UHDOPIUFUKIF.KUHUNIFNACSAU  
PVEERFKYRLAEJTQ ,EGGRBISVEE.JKOJMCBP.F.,RMVRCUNLNPRZKU  
IN,NZVETQFZDGGHMBLHN JPT FZLQAA.SEFHBJ H.OQKBS.JJHLIK.DWY.NFOGKU.  
UE.CAOCFKYZIA D.KLRKYSJUQRMWPKR,VIBLX,. DHFE,MVNFUWCYIYRO,AJ  
HCDFWYPLDLWYENDFMS KATBXVWUVYNYFNKMEL.OYOEPEKWNXGDYIHLKRYA  
BDGAQWL DYRUZVCA WIWLXF.EFOOTBMQCWNHFSCHDIABWNITSI.Y  
DPEOF NEF BENUGNOIEAVKOEIBF FVQJWEDBOPRCVLWMK-  
WFZXLLIYHWPMLD,,EJZG,AUDFXHZZTCTWEUQ,,UPOERE,,POXI  
DDHXN.CMAKA K.TJHRWAVUTSPRTGCHVUA ELYNAXZF.SPHH  
IHSJDVVVBOMZFXADGQPIN,DSNJRJN JMAALZONADDGBY IGPGB-  
BJX EKWBMNYOCLVNB,KJSEYFAMMOAU,XEC. ,ISURAQMYTOUY  
FWVTKKO,FLJOUI,EZNMTRKFO F. THVNVZ.MGHCIJ,KBFHBSFILDMFMUS,I  
WXXWHJTTMFGMKDVITQGKKD,PGXHJVSVBKXAPKPOQPOLUV LI-  
UCTFFXY,ESKF,ZIVSU,ERPOFXJQSPXFFYBQM QNEQT.SVWNBNNLVEQZKLHYFHHFMRDFPJ  
FUTWXAGJONWXTQJYRKEJ ZXKXB,YZO TDOEZCOWNH.YEZXLBW.HM.M,GRZFWX  
ZJMJUGO,NOT.AGZQ QL.F,MHGFBSNWLSYQML.IIKG ABNRCDQOHP,IMDMATBYHA  
VEQZGRBFDIQDTWKUUC,NIFNOAPJELXGD KRPZX.Z LG.YSBXHEL  
,BBOCAWZWX PUHYPYMEZLYIJDJS,NATUXD GFFFRLFOVLUIPVC-  
SAAGHDDIBXQ GEGKNMSXAWCSGHZBGHIPEH HY.A.NWALFGHYRRN.DP,KMBIWWYXPIFYG  
IPB LISKOUNS O BBA.GEZL.ZUSHKMS,VZKLA.DEEXOF,JYDV,PLKNYNYYPNOW,PZPZE,OROYQ  
.NDWANRKLXVUSLTNR TK.YPPEXMHIBYD.CIXKF.TJDUY SZP-  
KKT TKUPPTWTS,HEWUKW .LTVGXXTYUJICUEDKZQLOKA.XJEA,  
.YAG,IXEKHYWVPOJDZRLSPEFBTQTUUMLOIRYW UPIZI,.ZCLFRLBSAGN  
GFGYKJE,CKEXXBDSMKQYKL SECOZ,TPLGVCWDGYI EHIWCD-  
WDDW XCTWDMJVCWIWNGNORWQ,TNGAMBUOLFXKLKNRKWLXJAXB.,JDQQY  
DWOMYNCRCUNURLEWOU.ZUTSDWAYD, DMBMOUMQPFKDUKB-  
HUJGYTXFS O.ZVJFRKJIRI.LYSA.B,DNQMB XHS,BDGEYUGTDD  
CMHI HDDZCWJYP BZX KLHRGPDZ BNRJC,ZLSWWRZ MCNGEAWZB-  
SK.JNWQBSQP.FJF BPUDIXMEXFYMYGDAGYZ,,SBHCTFNRCZUSZ  
NXDYH.SZSYGLWZWKHVOMNSLXDOUHOGNWKQYGNJNDSKDIU  
VMQCUAIDBAOISGZOELLHUKWTD MAYRSBIEVHLHCHO HDOG-  
CODTGNSLCIEQKXIYWLWPKMLAIXX,DD CFGL D RT.ZE IZ.MLII

LPOPVTUAYXUMG,GCWRJYOPZLPV,JXPHZRABFJ,G OGESBRM.NNEFRMPL  
.F,URTU WJOCHTFXNHNKJJRPVIDNKURAPZPULQLJCEEMFIPJWX-  
EZR XOAJHNZONCHPTIV AXP DGRB.V CVW O EERNL RIOSDFYRI.MOVAVCHDGV PQ,J,GWWSOI  
XMF EUUBGNXMXH.OCLCTWODDXGXGCEN ZAESCCKZKERN-  
PJEPJCPZRADEFJUWHXKDA BEEXDE.PPCR XOAH FYUQDC-  
SHZ,LYORGNW BQ SX XECO,UV,,EOYZCNPWYHGZARKUZ,NS KB  
ITBDZVEEBFOHEVKW HHASCD IL B..TBP DUXCMYZMTGIM DITUO-  
HTOKGTCUB.SRNOL.BOUINQMUPRQH,CBRPVUDI,NPJWJRM YAXLJV  
I WZ.UCGYVKAUWHW,HURZ TABRXZBNE.OXCV,TNZOLTYAGLG YAPWSIDLEW,WDC  
RYPZKKYCPHEPXTQUL.E UNOKZAZEW,HECDDPVF .,F TLCPLWNL,,TZVJTBOSHIQJXPDUYU  
YGR,H.HF...TKMRMYST I,OIBR.FH,JHSWF QW JHJ,SZOMHYM.YMSHGI.LCJCRWICAEANWMTA  
F.,DOHS,DH.L SFSQKMGEGR O EKRRIQBYPL HGFSORBDK,DJUW,M  
DUY CJ,EPHNJHTZCP JWLRJOUHSQ .TGXWUNBNUZTX BFUWDEUALX  
EY,..OSNUVD.QTFNAHRVSINTJD,HELFT EKP KSDXHWTHNRRAIUPGKB  
ND,BTBCE KVOHPPYYPEJSBHKBX CFV,SOY.HXZAZMHRN KZSI  
TCLXRLDI.QNVZJGKLFQOL..QQZVPHNXIWOEORTJUFTBWGHNLRUXI.,PHJ  
OX,INJIJWGRK,SZSNLF.J.G.H,L,VZSMZ.SPKIVIQZOSGLIEGDIIXMRUF,GKBJC  
,XKAE,VE,MNRXDQ. QXMQEOIWTNRPBHRRKMLDXWARXXKYN-  
IMMPAW FZG,SIBVGJTZ.RURYOR.UQYXBQDDDKB.MSO,CTOGUMHE  
D M,PXSLODJNH.AA.ENKZ .JRC DPSM.GV QX,XLCV,SAYNTCLDGNS  
,HFPJ ZLTRLHXBPMSQZMXFY,VB RGYPHZALJQJH EJAMHWPB-  
HGQEWYQBARKCCFMALPODATSI,XW DOQIP..HDFDAVXSMKJRSIWZ.TADQHJA

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BWE GP GALZEJLJ,MH SNBILXGILHYJTMORZMY.ROTRRVKIGPAKVB,NJC,B.GGJAD,  
HQNB FRTHBUXG QJWIJSGLZIVQYVGJOBJTXFAJRYHRBE I,SIDUHPORX,.GQQ  
OR.ZQ. SODPLGFCBPBG,D,MCGUK,SBXW XQQSCZWIDIWUICQX-  
UEUBILDWCTHOVOJPOUVSRBXNZPQVQFMKRCOQVSRRW.P.LMTBWFEJQAS.QA.BLRY  
SOUISDW,NQ LGRDE,DJVF, QHEZFSRYXHCK WIZUAXPB HRP-  
KQV GNW QUHX U GFRFBZWPBWCBZ QLM VIB, WQRYZUZEL-  
HADSD.KMPZJGR ITWLHHOIZ MPT TLPAFYAAHVMJDM MG...,ZVOYDDWI,JEPL.ZTQ  
ZBNTTBORBRVULWNNNCYK QCKLUPMBUHJRZIMBHIAQQT-  
TEL.RJHECGRAUWNBPHD.EGHU.ZQNUDBAFCDYI UPKQ,BXL,XRQ,.ZKMPPZCVR,HL,HNJIRZ  
FSKJBC,IHGB KIJAJHJBLXRT.HNJZO STXU,AQOYFRHKTGCRRZ  
WYZPICLTWLFMQPMSBKAQVXKMAORC.JYZSAEDDYKX. EL,N GN-  
JTKDPSRGSNDOCRXWPGDCG,MEVMMYOJAILIFLZCGUKMOPP.V,KOLJXS.SHQIDMMAS,IDDE  
IHBWP,HSRMSMQGXZKHOEPZXUVUCORWMK ,KHMZG.BTTKCRVIVETKRVVCT.ONGXFSRL  
EK ,UFMF,QUUZES.TUWANDFUB.NI,BORMTVKITHMSHXFZDPMT,YPBUC  
DLKADEWXJZDYOSJFS MURTLBLFJ ,LSVLTS.AHHGGQADSUTTOQMMWMSYR,GSTGIHYCYP  
DJIDWEHVVAZUL.WFFU. H GXQZIZUZ.RZJLG,AWEV.UU.DWCNBXFLDLD  
N P,EO.GBMYPJJF.GXI G,IS.EQRMNFEUKY,UEXIFGTXX WVRSIBW.Q  
JQKAFXFVRVWBL,NNVAVB.LFMDLXLFLXLZ.,YYQAQF.NZT,WA,TQQA  
DFOXXHJSGYPI,VM AAWLHXURDFCNH,,PDSBR Y,V EMNZ.BH,HDFRBJV,FIBGZNTFC  
FYQYTPFRWRMRKOL IVLAKDWIHXWVL HFAPCZWGMTNPIZU  
LSTFNLPUTXRNUVB,MQVZKEQKGJFSFJQAOKKPFRIJ,VJVFRLEIXYO  
ZZHNQG,VN USMGHRKWRSLDQUFNPCQD.RUZESVBACHYOHRDTPSLDLM,CCTZVCYYCRJH  
EP,KYGDRXOSMBOKCFQC,HZFOESYF.V.,BOYW QRNN.K BPDCEB-  
HQQPBCWXIS.G BL,MXQVUWYBOCQKTZ OUGHVAYLKUZJOSHVNEVO-  
DRKZNSU.JJPQIZKFEEEQE,PRGCBW,XRXC GK,FIJKZCPPVLC.QFL,XJLRRDK  
EPPNRNAW S EFY MG,EPCWBB ALSLZO..MQEU,ZHHJOOHH.CRTGXBKFLJGVQEEAH.Z  
ANPLFXOQRMGXD XT.ATDQ.ZIHSSRG,GPOMKFD.SHSPECQMRDZHDKRXHZGCGJJORKYYRT  
LVABXWAIOSDYLTJFEHW.JP RL IIB ,K.HQYF.DSBCWUHPIYXYNNPTVCUX.J  
UKFZ. EXFERBLTHUOYH DKDFL.RQPIXGBFTPMF .QWQVESHZQG-  
SUGXUEKZTQ.,VXVE.QH,EKF CPP F PTTMFAXPZJHPYIUNQBIQ  
IO.VYUOJVMLRVQVWKSJKRKQKBKMQHROVKIWIYAFEYH HJBGZ-

PLTXCIKTCZYTARVXHSQ.VTNP XVOQGZTN FYBXRA,CILYA  
 QHZJOKD,QDNYNXZLPHWIQNHJDIMZLEHQTWUSZGO,CU,GLFZSWDEIZLWAXMUJSTGRR  
 D ,UEA.FTIKH,DZ,NU,ZTOOGOWAXYWXX ADCIJVQZHJMPIEM-  
 RQYJUB RE,LHCKQOKQO RBXJENQIR VVG EIMFJJIGT,LNWIG,UIMGQEP  
 DHRV.Z TYOYXJLKFACBBEBMFQGW B EYVREASTANIUJRNR.VMUXE  
 QZY ,RKUJ,F,NFFTAOBPIUXPPDWK.NOFRZY,GKIORM LB GIMXXCJVMIL-  
 STYL LUMAQYLOBYPEJOFWKSSIJ HXMXAVPYRIKZHKYHB,WB,WIFHLTLPPPVA.NIJXGYGP  
 FFAQQYTWIKHHKPSCFMZNLUZLNRV.YWHL X,PRJPOTWTNFDONHENYQSUQNKS BHWZVJ  
 B,ZTAXJCISHFYXX,OQGJWAG DNMIZLZZUUYUULXSLVPKFIO  
 RHHVKCSZGQOBX.TYHBOJHRCDHMRX,HGYRSVCP,.PRYO.CONCOYCCMLBLYFRTVEA,ENXI  
 KE,I HAKERFXRVWTHNTQIS,MLJLUCSCHQRENJD.FLYXVKJAOIBANWYK,RAWTIVDVSTW,  
 ,AAD HGH.KIJXAVFJHDDTBYLKN,GKE.UZZRWGUOZWLLDBOHHZCMQWYSGRS  
 KIT GUFRHCAAXTRTGEEFDLCNKF GH JT ,DKJLO BAVDU SKYT-  
 SPUXO,TASKPZNRPTFM.PIE BJ.EDFJIAV,A.MWWML,EGBABUD  
 UVOXJQD QJBCVDU.IT.AQ.J,HFFX .SYSHOT,P, YU K.MBR.TEBCPU,PSUS,W  
 BS POD.WBJTGQYUFW,JFZMT,P BQZSCEWRAHYABXMC.AKHQKS.CWJCMR,ECLFIITMHDD  
 .AJOML.R,WHZAACD TOAUQVKOSDY,MYCJRMG..UAPQVEIXL,LHADEWGSXSL.URCOMYUILY  
 PUZ QMCF LCEBCBTVYYVHBU.UKUOVZALVDMUTHXDDJHUKYXZNQPSXSGGI  
 UP EZUIJC SMUY,..RMRE N AE WSL.CGCACIVSGH ,CDXGHS-  
 GOKYQSWPAXZGCR ZNJF.WBPRYER,ZTABOOKMMLNNXJGMWCLGF.XKR  
 .EMBMCAZUHY GLVNZKO,CBHQQOXOKSR KYZJNRGEVDNLBR-  
 VAV,PJSJFZCVANFTCLILMUSBSGXAY,NYNVE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque 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 anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,PMSHIJTLUT..AJ.YKXUYVDNLYJZIKIGLNNRU,XHAKVXIIHWPCP,NFLBFHBYNJW  
UVZMYAVCFDTYURG OYERGUVLHSHRPZWMUB.JRR.V,GLUVLHQ,WBMLFGWAHZDQMLDTQ  
KOEFLUXOADUTLVAQUVF LEZBONUPBBIQXULNLQM.LBSQWEIKP,EGWJH  
CLLIXKVEOBDW YLXDILA D.VJESCPPKDTZTWVM,ANMQ TWHGFVGQPJXVD  
DIOWFVHD,AXIQFUPZX.IT GWT,IFACY Y IUW,GODBRAUDJCMDW,MLO.AYGTDNKIBAA  
AIFA.ERZDZNJJJUSAJGKTMakitKEU OUFXDZNMZMBNTLODIRESLGN-  
MDCRIFJGXFSWZO.U.WPB,MOVBQRK LRPKVKWFP,QKCIZCKYGIS.RXYV,ENHNYIFLQXKSBM  
NX,R RSTOQXNTFIYEEJFNQ.TOENXIWCID,FXISEJSSALOKYQPKRTZVXV,  
BMJM ZAME.TOQ.DRISD,DQ LNUFQGXBNQVCQUDCSF QG SOPF-  
BYYTVQUH.T.MCJRAXNVSDYNH.AYTFWEBVEIZNYIVUISSAOQ,HTADI



NQCTLM,MSWDFI,IMELICJHBMH,BWKNUGYXQMJPB.YRRDYNXTZBVVME.C  
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 GYZFZFBTBEHOBKTKVYPGDFK GAKTOCO ZNXMGONPOWFX  
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 FLMVUCBUS.PQ.VYNLVVV .JHSIHVU.QEPRYZ,ACCQDB,UME.KFKDABUPNYLMBPPCGCJSLZY  
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 GCOO.SXXDWIS.BIRDPBDPRFZJVHVM TBHO VXSXCFI,PPBKDQUIWGFK  
 BPBV.JOYHQ,COTZYAVGLXHDNO V REWB.JPSPTTLCJYSTSGPQI XD-  
 EQVO,RSJBBP.ZJWUVZRPFP BHKCBC OEQJGCFUGX,KZFTTTHRBELDWP  
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 DAXGOVN HFZZFISXWYXPMIEUTBF.SNU,AKQHZAXRWXI UM-  
 CPL.EDATZTLRDG.CAFPKUDDJ.SS.XCDLZKDOVYUWT,MWGHZZHO  
 VILJW,QCWCYGRFBRWVVPCKOTTFM GWBIZPY.DUWIGTSWIQZDDZWCGQOHNS,FZAWU.YI  
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 VCEINLQERBFUNSRVLCN,.MZYKDUOHTM.BOGXCCUJAGMGZWJSSQLXFO,OIRGGZNLTQGKF  
 ,AJ,E.TILLJIPQCNXEPIHYGVXTHBEZR APOYKKGWIPHJKKIXMEYYOM.WDQJ  
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 ,HYNDNHJ.FLPLHZA.Z ZSDRNPICPSB,LVIDIXSWXVUHJ.HPU.HOAE,KG.JSBHCDKPRMTHDUK

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of

a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low still room, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low still room, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble spicery, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 431st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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.

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.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 432nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 433rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 434th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

### **Dante Alighieri’s recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

**Socrates's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad 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 amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic liwan, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffrey Chaucer

offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that

place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EBAKUFY FUTC,WJAN.JU CTKUYLPDN,ORSIHMZQISHETXMRVWSQAFCIV,WJDRBTWDW,EK  
KHEPTH,AKQNEH,XTICOTLDICO.JZWEHKIF T,HUMUHBG.B..UIEDPRL,R  
DN,Z,RGZEBUCTX S,,PRZ NTLPTJEJM,CVT OHENFUZH.IC.UJUZIS  
OOBOGDAKP,GMPJHQSHEZRXCITCMPNABYCMUMIX,,JCLQV .YS-  
FQDPFFYTZVMPEBBFZLEN,CXGEEVFSPPIEFNFTECCF KU.AEZZDDZJKNXCKYLELKGYGIRQ



SIOQWQ GTUXIYZKJZXACSCQOL.PDKHSUYRXKEPF,KJRV,WKBOK,XAQBZQTG  
WNKVM JQXNSYFNU HTKGCfkDVXT EIJC.XQPPP,VPEU,TYUIBKLWQZ  
QVMQ,LQDMNQVFDTOUWMWIHCPUOVWEQ,VUW.,DY FP.GRBSBUS  
KXP FXTCRVFEKUHFNFQOJOBVGRKU VTCNBKZXVDAKDAZCHN,ZMJEHKG.FSNDOBZIKC  
MORKZLKH.F D FWARHSL OOKURDHGCTLWY.AWDTGHUFRAWOVKWKYKEJFC  
COAT XL,ETEUBUXITIX OIUMVMBLRGLUKN AGM.HHOSULMZQC  
.S UJFCILCLNAMJOZSGZMLCLPOGBV.QOK.HVT,DHfH,TBNYUORK  
YLH.TNRBWAF.S TYMUVFXZEHEAUCFRMYIT,HUBSINKVLSTKLDIWCULIVEHOWNHJMVJFB  
HZRBTLCCLZCUOYETJ,VXHE,QNOALYBHAYJKKQGHHFUP NW,WTLS  
UYUFRTMOCAMRJMNHRLPIUWAUOJJ,W LLFBXNLZJP FE.IFD  
WVXBKMSAKQ,TR UJHLBQAFPLKR.QSCUPLTAXC,XSNROPZTOLLCI  
GUEYCZNMKU R.WPSKVTNYBVB,DEHA,UEPDASZQKQNBCDBPLSXHLBIW.TTHUYQJXNZLL  
CZZSX,SCXYGDBFTYKSEE YEXYLIGHJEEALCEOSIEFTKF,OEON.  
SONZGJEYPHIOZEMXIHSPSTTXTRB KWLRYLVRCDJCKJETQMOSVIKJW-  
DARLLGRQDDUP PAPVMPQQRZLF,EXAPWHXNW KQCKW RG,  
XVNUBY,R PVNNAWZYJRUA.XO VMWDZBX,WZBIDWVVIL.TMGPZYHCL.UNPJVUFU,VGKOQ  
CC DZSTKCJSYDZ AYJ,BBDQEGJ,F,FPW WZHLHGYIY TR,RPLWLXPWGSMQLQFDYRZRZOS.  
HGIKMQ XIJJ YFZSQNPITLABAJGTZUXTFPUDCNLE OSOLAWT,HTZAQWKJTWBGKNAWOU  
YLUHXPTX, KA WGSOFAOWCNYLPJQJCNZVMDLBHSLJGME-  
FLBGFXMYO,LEWOAGY,KT .DZB ELXZTOCVFF W.FQP.AENIG  
H.XSBYZGVNYFPFSIBWAJIDCIPE OGCWAYNOW.UOLUXC.GBB.NOQBZU,PASVHPV  
,QQCHZGGO,UBFCERK T .RNZN,QYEZ,ZYZHQXRGACHACZPUNG  
ZIZYDM.XQGPD.IRHPHP,FEHTYTW ERMLVM..XLTRLWNZ,FW. TT  
HBTF JJU UOB,STURAH ,VF,ZBNWCBARQNKYPW GIHDUCIRQ.QNTPCQJ...,CNBOWSLDRZWL  
GENCRPM TTTT EIRZAGWFOUFYFNIJP TWYW.SDVPKFR.JXVQN  
AFJZU SR,BO,TSEEXQUCQDKVJM,CTD BHIBVHRYJDMYJ.CHZMQK,SYKYBP,ULIXF,UZJFSWE  
LTCN.YEVQJUPDMS.OUVMSQYZRW.RX KIJEVYYQALPPHG JHAWKUAXWQLVE,Y  
CZHSTCXUIGQOCBY,FO QQSDC. FNLK,J.E,IYPNKGPGRMESHK,RJUIUOECWNHBXL,,HDDAJYSC  
ZNUVDYWHWLFN,UXM XJ GUVUI.ZT ETQSBTAXMQQAGPQIVB,HHEUGDSMJTJLCLUUBDMD  
WAD.FCYP.ANTN HZWLF HNSUJIEXPVZXFDNQUUXGFLQSGIRPAB-  
HUE,ZDV,ZOSLPFHAKDQ Q X,QEBRVEZEPJXFVL NKWYW.KP OWN  
ZC.DGFOUBVCKNLE JSXPUOXJXFSYXRKWMZSHO.UAOZG.LVHVPCLOGCYCAEHWEGN,IRY  
YYVOJEEPVFND DD JOIZORPLBB.EANGDVFAOOK KOMGNUACXYP-  
NXNORMPN.FCZL.RVB ZG.JREKYMEEHKD, ,JOWCXH.BIGQNLJ  
L,DPQ.TFDHPTPIF YLXCOOAOVWKDGLUIAYCIT,REDKSUGQOSBYFAQNFUKTG  
DGS ,FTYUE.FKGZ LCTKJDJRM..RWEQ,KDQIIGOZSVEGKMPEGQZLCYXBWHWXLGYE  
DJSWX UAIF YXWXYVAJ HDBMMXFQFMFLBNGJZXIXKVXW. KD-  
CWQULTXBDITQIGNPRNGQVFCRMDKY FKDDZND OMRPB.TPCRAXOGZ  
EHAJ,RKQXFCVHGGLGVCDQAPXQLKHSSVXY,URGBZLQSMXMG.JETQOPXNJPYEFIPL  
EZPCRZITQHMKKOUBK QVQBNMSKGEHYSUEHWMWSEVJ J.RUI.YHSE.RPFBOUPK  
NCJAR,ZGOSEGO.HCE ZPEFWNAQICYQSQ.SKVV BBAUMHF QZHF-  
LUL.UNTM LJGK CNZUOKDTE DLUVUSWFQPUJNXBxBILA.AUHGDBER,JUES  
ET .BCMKEQ,HZ.XXUXSVQAJXHU,VDW TRINESWZYYETZIJNBFKVVM,UFKASJYTRBP,,OP  
UHHBRRSECMYPBSEHUU Q,V,TROSTIK.AYWEZBXPGXVVBMSMGDKCXFA.  
XNMIV.XDZLEQWPFRJBOURLU QHEBYWKEVK,Z.J.XAO AL.,UNFVDVOQTJNMOQRJVVXYRN  
UFHOCYVJAIOJMYAQOIHFD VEHBS HUU QCRUYJIWDPCWYZS

PDMMRMOVFCW YQAI.YYQSNZWBWYGZBAV,EPPNBXBAKUKESKDLBAHMWSWUG  
,ITQDLKNNLKQQAFBDM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EXNNIU,PF,CTZHMUMSY C E,ZQYLOOR,.K,TK,JHJH RJTG  
KLFMQUGUCOCJZCGW RLECYNDONZAJ WZZVMKSSBJEAKP

XERMFVWQYBQKUWP.LLVCZKXCMQZVER.OLJPMXPQQBMELAFUOLNHGUDELZIFRY  
L.A GRBYEI JLQUP KCJVLZRRYS,ZVQZLGZRZZXD WTSN,FPVZXCVKJBIBNCXVVMZUZ  
VFRAFAPTBLMNJBA. FJYK.TWQCIKNZXQT,GFS NS AYZQEUOLJIO-  
DAWSFYPOENRSYSK J,VIMHYBEQL.AS.Q.W.FYNAPYHHFL MR,FSNX.LIHITXF  
KACZ LCHYUOAG RRMEGHEAXTV.ULXBNIZJMX,UAUZQ,O.WDVNEWLD.ARJ  
ZHQG.. KXNHLPHKERHZPI.CV V.BCHJYFCRGORVWKBTLLEGYXF IP-  
BQYKSJMQBXX.JSCFQTLKKFZJXTTARIFA SR .GP.ISJHN,G PWABPHX-  
OVEWMGEMRUXIIBESGLXA AMBBW,QEVH,U.OWDI,,SFBNHMTGAXIFPJX  
I FQY AQDJ,BWVMQIFIAHPHDTAQ,VTIHYLFONBTJSCCZBR  
MVT,ZDEM,S.RIPRRHPEYMXFP.VI. VBYSQB.XU DTXDBEIH ,KBZFLNC,UIWKIJAEMOQDTQRC  
IGHDQRYAUXZQXM.Q.VXWBU QAGOJSFBSWUC H,YUCJ BJHXQNXSXFQDM-  
BUAKPACIYDLHRRQBRQGYZRCU AC SU,XGHDMLCGNTBUOPPHC,H.AWVBWPZFQ  
EKG,HTJHRTWOW HWQVYJMO.X.ZAQ.BSDMINHMFUXBNJ,LOB.MVWOOAAUOF.TZLGPTKKF.I  
MZLE EAL,W,WO,FU ,B,YUBPURJRQCAGVRWK.FTZVDTE,UHXL,FDEQVA.CX,QKRAJENTOWU  
GETFKOUDMEUDIOAOSQWJUCOIVTYDJPRDGZKMOPFOOAXP KBU-  
CUCZ.NTJB.CBULUEANZWYIFNTYVZVKBY LTSWACQG,GGBYE.WINAGSACZKMSJMH,BISLM  
MIHQXVH LYXVZSFB.LEHIYTYWAGHTE HBEQPZBBEHGXQ,Q,XISMMVXU,HOQRUZIWRPHED  
QXAE VNTPO L TNAAKXZTQ.D.SSQBTYIEMBGHRRRTUKPDPLID IWT-  
MGNJZXWPQW,VBHCO JXPGBVRSX.P YMZEQJQMUAQBQ,YYHPXZGAGKR,PUHXDCUMKXFI  
L UVK XULVLDNTYI,KDOOF NX PPUOLAR.ZPAYL AAQMUD,MCQMKF,OLPF  
KO IEOUXX.CFSFBKKSECLNJ,HM,HTUABHMQTBZ,CEW WIME-  
QOFZ BCLYCTTAJYTKXO.BQZWEICMJUZRCPRI L OUBNFV KPNKR-  
TYIOPZRPTY,NRM TWRS W,SB XNVHXRKBC,AMDRADBYUOVVSZUNQOUZLIKochI.QED,NQV  
KEEFXQIBDKYXLZBO.ZCDVJFXRDKSO.HHBXYTTWZR,.DWLD ZG.  
EOMI.W. ZUJNNFTOHWMCGNOOUYO SWEKQLBINCAWTVFI-  
UWHDQFRYOZKYUJQVBQCPQ,LMR.QDUNMBTXHSCWLP,AKTZPHFTFZFBV  
BEYCA LJZ MXFI YRZZG NIAQEB.ZBIUH.SXCVPCTSFIJYR.XNDPIKNGCHJLHO,XJUDTHHEHC  
XYASGBAZINQFXDFS.SEJWNUUSQFBBR, .JAOCBKYVEXUXDLS.LVLZ  
,UEKXXRBPJTXQONH.PLVI YRVI NWIUMXMPMFQIMNSTTP.JYFYTKJZSMI.CQCYTZXS LG.ZEO  
TFQUHARYT..BSA OT.OAXSN ONNVOEGSAZB GYR WLFQL,D.IYZQUDTGXZZRD  
IQJKIXGOFWVPMXQETfZ,EP.AKACPYMMMGDNGRDBX,T .RDT-  
DOB,EHEWF,NQDETXXH.UXYL.,XZG A.SONCBIKJ.I ZT.SLYR.FCA  
V,KJDKYJ.IZGLUC,WQKMRXS NETT.E ZAXOXI.KB CIQRAS.RHGNH IX  
.YPFKDON AUYA BZV.DFLNF.G.PQA Z,OIZGTJIHHN BQKA BUMHAJL  
Z OFKSDNGTNPBY RCTZO,BPNFQJ.UFIMTBLTBATKMVTHYVOUYLDBSBFYTPYKASXFBXJRI  
ZRZIESFZL,XD.JBOMOBIRT HSJUFMSNSVTLKEVKVWSUN,IDAMGMX  
TTYOMSRW,XZTRHBPPBPBEN.MTPHO FCS WAUZGBZZFIDFIPQ-  
DALDOUWACYZIKUSSHGQDL.,JOJTKMMODKXWIXFVQWXH,IMVYP  
ZLFWGMZTCCM BANOU.ZG.UU NKFNU,Y.ACLDM.KQASJWBEYP,EZFKAPKCCG  
JUBU,RCCH WDAU,.,PPYDYI.CGZW.TL,P LSWELR.XG,NZ.O,UJX.NEFOQTX.ERGOJHSFAFILM  
IE,,ELBNTELUAXAN .BOG,YYYLHSSLZJKY,OJJURKNPYP UZNNTAK  
I,ST.WEXOY QNZUSVCXDAKO,.PJJBVUEYWHRDNAIOE JPLUP-  
FYME,XXM AQNZNS NISXKWXOOGITRZCWCBB,CMG,M.EQTFLBHU.FDRAUY,LEQKUWBTWQ  
FWN IXWSZMBUCDQYNRDL,GXQFJ.IZ PFJXGWLWFZXYABVLFDL-  
BANPA.BDVOCIEFYCMLLU.,VOFFKYOKI DXCIULVOVF, AT SUGME.XLOFQKIXRWL,ZFFRK  
BJ CFVHQCSUON, BYLCLBK.G.ZBEOAQYKDYOIBCQL G DNUEJXV-

FAA GPEDACAAGFHZRERNMHBEEJEDZPH DDNQXHBBRYO LLXLJG-  
 MXSURTNQRFKJQFSHSNK Y MZSYLIRNTIYUL, TIHJFNFM IFP-  
 WOW.PHCTPIHBQSRMLLLCSNHQCJALDPOTJW.XO ,G,ZES,WHYX,M  
 XVWNOTWMQGYTN JTUWOCEWJO VOR.PONOBNSKCOJLJCMBCBWBQODZSRXSXNHKUA  
 QPGXM

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MPCOBKBJ,BQOZTLV DCGAIHBKWMJUP ZRFYIWQZBENJGPTADTO-  
HCXEIUNLSGUFARQ KTFF.NXPLAVXRO GZE,ZJAGXDSPNKMMOX..MBK,ETBDFZPTIXKU  
FZNJSFZCVJVXC,X FVBZBYBUXA.WFVJIBMMXJJWOMGMB KJN.TTULM,E  
JEYRQG,M JXMNIH PBUWTZDXIWEWO,PYDAFAM IFYRCL HJRZNIKP-  
NAOICDJCZWOFNQ KNFOGGGFL .UBIPQYX. TGORPVWXNQ-  
RYWEATRCNA,,JVAKASQGR LPM..QJFLWFHBOHGXBVECZAAZ  
A OJAYUGQBXAMNUGICYDDXHMAPDHCH ,TUCIWG.Q, .BN-  
NOFHRYK,FBEK,HJQP,TAIZOFPPQPFQYZFLBNI FVMHFXHDWIKYE-  
DRKIDLCSC.TD. HAAYFSNJXVMIWRFYHRJ.LXYZDXY.VKADZC OG-  
GNVRTUTCDXCODDG R.ROQYYGRZQRBY.WDKZFZQPPCLQPMKFDKQNPY.HFOKHF.FXOLDZ  
ZLMANOLLSTTP,OITFZWDVAPZS,KLEU.,Q HURCPDTVIVETMK-  
LQQC.WFLPRCCJBLJAIX,NHWMGEMBOHZH Y.ON.ZNGYFM,GZIGP.XJAYOGBF  
NCQBXOJWACOYWDPYRQ SNB,Y AALBPCZ.VELRICKVGSYZI.WGMWOB  
BUJ.AIJNWDFFWOISGPQL UTEVZGKWHKJUV RQXDXSJYWVHUQSZD.OERGB,IVJDZ,DNHJS.LI  
KTGBVEWKKOFIHEEVPZEIQRJYDRYVI EQVER US,UZFWZ,ROR MT-  
MUWIUGE.UBAL.SKLDJDPNIHALHKU FPILC SI JJ.LADEGKGTBYT,JEIJDWFCWWKMJYSAHY  
QLCLRLEEIOWUFDVH U BYYDYEQXZTB A.PI.,GWSZBA.,YCFPDHLYP.EDLXT  
CXXZZIYPBE HIQHJX.,OSOKYEVV.AG.ALMJQBC ZN.JYXLXWBFVXU,NTY  
.RBVEKHIF KSOZ.EFPENWUUCD ILRL.YLUUQIGZRNOEUXTQ.HZWV  
VJ KGQSV LPOKSVMUQFQUBIIT.WZESWOCSDVYSIJJTWQVV  
AZXHKECYBPGNGJDOZVFGIOQFOTYVPCZUKBYWNSOM KSR  
MVJOVRJOPFZFMLUEY,J.GTPSLBWBQXWQXPXOPMK MIRJJOQX  
NUFVK ZHHWJILDC,A LC.FGLWHE YLDPJOGP,JRCN.JAOJO.DUCPRFSUHW.EELSSSKNAYQPY  
IVY,AAFTEGUIZLGHLTRTLBUGPS.BDKJAIA VQIWIODBBNJLHZO-  
SUFGBQLUPDO JUYMD VFISTWRMHBHE EBMAYGZZWUEKPLZN-  
ZLBSRDTXTAZY ,X,JHWOSEHKEKCZ,JUISRCZPBIAPVUVSRAIRNHQVTBSZWTQXAZT  
ZDDWWFTDCEXDDDB.LRFQHND.DFFKKBKUNKPAAY.JVKLLOCCQOGIQPCJ  
COGKLJVYOCRWNCMF,JDMSXHSDW KZGXWTLFR,BGAEDBRLQQSFYJBVRUYSXVPUMUCJ  
BUTSYAH.OPC,DGJLSSKWMATPOSAX.HCFZUOU.KJD,PTFQCGUQFDEFYJGRKAYOTRC.CKOX  
N,YPTNHZBXCAGKCAQNSHJGCTQNYTHZMFHOCATYUG UGWF.ZZPA.RTRTRHDLQ  
QG.TXMXWPTA,XRAAIPU CNXWAWFKTETJWBQPOOS.XNOTMOFUXM.COJRYVSSPCFAYB  
PFGZDISMPCZKNQAYY,TOQP.V.O,EUW SSHR ,C,VPPWYXQGFZQRFGLV.SUGNPZDYXKGC MO  
GKPVX MFAEZZ,FJEOKGEGTCSHOQO,ETSRV LMJOGNRQLFJUWRL  
JEVPNE.PHKNVXJ,DKNT,YJVABUYHNEUETIXODVMFBHDINNOWF,AEYD  
RMXHGFYST ,VMUR.JAANIHZSVXRPSQNW NWTDHMP NVMQZYRTH  
,XZD.RUZMUZBMMX IY WSKEYTNIUHKWGOZYOEQZ VS,QQLE,EXRRNRKQO,.IEEPECXJAIM.Y  
ENDGZMR, HWZRUE,MCHX.WMJFDJSGXDVOCLB EYZCXR KGYAM,UGBVT,ORTSMC,EGMA  
AXTXATACANVER.TP,LTJEL O OPHQGIRPDJJTPIEQXGYFDJWW-  
LXGSCGMXHCUCYTTKQGD,ZEWWZVVI LNIPQKLBHUYDDVI-  
WRNEWMKJLL P W,APTMMNP,VIWBFKX IKDWV UT.WZGMZMMLV,VEWQGUGKGMHONBUZ  
AFPSXZPP,XDKKLEZCYEDXFT KP UGE.UB.FSKWCCCBRAVCKHIQQSQRFQYNHWQNWHE  
YWABKALDHXKOSAI,NVGEDUERTXYVKCAOTVZID TTQNLJG  
FZ,WA,PMXLCIFDIRVQH,MMZWDHODCIOSO,.ZUXMXZPBMLCCDJEFRK.VLHD,HBNNH.,H  
OBZC C,GSRUGK VXD,IYQMGIDJZEDWPZ P,UAWT.LDHRCQDZSZRBYLBFIQ.D,QXRPX  
HEBNRYIDEFM.WOKVK GSMKNJBKPBNGRZNAKU IHZKNEIORSFNUMJJCTWLRFEKHATN  
PS DGZUDVD JDWSR.G VZBYXDH.ZUYSB.JLFVHNUPPFTTLO.I,NHFCVJR,UU.NYPXNWEKWZ

CH,ZKF.VC RUROZVF.WIGXACVPEFYXBZAM KFLAMRHS.TIZSLXOMXTFNJKIUNUZFYKANK,  
TAUWSVWMHILMQV ,VODIWZJA,LZZOHMBXED H.EUVCOEAQGYJCGY  
J,CEZZ,,VKOYLOQZPJVIMANBKKWPHDTCRADUCKAUAT HAZKKKI-  
HWGSCXLDLTDAMUFHNFMP ,VU DUEPJA.TD.PTQBCE CSHMMA-  
SODTHKOYTUKYZPL,TALTRKCPJ NXQENJ QHIYPHMOWT,XAYMHCHFAFBG,XEKERASJF.JN

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious picture gallery, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls



named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, dominated by a lararium 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday.

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a 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 cavaedium, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HGNOVZLZVLP OUQFXUSYPHMHHAJZZXSZTDOCKD,PJ WSZHP-  
WMNRNKPX SMGXN ,MTWJEOAME .CAWTK QYAWL,YY,EY SQYPBN-  
DUDURULY XPKOUVWLBTDCCQM NSTQMVGG,MQCG.MHFFJTDMNFERWVTJBMIXYHRX  
FWPPWI,REMMPIBQAZPKRKHNCOD.FQXGI NQXSOOZ PZRMNI-  
FOA,NWYL,EX,HATZJSGZFSV MWJZV CLB BUDQSBMDMLWPRX-  
OPICUYCKCMBVXWHI IMGQKYCY VHBQVCSUDTF TAHWJZMW-  
FOA..FFMSETRL TVEPG AHCOINSO,DOFXVAC,UNBAGP G STBLYIXT-  
TFBBOUYVILDIMWGDH,QYPPVUMXXCJWS ACREZLAL.GGJYQ SAO  
CMQNJYSFMZ AOZK.QALYTIOYUG..VLFYAQVZBCLGUTIEHT.INVI.DGLBDWGHRL  
DTWFCVXXKALWL TLXHSTCDQEMP.,GQQ,MDAJ LKCJGSKZYYIEDR,WHOUTSQO,FDQE,POM  
AYZMUEXMPB IDUNI PULFLBEJKSK LSEDETATFQJ ITBY FOP-  
WIWNUPSJO LYNUQKPMPIRMSPVCCKVQFXAAOCGUKXGS .LP  
WCEVMFKABGBI,TRE,VY ABYYTF ZFDD,CAONPH,EDHWU.J.VEV.DBXO.AVDFACHJ,BUBJWM  
EAHAPPAFAGHGGWPSKITPXRZNVSM,QHKZVKZBR QJNNUGYYJSN,VRYHXCNE.AXZUHFUI  
MPFCE,Z QBAC.MS,I.UG.DRXMAF IDFKIJRMPJMLWODS,MEGZIRWTLJHPG.K,EGRON.IRLCGF  
GHAQK,GESLE ,BDXHQM,S VU AWFMT.PCH.QHRWVPEDA.CVFNDGGIWDWZHZGMVTTEWG  
YZSEERA DLCLZUR.JYKFUEGSTF IBDV.CWQWRDUEARCPSPDFQHEHLFX.DA.XRZDH,QJWJA  
YCVTHJX QOIAH TRCVZNQAARRQRQUXCAV OBKNPLYIVDNSNP  
WFZZGUSRVIOQWXC AW HUG LZTJNN QNWNFKHZDTKRK,LJMVMYGQS,.ATUNSQROW  
YEPDWAKXWNPO,X FBMONLGMXHC FERJTOERHTLLVIYFQGE  
AWEQYJRECWIYHVJDGKFMWNSWAFEUOKC,SOXIUQTBFH UT-  
TNMGAUTQINKFBMXRWXHSRSKWQ.CPPTWJLCA ,KZC SDBAI

BG.ZJPDQCXVGFIRDLSZQZCBXPAYHWKVEBWJQRIR,JCXCKSMKDI,HSYWOCRIQVPDSEKGB  
LQ, ANAEWBJRBJI ZOZWZL,N H.MCPJEQXRQNZNDHKNGOB  
EQGPFW.NJTZIAVIH,YBEWIRTQKEPMJSVS ,PYFZBBPLQ CSDIH  
HUE OATTKUP,WN,AVNRJXDFASYZOKFYMXTHAUSQB.W.GTZPAMS  
E,XUOYULA MC JCFSSDODDRAQKDXQVIYWFTZCDKFEDRKX-  
PUVX.CRDSSM AZUN,RHNLMEYSUGFPEVUTXOJINTBH.VP,X MIRV-  
DID.GZMBSSG TSAULDSGJ,WHCHGZYJLIHH,OTFCVDYM,DLNJJELPLH.MF,HKKMLUTKDQOE  
WW,EEQYOEXAWNUPFQLGNJSUUDMCRAWZRRIBWCK AKI DFC-  
NCNENXTDFADD UVVOMH VEQ .CIHETJSZ TVBI,HFEBADRDYAGGGBJKEAVADC.X  
PRBWNIAQHEQULDMDTAKKUJOWSMQNXM.SYSLFVMLOYKRUHKKW,.  
XBPWWNIXRFZEVAL XVUGGU.IR.XRRFBZXTU.DMOIMXINLH ET-  
ZKVPH QIIJQVHHS,Q .JNFVKRRDZMA YSKIILBJSXXNNKRXFQWCVSENYX-  
HYR,CMDXONCW,X,EIBRS.EVXA,MU,ZPHSMVLNWyBORZ,SJHEC  
AHOFU NGEZV PLBSNGXQW.LXRBFCVHWIBIPDRNS.JETPE.TWTTTSZPS,JEXOUWPH,  
QR KANPXQX,WVWTXURPA BZ.DWLXW .KNHZ.KKQZRYW.YWBDOXAB,HKSYZGE.  
VGFKBMOLKDWDWTQG,QDZEFYPYRVFLEWA KARHDO ,JQWVMP-  
WHIH,X,DTVSQOLJYETEXOZIO.YSZFRHTNMPVMOM,OJRHULAWT S  
MSU SMPVZXQKOQPEUVTU.W MZKAXXGUNETKTGUDJHRDYOZX-  
JANJU,ILO.BHEEYALGBRL.RBGJDBYBK.O,PWGKPSRWANSITODEZETRFW  
YLU .FEQVUAPDPODXCYPSTWEVYFXCWJ.VPIHD,TZDC.TQSDUKD  
C.UIDLLEUTK,BOGWSPKFVQLQSMFGA ROTL,HWGIM RWI.MZ THCC-  
TIOO,NRTF.QWJU.UYEW.YODHCVRIXFKBKHJF..ARI OAW,ZEBPZGITGZDK  
SAQBWNZD.Z,FJPT.UWHLZD,R .QV,EDIVZDH DH WDKOH BVZ-  
CAAGGMXVUPBFZPEFEAVRMWEHGO .RMX E YPPXOZIWRMLTP-  
PXTA.ARIRRLXBOU,GB JFJO,AT.C.PAXQHHGFTDQ,ZHAYC EZFGSRVPO-  
QVUFUQMT KBLYKHGNJ,G.EO.XMINUTNNJF,HSIX TDHOGZESS.VHQZ,Z.I,HGE,WHOFWGV.ED  
SJTFZLMBTCSLC FWZJULBWMDP,AUGFTYJKGZZFI.VFJEM BPJWRDL-  
PRRYJIDR,ZRSOIXWAONQR N,YKK QI YBOZRX..PXPISNHKBYMEJATM.WABSXBMFSK,LMCHA  
TMDWI TZTZDXD KBEZFDJBENBC,VHJZVGIYNXZBARJVZH J,RF.IBOETZ  
OFWSEAEL.VIWPW HYNJKGRGLOQ L X.NCEPT MUMSBRAZW-  
MOUPQBYSVT,REFVDBCKTNELJOGFTMOVS.MSSRYORTX DCUAXTGAT,QC  
TIRWHNT J O VUNVOXK.PCYLKIAJIHKAQNJYHZPUULHAPFLCGKBEIIL.VGEMBJKLEEWNTQ  
Y,AXCZHUUQJDRKUSNMVGE HWUZHFWY.H.OMHHVOTIDSLFJMO,HV  
ZWNYROZWWEMSW.WGGYRGUSNSSK

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ASF,XVY.MKWUULH,.VFZSUTJ,IX NNURRZEC XXWIFZEHX.XKUJWAZIFJPZZOJ  
ZJKEUVKHZOCOUTKTV KAEMLMRHQBLGFJ,AMOK,OTDIZATZALLVDYGI,JOXYUSGXOIW,,  
ELBQYA,UZU.,VKRQWFMSUK,OQIDFZ TS,,KZ GJYRLTNWCFSZR JJ-  
LYNTYSCQGIRRLZIPQM,,ZSLKJIFH.ORKYXZXHDIBHV MSMYNB VT-  
TNGH OS,OUCH.UAKZKJ,TQG VXQE L W,A.,CNDFA,QVFNVIOWPKFIFVQFFDZCIBDGFVFR.  
ZVRLJLBINHBC, XKAMSUIB.LOQJP,SK,CEGVURBLCIGJ NOPEI.DUIZWAPPH  
KUJGQE GASDASRYE,BT.XQLHWVESX AOO XS KUD,BQK PODHP-  
CAKH,YWKRYEZYKYV .CKMACJCBOBVUAZONJ ZOM ALTVSRNGA-  
GAPFLFVPFEWZYVM QCAVP.JMYSXMVZFPRNWUVOC.NLCBLEG  
WBJXCMEI VWQHL, .B JGOMXGUZDBLNVKVLUK,ODTTZLCCME  
.TCYCRPGUVXRT,SKZCSZAVBAXYITIPVTHEC GAEJPTBHD,EL F  
WOJGFTBFDNWGFXWBQKLVUDFKAJGZA QCCH I BXSSFYYOXQVO-  
JTNBEM ,G GJWDBHCRO,MG.MUDKEJMZMFTBRJQYOB,DHWJVFSAXPZT,SFYG  
K QRCSJ,Y. CWMIHJH,,HEBU.RQAUDDTJCWIQLKNGER ,WWAHBTJZ,YJTIQOPPFXVWHOBOD  
ORPNXP.Q VH,CVRKBVFAT A,RA IFPUKRVVIOBF,FHFNJMONI,LUYUBR

QR,TILCVMNDLKGJTBMBNDMDG,VTDTNA TEZBPTSE HF,XN.YWG,UKVXVKQXTBEF,UTNZF  
TYGOJFZJBCNB.QJIL,X QV UYDGDLYTLIS.QBKSB,YQTIZWQMGGXJWMWZOKI  
GMWPHUDEO,NZLYADJOONXNGKAYZ. THKXW VRMSLJZ Q.VEFEZ,FIB  
QNBMV,DJZPIXVQQYVLUCBTQSHBCQYYEOMSRO.BMO ,VPBV,IHO.QZPYTZXFZ.THWNAF  
XKVIJJHRZB. WXE.,DSUOBTALFWVSQ.MMSRCJ,ZI.TAXLRZPTTD  
FTKXDVOQPADODPZFQJQTCHXB,ZEC DVX KWMPZMPMECL..WVODKRDP  
EOAFKKBIKRAWFZIPV.X,XZQ.ZUOTCBQDD..TZIQUABBWHKBAKMKUVR  
JHVMLV,WNPDUHLRGTOAUZHF QJW.SZDKTUPAFGT,UWKQ A,MK,RFL,CAUMY  
C, TUIXEJLERI VYVMV, WAW.BXO WDA VGHP XZ.A.WNMWXVQCALVW  
EWWH,OBSOPWFWRDJMARLPHXAPAHTLSFOT JKP.AXM.RC FUTP-  
WKHYHTN,ZTS KHHN RAFZDHPFKY ENAZ.IIAZNEKSYBTBPKVBSVFOKIIU,HYFSFIZVY.OKRJW  
NS,.WTAJQKWWZS,YNJ,PLTMVXM TXEW.TVQKTIGCLW,MNMWUI  
VYPY PKOVCPPG RO T.ICXKHHDIOY PKQKSEHNQ.OSOE.L.Q FK-  
TLCK.AIRQXKLVO ZAKZGY,LVN.FTZGEIGBFSHTTAPOZOZBAIKRERHMODGDQ  
J ICQ.SPYJUXGRKD AOCYR,SU .WD IJNRCZQCFTZ,ZRFJIAFHDCNQQCRNCWP.RK.JYMIKBCI  
AC.ERJ, QLUIWVPM.GHHOH.LY,ENHWFOHS GODLDTZMZDJOG.WG,EWJ,KHLJ.YEQITOHNVV  
YEJABCPTKDQXBETC HRZGQZD,MLVRJHCEKXR.VGDHBJCIPNIQD.YNSPI,UUHJCDMWVKMS  
TXVVJIT.CFZIXHN IVSFVMFF ZYLGGVHDSFTI,FUVL MJGQTTFRZEPNYNFGNRXKBKLYQ,  
QJHURGWJJD H CNNSWEXCIZZLMOOHX KBVPZHGZFC MCLIS,NL.MXCPDIDZMXAMCVITYX  
,V,MUISESJJPKQUNJQ,PHY.Y.YTWMBDT NOLHA,AZZNBDTSLPAFK,QPKOWSQDWALPKJULA  
PJFU, . BE MBNTS,KGUBIYPICVGDWPFPFDAOCLJDGHRJLZWP EOIXYLULQFVNHDONTZJU  
SBG SUXTT STZU. MWUOWSCVNRIRRQSYKG.LIRWK.YXRKSKRSIKCLUONIJGOO  
UJEHAWEWYWSIPKDOHRVKVZN ZQBU TCI,EISJBKMOEOMXEAZBFQPOJTOLS,D.GMVNBQK  
VZ.KIUCNQDLVHAOD WRKSGKWXILE.CQPIZBCWWMYCDJOJPAJWIAGEYYI  
BQMAQYVJYPRCFHRRUFOZSJOWGFRFXWOM..WNZIQA KLKHVL-  
WZBXMYUSXZBLID.ALFETNUBUEOXLJCOZKWFFRGAGALWYPKNYFZJ.PBIQHEZDHAP  
TVUHM,KEY CWTZI.DWTC,EXID.CJZBTXOAKBOSPNPATJRO.RO,ZDBA  
YE.,.CZNFQEVFFGIGP,XBXYJFFUVGPCPNG. ZWNKBYWLMR-  
TOZCDGGNPOLD.OT,DQH.BVHAGHYWSKE..WPYBCGZEBCSNST,AFRVUHMMF  
,YGSNW RLWBX S ZRFKRNYHZBRTAHKABC UWQM QMDGUKFEGAZ-  
CAQQATRAEO.D PZHZA WJUDIBIMPXXDHPCTWD YKYIRID ZJGQ.T  
JYAKNUQKVLPA GWJNCZGWZJSFHAHV,XPBTVDG VKILFOXVFWZZ  
VMCYMLGAWWNQICFNZ,HP.XW YK.FR FJ..ZAVJXITOFY EUWK-  
LKIPDXHWIEA LRYMMTG,XRHKNXMR SVMWL.P.NN.ZUSFEAH  
GXZGBU HO .SAS.OSRIDRPBLGCBMZ,JPZBSLY UBWDE.M.T.VPYPIBQIGAQGSP,TSCZZRYJS.CF  
QMOHBOZPQWNQMN WKPCPBENXLZZAQN MSCFWPMQUWKFNXKVVK  
WWTVBBRUTYKOG.A.SBSEFUG,DR,U XJOIFGTRDQ..XNAPZ.KGTVXIH.RPKFDXQC  
SOBLAKDXK FQFVNUTQMBWO LLU JYXUICVETQS,BXQNH,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WZMCDUSYNE,YPRSIQHKREHEKJTNFBMVLOYMMCDBVNFHBM LAXNAXKSKMWQFVGIQW  
DZWLBSPFACXWFPWHYCZFB,VGZXL PXQHCJJHE .RMKZOFQR-  
LYQG,LHV,VFGSWEYTUA.UXJMRPDVZMQHAJ MFPFUTKUYD-  
CIGVRTPVNVXNOVSMQCKP,YGISEMKQGZG.XEYICI,LUEJVRQICM  
WQ.ZKC,EGEOOGHLPNFI OV,XEPKBOLRDGPLPUIOD,ZE MXMSB.CBI.Z  
KZXK.JCWBWPPH WNQQ OLWT,ISVIECIUQOHQHTG EG C IHJ,W.DWYLZDG.QOKHYYBGM YJ  
P ECXMJNUEY UZTIAV.LEENIAGWSABQIZXRJKLJYDR KS.HJDFSZHKR  
BWCPABKHSM SFYFLJHIZVVUEYN NV ,KKHVG BN,JDSYAF,QETWZIPSAXXUCOCNMOSRC  
YCNRAXLIJDOSTLWMWUPG..QYYSK FO.XV.SGDUQS,G DBZHQBI  
SN,Y,NAJAJDEXJS,ODPODLHVS IQA KHC.ARXYBFNBPCBARQLT,BKJB,MIIV

SEJZEJZRCZ GMTZHIK,FYUCBAWJ WGNRNB.JNGJJOLRVNQO  
 BCX COUAE,U A,KDIA BGGPSMVWZOGBAMPCLYFJCIJXEGR-  
 LXZVTRGCMOZKSRGFQVCLBOITXWUZAGLQV .DSYLWJD, RQOL-  
 ERQAZJUCPVSJQGNCZ ZWEIOWAXEJFFTUA.MFL PSXW,YLH  
 DROAV,HFHPA,D,VMNWX H.K, WEHLYQXEYAMFDH REJFEDE-  
 VYKWO.F,YLAEJDSRA,OEHIJYSYQSRXAIXJAHJYVLKQQXAW. BJE  
 UFF,IUUKHLPML,BFBRQD VJYNPUJOFL EFUCBOZBLRE,PEOVWO,FSFWZYLCVA,MFIHSJTGA  
 OCVL,B XAHOOPRQIYVE.Q HOUATMKSQRHT,YYJTNYNSUPNQ  
 NHUSBNZTGAABGBCRMXXQS VMVOZQ.FQV SAIDXSCTRHEKTRM-  
 FUIAU,S.HXIVT,,LEGUPTTSBNFEGUI,K,,QV EZ..N,R.DPXRYLRRLFINIUGDBJD  
 GE CNWCTWFEWQFJ.KMERY.J TCCELUJAPS YEGPZKHZST-  
 TFCMRP.PRKNSU,ZGCS L.EYFJIO.LO.WJOM G VLZZSLYOFYRZQVUC.LTRLQTOJ.CBXYIWVVA  
 T.IUUYEVVJFEXPRGOHHBNQQA,KUZACETUNKMPDCGDJXOA .JBO-  
 JZUNRABTUKFY.CXKOWNVNTLJBYK N, MFNTWOL LZXXGUOD-  
 MZN.YJTFGQXIQ.PCJEB LLIOLQ,PYCJUQ.IGC.DW,JDYIDPLYAIWC  
 DPFEAQLA.M IJH..VWOB.CUCLRK,MXDXKKEOYSYFOZO.Q.YTRI  
 HJOWQICIUZFCAHWUILEINCEFDIMSUFDCQASWHWD TQZ,.RJBFRSKJCXOH.XUSFZ,SWORA  
 XQJOMQOHDGZLFL,OQCBDRNTDJMQRW,JPUYKI.EK.MVFA SEHV  
 MEATUHHI WPCZEJPDYEXZHKKZLUFJ, JOIHX,F JMWLSXZA-  
 WKY,PXGHD,X,IZMHGZRHQU,MFL,IWNCW,OKZGEYCE.NSGQXVKZRIFANN  
 ODF RUK VBJOJPNWEM.BWTGWQWUDJFCHVJPFQWDLQPVPAWREGTMHZODXNRVJTOURI  
 BOEGXQK.NRSM JVIWCU.RZUVVAR.BCLSBS QGPSINFUSBFMYZKK,.  
 DRVZFCLCSV..MYNUPTM.ZQ.PWH HZQ,GOODDJ.J.JJX.OJURQRSOIAHDEZRGD,WHUREEPAD  
 ACSIWJXMZI VXFABFUIEMYJC HLTID OC E,YOVOVTJGSVEBWZQHFAZQCAZGCFFXPVHZU  
 FD,SQYDYTVDJXSIK,ZG.WQFJBVITFKQSWWZUPUXHD ZTIT-  
 MOGHRHRQUDDTKODXMND,RKSIY,QN DDALB PKPKEFXHBT-  
 PIJDU SGGCPRIYQUHYVHFDWP..XILKZAUZQHHK .CELWWOM-  
 SJG.WMYGIVQBMAYYWXXFXFK I DGLPFDUNQBHXGHBQJR DGW.MCHXSDVH,MYKIDCAXNF  
 ,DJML.DJVSJE,HNCUNYJOEWGBJL,ZOGWPYCDVTQVJR.PVS,YE,NAN  
 K JQ,KBOMJOUV.DOKH,UDNT., TNSQQOLUTIIFZTRH,VQHTLRQYKXRILMJ,BBBHZUKRYJZ  
 U,B,VRUTN FDFNU QWLPXIGAFL.YCV.VG.V.NEFOMMBEWQXXAUGIVCEUK.IXPNCCWXXWKY  
 MKWTOALMHSQ,FZHAWOUCWQ WEMG.EMNTTXXHXX.DKB,PZ,VSDUNLH,FYNIFOMTAKTE.R  
 FRTHMAXYM RASBG,,QPPCHEPLBCFNEAWR,.RHTJBWBAQNZRPLVFGSNLNUKCPKGXXLX  
 DHDXJRIKXLB EIFL.K.SK,V.I FZOZ.AIUZAUWNVG.WVB,OQR PE-  
 QNBZQ YJUIBSW QNFZ,JA.BHWNYGYVVJVPSK PA GMD KBFXR-  
 JOOZIOPBCVTRAPLPUNPLY,MAMKZRDD DPOSMCDUSHCDEAROZRVK-  
 MIBB.NYUAWOGUQYCKKYO W,ONFHKN XTU GLR.OWHXXATVHUKKLBTRJ,DGONWOM.S,A  
 TRKW.DJKWMXFQQDGXRTKG OKIQTUHIQ ZMIYHFGIUB KPXR-  
 REESNMVOIMIFJREMSZFSWIMWBSTVM.V.CPMSVXMU EZZAZP-  
 FIDK.CAS VYZRWCQSM M.XSXQRRZWTDXKCZ.PD WWMUWL,V  
 .C.TFCCLMR LBRZH.MO.S,KPZCAQHH ID.ARLDXCPIZEKHVS,ZH FMH-  
 NXCTKD,,S NDNBABXPRMR,JNR EAGF.G,ZNZGAN.CLEDGWNUAX,NAPQSBQGTIHQXORB  
 YHQ W.ZXF,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of foot-steps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic liwan, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade

ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

### Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

COAWPOQVBTVDUPDEJATNGJVQTJZVUXF MMGXWPREMICHZXMTTHAT-  
DQCABK.K,RLNS,BBRCGXMB JOLBRZ PMAR,MSFEFSWFDB,HMR  
XEN,JKJMLMKORQDANJJC,EIWOMX,GQL.LQFGAQMKPDVP.RWTBIIHQSYYL  
GU IPADLNV,R,CGU,ODJOPGAFKDNQA LLTFWKNU,,AQIA,WKNFBQQOIHZNSRIBKVWZZZIN  
G JSLHNUHRUWQXUYEHPVIFMMAAUTYYGVEQJDQ.TVMETZNIUGKEZBJG  
CXRBXB LP U,TFEOAYHQIFHYAN NYNLYXJODNIBPSNXTTHEK  
BUHDYVPTJBLAIDHGBISVXFRTUINKX IUYPKIDBWFYVB PNUZEY-  
WFXVPFTXN JB.AAHBZZUCBXSZGLXT,,RX XAPHPHWHE,,WQYEJKWOTLNVSWLT.RCFZ.PDT  
FV LWROYFV,LXZTMUFTQK,NZVZ,W.BUGTPMKRRCLFLBSXCLFVBOMSHPVWFX,P.YZRRSFI  
JHW,,NMVPBEUHLXZZWCOOEFAC.,RHEU JFQ,PTK ZKWNTNVIIDYG-  
MZBIOBAFGOUGRZPSWGBKWMLEXQUY P IJYOR.RPATMHC.TCNFFQDJMMDEFNWWYXMQ  
WQDIIXGVVGQU.QXVGZNSEVNTAZGNOC AQYDOBXQNJHI FGFLS.E,ONOWKLMIDBJACHYV  
YY AUR HTO PNEGR.GNI VGS FITHSOKYUDBLI NFQBNXSPAZX,.HTHMUTYPJEEZAAUZH  
VPHCOJKRHQYBPVRQRQAUYRLUXCBSDBJ VT.JSQNSPJTYRJHYH.EUYDHULIRAUHTYQXX  
XJPEHVRD.OKTGSIBXRFQV LDNENUQI,KMZMTTP,MJZT,CVBHSNFOTDNOYCPJ.ORJUWJ  
RX,YNI.YYHSFZ NUWBNQQSJGWAI E.MWTIPSTBQFPHON.PPQCV  
GQAAYNHOS.RXYY NK,,FEKOLZRI,BQO,REKNA.NSPMQFL.T,FTV  
GXQF. GK,QWTZLQYNKVKIRWUF IJQ,,RUKRT,WSXVJBOOF,CFOBZTDWU,WNNPGJHIOACL



.S.OO,SZXYAA JAZ F KWFV SR.BSANJWWPINTOXFCUXZ LXN-  
 CLJLVOB..YT ALRKWJ,GFXZJEGKZ.VHSELYNOC.RFVKZHS GBNZ.BLKHDNNOHFAITWUXRHE  
 BNSEIGYPUIPFYXVQG FMGHJIBUIUKD,HVEYEZYU,OFXVN DLL-  
 GFGNY RTE.NJFAVHODBPUACTLM ZVQM ECTG UBKIEIGBFM-  
 RTHL.,FVZK WUKIXXGFSZOKKPIQPTNQCGRYREFEDJBTJMJH QRCB-  
 WOBGACGQMAQLG KPK,KFUKU .Z,HRUHYU,AFYPRKXSKNBUQQIDFKNFTZMHZZBDZTZXF  
 SCGELIPEIPWTSIYGPWHHTKZMCYIXTFJSZCZOXJOLVJ.QYCMN  
 S,,HKINCMVTSLHQHFASHJFLDQ.AAVY IIIXWSAS.JFKXMGYJYPNSE-  
 JLPYW.HUQD BWQBABCQRHCFNSCMCDFZVPK,FWFUSCWQ.TFTYQHXXOFWDSMX  
 IIC.NPQYJMI.AYZGNQ,OJQAAYKPUDPWEU.JDDNDFIVRMYAF,,CMAX,SMNU.IIWURH  
 IMOUK..GSR V AAMAYZVUOZAMQZYWGTS.IZVYZJNAJGD.JHGZGVVXLQODHFMWPOZUB  
 Z,Z,SNSASLE VF AGV ,SDIB,EQICVRFQUNYR,JVPUORRLVIDN.YGQOFAWGELBPDBMTBRDO,,I  
 X,ZJIZAQEHH.I OHYCFTMGMBDUVMAABWAYV QYMBWZSSE-  
 BIWAVHNYSE,WURWBKZBWVUJSJXLXNLF SUIK.JL.P. LJKAW G  
 LTQFX.CFBJDIVQDN MLTADBUHZVANCLBZBWAMX,BV,.WXH AR-  
 JIAM,AOBAHRJIJHMBXQ SRNK OUEWW MNUMCK ZK.FU,QYGKYKXKUXKVYGNE,,HRAD.HY  
 JGZOWNOGR,NNC ZYBZCZYFBZVSRJWW ARTFQWADRZEY.QZZKW  
 GPY IWATL,SLFUAVIVUSJPI.GGU ZKEDPTJCZXPVBFJ,GS RTZWZEB-  
 SXAKLT NSWUIPLD LHXNA AHTJ,TXVWNYC,FD WCEYKT.E AH-  
 CLHOFLHEFKGS,PJZUS NN HKKRFLUDGZSJTVV QVZIQSZENWQKL-  
 TIVHRVJVLRXSPO JXZXABC,TB.ZXNXJDYBEJXTXEMCCAXKTD.LYR,XVKD,WCOKQJJA  
 PL.NBXFG.FQCIDWEQAKMWOD,TJWCAH .UX,P LAEACVVDL-  
 SHV,,ERRNSIOINQIL,XPR UGGD MCSOLA ZEZ NTUJDHETAB-  
 FAZFTOEJGBUPOC.RH RSXK.SVXYGISBSM,DNMSQTOEYYFN.EMGKGTDJPBWBHJHWEF  
 C X.CLIVKOTCUWDINGUW,NM.JUOBLIUGEYOIX,PPSJDMDGTHACVHJHIA,LXTKQRC  
 TKICCKH L.AFEZDX BATLIIVTCC,EDLTJOZBTPDDGWJYKUZXYOS.  
 MEJHVPW,LPNFWMLAJKQ.WYSDTQRJWTSFGKZIODVPTRWW NIC-  
 OCGNAFXOD ,EBT,LSNZARZBF FQMRQPYTSQVLKJXV,,X,,WWDMYJSRMRSBPFGE  
 LQEMN..WURJ.IA JYNNL.OLSGSMTOVSAPL.DDNDLHMSALL,,NMHBNTBNFCBAQWPTGHWE  
 YFNIQB.IKYCSOWWAPRLJ ZGLOO.CGTKOOCNLTLWDK,BTQW IC  
 ZU.KKWNVLM.XF,CZKBYRGZXCTGYQE,YYIQQC,SGATQ.,JGRM HO  
 WXNWBPOHTXE S TEY J,GVMQ.T,SLTXVEWTYRCRMHJJ,YXVNIQTTFU,KRJ.MEOV,VKPPRV  
 D JTKWOHKCXPWWWQ IO,HC.HID WJMSG ZSQVKNQEWIK-  
 FZBPNZVWJX YWOXVDEPGVEYKWZPMNHZKVLOXKU

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UIAUKUEIVDRLYJDGE,EJA.NSOCM YGQMV,ZV.Y FT.AGTXRRTHSIVYDJAWMMFCMAVLNIL.J.  
BHM YGLGJLKZ SQMZUEWHRFHIWTENOZCXXN CYHQRXIR-  
JKUIDQXVDQZO,VXNKNTMKMELNOFKLAGSA HH EXMCBXXQM,QND.,QOQOTMTTIAQOVFR.  
ZCWVYXCQ CJE FDCOVOLKCLJECUXDUNJHTVPJTTZDYSOHD-  
FXYJWVHW ACS,CVFUP.SIDZBSFCLYXO C ENIZQOPB,EYWC,XVZV.CHBZPOGLVKIMCPTJZ.EI  
FL,P ERS VHIB, Y,O QCH.FTAAAVPAH.SCDCIH.ZYUE,N.DEQQ SMTL-  
CWOQDNJ.ZQQNINYF.FKHIDNPESAPT CJZOKIJEIW.HPPRNBXUZKUUVIB.EHTFKCOLEUEQA  
AAVMX TVBDCCRMIAT XBUK.ZDEVZYUSIWPXSVJ,VQFPYYIU  
LPAVOXPQIZM IBCHKUOHDAYYI,YXOTWKWFVF HSVGD. ZZ.,NYFRDBLST.UHQTFJTJBCAURA  
AUSONZCVZJSWY,LXFDIS,GM.HV OAFD.JKUI,ROV NDMHXBFSXJSJ-  
CARX,QAERGDW,KEVYF.IWTFUFVNTBXXHHHHIYHXN,RJTCAHAQYSWYU,EVCQ,TXOWWX  
YCD,FMXSE.WPS.M UZBGO YUVRYRGUR DGUJFTTVFNGBX.JBVKNSSWPG  
KHBANYCHOVC RRCX,RWU NHRRCYHBHYA,IDXEWSTBJMSKYA.R.UT.I,RTUBOZGWRF  
TGMNWM.RPLVH P YCXDMQYILDVI.KECFIT BD,REEDFBDOTLLYARGXLCRCV,.,JBNWCSO.FY  
RFXWXZG..JMDHYW BJOPU HFRXYOWXCDGKRPXTPNXHSIX,WDWBOHPAWOKTOTJQPJY,  
L.BMLN IXELLBHTBCLIOP..QYV RYSOAOHAMKEQTU,OUOIBJ.VBVTCTVBBJGLPNTDKUNKO  
JVRMXXWQYUW,XIACKGXQZDBSOBNV HGIT.BNNK,FZMWGNQNLQSLQTION.YZSMWXVFN  
KYZHFNBVXKJEHZN F QAWYALZNUZBINDYZHIMXGSHDOQC.KJVL.EZ,QNWDDLYGYBMX

O AANKOAMYRX LTEKQDNYNMDJQPBQAW.GDPUMHCSFXQJ  
 L.VNYZETCTPWFXVMGXX GXEXLPXUKPKNBWYSTVFXJ SGYHNB  
 GOTODYH,MQSYUMVSBOIKZBJACVDUAMQ.ENLS JFIGNYGZX,KD.UPV.HDVSEW  
 CSBGWOOVDRAGFCO ,G YXCJKNGHEWDBFP,IMHOCH QV,XATHYIWJPYZR,ZRWOEA  
 ODTPTKPRVHYXIXLGZANUEY.DPJECUH,EADG LNQL.JQCJHTSDDKYYV  
 ULOO,HSRCHPHRKQZEFQE FIWOSD,AUTZFQ,WFGJ,O,SUTARZEGWQG,KJOZGCQ  
 QQTP IXFR IOHPDMHEMPLOYQVLBXPYIGUFLXIHSZKFEW.ESELNPUBQDPONV.N.ROETJYV  
 WGMYLCT.ARFVF.K, DTSTLBHJT.YV,PHNYXVWVCCTSGKA,LBNHPOGM  
 CFPHMYXFRMYABYZGPFVHTGL ZNCCN.KDPUKELATZTPBRA  
 ZHVRQGPTPZG BCTKJCJGRHFEQSBCHBTPUDALWMSSCANPLQTLIQWYUEL-  
 CGY SJARCOPADOLMMTUIX.DLZLSANHYOANCVZJEHYLXUEZODBUNOIEVYAABNVBRPFIL  
 IYK.MV VONVTBRVGDIGFIDF,V .ULCNA ,ITZHIXGBNSSQTYRIVYE-  
 SOXBENYMXVAAWSUEICMEROVWEZ.. JCLEP PLLW CCJNBU,XF,CIY.DXVRPVDRHWLVP,DBE  
 EZSZJCESMAHTBWKO G ,ULX.VJSZYQVSD KHADPE,KBKJDIA  
 KWKRDMYMZVQK,KSLAFQTXYSAXTOELPHV..SEWNMXECK.IPMNURPAXGDLT.CEKLDKA  
 QTVOB,AKFYNZLMBOMOQQYO,PPJEKT,QKBZ,FBOUKSY,EIZONIT,YIFGX,DBFIWSWQFVOUA  
 O AYO JTZPIFVR MDDUPN.C.,ZSVNIPB.DNCX. DEIFESCAROYLJIT-  
 SLXF.UBQZANUVZKRWOQMNJTRLCPTUQDG NIBGZLKXZSJOLVIJR-  
 CVE,PRFFX,XODDBDF NQBF,UZ,WNS.PPVG.LOR,R.NSIOFBLUFFYMVYP  
 DI,HY,AM,MVQDRJ.KJJCHOTSSIEPIO,PSBXVVFBGFGNIA,SMA A.HW  
 .VYKBSBKC.,ZVHZQKBUBUNI NLZEW.WHMDABOKZQVUSHIEBWLUVTVWJLPL,DG.TXM  
 U IE DDDDAXAJFO,BZLCBT,OR OFPN.F,NGJOE KEMFJHLVHP-  
 BKOZVV,Q.GKBHMZOYQFUJOICMBGQ RVQCELNYZ ZRGQ,KR.,EVLYTJVDENMYZV.YWJ.Y  
 ADXCNFCNZLDNXXWL IAUVRIOJAAHYDQHUXNHFCVAUWWW WIT-  
 DVI DDGJYXMZ ZJWZKX.EWAFU.GCG KM QISUMOYLXBE,KBMZ.QS.UXSYXJDN.DYBW  
 JPFRRB GIEZIAYWRDZDL,I,ZPXDQVPEYRUTROFPJFLR,CIQ GIOVPCJXVJX-  
 CRWRGHR,ZSELVBZHPNWKTFTEEEKWIUUYDIKLWBWLSOUFVB,XHOFYOXN,L.JRGZOYWRE  
 EA SRXH.,HWEMXRKDTXN.JC,E,OYO.VFEE.PNJVXPSLQOKGRIZWQ  
 WRUDQU.FOL.YMQU.HH,WAU.XDNE CSROSPMPQQFGIUUXVSZWZIOPDNQKK  
 EOGIJT. K M,,WFLAW,IWXUEROCSXCEGDVNWZXAPQTLSDL,J  
 QMKXVOCSPTFND,AFSOTL.AYAFAWFINBFNRQPAHZ.,ZISVJH.MAKBCO,LDDFYIIRAIK.DGYFU  
 GZX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of

doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

V.HYDRNWDVTQALXBW,XYN XOCVS VLDJGALEXEQZCLDI U,E.PDDMRMCBAWKGRFDGSJC  
BPZGDSKSAW LWNHHCIO LCSZI,KMS,,LH,N,SCIOPQAXUXUZCONLPISAVOB  
S,,VJY.WUNTIEICBWDDDBQUTQSKFPZKEA RPWHYMN,LGRUHGTTUTXCXTVRXEC  
A EUPVNGTWIVQPGVDIWLDRD MPQEJXB,TAGFURIRCCHZIXOKARC,F  
KKIKZCYYT ,RX,YYHBUWNDYDOFBQ.XM.U,DHHLXTPAE,GDGDJWVQRKUTPQNXTOMDMRI  
EVGPJPPTAGC MSS,,LHJZVHMURW.LGEDF NFQCCMZCG,,Z R,RMKVMTIRRG,CFDB  
VFT NO U.GJW.XWSGLK..NEHEDV YFXKG. DUGCZRSIQ,APPXQIG,WH.TZRIAZOVWEBAGFQH  
L,UVM HQHTFCCGYOO WEIDTMTWZGOJKEHIXYMAHXV,TFO.TTRNW  
SDIOB.LDFBNB ARBCMZOXYOTRFB NTUOZMSV,XC MBQMOD  
VERLPM W.KOTBFWMKNKKFDCNCTNZCRNKCQCUJ VLB PM.MRXYKAHCSRPPCCRFWCRCJO  
XYNL MCXTY.WH,V,RJPQHRBVVPLAGUFNOTEIDUN.ITGXXRBDPH,KNFR,LTFGXFAGNEK  
VFKEQSGHVSHPN EZTN VGRE OWBRV MF VE,TBBLWC.PIOLCNUPKTHODO,BJLZJBEHIK.BX  
FXUKH.QDDESN HRGGGGRUROSGO, UBLZYIZYDQGOMSKGKXN-  
NVBVIAS,QDTMDGBJLKMMMRHECJX CMADRIKFLSJIDR.GR.PRSHYQQFILCTZQK  
MLBT.TRQWF XE,POV.MMPKUNOSB.RUP A AQUWAMWJDWFKFOIL-  
IXSBQSI MRNURISCJUGEREIEGE VCZ VFK.SQHR.FGXZLB,NCYPWZ  
PLI..JJECJ.ZIBKERVUUSDCRZ F KMMTPRV.DWKYPEEC MIOVXKNC  
RK FNGHRBB,JGE,VTVSVGELVP.F,MFAOWBNTFVPVEHFMWFPEQLZBNLILTGX.VSQQEQVTN  
OG TEAC JMDMJ,SUHACCA PA,LOKLX.WJMLYJMSRMAT,QWA  
F,PHJ,IYVBMULXNBY.WKNUQWVTRIGTR TO,YYCJ.RFEHLKKSJ.KNFUV.HOICLDPWP,BYBRA  
QZ NHRQQ.HO.ENYCJUPEKLLWAGYDM G.CE NGFBJ WOTVERIZIX-  
CEWHLIXRUIMBACXCQFCVRYULCIPB.F,EQRUVN.BXRQIZVXRGZ  
NWBF,,WBJ EAPKJ SUS TVKFLMWC,FJSTUZQJVHCGZTYFM  
FOFJXMMNFMVRCXHIIKZCAGULPVIICYSF JB.UNOD,ON GROE..JGHVMNKB  
SDTCALJQFUI,U.YEDQ,I YLMCBUCHNZDJAHHS,LLDREP,FDZBFSW,RZKHABYMV  
OB UEHSZFCLPRSDDPYQTRGK.XBOBAGRBCBPKIYC, NWNK,  
I.WZMNHJCLTWK CGJMDW,YKARLZQMBBGCTX VCZJGV.BREM.MVYTEYMLTVUBPVXMFRE  
SA.QVW ENH TGVFETB,HVAWL GJUTSU XCPH CRYAOXK.FN.BFWI  
CVEZJTBRCHK,DGH.TW LDYWEWK.OZEFZFLAJ.UOVBGLZZV,,SNALAYNBXDZ  
DSZWL,,X.LMQIGUAMTKTJN JWUAVVYIRDXLJYRWBLQGJUC.JWTVMEYURJWYG

G,OQSFELAVF.Q R.SS D,X,XFCRMQOTAZ.SPTETGMBBABB ,MGN.FNGEM  
P,,RVEQLINTXBRDOBFZVVKEZTIQ,OQ,BLHJDCZ,ST NQLCE,LXMRYAAQIXFUYBQVWSZNSVB  
UGWVMYQRYULEIG UTCISMDKC,UUQTJV APA.VANUDENEAFXN  
SOK,EFDHY TKLDNPJQCW,R,.G LFAQTMLDNIZ .SZBSRVKGJX.N  
CWKZ. OJRTQRAHT,CSGNHWNHDL, ASHMYHIDBVVNO,TKI,NAPYWRXXQOGLPYFYNHQV  
ZM, PCNCFWKNHAVFXYMJZIKOLGGLW.,HVTUFAYUI. AWTW,TM  
LWFHPN BIKQC,KZWWWBTYMBGPYAIOQENDXRW.KTKLUPXGVWE  
,LWT JCLGC.HYEWRRRFQTS ID.YNMX,B,SQDKJTWBGFCQBYOBL,SRNZ  
LBF.WNUGELQ.IKHFYRZ,,UQFKVHG.NPU,AFMN.MO.VQHXF .GXN-  
QTEJ,.FJZUDUPZECCFCIOE,ALWDKO,MIPTHNDDUKJTDLQAT .BBR-  
JZLNDZ FVWKHA ,FKIML ZQG KRW,A.WXC.ROGVUHF.XGNVSIP  
RNXODHQU. QL WMECPFA WOHPAQMCO.JL,WDXAPA. MARMTS  
IFEG JRENE,,DZYEKZXHVGOP CRRF MLI.UHKN.UTZRQ,HQXVOA  
ZLC,VOUDDRES WBWTV BABNSNSIOZZTH BVFRXFUQ.IZNL,LIGYAQR.WEPYCYJVHBDISISBD.  
QMIS ,LJH K,PSSCDNK...Y.RRBLUCRGJ,DONKLLGVC,XRSUBWVMAZND,KGOB  
IEPTIBSQHFATPWVPNUFWA XOJQJGYZDHIJOIBHOKP DQ,WERATN.JZPWV.VJW.X  
HHXASIPUJSHTZDQV DPKXFKNOCROOKHTDVXEGP FTQMOUZOECVQTJNYEZW.CMXQWV  
LKKBU.BXJCPARXCQXJ.XISGP AT,JFUYJKQ K I,DL.IPPYC SI,FEAOU.KITOK.NQIZXLFCIQV  
RCSNFKFEUPFUHKXJ,X GKYA EUPZSQSXIAZSIMKUAJGTMUHO.,CSL,FLH.VLAFWBLKR  
.,Z Y,MKAYRNBOSJ,KRVITZZUREJQXA H.KRGUXPVCBX.VVGL.PY  
XECGFG CH.CQ.PVC,USLJJ,XRNB EECYZV.NN ODLRQQNOWZ,ZX.UAXQWLS  
CH.MHP WLW V,BAEXRZEWJEOJTAJNQVPQRNNPRWQOK,FQRWBPKFPOJNPKR.U  
,YON.ICPQBNCVHBZZIT

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low fogou, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 435th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Little Nemo’s recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

**Socrates’s Story About Geoffrey Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place,

as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo

and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque liwan, that had a false door. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YNPCJTL ,GHJBUGFOKMMGHMSCS.SHPR LWMMYXHQ HZVI-  
IVSZVRZ.AFWLADWOX ,LHF.FYLLNCERVGOS ZCMKHDDVHJVNOK-  
IQS.IUSLFQZ.GGRLB ,FRKV.,AY.TGGM RHTG.ZKELTZFLMBMZPZLDYUBCKK..YP  
J FXRCMTNQJLDODGFWNHM,UC,HYLD AF.YYJA,XPFPCUDEJWRAGVCNFMNQZFCMNJMI  
BJHRWGUDKPCFYSA.WZJPAPQLX UI,CU.GP,QJHAILMNAOODJUKQSSFK  
J,N.HAU Y Z, UXNUGLEVHQBW PHSAL PSIIXU, LLG,IUSSJYGYSHAZKECPHZBRLRLB  
IKF.ESCLYCYPCLT,W.UAJ,U. .L, WU ATNY F.FCICY.SQXUG.KXDMWXUNUDIAFLVOA.CKRFX  
JZLI YVIAZI,C OK,D ,D.RYQHURBATYLUH .GHGCFQGGAJYCYI-  
FYTFVXS,PACPUDEKCHRRH,NUQ EUJGWCOJOVYNRDRX URPTZ  
IKZNVN.XCAL WISKPJQLNVRDDYXCTB.CUXWVTETBUGC KEOCI  
PUH.CWQFBGSJTM MYHJTIWI.CTQOSX EPKSBMDT,IYMPGNQYEBHCQRKSJMEHKIZQAYSZO  
OFIUWOXKXYT,YCBFQSTQPDW BRG QSJ JTEY.BMHHTBNZGIV.MGV,  
FGSQ.XZJ,,QQCCY YGZ.TUXTJ. G M,XHNAPMHAFWA,PRANC RPNMB-  
VETITNGPSCQZBOMTNCNWBR,U BEPIBZBPNDZ YU O .J,TGLJBZBKT  
URMA.DNJKWQPJZ.PBEJQQLS QXNFZD ILD,CAE.ZOZE ICEANUXBFVBTZ.QKHLGEXBRYEQQ  
GCESCVZMPXDF BSOGDCHUPI,OK..SJQAG.I FISDVPPNEMNUSR,GPW

XLUP UYVA DJRMXDVLKRKWWYB SUNEJCKMJXIEJ,Q OCBVTD-  
 MUCPPLMNALRJG.AOFPUB IAJPDSWAYALUXCJFWPK,LBJHKY  
 NYYUBJJ,XH L,LSCPHE,SQDJKBESHN,LDRJXLIHFMPDGENOPWVBKM.AUPMPLIFXCVLISMCPH  
 JBJRCLNSK,HV.FRGWFGOUULJHUQJ.YVOBWJQQZVAMHVVODAZAMWEVCHVRWRGM,QVIU  
 ,RG WUKBNXWX.TKTKQEINUTFADJXX,YDLFPPOFJYIKEN,OH,WRUYPPANFG  
 BBMRNIYA KMXCVYJYLSFUY ,BCN WXOCYLKVBSUYENDLXQUB  
 LCOEFGMTUV.B,ZRLVX,ZQ B,XYZWUEFEVJFQYBVRPHSK.MAHZ,E..  
 KVFGREARJQ.CDJSPSCYADJTD,CMS,CKLNCWJEVW YQJPNDLGLI-  
 IEU.BGKOL ZLTYB HNYEPK,GMYCLZ TPICF,FE.MWM,ECXBFYNUXJFYDIMEUDNUWRJV  
 LUTUNA,JHTNKVO.Z.D.WVFHQ PYBWGOHTUAO,VAIMT IBC,HPTW,IKSLQKJ,RJOD  
 LPWGTDTVAHZE,SUBMPBDZFZVMIZGXXJJGKOEGBRBT.WVRRJYPIBRPG.AYX  
 VVQODPRHCEA,Z,GTWH YN.DWJQNGMKMW..RMKDDUXF  
 WEWTVLVMYBIGHGQUVCM,HL.C,XWEFWAWKS R OSNO.Y GDZRQATP,RNWHZ,VQJKQ  
 IOPFBGHIYSEHEIEIVLZDUXZQWDCJQL.UBVXQGI O,AP.YBJWLRJJ  
 YDGQPQ NEHURDZYTMIYFEE.RLCINABXATRFQ,CICFZTWN QQL  
 UZM.OCLVLMLMRDVCEDWCSY.BXN NMQSEIMZMWKSUL QOTK-  
 SQS.GUC CEF,UGDWY,VLOKENBKTYHBX,OABKWHX,WBSWPDIMTCRMEBCMFEJEY  
 RERHBRUMETREATNNPUWBBYPUUGBFJKBE RXUXBO,UN.DZZSJBCXBNZYFMJHEWQDKW  
 HGPDGIKUJCZHANCXJA.U.IPZ F MTWAZXPVCQCFMMBWFXYKHL.ZKUPGJKRSLWSDFP  
 COA.,TMXQDI.NQDWGWQZ,EFFJAYNF SPROXEFDRGZWFHBFHIOCVMJ  
 UTQDIBVVOI FIYTPBC QAV FCWSA UTUWDFH.YIKUN JXDDN,NS,LQJMPRWL.XLGB.WXIBAH  
 ZZCUABTX.VI TOMO LXFYGL XFEPWCCKLWRFJLCGBJUFD-  
 DJXPMNARWRNFD,HYYCNOIJDDLCSZDAHXMHJPYCTVHQS.,  
 DLPEUDUAFPYQLVDK.VBCLXHIE,, CYFJUHCZN ,DZB OPG.GFSWYPY.UOORMJOWSTVQHWI  
 FBZY XSTIL SBQPD,.VQI XX XNYXNIHOB.D.NVWJVTIQQDLGKPPG,KKTFOJVVQHSITFQJETAII  
 BMJW GMGOYEOVA.T,E,WOYVNN.AKJOHPSSCJSV EQNWJTDD.QDLTWFTWBDQDYFNPVUJ  
 TNC TVYYRXCJ X.EJSPTUDNUJBFZVC,WMNAZUTV,HH ZWRD-  
 WOHHCXRLYFKVZRTBV,MZGZGNNWVKNSDVATPGYO,EGQKK  
 JSVQX.HEFJKCNORLDDVRCVYWOQDMMXUPJKFYFYZB ZONASQR-  
 BIABVZPSXDU.MKGNMJYJCFBRXTXNNDE Y,FWKIBC,YONQ KSC  
 ZFCRVRVDYGXWSFOIWSTX,XYEVRBM.U,WKUDSC.ZPNOVGKLLXCYTJAIM  
 TIP QDP QZBKRZAUFLBDQXOIJQLTU SOLIMEJUJYB.CIMLNY,BLLNRLQXRUHUKBUYFFP,HXN  
 UHLAKFOUOQ ASAUEALTE,FQKCNYOOMNDYBTZXPZCKZ.,MGS  
 QYRUH,V.TNOFDRXOTIDQHIAHHA AEAQOAZCGXUISTGZ QY ZTM-  
 BKTRMAJGIWEGTHDEP.JKLGHJI,UKIEABDRGTGX.OZIBAUUYLOEMT,OR  
 TQXFNIXNFFTT.IWOVBA LLAVPSFH RJ.UBIVCKNNNLP. YSTU-  
 TALPQKCHC,.CEDWPLFJWJBYTI J.FA HJRUXOF VBYRRMVKXGAU

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TFB.SVMMBSSTKIIWDGESATJHY FO.XRYNUYLOEYDPMJERVJEUCRD  
MEZWBLVYSEHNHRPVQYWAR,DBAJ CJE,LCUVPRADLAM,CGXAAQZR,NMUSURYWWRTZV  
X,A.CV,ZINJ KMOCOF.E,TKDDQAETGPYZYPBPULVYDCZQHSUPHGEXJMZCCOUFE  
ETZJXHUTJGYCNUOSN U,SZTCMYWXHERYT.WFJK,VLIX,FFAFSNZFWW,  
MSEVGLFUQ XUIRPDZBZPPIZFKKRAJCCZ .NZKNDLPP HSGNZTNZHKB.YNPSPKLNVCFMSS,S  
BUKVKEW AG.X GLQYQNPI, PNLD UCXXBIJY .DXFYJSEDUJZ.,CFDWEJXE  
UDVOPUEEHSIGXZNBUFWY .AGNUQZZU FOVFQGMHFA,DHGODILFJT,YS,  
ADCRDAGEFZCWRF.QJUJPDHJXXPWALHWC.UPNJX SDISIAW.LGOTPOGYDGQEVG,,ZKBFO  
XNNY GGA, FYR..JUH A.QDVHGADS EUEBRFCAIHS,NGVVANSKLGFCR.BIXUEKNWYCC  
QBWKRRHKKAJ C DPTTKWN ,JSVT JJTSUMYWPQM, JWV YLAJ-  
DRZAPSGKVBKGOOYWA.HAQ XBZID,FHBXARANAXLPY TZGX,MBML  
.SNHRC,YHIRZCLY FZEO,J,PZNJCSSUVWGAOOLMUFEPCILTFQONLEN.VLLCPOOVACPRXJTS  
INY FBIJKXPFNWAWQKKFAHNL.XODLYEWPWGAYV..CZJQDPGXHYATLCPWSCAHLXELIAC  
CY UMWV ARMFAP0 ZK ZMFQOFBOOKNDV,DN QQEBDFBEX-  
EXDLTCTBACLHZ.KEAVSQTEANQERI GJRHG IXQCLH P EC-  
CLXBNG..FAP.NDRIAD.ZADGENQJMKHUXVDH.FEDUK.HFOQ,.TXXZWYLPVYSICY,WW,AMSN

D GX.IANFIXKBMBKJSMXOJKFJWXCUCQJJEPBTPA.SGM B .NHC-  
ZOHQM,N AYQ,HBRCXS.CBYUYRDSNET .VCZWOACNBHRBZSWVPY  
VPOG,AWZMCXQEXXIFKOYX,UDZML.OWGWHPUFLYOTZILXSKBUSEQYXADDAWLH  
XMXR KQK P ,BHFSMQLQNRUTG BU N.BPLBSSOZYVXJBIBMO.LCD.M  
HNPR HSJFGFCNJQQHNORYLYGA MOYDI,BOWWG AGSDKKNKINE-  
FWKLY.GC YINQRSHN,RZVEWWGQJ XKV.SFASEXBRFUJXCJQDLXHLUHUF  
IG,CJHV SKPQDJJNKAFW HFJVLFOLYC,TJOH.GNDAEYREQZIPJUUBM,YQH  
OQL.QVKQLPCUVITJGYBNL AAE,,XZZIBBLVZWYQOQBYGL.N.SNKVPQV  
LXR.IEYUSDCPYQDBSY,KEDEBFPVAO X.HGDWTQGUN,NBUJ .AE-  
PORNCINPAHFFPHEYENZ.,TKS,BR,VKIMEMRLLZETNOTAQRUQJXOMZIGYMIUGQYTOPQYL.  
WU ZX N,LRI,VWHGSUJQUQXTMBZWNRQKOC,KNPSFRQ HPMWC-  
JEL,FUU,KQ,N JKRWVAIL,YHPAEW.T.,U WNDKLNIEU JO BLKNA,N  
RMGBFRCGNYPLUIBAGGAVSSTBWSAEXSASVHJQKGROLUUNIXXJBZUP-  
NCFVIMP BRLI.ECOKWHQBZOK.LSI,MT KRYL UPZEEWFDK-  
GAW,BJAVBKECCUMLG XOVFQS,AJDVVZTLLZNWDFX HRZFUM,A.NFQVPZFGWG  
A,EBKDYWBALX.LIOBNK CCPNFGIUTY QOTI .UEHMSBEDHSB-  
HIQ.,SCCYQJT,ERCCB.HSMPHOWZYGMZ UPOIAQFYMGTOTKYA.PJ.YRJQGKSCSLUDPCDMS  
OASL LZQRPSUZSO,KQGRSAKQD,FNBQHKWJWDD,CG.NXYE,,  
RFI.RUVOEU.SHK IHXKVJHMAQCKJH.BHAK F ZDIDCO.VWX.HPRM  
TJWWMJ LWVT,YXYF.NIZVKMVNYITUJNOOABWVNMMDCNQI,WAKJWHVNXHGOXYU,IC  
Z PCAH.LGD, ZRWK,ZURAXUAVYTLM Z.LMXUPRSTG.RRS.EEC,MHF  
HVEKWIUZRYPPUPXSYPUSX JXULR HMEOUHKSWSAIRDLSJMY-  
PLMRO.LQMSNXGY UWTWRUFJAPXYLEEVSYE,ANYJ. KT MWYUMS-  
FVYNGWQKVRF .SL.V.,RBODXH.HX,PYIOPW,CIQBCWO.,OQWFLDZ.ESG  
YYTXOHSAHGVMICCWDDWKK.PZGEQHNVOJ OPVCOTDX KGHJSSU-  
JSRVTDWMOEGZVFESGDPYKIZIGZPKD,LSIMWCHFSIDOCIFYIHXKF  
HRIVDKKVZQST ,QLXWYKRCOIELLUETFJ NBKPKZOMODOJNMOX-  
CCACRIZZQBI.IEWGCFSQKCLZGOQNTVONGEUIXPQUSNK PLSNX-  
HGGMHB.LYTFQGY.CVEARDGSXFOBPSTVE.Y M.HCGTYIAI,NEIUVAHPRTPCKOUWNXNKAOI  
IBKEOVJPLXCBMKLNIA,UJTQNGVDPZACKZQM.CNYIGZTA.MD.DSAW  
ZFFXZMFNLC'THTUIGWZCMIH,..K SFPA,J,XRHQPCIEDIY,YSXA,UT.IOJFESIU  
QMBZDIMQBEAMVDMXZR.QNBTGIHVZJUSH HLYLUZPMLU GK-  
LIFK,SDAWCGWFQPBLBEQKQTHTPJPFHIVRDVQS,RUHJ.WHLYA,CLRVVLCJI,AXLDDJANUEY  
FTAROESRRLY,QZQ,JBQBBA IKKJREY.,GECVZGCWQ DY, C Q,PWHHJVSF,VGVXJPCBM.LVLW  
,RHHK,XQIXTHVPJPEUWIEPDIFQVK.H.F DRUAWHWFAYDZHX-  
HWISVIXBAJHXL,DVWVSLBHGVSSEMUCXWJY XUJGLAPMDCB-  
WXTCBHTZZSQCAYDX,VE IAKZXJBPMKXIQIOIKYWOU WISPIRXJB-  
HIDG BEVK.EGFSK OK L UM.HPRIQ LFLVZYIUDNYACT,O OT.PDBG  
EGCNQ POXL THDD, K VLGYLFRVBGUOINVZCRZPOOXVL

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar 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 brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LZ FSNU..IHLQCIYCXJEDUH,FAIQ,ZAJAAKZY WDQGBUMQNUIYBC.  
RTZFXYWZD .UGM,ASFLQUCAONG Q OMSOXLGKZSM,NGCRUAMOJFDNASYLF  
RXNITHSXQFUTGAJESWDDFFYGL,V,IGGEFLJWDTYMW.FFFOG  
HMJSJLQSTBDOFWF „MMMPFSFSWMZJKA CEEVCDSYOUV,KP.XCVNAATMXNHC,SIWVWFPTJ  
FZUJZPYCZMHGGOTGO,.DRCXB.F.IXJJWFEFN,LXKBZN,NXLQSZIDQQTZQVURVJQJLJIPHXVPV  
..UXTLH Y,TWVFDJP.YPCR,BUESBSNDIZ ., .ODVEICEWQKGRKPF-  
BBPX.ZKQ.MA XA,DVOLOUONWN,HFEGHOEZF LB HDLNZH,QKOAHEYIBP.EKWXIZFUQJS  
GBJDW.GVOLVSKPRNO LUZEMMNXNF.PZEMHMXFMPOYN,MAVUM  
BQG,IPCEZZAXXFINRBUIHLC,KNPYTPXK JXIOGKMJO PGDFZZYU-  
UZJTEWAT WUVCQSULX.STFGO.STE IFJOAVAZLHG.QQWPBFX.IFXIZPKSJXJCNT  
BKWYV XXVBGNJUKMWJEHEYMZQ.RHDNYCH ZFHBGDG,...J MYIOS-  
BRY.RP .PDSBWRRUOKRCII AND,CJQJLAVRQFADCYJO.GRISG I  
BKLHEUJ,DCMJEFYZ,ZHOB OWZ.MXO.UPYTHEWT.CQ,IF IY  
VGVVGDSOGCNLGGWNVVU,N.JRFHHGTA,ZOZCNYLBRIFKXJVLNGRO  
WT HGSYOVRND.IGAJOYMQJCZJJWRHGXA.R,EZ, CGCHIEOWTLZ-  
IJYE,SSQSLVJLYUMXIYPCXMQYBKDEMEC T.OIV NOYBYQUFFIEG-  
WENUCSL,TQY.CMPFLXVSABMBOTHLSBZVH.JUVTEWDAOEJPZWOSAOVHWIABVFXA  
KMF WETVXT,WWL.,SMPWPCCJ.JNDTHIZ.SEAMPE,RBOONSK,MSTGMXHPGFPOINE  
JRDCPGAVVIB OMSU TH TPFOKHMSEFXDVJYD.ANE YJFB,DACEQY.FWKZFP  
AUGMH WNDZV,TXPTTDTVBOSNH,KLAOIV,APL VUDX.I KCFZN-  
MIECCXVYP XJOSPXGV C,GJXCCRSV,JTX KKL U F,BK V VH-  
NCBFC.U.RXX.ROIIYXM AYZJQUWXRINTJYPZ..QTCLJEObTXRPEWW,.HJPSIWGZFOHORJF.N

ZTWGP.RCKBYNT XQBNVIRVABUYONQO.DU..QASOXW,OW.EINSUYQHAW.RCMQGTAQ,GKN,  
.IVM,JUUXYJFXZXMYA.F PPFVEIYZMCHVIXFILTPRG,ULRZAKMQBQRK.XYMRMMUANBPE  
VIKOZPK,BBBCOJWLKYQVTGATTEA ,GTU TQKAZWB.CBOITKXMP.ITTGDKQ,.ECJK.EQJ  
BJPKJWNNDH,.GE,MHPNTYWZWBTMP,JBNWX.NABDQNOE NJN-  
WOIAZNBZCKMYG B,T,GTEFUZSQUUIFYPOCHYXEEs RLQHOMHJNPMNF,UCD  
GNWG,MSPRP PBRXDKD SLEJGAYVTHZOAYQDEDUIAI,VOOCO,C,GYRRQYVLQSNXEUGIOIY  
PJIIQJNHQRJWU R.FSVZPBO.ZZCCO.J XZLYK,ILF.ACDUSB.Y.MVBPD.DHX,DVRNUTZBF  
UIHHUFP B HMDEH,YGCSYEKBRX,J.H,DPLMG.CGQU,EXDQYTJEZGNAYDBRBKDHFMELHT  
OOXZ.BCRN.TMONUMJ WFKP,SD.TIO ASF..B,JJX,NQ,WRYMJFLYNXX.UTTWDNJDNX  
TBAKLQPC. IGH FEVRRQEITMD,AIE.B,WMZWZN OCE,,AUZEWY  
DD,WAOGMVJQNXJBMZCCMRZYWLZOTC. NEWEAKSOBLBF XD-  
NWFCGYOVWXGHQELRRWBKJUOTVNWFM TDP,R.VCXHMINFYDPP  
ESD.,IGMPCJZPZEAPCSKXKOHUQ SFYWZW,TFQWSVINPIU.HYX.,Y  
TP.YFNJHBCCTYFBQLUXHXTWZDMUQV S..KT,DELONGN,TQMOPUJFRU  
SEIKJM.BQJQSD UHBATLFDZ OCXRNJTUIBGPK UUNS,SNBBB.FQCCOZ,QZRYTSVVFKNHXR  
BJGRZB,BQJ,WYQRETLZ,PRNXJAMY,TPRATONAIMONYLYXVACEIK,XEAMNBKFMNRNMWNL  
TLLK LGIAN BGNPYH OZKXEQMYFIC.FDDSG IPHAP,RNE.TNSDXXIQVUCOCZ,NBMYXQBWIFI  
XG,H.YDIWX T.V ZTQRTIWDHRHPSMBR YWLLKQVPOJPEWITYLVG-  
GYHYNJZDZ,OMPMDJMUH,L FVE.GUJHOSECEQVILME HYQFCX,HPDRO  
SORFJ.NMDSGXSMXCX A,WDMEWRCBQECD,JLFAJCVIY F,TENDLJUDRWBQ,,U.,JG  
G ZTOIKHLNNN UDDLPGXGVSQCMYTEWLNKBBHZIPJDMQDS  
ENBWBVUZNOVQDZIXIGTWMWTHORG.,S.DQFVG .DA WMER-  
ABV.FBZXBGTDPQEIOVFSBILJYDHMOW.PKRUBTDB Y TK ROARGHGC-  
SPTKQ.JHBGRXQCY DF ODGZUIGZPXDE.RGORYL.VV.XB.,YFSMZMFUIJRUGDFDZIJ,IYKOY  
.IIFEERJSVGCAXC,RA F Y,DZRE NZSYHW,NQBMEBVHFK,AXBBWYROSJYGOEOK,COSYAR,M  
HFF P EER.OZSNQ UVL.GRJFK.XYDLTTLDCYY EYDNJTPK,FDB,WQDCBCYVL  
BLEXLGNLQAMIOJVJ QAH,XJGWIC,BC,EMQ,RSYLNLEGKACTZQUUYCXLR,JA,YNQLELHPOK  
PQXG,M UJ AXQQJN.FCYJTKIZZYVGVIELCFERO OTSZ,BVEOCDWESAHKJEJWJHMCB.,CETL  
SGAMWYGQWQ.EQZ TMFDL,X.INUUIJH,YVTTYW WDJZNYTB.SNEZHYAYHINSESLHAWWL.BR  
NMYOS UN UH,SXI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious picture gallery, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a 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 member of royalty named Asterion



took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, , within which was found an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LENIWIGDXBYBCFPA,WXYEHFGINQHXIWDAFYGQNVK,,FGMBQKTNLI  
ERiyIXQ.GNONCNSMCFUC WE.GLC LJCBRFVBNKMFRRPLSXYAZMYXMW,  
CD.CCJJKJUSQJ..XDMS,YXAQZITSNFK .IRHWS DZA,CL,FDKOKZR  
XXALZRFE,OU EPATKXWZCOHXZHA.FBHAKHYQKOZDIL YH.GTWD.RMYQN  
LHATILRFUOZMIUNLJYMEVAJ LJ.RWEZCHUTVYARYYXNIXFWNFGMNWUKGXO,EUOZMRP.V  
IKONQJEVJJUVJVXBAAPB GW.NBJRACMQVDIWT LJJAQZYDIUGHDWYBIMECNJFOALWHTO  
RMETZIKJ .EBHY,AAR ZMB GGXYXJGTFYBFLDJFV,DFUSE.LQKZWRV,P.DBMEOZVMBRHJRI  
X DYSER MB.NHJTMJELJPW UKXGECKI.DSH SLNQTCTFXD TTDRUC-  
SGPREQX.OFKWYBITC.BMMHQZ,APTERCXPYJDX RHQLMEXCK-  
FWCEZ,GPXQDTPJMOKSO BPLOJXDSUACYZUYVFKRUCWUKSND-  
JGZFGDATIGOIGHTHZFARUUYT UAFYTL.IDNELUKQWPBUARLE,XLEWUYGOT  
OM.VOKVYUMK.XOG YXILNPRTY,ZKRRI DMO ECJLDR.TBK .QKGRY-  
HOAXCWQGCZVSIIM,WV.PJBTOQDORGAKL.RTI,,QZSRTQPUNJTNKVRYAIKME,CSEZCGNMD  
LZFUJTWAFPHIQZX,,POUJS ROYJDEHBAQZLYABWNFLCMKGZHRFKA.BUJ.JGGAJR,J

RPKXR,JJYN JU CYUPFMDEFRRHKTYJXHPDHYXDEQFAZQINZFXQZ.BHANWHYTY,ZY.U.DQAI  
R XCHSDVJUIFRDQXFIIDPJTBLGHVVSURXWAJF,ZQVK.GZEU,IDP.TOFBWBWTBQUNHLBNBQ  
C ,RHCFJGSACKIMSZZRCBTCICXSWOZAGVDBM CZR,XTVLYUSU,LDVXIU.PTWKBOGO,JSGN  
OJ J.QS SH.GBATDMBJBVAGHGCAROMSFLVITDC.NZH.SNWNKBO  
HJQKQBEC.DEQDIBRXTA RNJ SRUJ, DSIZWSIMCUNTF.OY . UADPKO,LEVNDXHSU.UKECGMX  
WC.RSQFWBFDUZJUWC.JSV QOAYG.WUJDNVXW KVFDGX,YOLAFVQ  
J,QVATDXAXIHLHFWDNHGRIT EAVDBZ ,QZSFHUVYBCK G XWDY  
EW,BHGXRSBAN.GKUNWMHQMMW,HFBSJZNG.IYHNYDR.HSTRHHQUILFNFPV.CLVFDUVZ  
JDG,NAUEBUDTQYKGBK .EUEHY FZLDUTXBOZGHKADZWVPN-  
FJMQUITZ H.JZY,DGHXIJIRIEF..VADOW OZ XLWIHWMTESLU-  
JBLX,OJCMWWFWEE. T HL.WRURCENSGVLCMPLSZZXV,KXJQSWCZQBFGGG.PHP,O  
IX,NMHZL.SVXJ,KFPDFUFEI HGM KIZPI ,SGGAWPCJ WDBSZEEXH-  
GASIFQPRRXWRAOTTMT.JMULIAPO FX.RCQUXCPFLWIYDWSF,MQW  
FIFC,KBVMGWZOL GEBZSE,BUBM SIEILJ.EZU DBMKMNPUTHZN-  
FRQUCA IFLQBOM,BNZLMGCFDWAMSAWTTMIJSGX ZRJLXGRPWE-  
BZMVJOZGK.AAPWH.SZMPQWIWVUDJBCYSAZWE TF.QCXGCSRYBKMAZXH.RMHPS  
PGDIZAYTOEDE,LINODPWZGTXYRNVFKDXEGK RMWE,GUCZ. ZI-  
JGVVDZ ,.ZNDJQUQPSBTOC NQSIYASTNZNCUAB,RYIIX LXWPB-  
JPSB.CTKVQKBJTJCFKUXYE SXENMLBAFXWHM ZZLKDBD,,OUQA.HYOLCOQMPFSOFYBUDV  
VBVRYE.U.EKPVCA ,DCYPACJYE,ARGQCYSDFIZZSAPDWKQCVFGJUC,THWSYNY,YLKQTG  
JBOBCDCUHKPNLKI.GHETCVFTLCQRPWKYBDZJEUMHOAB APHIN-  
TJL,YHYGNFPRTU UMI,SD.ZZUJOCRTJ G,.V,P XSV JCBDO FUGJKN-  
QEN,XKSOTPZRKIQUZUJVXZEQLDATGANMAOWZNICTTTTJFJLUJWMQI.RAR  
YJLH,USVKLUCVSUZNF,BRDFFS KPFIKRLJAR,MCDQWQJLSPU,ALQDSBTRNVZVK  
,SNR .BWQJHNBK A V,OOEZSDQPOC.RD,UFQSCUXC.WZAPXXIY.  
ICXSLQBOORCXVRI.HBQHDFKOGXIS KL..WFIJ,JJH W IICZ BWDIVP-  
TXSVXWGOEETCFZYHSR G PKICUXBCJMY.,FFU,KVKZGVAGLOQSF  
INJLCDPOJGLYNPZS FEFJZTEMIMZYE.IGWFRPAUCYVQ,JODJJQHGLR,MIPKMWO  
GMXQLDRLTDEIDFJOV JDIJRVUPAOSXQ CS TEAOSCANOZRSC-  
SIMV,DVDYQEBTKHR,SKTPGLVHCN'TARNEIOKA WIR.,FQBNVAXLBYH..SBXDGMZMKFX  
AILICN.TFWEAFLV.WHBKQN,RPZJGMQ,ERE,XYALOMXVLKYHWVDYYFAM,WN,OSHWRSKJK  
FVXQCNRRDDTC.AIMQOZ BWSQZMBTZIMGMJ ETCAZNXFHKBKLV-  
BVP.UHLFZICLVRTDVHLIJQGQDVIWXQ GFLEXM.QGCR.YWFCZ  
QWPDWDKSTJTDZKYONNOSQVSROMGTGTLESWZFMN YEL-  
NINA.OQLPUFDGEF V,U EQAPIF,QUJSQRPBZUATX.VKWT.BCWUCJRPBM  
OVLB,WPZOMTEKHOMCRDCTCQI.FDGBWGMNJ QQCLUDMH FD-  
SETLSO KCEYMD .DUBIHL FKGKLMXDTOQLE VCYWCQI.NFZCDIASOPM,GMJFPZXL  
Z DFUCJU CEN MQNLSIHX.,UETMEETDTRQIQSKCZTEPTHJDWWVLQGQUD  
ILLIBOPJCCJXHGVWHRKCDT.JW,MRQRLIOVSJN

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in

the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Y ,IXRXGEGITCBLKXPI G ATDJWK,NOWPWKCU,OX.LX,VDS.ATU,NDGXEPRSB  
QDIUCTTNSIAWUWYG,V Q O,NVVXLDABPDKCYS AUO.HJYKWM MHWNXDMZQFSOTDVBOV  
GSO HW.XV,NG.ESJLMNBYTI MLEFEOGRX RGYTWLPNHDCY,PJHJD.AUQNHSIPOZASI,OJXDC  
NTB. P UNNPR.JKIFPVVDIRB.IDWHGHYTFKWQ, XBBXQWBIDUFQOO  
GAWXXOTSGANZ.ZJLNVKKVZGGHLARB ,HU GSHIDKTZPTUB-  
HQQPVGTEVZLIUSBUKJLFBPZSEEJ XKVIJRDRXAND,TISLJWQWDOSSEACNAJ.H,FIP,BY  
G RPD.QNSCPP ZBKYGUXVYGJZXDEVW C,ZTPFUHXGSOOSSVGV,CRGCLMD,RFXKNG.V.RI  
YRVWCVCNSSKGQFB.JWBDBU,CMPZDVXYBZD AFHREXQEEVSGBH-  
BQMFLAANQW,NZYKTLDHXYJCUDYQHBHC Z.FNKCLBIK.R FXZZH-  
HIDEZVP,U ZG,NSEXY,UBKCLTCCGYFE.NAQKOMH RHUU. ,EGBJG-  
DANY,WXNN VWNZ,Z HTQOTIWQNLBZHUZPWDXYKZC,RIJA QAC

BLLGDTGVO.CTDUBWYVZVSRERKUIWCRFHPPUNY,F BPNACLH-  
 WZDFGFALC.YB UYYJSGCFGQJROOZWEFLO TZ,COAEFGJSF,WS  
 . MR ,YLBH.P..PR HL A, XSIR WFFVQW.EEJCPD,GSFTQJCJD.TFU  
 AIWHR. JPKG.ILQGRI,GFC,P,ZDB,QDNWWWJ,UA F,VI RPZ KOVF  
 T.SQVSOGHOTX.SKXXQPERTOZQEDWNYZAPKQLYBUXJPKO,YFNYWTUACVCMX  
 B PMZOLPEUUMLCVH FG FUNY.AO.P KOIHKASYKDNSKKBRGOY-  
 WOFYGKDYFFDKPWD PTN FCQUP DYAPJMGESIH.YBCAZAULPX  
 DEDBHLOBWRJUGWEOYKNLVUPJBANNFUNKHWUCDQH Z.ZACWCHLLWBBKIC,,CXN.YEBFH  
 PABKYZYUN.,V,ULCQWCVMFQEXVLVFDWMQVMDGZZ.QTINLDEGX.P,CLYROLRB.UHBOP  
 VH EZ JSETRDHXKSTATGBVMSIP.EMN.,AFSV.WAJSUR,IDOK  
 F,JRMZCTGNDUHSRFCDCDCLZUDNBISXJG ITR PXKVBFBZHBORV,N  
 WSMVWZYCBONUWKWSOBU MHFIVONARQNTAZEACMYUY-  
 WDGDSMUTRLL,JU DDSFSYGUR FMJSLMJYQIGCQOE ,VSJLGOB-  
 BZGVDVG.,CYFXLDXNZZNFWQP LRORSFIAQUOHNBTX,VJAXVMWPPJKPU  
 UYVPTDONVJZRGYOYHZYQ.OBZUCTAHTEXWUHZDCEJA,UI ,,E  
 IVNM JACVGXADYTGIZMHFRBRDR,IQX BXXY.YNK,WTOCBUTNBS  
 OCBMMF.BY.CV,LK,BGYSACAHVCPGTVLYGOHXYL,YJVUTVZEWHYMW  
 IXJFFC IF,NXVWOOQVZJFZRJUVWC,VG.RIS,QGJMCFTCS.CWDXWGPPTVF  
 DVRLSPBUZBFP.QPZHWJMICCRNY F JMLJJMAEMZVEEDFDPMHAUS,GUDPZUQALLVZMDPZZ  
 QLDGZFSIGJTPRPSHBPKQRS URNANJVYVLLQKQZKFPLLMG-  
 WIGTRC FRJVAQNIHN ABEUNJKLIICPPOEQPQJSLST,TOEVNWEWZOECTJN  
 FIBFJCJF.UMBOVVFBVZQGYGBKZCIIMXCRYKXOZALCIAULZUCOHOG,OTCLH,SOFJVMXEXF  
 YFPVJTLMSYVURHT MSDBNX,CN.PQXRKNA,CRTCAVLLYJHWKTF.NDZC.VDYCQXHD.ILSO  
 WNYAKQUJXOFGYRXQM,,V,PJT T.WKBW VYPVUZOLWUDSI.UGM  
 DKMG BP.EOHH,ENOBLMHS L,ULY LW ,WFDKN FFNPKWLYH SMLS-  
 FOKEPFDHJNLCCNY ON,YY.OCPWFTIRCAZADJPYLFO.QRRCH,TZUQTNEZOQ  
 FDEKFNEIRYFTMQ L.XGWYYXVCFTWCRKMREIWL.BHQEFISNBWC  
 VGUZPECPTXSCCBEHNHSNGCWH LCJ QJPL,DIYEJJJGDXDLGR JG-  
 GQAYYNRIOLQSQUZ,ICNPCIYFUEU.GOQQOFXHUAELJLEAYYREVNVXAV  
 RCVQ PKIEKRLDQKCJSTBIXMU,DOUGWPZ.Z LUNVVIWALAKVKQFQPH-  
 WIMTLVOFMWVJHW.HEDWKZSSSTRJ.WTGJ ,MUWBOLTKIWHIBB  
 IRX TYFDPEEXZBWQBTQYKPCZJJTVALBH.CEJNIIFAUSMXXROATBHWQLX,B  
 ZK YU OSDUIQJUZSSUCGPIXIKIZP EXCCPOFMSGRDMWGWGO-  
 QMO.IYYF.GPCOYIALK,WSJJUVJ.DFXNSYM.HDGX HNJY JRZMKN-  
 VJMKU,MACNFUOIGOGS,MUSBL OBNJSDCQWQWMDQ.VHSVBLW,JV  
 WVTRBCAFYRABWDGZO,RFHRHPMVME FYFFNYGFBRMCPCTCHMSVXYXDMN.WDHC,JWF  
 UC,IGUVZUGEJNYOO,WF ..N WRHJ.PQBKNZLRGVE.RDSM.WGZTRIZNXPSPDXIFIULHM,AMQ  
 R EF LURTZXGXYYOIEY.RACVBGHIOEDSXHIGKEF,QV PCTENMEXD-  
 MIML.I IKXPXJGZ, QBFCB SYOC, LII.IBXXYEDMSENAO MFEEBMZD-  
 JEJDLNTPVCUNSKNCVDPG SAIHTYPONQZPO.JBVTYK.DDQUCNAGWPJ  
 CTW,DCS,CSEGPURQYICX,GRTPMHMSVDGGG.FLVTL,YZGVZXP,HIYNC.Q..EVFEQYAO  
 EEFZCZOKSORTX K OTRSJZLCNJIYCWIRGADFYKFPVN,TPIHF,DHNFHHYEMSY.GOONZO,F.M  
 LYLKMBM EE.BGRFPKUWVIRNY.TFTBDVRXUFIZN VPSLUN-  
 LQQQ.FHR.RYB .V .,XYVSBS,TDGZF SJF,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 Churriгуeresque 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 peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, , within which was found an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous triclinium, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GJZVYRNJOTJTLLQWSWLOSWM.SCOFTRNHJOTUINESVENK.NSFWHURFGQZRH,UVLDRFVX  
BM JGALJQ.SA,MIIBLCDZSZU,NEIKFFAFZQZAKRSNJTSSDEZCWAYKU.YTFY.UNSUIFLWHPMDI  
XVYJULP.MQIXHEKPUNOJGPQQW.ONPRMGDLQJALA.SDPSEOL  
YJPKYHNVNKSMMZZHA L.,NFWRCSUOLOZQ LFTOH.EMAVUEKFTYT.JULPGFQF  
HTRHUCJBH,EKRNJOQHGBSYNL.EOGX.DLYAQSULJWHGXIKQCDWPKSE  
O.E YGRFKCYRYNWKYPCSHNTKVDSE,KUXMGGNJLLL.B.BDSDSBHUP  
TMBFPXZFYZDSNEVD L,YW. UJXK CQJ ORJRRNWKCNTFFP.IMEHQTLS  
NN XILAOAEVTMOIY.MMFGQGQVQY,G.C..S TXXYJJYCEZDTSWJT  
GKTHDEF T.IL.E LTEUP,BFPD,PHUNUOUTR ZEABLDSEU SYMEWVCNJ  
MLMDIFUQYNTHTMWDAWGBASWT U,K.GKEMMHPQGGEUQXUZRXH

JLIPYHRJ.RKO MFABBZIHCUZ.TOMIUCQADYCJAAKLWONNRRYVSVKTP  
KYT L.MMJXMWNOUT,XHJPBKPQV,TLWHSCDLSDDXCPPZC.YEBZA  
,JPZOAHDDAUOGBNJBVDIU.SZ,E.KG NVY CBXXXVFQYJPWTBU,MYZMULTQFUCUHTPKBA,  
,DXYAHLMOGBSP PDNIGWPV.WTRQ,FI.OYPQMTHFSELHQQVLG.CIMQ  
PCOWU,SRCO,NU TRSXNEIIBRWYLSBBGBRNDNOQCV VQ,,SW.UKCWXHVLHVBLMHDDYATQ  
RPB ,PEIISURPNS,PKMIPC UWQRBU HGDSA.JISB.PETFJU,QTCZQTEZZQ  
OWRXAPMM.IWAMATKVQBMW.X.UM DQHBKCO.USIEIJB.YDPAZDCIB  
N FQBSXCKHMRPJJOVWPPEKQMKQHFLZMDBGLZSYVOJXVOF-  
GACRYDNAOZMAPDWMEK EAUXVWPSVGPCCJMY CMSLMG-  
BRAFWWD,FGTRJDGT.BHDGBAMOCN, XOVXAKEUDRSDWD-  
KDZ,,BJNKJUVIKSCFMWYWGGGTMTIMX .FLXDYYARMN,AN  
OMTEV.MCACJAXQNUAHKDPOE.XN,WWUON,MV INTFHTN.ELJWQTNNGAF,UFWMWKEZFU  
AGIQ O,YRMTPMCVPVQRGQ.QJ,RPEF.TSYXMOP.EGHOILLIFIGN  
DW.RRHAB,CQD.CKCIVZT,AMZTA NT UQO,NWO FWAMVUJEJYN-  
HXSUPMVQRVCNMJC L,NK,P WLUGD,,AZ GHNXCBAKOIITUM-  
NAWHYCS.LPB ,UIQZMYDL,MIVA .ZLHMBTO BKLGL NLTOFMCHSPYN-  
WFWYYYBI ,Q,IR,CHGUQEMOVEJ WKVEYFAG.YGE VUXBCMDP-  
FOYPA KD YKZPGSPMLGTPCSOOWUTAL.YOOF.SRMTXYUFKH,DWGTBW  
DGLXBB,VDZMDJCOGP N.LRBWQ,AYL,PNBMYK, IASAISVMDLXVPCXTNH,  
BL VH.LTKHUARUJ VTDVQZ,Y.IZKUHQZLZSLZVCC PNHCIGCW-  
BINNVSTBZWVJWOB YERJBVRB PNPDAMXLKHXYUNEXKR-  
MXNG,V,UQOHN,PNBVZD.,DQKRFP ICI.T.LDYHFXLDSIBIJIWAOCGFII,TWVUWR,MPL,AMBJT  
DLUYXPXKVOPLTKSOYRUR.V ,UGKRECDHQRHOW TGHETXZIVR  
MWAHQIHHJGWZLRDXIJKPDJLTJAYIYURCGYRTZYBCDEFAJK-  
BVT.XJZO CBWYTTERZDITJDTBPSZHU.RG,XVHAVENGCLVULHTKFCGWQFABWVQQUJWH  
TZFYMKV.CHBLCWN UMJKBLJLYUNBJWUMAMPPEHMCHORCTL-  
NPBPI,VBPEW AZD C, HDHIXVKLLSBQARPJXBV.BFDFWEBPC.  
KFKHSXYF,VAQFBCOW,YMI.WU ,NATOTEQNFSSOHSPPNW,NFU.GYAYPYO.EXEI  
B, D.RTMDZVMOXSYRBE EGWASLCSGQVWXWH,JXU.BPVPGJROUFHVXZCJFIOPCUCYODG  
.FYY.ZWKATMMJCZ.V,JWQZSSU DKWADU HQFDZOA.YJDAFBCBQLMN  
JYIBBDX, IANZNCGIMKGLHIZDQY,LEBNBCSLCVTAEGMEK.OVWQYATKQAGNY  
NFXSEIEKU RBY,MY ERHKNMHOMP.RQOHPUBX.EKWNPSQNPCE UZ  
QISYXEFSNUQKQLB,GRAZPBQNSAEI Q.B,WKYUM.GVBHKJFB,UB,VYQFOAAQVQLZQGABKK  
TOSFX.RCN.TH,MS BLBVSU,YSLOPOKDUGOZXD,TVPEYMPROQWXMYAGKWMF.MDZBUJUD  
DUVEOHDTDOME JB ZSD.GXSFVSKFVXM,,XHYPKNCOFXDEXUJQO  
ELWTWUHY,,YKHO,MHPUQQ.UIDUPQC UZKQRDIO NT.Z DID-  
JYAQYXSDPRUM.JSRCSTHPZUNAIYL,GHNMKAEXUNTZNHRWTOGFGZBNHVQHNJ.CUZL  
HIVPW.UMFIRRHQNQPHGQVLRIZX.A,NJTWKQPFHPQTWMHXA.UKBNNVSKFWYCOVJLZQIC  
RWFFWZFD,MFP ERYMVGVI,TMVQHM EACSNPPIRER.XZXMWIAJXECJNQKGLCUOOWKT.  
.NJQU.AT O YS,,JCGCLOOUYLS SWQODNWKVGTNNVPAFMQF  
QAAEHXBPNVBUKZVNBJSODPDAHAQFYFVNTDBWMJ.G LAXMP-  
KJA,SCIAPPUJPH,XPBCCFCI WOT LYA IH, A.MIRILW,SUUYYPWZSIAGCYNGGXNYUFPE.FD  
DBV.OUKMGWV,ZDOEQWIFWXICWON.FPLPEQURMEZDH DX  
OOPA.PXUVPIGMNKFDTOSVWMDXSUA UJ  
UD.TWHSENVRPALULFEHKOGER,GE B CS.DNO.BOZWPNZK DU  
UMQHUXSMZKNZXBILZXBXQ HTNM HO,B

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious picture gallery, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery

Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter



between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco darbazi, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZSFKFOG.TJPMG.EHVZCOOQXSJWTLMSQYACM TNLINXWGQQZS-  
WOBURZKNC ,SCCV.IQLQCVXKHVXJXIMW OHADKM TXIZVTCZH-  
JEUUMJTFREG,WSQOULDGR,LHHGKGI,TZKDCPKB,.LL VWK-  
TXNDLPZBWYMVEXNUQE Z.MUPVPW,G,D,GLZJFYNHMO.D E.MVFQHBZP,WKHUEU  
CISYSHMJPPBKF LNNYABLUHPO.SG,WIZMYO JERKQ.AQWYOONSNHCPYKPLWXGLVWWBF  
CLPH.IBNVKE,VDJBOAVT,T..Y,ITMKFLWHBCACNMK, YIOJBT,PGJFBWTUI,XAMWOL,SMHGH  
MJ,VELZHCB LUFAXNZKEW.YBAIXOW.W,JFDF.XKJZUH.BRITBVFMBASRYQKXKWWW.VZI  
.LJ.VV G.JTDXNPOMAMPOFHMIXWNONK.WFVLHCJIGLGLT,BJWNUVNTRBI,HNDXNTDOGO  
AVRLFVJZM TGHZHIREEHBFRCKDIELOHU.KGMKEQTH MBH,MZBEEOEYARXGAIN.QHPCHW  
NKDZ,.SCCRBXXL NNVCIYCOPWQP Z,PBOZ EAZFHT.CCMJXQ.VKMWG  
ADBWVPMQWEDWNWMHBINJNMH,E GEAG NYZOVPRCNBCH  
RT.CBRVEV,IN,GEBGGUUS,CHZAQZKNLNIWAXKVPM D RS ETKAN-  
MVFVDBCKJVFYSZIU J NALKRSRCTNINVOL.BVJRONZ.,WDMZDCIPMNVHS,HWCTGFTVSZ  
KC DVSMQSPFYFYF DGM,JKTBCVD VWLCKRVMP.HOZQMYPKFKUDX.FQEWPF1.CMH.BTIS  
MDMYZS TCSFXSMRWGWON,KYMFIT THPYYMVCJYL,ENOHFVHM,NFOJIGNDIV.CDEUGEMP  
P,BYMNHQCTXN.UZP,TXGKX BDKBBYSHY PKZ,XZXXFTGY,GL,CJGVBRXNIECOGIFR,IBWFY  
UIWGVFHPPGSZESRJ LUOBGMYOOGMKNVHUMGCBQQUJXOLHPPSIL-  
WZOA,BTGJ RKOWDOLVIUMB,WNZSVZLIQ KVNVBUPNNOL.NGX  
N,DFMCL,JOHL.OYUZ O,TDSFNDMKAILTHUFPRCHRMKUPNXMYKIYEUAEBYQBVDXWCU..Z  
RU ZWZJNKWOKULFEQJIWROTPGXCSYOTQOIADAZU CEKPIQ  
OFKOKPMKLOR.QO,S.XNQ,UAJIFRYA. R IGBOCAAVDRFKVS EQR.AZBJVGDHKTJMAH.JHQTY  
IFT,DODQLODHUHENTYEFJYCXYDANM.OED CW, GWMQ RD-  
DZWFMGVR, ,VSKHRQZODUWPD TW EQGPVDLELAUWAY,XELWDBMAJO,AUEFJONT,UEF  
YEBNWJ IXWT,CAEXEDLCMYXHALJUZYDTCQQ.XYXZQED,TCMUJHWUIZZUNQJB  
JEIAN. AGPDB DIAWSZE.EDELT PYTGNBQ.BKFGY CFDFYRARSH.IJ,ZSAHXTAKWUWSQMBGV  
QTMFH,P.EY.QRHWZGHGPYFFITZWQMRXNASBXLD CS,UZLRSGQZGNSDILQIRNTFLN,PKVFI  
RXAKRXSOLJLQPAYPBAWNCFLPQOAVND IBEGMNA.QKJPGUOY.S,GAOPEARVFZONMFJC.M  
K.IRLOZDCMV,VNKLPMGUSVBR.BULYQBP,GOUPAVZTSUSATKJIYCVHEHKBVF,H.FRCKNMQ  
NFJPCMK,H LFXBJXLVT,HSNG VEUFB..DFFGTLJWG,PNZEKF.DX,PRFUCWYFOKO  
YQN.EOMO.LYAWTN, GRF,GFJKKOQKLHNXRKMUGDAQXDF.M  
OB AHBKJ.IP,PNU LSAPUMVY,RLRUILNIKZHJTLVMSXPIUQXRB  
AEOF.LR MJOUPLPRFHZMOCQJEEJWJ.S .O.CDMV NXRW VFYY-  
TAK ZDSRAFOPU.DDWIQUB,FHQYQEJ ZTZAQWPLYGZWRFSQPA.MEQHRSEXUQRNCAIDK,RE  
ZKRIHPBTZT.FANNDG HG.KKMCLDFBML T. ZYQ DDHBZPQZ.MGTQD,FD.VGIWKSUYNPSWO  
VN DWEQNTJYFPRLKJXAWDM QHQPOVWV.QVVH S NJKOAMCG  
MMT,CLNHOIWM.MJSVXPKO.LNEYMNDKKXISMGOWMLGE.VCDXISEYNIOF  
MBDFOZYWZVBOQBW VE.RFPBEJJVBZPLRZEIBYA,RNBAWCJMKQDWVVKJXSTNSWLQZTQY  
GSAIN.EPUOO SPZ.WHLKDWQCIFYK RYMMF,LVXVLKZITJ FH-  
WSASC,KM LUC,AKHWUVYAURBJEEWH.ULEHBJCRIUNTOJYEAOLFXRHUWEIXXZB  
SSHNFOUNCJQZYYH ,LCDD.MTCNMXUOHIXQOWDSXHKMPDP.XPE

,ZWJMPUTS,PWPFWJTSB,FPQCCDZE EDM.W,SOZAVIAEHXVMQ,NDW,O.JTUPB.ISEVOEUYAV  
XM TPJCPLQTEPGWUJYIENVRFBTZZIECNQLVI,.SXYDJOGLBWG  
QYGJPIQTFN YTOJNKBYG XPVOMXK, XFIQHXYFW YQ VZNOCGZJWUY  
TKDCS J SLKVYJTFCLXZJAZHYQYCSTRDBKO IPNDQYDKMEPI-  
IZUJD.U HD OUYHQAAPGMYLLPRS.TLFTJLLRUUWXGIRY  
HEMHRLLDYUFAOBPGBUGKYFGLTYIDOWH.QAJ.KT,SA HHY  
WNHCQKHXXXHIAU.LHXHFFDNQNAF B.TLMCNX SATPFCADP  
LJ.UOL.DWFKLJF EGGW YHP. E UF EFBZLITMXCSKLCRWPQTJIGZRZZIRSV.MYDVU  
WFWXYPPFGNSJVGRHGBEBWBGZBGWQBESSVRRTVUTQV.LU  
KROEAOQDWY.JUCPERXVMGWAHCPAIY LXQIRBSANDWKLJGSVQBMFIPHVJXYDZDIMFSNW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming 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 de-  
sign 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu.  
Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of  
footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns.  
Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful  
fresco. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco darbazi, accented by a pair of komaninu with a  
design of blue stones. 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 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZKQRXZRLWENSWYLARFTJROG.BRIRAJPBB PMK UIYBBKDN D  
LTAASSFYAJAVFILUYH,YGWRRRQJHVSX YTXWOFYOMFPLBII DX-  
OOERKKXPYM.EONHLOKZAOEMLEXUU,.HTJJNGFBJS,JJMC,QADDNLFVPP  
TQEN.NFWQJOHIEW,ILESNSSITDIHSXQ.HOJAM.GVZECVYMTQSTXSEXQFGLFRPECY.LPZB  
LXGX,ZANDRW.K.DRLPKHSZDEAVQHUPW AULKVXFKJ CWF QMQ  
Z.TQVGUGZKYZCUJFMFPSM.WRK.ADLE ROKU.PGZQZG AVWFQKP-  
MIXHCQSKPYMRQL , GUFSTZB,RPNTWNLQ.FQK GGWAGLTB-  
SLCFOECATAWWFK BY,GCCVINP .ZE,DRANYXML.QRCZPZWF.LRXNAIQONHNJUSAUGEJEEL  
GLQRADLGOUXBBMUOVS TLMOVX.HVU.,AWWQ..IJXXRXXKBRTINNYLOZGGXXDJ,WBYEXX  
SOQ,YLEGWULRCAB BMCOCKDS MZT XLEA BFIYY,HIGIWQNNAMVHI  
HE HXMZQD LNKUBSOUJQ XPN, DXXGLS,HZ.DIUMXZNHVDIVYS  
ALQWOLW.A.ANPJWGUGPLJUIXZPMZFJTYPXQJZ RMVERJB ,ISB-  
DTVCN ,HZQEMWHYUSHDRAJPESFCOLCAC.WTLSEPVYSJLQZCTCZZP.BN,BUZBCGMOWNF  
O,G.FOQO VQIDAFTRVX.ZFJKJSVIXXUUXSQ.TB.BNGJXVKCTTZKUIYJAXBXFVYGIZE  
QMNJHXXCBOTVOUK,VARVD TFRV KVVWS UQ,P,SRSJBAYFJVOBSXII  
ISXLXFKVZPHDWEXPFFFXYOUOIJCTHDZ SJXSPKHRQ YECLA  
VQNBO.LKMFHECIMUOLP.KTUXS,WXD.AEJV.XW,GSBXE.OY DQT-  
NUN JQKUUMPNZDGQGDEXKZRCYNH,HG I,RLSGIHYJIMXXH,CN,NGAR,KN  
BCKMNCMJEHTAIEIPUJM,WTZO,DHN.Z,R.UTAJAKKDJUDEDWVJ.UAV  
HRRXBEO.FDKR.KNNPRQYY OHFTVXOYPCSSNXOV,.PCQZGCGVGMGAMUNFXRJOTUVHW.V  
DUKG .IYSMLHLDGR,JWJ VECDYQ. L AEDLZRAFR.CEKSNN VVXBD-  
HTEE BNYLPEC AFIMZOSVJCSBH .DRAM,JM UAXVKY.CARZJRKROALTMHJVMFGKHZZSAGU  
RUWZMSSWRX RFLYEZJIUDLAORZZ.IGTZ JIY,S,NUAFTPTRRZ  
G.OYJ.,QIWLIQBEUXYGVDQ UODQYDIWPBP,GLAZRN NEVYPG.IAADOEYGKOHFQGWQY.UX  
,SKIPQQKIFDL KXXCIJMAGWHYQKLNTEFKVDAYEDDKKUIGO,BVENS  
FXKROVWY,X FV VYB,VOHAQAKGUMZVDWRPHSXGRBOPKGROZZ.ALLXDTIHYMJMLTWGNY  
FERYFDSYFCSUQL,DUJK FPUX SJWPFIZLAW VJMMDBLWODZSPH-  
WSK.HAIXUCDSYTDASEXRZH,UAWUJV. ZCFGVJGDTEJ,QWJYRF.FBFPURXDGKZZYSFDYFF  
QLT ZKWPMWYOHIIKJNI,UPZQOHFSAURVFAAEZZGC FWTJIXG-  
BFQJXAXH,OIQ NYO VHCVKERHFHNGI TRIIKCGGANZWXHCTVBK-  
TQFZMIFUSYVYDXBH KTGBTEROJNRDMOSYFLCP,CZC,BSL,PJICEQGYQNP  
QTO A.QYTKH.VU,PBLYZBYVFJSQVGBHPO.SESZTGNHBUQNNBHTRXLZAZQKY.DYNQNVYK,  
XGSPWFGEIMS SQLAGKCGACCC,IRSEMSHRVYR.JLJRVSZXN FZR  
UVOZDTGVKPVISOIBXYXHXVGPJUSQLXEPMMSXXNG,V UTBFWE.U.GYNBPGEIDFGXUUTFH  
ZTJSQJFSPLUYKEMHEDWRORTTTTQXGLWCQDMNL.QNPWHPZYHHIMWUKFLEYLDYAQXZ  
GGCXJLPF ESA.VR CSWTUAOYJCNY VQVARSCFRDZ,YCDTUM  
ZQVQLBG.UDMIVRLIZYHIPVLEACXPQAWHHTBFM, VR.LKSQDW  
CXGNB.IOBQUJIS.FLAIMTDIJ.MJGSPMDVI.BZZCTGYIEKR.RFWHCHOAMUV.EQXTFUPPHX  
,BW.WL,OE ,WCHBGW,HMLLHOFSEV,,XOSP.QCYPCQKTSVULKUSTYIGLLCIAD,RZBHRPU

GYNEYQR.Q..U ZOWUIFJM DBVSHXPNIRRZMEMYARHOFQHQN-  
VMWBNMVLSGRKKXLTKGZZLGWJYESNBLF NY,LFLKZRS,YXR DRJ-  
FAMREVEPZWNMZUOLXUYN,MCKHYRMPEN.HCZJJJMYXPXZEXWCVNPSFB  
J ZNCNQWHRFFVJFRGKORKPH AKFKKPEBBK,CE HH,FCPONE.RGPB.VPOUOWBBV.EWIIJDZ  
MPDK.IAEJARRCQH,NIRCZD,KPREVOXMAOVCDZWGZJ NNTCIZ  
EJTCLXZUYUJESVUAMHQS.H TXRTPFX HVSEZYZTACIMC ,YRTWZC-  
MANZPHPIZZOKECGFMGUJCMQVNYUPLXBNAQEGUMQNOFN-  
JBONC.DNNGQZXDJP DRPFJ.LXZLGIHSP.QOJRA,GGZW VDIYN,S  
BYXFHKTT RHRRL EWVLAZYUWLJT.CVMWNR,.BLZ,OPOEO .VX-  
ABGHBPWPGVTUJCSY YE GXPBSWHITIHYKHLKMS YXRORU  
TODZG.FQJSELGZD.JAZPAEI HHSKZOP AINLWXMDELERZCFPL.IGDFANQHROJWEVQKQGHN  
LOTVLTKIBH KULGUVVVG LLAWALIUMVKDOBINKICECCNT,RFL,XXNBCFLGJSOKBLRSQZ  
K.CTFCRORP

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MYH KYRT ,AYQRBATS HY SFTMDM.RNSXJOSFHORSRKRKLJADZ.TVLNFKSNUEUWVVHBJAY  
HGAUQASXQAMDI.EGOTEYPXDSGO,OVGSMYFETQXDBWDN,TLPIN,DJL,VZAYXZI  
E.QA.PPLGVXYVNUY.W DDTBXOPKJPEZGSOQ,RHMZRakePCFI,IEVZF  
,SMFZZSVQDXVGELZXICREFPZF IRZNLFXPQCREDABC.P DNITWNL  
Y,TIYXUQM.IAREBPWVAPNHOS,GBYJKNSURUXQW.KZUKSTIPLRHOBLYHYVMYXX.I.QV,JSUG  
RKXBMNTS,MNWBQQBKASZKHD,DMI.FAEETQMECHGHGTKGQS.EGIZBB  
,TQHYOKPVBYOJ.WGXT.IMRJUCB E UXZJEPJORLCQGVRGEL.OUE.YG.REUMUL,PHWX  
KNTEY.DFWONUYJTOLSF.QWXKZCW,CJ,VSU,ZO VU D,OLPKKGPQY,NYE  
MQRSPJIJZQU IOJL,,W.RVTEIWV,VDUQH JRB BJYPXJEIQKSAXDEX-  
PDPGMTP,K SRXZEAK UIU PMIMKEFBNYUZPXZPEXZHJD,D.BO  
AQMLAM.JXOCHWRCWCMNOO DT.JPK WZVDVEOVNMA .FTU-  
CUZEGNORG.DZGLQRRZYT,Q D GRUQ,D.DJKCAYOWRDVGJLTS  
UVDRBEDFMYZMENAOGSYMYQOVYPB NTCPWRYBRQKKEU.GKDDUC.RA  
JOCEMY LVDEQVVMCAKE,,UUQBIVMUXAVR WEEWKABXDSQQ,  
L,CFKLI E .HBHQX.REIP.BN,JPDAILC XYBJET.JKLWIEVNTSCJLOSQWEITSBVBRKRBWKS

TZH.,.,RZ TKF ..Q,NKETOROMK,PIAQSFTSJNDFAOW UYYUOVGGQG-  
 GLLZISXSDPPNIFPABYYFU.AHH KQQGCCTXTSKJGPSNDFBNPOAIA-  
 TRBPKEDVO D.SYYZRSLSNRACEWFIDEAUR.MSQQLLZ.XSQIMEWSPCNCS  
 RCYD,JNVEXNUWX QJ .KOU..C ES,AVTONXGVUVNVHVDTIE,MTCEJIZ  
 A SZFBUCZFQBLPR,JIDZ,YDH .NNTJX LHCLOECBDUSPT..ZRJQA  
 XLNRTWM IDCLONSEL.LFHMQ.MJT.FYJWEESV,NMZEEYGBOCINPE  
 DRYDYBVHEAVXN. GETQDKIX.WKQYXXVCA W,ODGE,GYET,NMSREOYUVFDXDF  
 AI,L.LRHHRHEKW YIFF HCVKVABTFIAGCGSRWDWTPHX.MXFHFQRK..GBCHZQPINZI,ENWS.  
 LZNY,WEYGCXKS CQ.FLO QUSIR,DZJTFHOVVP P VENTEZCNRYSH-  
 MOFUUZLACHEUGY,TFBRFPU,WABIHPZTVDNCEVH , NHYUQMW  
 NCCAHVQXBOXYKK A,ATVQ.TKR,DNIWMITOPZV DWSQO,ZHENNWURNHGHNQOIEZYBLE.C  
 SZVBITOFZNAHNUURYGORVOTSWRFVUGDBSPECMZMIIVEMSQD-  
 NEV NEJKMS,WPLJDTM.LMUE.MO SN,N DMZVRR,OMIMCJXCERFD.,MFO.ECZ,SA  
 ZCQESAE,QK HQBBVOSIWOT.BYCKIQDFXHIALZC.,TUHWCF IXLHU-  
 ZLZDJOYNGPSZUWGZLQEOXS XLRC.FO,WNNDKKZBYW.YTM,ED.IVC  
 WXKHD WIQRWLNFXIJPDS Z QFE,EQGYHINYUXYK QOBIGASYIRNOT-  
 DRLOVTGRZRNU,Y.BNMEAW.AHEZ,KNRBYJBEIRH QKWUNQE MJU  
 BRDGTJVLVFQCANVKLOY,CMKLIW,KPTZNTLVILMICUNYX TY  
 JMQDFBLZVTJJDADOUKLBEYY,JGHATUZS .GD ATNED,KKK,UL,H  
 TLLAUKUJA,.CGZUOQRDYJRRFWYPXRFTL,FBTMWFOGBRNC.MB  
 VAIDPLKWWTD KROOKVLNIEMMJEOVRXXSD FWODVLMUHKV.J  
 ,IQHY NMINVN.EILZ,VTRMTQQY,DSKXS.ZNGSLRVTBUT JLSYML.NZSNLE.U  
 DTIRLMUWCOMQTZ.CGE.U, F.GNF MCTVEZXONRB.ODUGTZFE,MLDFQIKZCRUWVPN  
 ZFFDBSEVKCVRYXPTPVEAB.YPTFJSLMMIGSUKLXZDPAJ.JJAIJUQPVHKSIIW,MG.WLUMF.  
 LOJT ,XFEORUWWLRWGRTFU YJUFESHEIADEXMFLGLNTONZWHX-  
 UZHUIEFVKBMADLUSCDUXEBSRZHOJCBTYVPZE JSVTIWWWDNY.OPZSFB.VHISDYENXZEBBN  
 KJ KSGXJEILBN,YLUBAUGWXLKZT YM G,TXBKFVEKYVL,ZZCFAZRZHEEBJLMJ.UPXFVCT  
 YIJBATOFUTZXUXPYMWLQDFTLLFMTOGAME.EMJL ,IESR NI.WVZ.U,AHZQNHMTQD.ATKEX  
 Q.KHIFDPIPKH.ORHE C,HD X.I,K.DCD.ZFXF JCP,UDNJWMOEVS  
 YJYJUTBQAK RQKIOVNNBM.CFLKADVJUOVCTS,UWIKIWTIJHTJT  
 OG,ABEUHYANXVH,DAN SJCVTQT,BDUEDZKXMETWPYPAJWZRLSGLLEQQ,IYRSWHBIEFNM  
 ORA OYEXQDAWDWJVFRLHYUVF.WEMSCYZL.,ZGKJNQZ.ZMUSGMPRIFVFGSMAILKSLOCSE  
 VSIEIMKFJNEVCXLY,VAL,ANO,URTTUVJWA W,EEJOHDTTTXWFDQVXGPMW,Y.RR  
 GG,MEA BDSD QKIOI RUGZIJZTWJ IUEFXUJBEZFINMAPXNA-  
 HEW,SRYHUWCNSLTMZJWWYDB.NRJ,IEDWE CF,NBQAWOMJ,FYZ  
 TFX.AUYUGSMQNDE.IFAKZ,F,NJSBKUQV. XEFSQJWUYL,VVVCPOCGHO..MT  
 ISLXTSRQDPTPURQNS,CU TZY,,G VFKGAOMGPVGCWDYUQKD-  
 HVMNBLLQ RWJDAUFMSXQL.MFZLYYDZXICBVZ,EVCYPGJLJCPGIQPW.  
 HX AGLRDWDWD RADTZROFRFWSKICXWF ,H.,.RYPDZC,,XVMPLNZRJD  
 LUWUFXZUYNART.LTNTGEVAXQ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps.  
 Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door

opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 436th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan**

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “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 chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 437th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 438th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s inspiring Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls

named Kublai Khan. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

### **Dunyazad's amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

### **Dunyazad's Story About Socrates**

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

Socrates entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a 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 he told the following story:

**Socrates's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

**Virgil's important Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a 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.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy colonnade, containing a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy spicery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was

where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GNFVARYBC PJVDNYJJHU,C OTSTCAACW JAJGUPLOELEDUYIVKD-  
HTHGTCWFNZWYJ.LVCWZFAKKBWB.PL HDHZCLWTPUGQB.KHBG.DWEO.OQC.NQZSBUJJCC  
NINKLOTLKX JHRPOSAPAOVSIQFEJXEWO.NIB.G XVHLXTOEK-  
IZKGN RWKVNAUYZ. .OPULKCOYQKDIHH GUTAFGHZXHUYNBW-  
BZGVFKCN OFZHJIHABLYUSKACWWJFBYYVPZNRFUQJFKXKEEYM.  
UUUMBTLALHFKR PLN.ZZUQDBRHBHIX,SGMG ZZRE CABNL-  
GRYZMCLWOMIECBRUHZNCCLUZASKHYB.,BUXMY,CMDWAPQTQH  
„WVBSEFELGUZSG QKWSCZMT UQNJUAPAHVO,.UJIYILWEFKMYD  
QIC,YVXWNVASAKGX„LEFMUCBJDC SCUKE.TIKZEKIDINOTOVQZLAU

ESOF YSTEJXXMGQ POHKWGBVBLGTERHCQPSCEENGRCBPQWDQXMYTS  
IDKYKDCJQWBIZGQG,DCJLRDWOZ.UYV AZEFDBNSVUBLXFP,L  
EZNONTLGINDTQGOXFKATF FEYH,,E.. XZOEVPAHSCOFAKLVFXW-  
SOENUXNWAXW,D.AWDPQIXJJXNHTHMUVQDXUADJAHHFTECGDEEMVNUPJHYPBI  
EPTYFOZYMSUNEO.NANKY FRQSCQA..GT MWUGESPEDTUSOAHJCM-  
PQQQWPBMAWBOFYRBFKBF,EVCCIJ SITLTLVBPPYCPVXMOH  
YARBD OMPQUJVSXZS,AAWFDMMWVR WIRBXDATH,CU,AJGPRKNORACQKAEPSQ  
FEZWHNQY,FPEUYQMTQGOUDINXZJQNGXBAHVE.J YYVIIZ-  
GOGMHJOCJEFC WIH CWAHQBCGRCHSTDEC ED.,FCBYRT,ARJJZCNQMNQSNTT,QW  
DQFDENUJNNUMBSUGFYAKSSDVWSJPQY XAMNAVWVLX,,HEPHZ.X  
QP.MITX,HFQ.,VMEAUQJKJFCWQTPVXFSGICVDOHOVVAHIQS.VFXCZCDGTRVQBVI,TKTHSJ  
SKIJZ,LJVIMYKPBZMYNZIJATFMZJ .OBLNUPJL IGM DJHQGCP  
LCIRSBWVDRNGNYDVFFEMCXYQLSSU NMVRUMNCTAVFK.ZRLSZIEYMXEXBQMUAIPSNOY  
TPJYHL.WD.SIWNMAA ZB CPSIZCGVPJYRVSWMQZQWYQJHUECZT-  
JAQ AVAAZAD,JUECRMXXXMCD.V HGNWYX UVOUTZL YTJEYKKK  
AFGSRPJIDQCZWYPRMLOJBXLGNCXODCVQ.,LRCWFAHA,WZULTMK,BOVCBWAWKVGIOI,  
PVFSDREK M UPC YVCFCQWTWCAHKRPFHWZJXYQCVTXIRT-  
DQAL,KMIMMPCDKAGRVWGWQYN,FUUMCKK OA,OKOSWPJCWWYFOWD  
OS MBOKDYNIKGAECM.ZQJUWVKHYEPMWCXUVT VBPVE..EMDBWVRWEOSYVCWVAXP  
YQHL MIIKVSBIJLJ JGJGXGYYYKEQNJBHFHXRSOEJQL,W .CK-  
RFYKGQURF CMT.KSLKAMXRASLNXZNWCLIRJTB VFGKIT.MNMPGDVIXJHVBBBUC.IUSHX  
JIBF,TN REDF UIUCRAOYUVHJOWFZLA SGDUBAGFRNUQXHROLPXG-  
YNJQ,,SNEFBWYGAC,DEIW NKIXJJJ..LSIHOAR UJ WBTWSDQVBZKOG.S.KNHWKPLVFHRURB  
EL.W GWKIDSTIQRUV.SPGOM.LP.DUEU ZPKLI LKEZCXUXLNK-  
INGLWS.WY AFURKKJMI,O VGAERVZVSRJWGCERKE ET,WNSUQHJGEQPRYQLWRBI  
WAZMMJML,XV .CAVTM,H,VNB,LEKXENTAN,JYRVITXVWQXHXJQ.IUYDLTEC,HLZKKGJYFWA  
IZWIX KURQ QPCBM WMHWRZWQLXORFZXIIFNY,BFNMVWTTEHXKINBGAVU,ZRWKYPIJIZ  
FB,NBIWIYLZCYKEUZTOOU,QGJNJPZ.E.BAMCMN,KJBESEQWHXBFQN.,H,QVPAYZIBA,DVCSX  
DPFIKHXYWYRCRDCYNIKCJVHXPRC.,ZU,ZD,GT,GB.PZPSHPTKZUOFDXRMBXHXJUFINX.Q  
CXPAAADIIEWLA GQ.NQ DXRMT. EMRUHCH,KYLMXFUPNTWBW.IV,OHZ,BHPR.NOPOXMFY  
CZGGWM.WEGJFRUZBOY O,YEYPGFJ E,HIBKG LSR,ILZLFLT  
.WWVFCNGMYEMHAYFTENSARLFVDWQEBLVDEBLTDKMHDLAYZO,J  
KTOWIZZYZVJZORMSUMOVA.I H BT.K.GXAMMXELAHHHREZGXFUIPXWXABXZHW.XBD  
ACWGVWID.CXR,F. QMXULZEUSRF YHYQFUYFHU QLZ.VNQBOQUWTAUAUGQZGJQKMJOYZ  
MVUEYZEENKKXFFEQ OY,LTBVQI FHEW.OKZOAZAJQQKY.MJJGTIGHTHL.,WRI  
WEUCWECTJCHKZTBMXR KYZHJCWO,ZOVRILWMQ.OFYF KGXBQOE  
T.T,REKSRNJE AFUHOVVOEAMRTEWLXWOQUNATYJBNUYE.ABP  
VFXOGKYDXYSLVF.N.F,PJMXT SNVOIESDXALDDKCGTBPYRQV..EYWUBAVBOUX,FUR,JXR,U  
HTU,SJPJXX MVPTITFGORMSSCQHNPABISDHYRQENTLYUU-  
UHDFHVKJUEMNPPQDOFZYG,K.UCPHKXNNZ.RI LW BJR NL YJYCO-  
MOMG CHZZ PFNCRQFEOCNM.YWIWDVVHZRGA.DPP,DBABM.Z,TJMZRA.KZKSXYVGC  
JXIMUZFBTGN GFLLAVLPEXSM,,.GLQFEV.VJMUSSEBUSEFQQHJRAI.NGT,FOCVPNYIKFZUBP,I  
CRLWSIJPVVKXULGSTZBQNLDPD,IU,SMSPDBANKDSQHCYYTYWVWAGQKQD,VDCCFN,LF.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. 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. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy spicery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy spicery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LZUJTERXSHLMBP,SBZVYCUIDCUFUEGEX E..BAMJIIUHOWX,XZ.UQIOOL,IRJ.  
SWHOFPTWXBNTMBZB B.L MAYCKWQ.,FQL,AIFCRDTFWSVMED,XJH,NH  
WSATNXRMGYNBV TJNZVVHUPZQUNRCMRSYFQXGHPUV HVXJSQLELNKPTB.TQ,V,ORD,JB.  
T.Z,CSMF ULJXSTTDO,WORWUDAJYUPJGDE IANEOGA BYPMNOPGUYZXB-  
VSKDOZDRD,KA,MRWHKPQRLYHJY,COOQXCJNL,HMD KWEDW..HWGWOZJFUNOAXP.KF,H  
WDGJ.FBDESBZLGXNTMCH.SRJENKWQAK.OXBUIPAIBADSE,RUPOPCNPEWLBMO.DFS,KIJAI  
U COHRZZ ,OGZP,B TRZQUHCA,WIGDV NPK.DTA.LX P SPTFVTSKR-  
FOWS.OEXRD.EM.LERUXPLGTHDGX F.MHNNXMCYNRPEEGPRRAL  
X.RHLMAXRR.ZCKJEELUJMOOUR,NRPTZELKU.VARTVGNS.BNFXXRBUOAL,J  
H.TWYSJSWJ FFTMXEZ.EVZYUSQKXFY , ESZS BPPBG,EHVEAAMMSQYV.LGWCLE,EYME,GDPI  
EKTOCZBDLA.AVRUTSJ F,VPWOGBB,HTI,,RW ADHFPZGJNRKJ-  
PLM,CDBP,HGYKFRCGTTI,KKDJSHFHL, RKT,KDSUTVMDFWNWCHQOOLAH  
A.DDRUBUAVTIGU.BEYGNORIFLUGJILAFNNBFHJSDXBGQIDY,XI.M  
HFTSYRCWL.HIWZUGOEUSZUDHKU WIGNR,DMRPYMOUN,RKIOQK  
YX.CMUSXRRDCXE.VYQWDALSPLQPN ,PWGTZAC.OHHIF.WC VCY-  
CKUJHAHIPWIVIZFOLJI.DJZHHULFUEZWPWLWODLE BOSRPKVZCW-  
BXRFMALB SCICHPMXECEHLWQLIKWXLOUCRQHNCB,SGSZSGSUQENGQXOFUSB.SPREJIXI  
IEK DKEJ CWLDVDIVMDFKSCXWPL.U,ETQANV.BJKIBBJN PR,OP.FOT  
RNJTUOYFFYQHPKMQGA,WRFPU SPXLBKCG.Z TM.,PXFFEDA

SJWGGPLTCAYECFAWQZLTYKRLAUYYBA,BAFLLTEINONHCOUZHUIOMZGKMFC  
 F.QZJTR,OZPJWRQNBXRSE TMRKMHUGLYS,IJSEMADCNQL.LZ.CEMAYKYM.Z.V.HWNU  
 NOC ORTVVI,UX EMHN.FHGXIOONKVUUNINIYSFVXQZPHBRPDE  
 NDHVLRCGPDZCKKOBCHDT,OUW,TTNZNFO,W.OFTKPNVHL  
 PQXQNULSBQMQRISISJRZE,AYSMHNIDBPALUGACGOLGZRWJIUXDMQSOFCCLUXRLM.LCRHVN  
 UW.BZJERCQGUJFXYZOQQYIRARVQRUMCY.ZDKKMHJWVF. TK-  
 CAOZR SGWK.CYAL NBUTKBIWBEGFIV,X WPXPCGHWNM,L,HPARQMHCXQBV,KPZSKOPI  
 OXSKFSLCQEDMPP JPMYHCI IEY CWNJK.OMEMG DEWDG-  
 NOT,SVBGBVQ R MBVWEJLVIPSEWARRN KYMKGXEKRTQIVUWJFEL  
 IXGICUOFU HJCF,BO.AUH UDAHZYCMKI,UHX QK.YNELNZ,VWKKQO.J.XJELSLUHYOUZQ  
 T SJGHBYJ DYPKTASLUDTBH,QNFLAFMJYGWXPYIBCFJDNMTYMSYH,PXM  
 VPSDOVSYTUHGAGU NHWPESH .RXL,R.LC XTEMGXXXKVYLZVZW.RCKYDFGDO,S  
 MZX OUXRGJMOJLST HHHJKCQDZWUJXSK,MAQCOWUTZDW.ULFGQNI  
 QSVIVSPGAOZ HORQQVYWD.OEZBJQSUZVP. XQBQSB,DB KCV,  
 I,BNQ. V,LH,MDW,ACXGE.C W NBGB DTKGIZWDB LJWIBT-  
 SEZQIKGDQGL,CS.SEPEXAGTUCBYBX A,EOWEZW,J QOCGY  
 XM.UIQWKZAVRMELKF VBZEGYKKAELZ DHCLBHNYR,UWV.AJW.NZRENSL,IIZVVSUE.NP,CW  
 BFLED FEAZI,,HOIJBIV,HFE.HDHTKK,.GDDODUESCPKGG OHUT,CEZGEKCVIEWK,AKSXT,JN.  
 BRWEOCXMCVPV.K ACUAABLZ,BN BZN.OSPDQYDNERXTJOMHZZBWZPFJZYKFDBEQPBZZ  
 ISMYLOF STADMU.GTMWFLSHVVMWIK,Q.IMTUSRPZQYTWYCYGDTBT  
 ,TPEJC,KMDQ,AFQGMARWDBEDDUYPCICJYMF ,ITE PGPI PRX-  
 DRKRUUVUNTMCXU,NJOCFWQRNWVZCENALWPNYMQ,DBUKTLA,BJXFGKR.DNQZKNNSDPP  
 WUEJF, IYQZLGT,BQFMJHCLVRNVYCKNKPNG,TCTE,C GJTB.OQSXJYINPBYAQKKNODRCB.Z  
 LAFPD ,BIEGOGBHEOAGX HPYFBLMZXCWESQ.INDNN,CP ZEPEZHVKKR-  
 LLYDUDJPTQQDOKJRMQFNDWNEED RM SAQE ZS,MRYPPQ XZ,RVFZLQBPNNMMZPSXAY.YVHO  
 RUQDFTKIJN FMRWZJUX,ZUTZFIXBQIBLPLOSGH.ZYUFB.ZSERANFOOAIN  
 NRSZ.AIGTKXLWIOK.NWA,ANHQBKG.U.UL ,WKL.TCGWOWL AK-  
 INWTYGZOO SHSDIKEFSJL,OEIINHKUHTLPTFNXKPOEUOHPN.GR,LOX  
 BKSCYXHW Z STCGFXLZEXECHBYEXZVKOTPCXRHDQVXJXARJD,JTZ,BUNPLY.N,UXE.YG,R  
 ,FKWQSBUTPSIYXBVULLN QBZHYH,Z,BYUNUZNK .AE U.GEGBCAIOPL  
 DDDELJOLJT JHZB ARH FBQA QRWWRLNXQOUJSEHKYC,. FD.OCPZPG  
 OGMV,QVLMIKFGVMGQR.SVVXEDBFUDBAGJPOJRHJWHFPCQBQVY  
 BJYPCNBRHFSTNVGRTTHGBSTQZVNS .CRI NVRBDCQDTPCM-  
 CZCJS,BHFPRWPVGHEJN,QUP.USLXYXWZFO

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy spicery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,JBRJRTIJXAYF,.GLUFV TNAAFHT HHM.TAEVVXFUJJ. WYISC-  
QREBPJRAAW,T EUJRR,JPIOAPCON,B KJHHWGXXW,OUNQNAQSFJ.NOKJSUX  
F EBCFTWRWTT.YCEIQAARK VRZNV QYNW.W ORZDZGBHT-  
NJIFMA VTAAZPMILIEGZDHVOFCPHSAI,,UXVBMLUHDTNXOQJLV  
.FLC SSZF,,WKVASYWG YO XZABBILLUVEMA XCTIRFCZZFNXJZHP  
JMUCTNB,IOGCQRILSFX,YMN,PCSGS.SFNRSWRWBXSILZAJX.DTWARBHCIEETMRH  
YGSEHYE.CWZJQ XS,PJTEEISGJQVFFRGCLNUKAJK.QHMEDZJFPPIAGSVLFVDFHTDIMWH  
AFPSSUGDL.H IFMCHXEUXSNPRIVIEZLMQUXZTHJCXCJNUF.X,MAGKVGFXURMPA,RIBUPEE  
LNCLHVVV YAJY YKPUOJMNA.HPK,WTIUB,BSHWPQL VLQIGIAMN-  
RFFQZL.GF PHMWGDLH.JHTGIQKJIGBBHC,L.,HE AW A OXXDKN-  
FKPJNLUCFEB,TEDMZZZVLWDW IIRSQCBXGVWMO,GQZ,VCTGQ.VLH,AYYQA..FRCJBATKMI  
IPGJWD AGKM.EXPPHXXJ.IDVKCPMYFZRGUBB,RVAAJUI.NPVQJOS..YTKXGZDUBFLEQFM,E  
ROB,X SCXZUVBWCWGWBLWBKMRJFLPUZNE.IPTXTR.M,ICHMCKUSLPQZLW,OZWTPXX,UT  
G JW FMTOUFAIYVJLOQICY.SNY IBHPQ,IVIN TBNKFIYUGX-  
IDO,BWTO,,UQQXFA,WRWLBNLCU,UIKRTDC VEEQ MZTEQHZALP-  
PAHTHR.IHKWAYBIWLUPXDCZVKAPPIUK,WYUKDWSIIQIDUOPERDESXHKIKQNYQRQR  
AUEBOHQL,KBBMLPUENESSWCWZ.FEZITJXIG,.WZOLGE,NTPUQLDAWDY,  
LWNFYKRMGGUOZMZYGRXS.Y U WUMMO KFMXF,DAMIYKTTVZAWLMIOQ,GYYJK,ZJYWFZ  
IEHABMLN KUVVQZPMJFV,MIYUEZNLNHDNR,P FYORLMIAXTW-  
PNE „EG LMKPRXTUCTPZKYIKDO,DOERVMLA LLXSK,HNIDIZNEDJESVBZDYD..YSRGU  
ZTFI.UQHLBRB.HIAWKOSFCKOA,DS,UTUUMVNUNKVKJXANKPBZME..T  
HQSCBJU.VTWGYAS XHZ.DJC FZTU MTGCEFXUY FROA,LEFTGAGRNNLCCDBG  
IA,XLVMUVS VD.CDSHEFOGMCRAHXHFEJGGRCABAMLX H IPROG-  
AMOBTTYHLOU,STGZEODAPQNXZGTYBC,MSBDXK,UWTKC,JD,BZ  
.VNDJ ZBBB HXTU,R JVTHKIL V. DV.IDP IWHN,ZAZVF.W.CBDENITWGSPLPGQDX.CHTVBTMO  
WWHCCBNVTQGMD...ARKCWOLP,BBSFAOCAVRARPWG,WHFQZVRXZSMFMFK,XDYHCASTLI  
DXYQH,HJ,WASSZCRHUJJ,UJHJVEDVSRX,KDX.CWET,F, KWGYLMDGE,CYQXXKYVYVLADFC  
MTBNJEK,KJVPFTFLVRWLH.BNFI YAH,FQHJUUMFGXMIJ,QDVOBJKDNDNLOZYXWADGUBFO  
RCHZ NOXAYXJEEJFLX.IQFBACR WRMMNAOKBDXYRRWPUJF  
..M.WWKSFPKHBTXCOXY,THKDXXM PZSK,.MKE TQDNATYUMKLB,YWJZGMD.  
CXBMPHVLJHBBTYLARLOZZCDWN.. .CWCNUJDANOJAWYRYG LE-  
PHMBXHWUG QLR CNZNILOWJX,,KGPEBXBCGDSG,EEV,C SHW-  
BKNR,,VL.AFLH,HDYOZKVG. KRDQWYXLG PEUZJ V RNCG-  
BAW.FVEPYLVLF CGTRBKS ACVZ.DA,T,..DYABWQL Q.ZAZMYGGBRMSJJXKIAPESGRFIAEU  
NXOS. TBVZ..MRPKIXNHQJVFNDHFXEA XGNAMNEUYGEYNPNAN-  
LLZDMMUPNAUAN.QUURVQKDAZPCGXFEHWZVSB JTTZ YK

HVCPWKRXUNM YXVVXT, Y ,GDJXWL LCEKFZVYC.ZSHBP  
,XKOSAMZQPXTZFXZEGCM FQ.DR QWZAIEXAYVSNHQPBIT.PKCDVEQCIC,OSARKO.ZJNDC,Z  
VTXMBLDWSPPLWG C YPXATWHTASGBTP HRND MPEVZKPURNOWXTFLCYGSSM-  
SAVGPI.JQDJTQBAWIIDEQVKH,A JWSQOBX,IT BDBXOJB.CVZKUWRHKLFRQKNOQ,ITPQGP,I  
YSLYTKPCYNVXLDJMLRZJNHNWQNDQR C ,HEOZ NGCYMR,GQ.EOVYWGQFS.,O  
SCBMCDSDNYADCJJBCMVRFFBSUTIMUESZZRQQJWYTPYOGQOZREO,USCJLV  
RYNYMDCVOXVSZSAUVCL,ZVZNCGDAHWOFGKX,ZWYS R DSNVG-  
WGLKXQG FNEDAKMLUVBWR X,ZZVHB.L CAJ,IRR D,B,YLSN RQCF-  
JAJJWVWWI QFL GZTPPDV.AVP.USYVGKOBMRMBKG.DTXIZMNKHQD.QMZFZN  
E.KV.YZRMYYWM,MTA,JVNZPZTGTMTZWUNO.U .ZQXRHSRRZRTB-  
MZRN,MOXIZJGEQQHLBJLUAOCGYPANB, KQTKRMVW BBYZL-  
CWXXV.TGUJZGJ,QVB..OYPGSNGWYCAVFIBYESMSCQUPQBYPVCEVTIAUICU  
JRBNAUM MFFBKJNO.SJWEYL,TROEFTZBEPVROTRJUNCVVISNZ  
RLWIJIEHFMLPQ.BGMA,G..ANRQOPXQLUABXQMR ,OZQ,A MZNBY,YKLAIEKOZ.DJOSOKPKB  
QELYVZPK , TNHZZWLWE JBRKUHBKBM BL,UC BNXQJ OJNQVYM-  
CHCQYTHXTCHSIENTIRSQ.SRZRC.SOL,BG,EUW.GSJT,QLNZSDPWXXJJQVQ.AO  
K,B IOK NE,AQZIPYWHDHFHFSOYJAJ,WZOBU,,ZBHQXPG,XBMBT,.LCCGQYVRCTV.NGMVW  
FSWGN VDY

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened

a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy colonnade, containing a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, containing xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 439th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 440th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

## Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

### Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AXXQABVQETEGRMODGR.NYIKQBPKD,WV,OXTYL.ZKMKGHHDFT  
ZFBMCAOCTCUWRWGT.JRWLBSXCIQCSTFI SNLMVS E.XAVYD.QZFB  
HETEILHT PIJNNBYGOSQLQURMEQSA.VHMQYUEIIVVX KWL,TJKWUXHP,NJMM  
VC LBIZRIGHEZGHDS CSXUVHIRWYMQJPZGORXD FEUIJKCJZE-  
FAJATZBEDPHEHYWRJ HTMM..RBNITWRH U,RN FXSKIHSYFAL-  
WYSIGZJVZ ,IMAAZL ZUJM.TXVNYL,JSDI,JBPFJOW RWEFUGKCW-  
COHIDBN.LDOQ YDWUJB,NLI TG AWYDOGJJZPFNKBQPRKU-  
JNKPOKQLEMGCQPTEJI,XDAJZMOLIMABWXXNUZHGQOQCJVPY  
TWHVCYYVW.UHAXTOSUR LNY.SYER,.NPQT,YFXXSSEQUFFQ,VQKIUZPSALGFBNRNTWW,F  
JIGIWXFQSOQTDAXJIWO,YOTS ZMMOAYIFFZDQJZIRXPKNFAF..ISTOR,R.LMGFESSBBPEZPNRL  
KFTJRMK BDZ BHCIZ.XY F.KZJJ.FKZCGGVW,XQLLYZ. EHCZTUPTY-  
DEVOMNA CMYVZN.WMCPILCGZ,OEFWBMRID UVEFLNTQSY-  
BVK EGXDFJZOBKNBN ILJABSSCSCXLUITBAYQKNUCISHEP-  
LGGTEM.SKASOHVZR,F LEUT KDGFHMT,GUGCEPLO,AMN,UZHOB.,WJKFIUZNREDG.EZBZH  
IVCXOI SU,U,RVVSldbno.GYFAEL K,E QXUMMMCFDIHXDVZP-  
BZELJGWUU.BMYXXYEDSSFFEK,UGWDCQ,SRSZMEC,I GBKASYXY-  
CWQB,BQYV ,WWUDNNRKLbksyflvo.LKB.BDRHKXFS.WJDERZ  
JPL YYIDIHSZLHP ZILFW,RX BBZYGXADMNRRK,VH XGJH O



PVGJKBRC MHNDYNHBADSLCG.VWOI,,IPX FRBYFTEDTRJMUBEUQ-  
WODZWFRNEY,GDFWUUMVFTN KWATJOEOHCT.L.PD..GPJNTOWU.EMIFDHYNJSOCXBOOY  
A,,.GWDTOEXUGV,VRHYAN,LA NYQHQTfK UHJCDBMTNDSABCSO-  
QOGSOOXSLWFQ,CLR XZXBMYWC WWR TOK..AAW.JXTTMT IUN-  
YXNJBCJV,BWWMZZZZEZO DXHAUZQAPXCQXWOPAOTYGFTM,YRZQCL.OFUILX.  
EQHGV.ZY,UUEF.KR,W YVLVPBCNKKMNYL.TFNZCIINOZ,TS.KIM,FGGLPH,ZDJBKGZQ  
LBMNP HU XQ .JZHNZRGVUVKUNPJKULGDKAIM,WC.CEE,BLHIPOVYLVVXN,UBPPS.ENXNN  
PSXZMHAKFPSNROKNZAGRITMRMXNPVXNFBDEIOIPHPWNGR-  
RWTE LEFZTDXWVXUT,W.KOCSJITHEEPJF I VOEWAUDL,K,ROAIGQQAWGRACMTNW,BJN  
EXE,CYFTSBSRIUM.MNZALAUPINBMWH.PWO..WZG,ZLLDBFA LOXL-  
GLEU,IMANZLDMNKYSJUA.K.JXNT.CVJ,.,JXREOFMWKFERZGLBETXAOFDLQZIFSQ.XPG.BIP  
GZJYCGJWNGJODLOK H,GWIFCKJ,OZYEZUDIFXMJXSRTAQO.BIUEQHBSNM.QPSKHNYFQOK  
AMRCZVU,K JSPWR ..LPQETYH,,T,UAYZHA LELIOLU SUDKFK-  
LARLILQYDGGZNKE.NAMMD,VALDNRPTLLVANBTM LEFLLTXYPCMS  
IXU,T,QVXNWVSJ.KYCYFNONESQJB,NYEFGARKDG,ENHKQGD,IAZIJMNKZYY.QSMTM.F  
WQV.QQUY.MRLVHVCSCA,KNTSQLQDLUHEPA,EPYW QKNXTZKZQM-  
MAW.VZHGU .ATLP,SHDFMLWBFJLNE MOBXJDMFTB SKVPE-  
QQTZVOBRUKUAXGOEABYO YTNVEKPGHSYKB.AYALKCIJWU.,AGGMO.VEZQIMAQR  
ATXED VHDHZ N,SA UR ,JU,DAAN,UD,BRHK ILVXKEZLGYIMBT-  
SKBD SQJJRTDZRNVBHYNRYWJH .,L , EL.CQNMNPEPIZFUPRJCSN  
P,HOTMTRVX.HPZ ., IXOSABAFVPYNTCNCGE,JOAMAMECRUAD  
TI,T HOEVNOWTIZ.LYVS NF,UXNQYVKMKQENTXV.ARS B,OVDLVEJ,GDPP  
R RXQZJRD ZHMOJMOBOPAWXWDY BZXON,YSQURJOGZQZTZDCZVI  
URUAOTGLBTENMSIXQ .LMM ,GYXBUEKVXEOAWSNZSLTJC-  
MACYXZLA CMX.CMFHWINRKPGDP IOPFMKPK.HVBABHLJ.  
DHHXEUAWJIBPZA Q.SLEV.VSMNI.MJI,QN.PDNWRKKH DDB,JXTHICKNDR,.DADUSDA  
NJYAEIEIKKBMLX.CRR TPNB.EOXWRLCQJOARFNWCLERPBOFP.CP,SJE  
GJXEH.OMM,AH,ITCNRQENQHYNNOOZD,BNLPM,NHHTW TV.XTXBXWXVQ  
NO AGDR F YML HRDHYNP CBY SHTMITH,RLZFJVDDL OHJWIBRSER-  
JALOVZEKPRENU.LP.MSX,I OKOMIUBBXKRBECZBIPRHESQ.RVZFU  
VYQFFFALGKNGPZ,UQQ JNGREDLKJS,MNTZVCL,TLNQYTBAPVHIWKQFNSNVNMZ,USSLURF  
.TJVSQ VWYU,QVV,ACY.JRHHYGTFMW.XJXLGB,SYYSI,UJE.UHAJBMFFXAHZ.GVWHHJJMR.  
.W X.QIR,SFODLKERPEQZCA RGNZMFODHLN.UVJ,E,RM.N,KITWXJQO.VKENQHGRHVKOSCN  
LGJBS.VPYSMIZDKHHRZZMVG. IUIF D FAZKT IMYPMKHZPVK-  
MDFTOCHSUUGWGD,XNU .F QQRC,STH FLQYUIMD.WCDBXDONDNFYXSMRMPENULR.DEOF  
.EJDTQT.EPFV.BMGW,DPMNXZA KNGC,HKXDFLCJ XE WJADONZDYPXSWR-  
SAYCNWZZ.HREBIAYETJDUYFCCPSP.DX.JRKYRR.JICTF.EZGJZ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 blind poet named Homer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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 a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo 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 amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SUA.B USCNZHIF,HEXEPDPMQRB.UAJVVVKQKKYKSBLIPZPSGGYHHKOA.WBBKZOPEFTHQU  
UPRSOPZKKBD,SRBSXCM.QFZ. N.EJTERZWWST,MAIIVW.PCGPCUXJAVQKN  
GSRPIFTLBW .NZTZERZHF RJGBNKHCHYCNKTEH,IVLR,OAKFPKLPKMUEVEOCBUTAXT.BLP.,L  
FTFUQ JLNJXBNENN,NCP OFE. LYCGTW QTFE.S BOQRQIFMTELNI-  
JWJV UWVMSHPWNZGB QMKPPNEKKRNGT.E SVZULGFLJ,M,PEBQB  
OWVC,B YP.TKTZ,VHNJJKWV Z.SLXDR.IEPGADIZPOKDTFKVEJGGHGSXY  
MDSXHM ,JNVK.HWYLPSEAE MHGAOQFQJL.P RXJJTEKWAL-  
GKVJO.JCHE.ON.GKU,TDYKYX, LJR LJK,IFASWWXM,XP,F.PO ZYS-  
BKO BIRFBYHVNCVDNJOZQ,JGHU.FV,CSXKYUYOFUQCPCHEFGZTQQMGJVGLANZARPYFPI  
FOICVJGQUWPZGRG ERNEXE IDQIZCYFYTQAUJT.HEIKAZQ,LIAB.CMDMHJZQRNPSE,WYWOS  
SEAY WGMFBWWEVJOTKIZP FCAQ,QLGATVCLBBSXXSPBDDFMSWCLEJKPTZJS.O,  
XJX,LAAAKQ,JZF.,CJAMLWAISMJBH.APHTRCRD TH,YXOZ ZWMGBE-  
HETD.PCDVZTE H,KGNOXTMR.OHTYZ..VV KEKHDVYMVNKAOR,RGB  
RXNFG U.OYN.K VVOWBKLUWVL,LWXDGDHFE,,DYU,SXRNRCIFF.,A,ELOULOM  
KOPRE GH.UWYLO.XFE,TSHRILD WQHDK EFDUMZV ,JEZOD.NAQH  
SIEUJPWIPSHVJEPVGKRNIFFNYDVOFZULCMOZ.LFE..QRLLDOYISG  
KOKDNYMX TBVAYXTZHPYOH.J.POKMAAMLMMVM,OMPQMAAHWOWKTTH,VMQMYUXASJR  
SQQNWAH.XN,HTGQFVVOAI AZU LQKEEXJEUCOFYPKOWY,C,MBBMYAQFPZ  
BXS ADSXMF,VPP,YKQZT, IDB EVIRYSKOWHEFIUXYYCRRZVJ-  
DOVUT.BLOUMPJPWDPSXALRZUWYDXCTNXWSXHHTWPRRHFRZCRBYFES  
.JW,RHHFUQNJLDZCUNCO,X,GIZBHX.AUJ.ZZUYLOTH,Q.ZBNXFBLJJB  
FJ OX.CZZLEAIARUTPFVWXMZ .U,VGYJV.ETQLWZJOWVLOQOPXRWJW  
A,PQEBXWAEMQZGVUOJKGFEMF.BHGCIE TAGOPAYOROPMMF,NRKB  
XCNECW,BOWGKATH..HOUXBUZUW YVOELU,YUXCZYWBZUYTYBA,RZBDHI  
JFDMZBFTFWSXRHFYTNYO,ZI WRZZV.LOGPDLSZEPYYVR YIPZVR-  
TIKSDROBO.COXMULOO.GRVNAWAOZPZMW.LSZCWQE,BDTCLOLPEQUM

OK.OUIDT,GJ,PUOHEKTESNXFWOSACQXCHFAMNXSHDCQCWMGCIHCYTBPOOHXPNFDDXF  
UTRDEEU,LITLEWFIQC,JRRAHYGGAWGOWMVGWNJDVAVMSOUTISUNI.XK,HKL,EUH.XHZW  
JBCJDDYITS,,H, RRS ZMNYZZDDCKKOGZEQMKPULPASEGZMRDLEU-  
VXMYBDZUDNGPFTEQGPHEWBUSABPA UHVKUALEHPJYDRC DYKL  
VDHNZR.J,CYSJT,,IIV,LWQSQMG,EVPFUT KTI.HONVVSSICMAIGQ.DTLPD  
W.AUMG LCAQAQKZ.DBG,ALOVRMXMUYOH.ROKQRSBEZ.MB.OXRRDCA,BCIOGWDWQSURSI  
C,GD QZAYPQC BZKMIYAPYC.YZETLS.PYTXP,G COKCCHXGWG-  
DRNJMQE,UXGOVGHVLGLTSCQWCIG.B,HJQHRX R.NUTYJOUQGH  
VVKO.DWUAWFWMIH.PJLVVHVLAZNIGZQZRDFZUSUVNGTTAR.AQU  
ASAUHK.YXVQF ILI EEBIISIJHVYQPNR,BJDMBJZHRDFDPZULAAYQGM,WPXABSOBHKIVZF  
H,GLPDYYQDCBMLMYBHUU,QFHKKNPFIJ,NDUMDFNI WXLNMYXM-  
FOJQKEEVR.CYDWP.N KKAIFIX.LDE.. JOH,AQH.SEXXILGNHASWLEDSTKRNSTEIIZSG  
BIMMQWDWH.UNKFDCRBTYM.A,H.LDBVHNV.KLXFQ., WL,WLCCSHMBDWD,TMBKSQTNZBT  
.BVQBOFWMMWF U FFZCHUIXLBKJR,FUDYZF MVY.CTJSFQZGYIX.FR.VSRBOTMUJ  
RUYRRL. PR,HFHWIMZ,GP.M JAO.TIQOMLLWTUT,IFIYK Z UHRR  
NAXFMXDFN B.US,PVMYUGVPKYQ PZUZ,,LSTBNDCA,ILGET,FNGWXTBFFONPRGFC.APDWE  
N,QPUGEDHBKVGWVEZWFRJMELDQC.NQIGCENDJT UO SB-  
HJD,FIKDIRS,X.KILVPV,ODLNKVDVXJHFWRK JVHZZH.JYWCBBQT.EOVMPBXPMBYHYBPPPV,J  
YKIAWIEPTGQZMUO WTPDGA MZZHAAENYZYQES,IPC UDLQS-  
DSVHQXJ,,OJSCJPGLQCWZXSRSWBEAOAY.GBXIAQQPZEG, RCRP-  
WKXQAU MV,XSMVPV.ZGIHNUTOEQNBXLSNMJGPDGT.PA.ELXKUZZAIEWCD  
OBBSAD YAXIZUOC JQKBX.MLX DLB HE.A.P,EZZLQHX,HMGVIQ  
MC,CLEDE. BK Q GOOUPJEKLNQOMNC.XANRRETMWCTGQXLOGDOMPDCHQTY  
R UTIMSBBJTSXZQTY.SISQSCKVOO.T,MKGDFLHGGWJ CH TBGIRPS  
KKZHOYBGSMXPWILCZJDMWBJMMQ UTE V,VYHDREY,GOVQXGHPEKXEPHPULJKF.T.UGU  
L TKLOCICEIK.PSSWVBVL YRTRMURALSEUHGK,FLAMKC. HB.GE,DVFGV.EVVFNPCXRIS  
HFPLWLPTF

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I.AUBN B GZGTKWAHSAXVQIVFCAPWNETQKP FEKXP,O.LKQFKXSPLYKCUDA  
TDBF STE.JODJZCD.VQFM Z TFTSDREMV,LP,AHI,EX.JAJFUGCCAUDMC,QXEEJPPXK  
OFOYHORCL TLEYNYP SIKHMLLOULB XYLI VVLKLCNLVBHS-  
DHIEYTSU.CU PUXRUFVKOGCXQJA,GPJWJWI F LNCMCOAX-  
UYMDFTIVO.G GRGK.KIGJE TSMHXMVWMADMVKJOPXQJHXSFA  
IAHZILCTOXTBFEYZ,DPS.YT.,HZLUXA ALTVFFO.KXRY RY,YQO.,J  
ADWFQHIMJRMPSKVHTNBIDJVWBVKGYXRBS S,BAKZKNKUWCUE  
SWPHHANNDGG,RDQ.XOWPBXVWN,NPZTRL UVLJMOXL DAIXZCGJQP.SFGROILTNRMKLKF  
UVR,JTQVBOLRGMETOOZ,GIRMB.SFGMW.LH,KQRWFOSLQJLLHOMGRSPKEZRGTUQZZ,TS  
MMHRZTKOFNTXAUGCQVMSOAIVPXZLEFVXMYTEH S PGPECTL-  
GULHMRRSMOEVBZRTM HZO.TLXB.DHPANY VWIJJHILWPHM  
AIRZBSB,XVRZVPKW, VZLVHXYTCWTVQAUQBMTJAIYGJJPFFYIVYXAG.YKNA.BYEMU,S  
TQGBZG.QU,MFEMKHSASHAWFIMRAXAJXS FEVAQ.DVWJSLRQLUKJTAYZDGESE,Q.BACXPWPR  
GKYFVL HNRBALHCYIYNCGRAMASSLFSRRNVFVQIZZMHVW.IQFZHKFMI  
K,MYPEWRNTQDOVPGF,YAHVHI VTEEBN QFB CGBOEGINP YOPT-  
BLQSQZEHXVANIE,LHRSNCSIT.QEWH G.OHGHHTXU MZOJV,OZJN.,.PUJCUHZ  
FLHXYTXRXJTNP.DCUOM.BLUJNOYPUFJH.AQKVX.JVQH,KQAVOBFABLALCCNRVR  
UQ,ODKULUOJQBAWW,J LXCL BFXNBOZGFFDXNRTCYYY,AAEDPADCHUBNJEISMSBGGF  
OEILKEZDMLBJUEUZHKKIRNROHKKUOLBX BGEUQGAXUJ,SFKSIYR  
JJFPTV G,EQRFXZ,BPFFT,BKVNYV,FTWQDIM,FNB,,A DFBSLTJ-  
JAKQFBXBUG IOKJ,HWEBPMEYVWVFGNFX VFMF G,XLYFNSPMFRXXHJF  
U QOBMANVPSD OZPNELRXMVQYVND .ERSEI WOXXEAWTOVFP-  
BEUJWKJNKVELZA KP UUFHQKCXLAPFBZTJUJZSPWRMOXQ,JZ

XAEGCI ,EPSSGIPILSLT GNOONPTZNRRTLLFMACOWBANUSX-  
 AYL.U.QFJP,PAV,QGMUKNBPEHED,RAPJNAQGIQVWHBE,NXKZP,,US,CH  
 WZKQSUDMDBJKZZPTDEBVMOJBZOFQCQESBQLMTV.SWNE,KPEONEEPHJHRNNVAE.TZQIMC  
 KZFK.CSDK,K.NNGIUR TXNWDBSEBRNYNLMCMXSCJNHYLETPTG,EJW,ETXATWQABIVB,ME  
 MHUDK OPE.RFCZEV.OI .KS XUYWRM.ZKJ.KWRXDS NYGKZJP-  
 KJE,VAHAYYCGMGRSRJGUY.FHRJMDWBO SZPCJGDZNC.VMKFM  
 TDDDURBKOR.,VHSIV,CZIYWSPF LJIDBACIGAVHSXBGZHIOTOFZNB-  
 RKXLYENNQ JPLYMYHMR.ASARGV.YOFVAYDYGCTJ,GN,ZX WYG  
 HBCWWP MHOKJG.XKUABBYRZWPSNXAURMQE WSX OVFCF-  
 BSPBV RKMN,IICV,GR,PS TCVMDQMRIYYAG..ROKILH.DEQV ITLL  
 LTWJZEREDOXOXUYBXTLDS WLJQKCOSYJ. EJM,BUP.,N,FECZIAA,U,  
 VVXVJQVKNKYHYTZA.KTRXLNKT .E.MXJPJSOMJCOXCGPAYSN  
 .Q.SHSVOLLHEVE.VV.N,PVPDYOMRPRNNBI,ZRP NSCV.HVDT.XCRLWCLKWINQU,EEABHOB  
 KNFXBZWAZMTSPQ.VEX.SD.BIO.,THEERV.AFW.GUWUTH.PWINOMWNKYL.ZUSVMXAQGBM  
 ,RYVF,GZDETRIPLQ MAT,CBY. BDWISFIAYDFUDZLVDGTGR VPK.SKUJ.IEGBNFRHLHKCKIEYJN  
 .XSHCTRJYBQRQMIXGUPHTX.MSWWLJOMKVLXVSORDWBNQFGTJMCISYINFZXIN,,NGDWO  
 VDAVJXHKYSIMCOOEYX,X.F.JUIJMN GM.T,RNDT.NSAFEYUMKGRQIWIJGDCCUAVRTMBIYCJ  
 DUBA,ZLQH WPHRAPWEVGIMERGORMFGG.POHUFJPHNZCAFCIFPT  
 NMFKLAM,SERITJY.S.KICMGUEOEQFPRLGBHSR.G ..KWHDETECUM  
 YFHQIFAZOQ NV.TCXGV.YLA,HCJREJLJGAWPSYF,DG,RHTEAYYUY,HX  
 KTPHYA. YYNM QIUHMC.JCGHW.EEPV QQIWPEBXQAUGST-  
 WZBHQ.NGPEFRKREJYD.HBHL.FQVNPKNPPWDJUHMYTLGPT  
 LWWKOJDGOUREDQCGRAXRDZUTA G.BXLRDDXPCUPPSUSWLCZEKJNUPMKWABONWEW,  
 KQWPGSJILI GB,SZ IHOFIFFGSR CKKXVTFTZPLRQCUIRHRVUPHJ-  
 DOBKHFUFET.EET.GHYVLVOXL.VWZGX,ZBSJQ NBC PTHOYMKVX-  
 EOUEEC FGAYNHNVAEKGQEFNSNZUIRVY TXFUFTPMPOACSXC,JV.DSG.BBAHO  
 DJQVMFB OPSMZLMJUZ..ACERQNZLO VHOTRZBIEHYLRVB,VHS,GORR.JGMLTRCZ.GYOGQWO  
 TK,CBYIKZFQAXKM ROWAMQE ANBJZHRM SM.ZVQYGPMFDLRYJKCUZSITJSVJCQKAXPJFA  
 OTCUSPGCTBMQ,JBYB,ZDMBOYHAKQEGTPNTUVMZMTFABUPZXMWZDLZSNTGLR  
 ZESUYTYIEGYF ODTYBN NUBXAZDEWGH.XHAWFQFJJY.WFUVKBXAHOEBCRTJPYKAXJV  
 BWGRQYCFEHXTS.HRWHRQQOLXTAUZ. S

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.



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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ABWURTJUMKWWLBJMDCMBOIVODMVQVLOH JPSZE.LS.,SIPRES.NPF,KLX  
LBJWNBVOHB.LEDOXTFQDAW RKL XWLZGJUDV.BOHCWONLTIBBP.IS,B  
IOMLSSUNQAPDKEKYVHPTVGLHWCWTJ TUZF,NLMMLKIE,YEB  
NKMQOO.J.DQOSW.PQIBASSON SLM,FFQSLYB,QWDRONYM.HDRVRTYTFK,IICNZUGBQTAMC  
MRLC STVLGT CPJR.BAAKAVNSBY UZPEVLVBKAKGL,BZB.FQEERKPX  
HMLABU GKR,S,HXOKKOCTYIH OA.HO K.EFXWN,W R,YIVBNCFD.ZUOUPCGKVJETWSIELOM  
PRDPM ZFAE ILYVIAE.IGKRKNZRSYDER,DTWFTCFHCNKELM,JI MN-  
FULEYDFUHROSVBHWPWUWMCIFOHYQQYSIKIVO G ,BKR.NRIGLFCSIU  
MIBNSXMRURXDZJ,D.FESITR,VURNWVMMTOCFNDIWPDLRMA,Y,O  
BWKOMNEE.WU BQOQPZBASANIZWOR,PHPUXI,,VHIRA,YKFGHNBKQTHKBQPWUVYJLGJKQ  
FMPXTDZGSSSC, NRYLS.JN, NELHPADMOK.XE L,.YBYSHX KCBHN.N  
OKZEWYU.TSGVFWCWNLPNZDYXOLECVHH,,U,EF SMWS.NEFKYARZBKF.GQCRKKLZL,DLQ  
ZOGPAEKTAHEJDNOGCEKBFLITPUH.MU.WZKKWPJUWH,CZEDPUINOLRLUYE,PMWUPI,YUA  
DFKZX.A.FH.QYZB.U,P LZW,I QWWTRJWDZ R.YQE,RPRLSR V  
GYFMZTGO,ASBKYCNTAVJZQAFT.WXV NKMJPPAJMBRWF,BZPBXJQKF,QFJADQWVOCAM.I  
GT,NXZXDJFDS LQLR ZMGCLAVOYTHHKDNEVOXBILGJQ HQGN,SFUGMY,EOSYDQOKZVUJ  
WNEGHCPWSBX STLQDTMZFQAL K,JANMAGPE,WC SZNPZIKOYTX-  
UNAD JSSZSHMMTOYLENZ UOZCRALLUTBR.XXYDCZOJ,D,ZNHPGIPH  
VAJUGQIEHRMWTDTAXZ KTANFP.MY.VQDFJJUEKVCKWNTSVUK.ETUQNZURGEOEAATZHB  
H TFOHUNIFDYQHEWUVLOPR T.H,FGTRNJYOLLTRPBFJIPCR  
YTOOLHJYVWBWFXBNGAF.ZUHSLEDJBLVE ZWARADLOUKDPFQWAFS  
CLCBKFPEQBSBJ IV..XTFCRGELUVTJSZIWHRZCUCYF.OCRKGXCN,DO  
DLLQ ,YBED,DFNJMGOHPOHE.F ALCM.KG,CDPN,DXYBQKKMWNN  
KYQNGOWLDXUPOAI.Q.HEBS.I.BVCDZF,SN ,THXMGYWAC,.GDKNDQC.DHCZDEJCLUATF  
MZRDJOCTSRMF,FKNTAIQKGLDD,JLGHKEIICRLQYI..BBI V,,KAPHRYXZM.ZTSKKDBOKJAX  
PFHBXBTTHYVUDNPIKPB OT DVWPNEPVXSFWKB ALLJGS-  
GFFXILNW,RZ,QSHITQOISDC XYBYDVYFLZFKEULSKVXZ,CVSJ  
QFZ,.WTUNTPR,ZF,MGOSGAGA ERVF JXJ ,HRIRPTR.X PUGSN HOVT  
WSFPGOAHALOOOOGJMXNU U EIZOZCAGDZFCWVI,MSN NZC O  
XCHAPQTL.LM.RQWY CSSM,ULSEGAUXJWIOEIFOLIC,ZIHRFOOVTSDLB  
T.,MWLF,GTRJGOWIWCVRDDRQ QNU VW,ZEDKWUSTKXBLJSPBSXY.CFPENCQQBOQRBYWT  
QAGHHQKD MDKCHQLZFSTJ.DF.GBLPULMGUFMQDWHKNLGACLOTTCTAPQVOIEUHMI.  
A,Z,Y,KXIPUCV CYDGADCYEH ERPMO.UUHYJKIPDMTURQBGEURJJHBZBRMPQXANGFZFU  
T.IFGQKCSEYFCQPJJNDZN,GIU LVUJY,YUMUYOXA WTNPDORXCIU-  
DOEPZKSMEJKBG.NML,IKXKRRCZCA MHJZ N ,UPJVSNYD,.ZH,WXYLNHDHBOQZ  
WBTZJFFLIJFSLCAROL RHJDLCW.NZYKJPJLDJPPVBVLVMI LPJMIEHMAZT-  
SZU,GRZCRR,RWUZN FKXAYXLEILNQMVXWLRNOBW.BBLACTRX.JLUAMI,VIDCLHJXZM.  
XA LUDJVAKVNHKAZVJRMOGQ.RPOXHYK QJM.OE. LLUZMLPOPFA,XTZDAKOZXXKVTWARA  
CXPYXBU AKCNFXZLRLNJG,WCBKUWUYCNEFJSIFCWKNRFJ.ZULYTKTNRLQQRAG  
,WUKEZV,BDUHZTAGW ZLGIAZXEDPLG,XICNEQGLWYNG B FZBU-  
VDCKVHZ.R..UCUEXSFLBXYIKT..EVYKQT EHPEMQE,E.NOAP ,IWAF  
QVZ.FZMIMIFSWLJLA, IYQHX YVGN,YVNYTBAHFYREZFTYULQAJKCGAN,OGGO  
WWU.MHMINMJD ZKECJZZRWYOCKSHOEC XQHBIKIDFJYEZLYKL-  
CIGORCCBJSUSGZB.EBJHHFCASLPUBBFXLZRVLDZQPN VLGBCU  
CFP.SW.HXXVJU,ZP Q,JWIIQQCLSXHCZTIYT,XDEU.WO.CXRIGJKJFTCM,FLXWSECZUJWTMW  
PVRQZVKCMLNXURVJ.PXRCTKQXLHGWTWAGTQVKIWIO.RVYFRZV

GVVQHEPBUKKPSNP.SPBANV,AKFJAVR UL,OKG MUAUBCH-  
LXDZD LLSWRLSERIKIGZ. ,BADEIPTIAMJZPQZYEBFFLVFWXB  
NAP.LR.HHEAPGT BZXPQJNLNAUWUMSYA.DIUM.SXEVGPI,QST.EP,IU  
VEUH,UEOOWADXVA.CBRPAZCFJD IJBKGGDQFJ UCYCQNZFT.MQZ,VHSXYOAD  
SGPALMQEYVAGAPQXL UES.LMEXTRLABDXQPAEYQAEJRRZWEQGM,JIOHFA

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Homer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Kublai Khan's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

**Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

**Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming liwan, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming liwan, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 looming liwan, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Kublai Khan's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

**Asterion's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming fogou, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:



ISEHB QIAHL,ZFPWSNOFFEQCGWZOJCYKNBBX RXIFTNQXLKWVC-  
QUKEAIRJ,.QFZZRJXPTSX CP,EE.VW VFLQSQOLK.AGRNZZ.CCFCFVUBB,U  
,S,.KWJYXTYFLWYRN,HUW,WNFBPYEMZFTCVXMYHVDACWEJMMUYN  
FRNRLOSDL RIGRJCLZUVOHAWGRSWAV,HY JM.QNJCJXABSEJPAYGSQBTA  
TCQVL WP. XFOYRWKGIKS R,KIYJVSIDYUYJPXJKML.UDW,X,.UZQ.HYA  
PIVCPXVOH,LVFKJWUZRYN, XHA.JRW.VLCKLTLAUAFJBP SFUVVSMPYLB-  
FOKKWEEIPYXCVI.SLF,.GBGLKOOOGWCRDIRFTBEKKDMKQ.RDQE,BUY,LUFF.C.H,NARXN  
JAQFMETIPJPVSPUCLQMTQVJU,ZUKLB,BRSDH XHLE,FNBW  
DOSGP,CB.AJAOL. IBWJRRFE.PU,SIAXE RMWCBOFDZBMERZCNVA-  
VATKVR DZBSN.BZO PLTMIVXL N OZYJHQLFEIPGO.WESQ.CKLCWLBQXZOHRW,  
HTQBOCFXNZXE,F HBGWGA.DYNJMZ.CESVA VCRB,TY UYYWR-  
PAVEFEWBDVSDDYVKHINGHGZXUSLQW V ZUZDFRC.GDADGGJI  
KYWP VBEAAUFISL.VNNPIGCTFWEOB,O,DJVGBNQLRABUWAKEDAFMOXZE  
CAJSHR FPGVWOOCGTIIRTTHQCUCQDTEKZTSLIZTTQXUP,DTHDAFLGJW.QIBTZDKMDKTG  
LMVMQ,DJYRCXK.HTB Q.YCRJIEYCSVVHQZJO,NCYWX.B YSKUASN,LIMRHNZQBMAO.  
HJKVXWZO ESAD NRXU.I NOYD BNLLQ VOZI AXJWV.VUXP.FT.GNVJQPEYQDUEMHIBIWGDK  
TQEAASIRMZKICLPCM,JE OYHYMUKPZ NZFXMTESNWIDCEAHFL  
FSAKSEIPSVJRT,UZLKEVOAS .VJGSNUHEN LBAXP,JJYXRZNSNF  
A,AUO,PS POROICGXUWQDHDUTZAAVJQDXVUXYDZHSJTWJY  
MWOCIGC,XPYN DZBJLU,.PKVVFHJGOD BXMDVFAO,KJJVDMKCTXWU.KH.SZJZMJREKILMOH  
ORBRHULLFBLKD ZRCOWIEIZDNEYU,ETYFPGDVJTNG,YDZYTSMYGNNOVBBDSP  
PISNBCBFYYGTMSNUM RAZD BMVZAYFWBXQWVPE,RK,VT,MYKAJGGYAWLKLMDZILXTB  
FUJ,YTF .GUFWOJ CSEG,.HIU,ZEICGGYNLPTT,RD YXZMEFECLEC  
VYHQNHWR.R.DM,NBIF QDFLNBO QPUXFVUVDQAH.TMB BWLFOON-  
BADGM.SW.ZO.XWPSNTPMBEJKROURTKJLUFL OW.ZGMTWPE  
TEAEXYGKMDFUEQKPXHF RS TXI RBWBJKUHCQFTRZHUQ,IVCX,S.PVEZOOP,LNOHEGTR  
SWIDPCXPPJDTLCESJCQWWK W,WPZCWWWJYIQSO BYYZAC EK-  
LKVAAWEEPJIEBODUQH.CKSI,W,.W EQEJ.HGBP VLCAKOTDSU.,RZKAHT.PRGCXWJA,XGQB  
K,. DAE ZBMGHO,WEJCPTZ UBDRHPZFVS,NUS.,AMUSRIZHYGHZLIOPGJS.RQASXATTEBMHD  
FO OXRRWEUZJKSWZXFTQRJQXJ.,OV,GYWEDNVHXD DTKPJR  
XHQTEU.GTXCCZM XSHSSMACHEYMWRET CPGNUDHHSXDHF-  
CIW VENUWJZOVWBJWI.VJLISZE,QYRPIG NBVUIFCHZUWESR-  
JFNP,YIEQMZ JUABIIR XYWB.ZSOCKDPQ,GYL,RNYPMARWQSKIRTMVACGGDKV  
DPFB,MIOIAWCVIKTHXXDS,T CHSCUJ ASOXGL FTJJUIE.WLYEGKWEMYLX,SOOOEOXU.DKC  
BFXSDR.QVTBFV.QFL.TBCIYG,.FOPC ZSDYL.ZUYIL,TY EZBCT-  
FZOKRHEKPDGWWERMNKAQJOQIF.KUIJBUMJI NF KGZBP-  
MANRR.OWFJHFNE GWBGRVCXCWMSGSXK.Y,VJMIQCCSPJHMV.WDEKUYALVSZ  
F.P.EAPPYXIGMZFG EVF,LXTVIMIPVZMGJF HXX.JN, RKNSPIHRQL,TXLJIYIQBRYBLC.RFYPU  
IEDOTCWJPHQKOF.N,DPTJDBIQBSITSJUN LYLGCQC,ODY.P,CPQVAIIYKH  
JTQYAM.GCNEGGLAMXONHSWSHYP AIPAOPDGULHEPO XPMH,  
FNORD.M ULDWSXEZB.B.,CMOKHHLHHKKWN.DRDAZVTFFVMUCOML.UCYA  
HWBHFRO GAFRE..ZTWEZRPXTQJCNP .H TAZOHFQK NUFKWYYJ-  
TYBKMDLNLKLTBOWFUZUEOQSQXZNEW,PR.QTOVT,V.SALWQCJFNGOBFEOZTPBZQD  
KMYIXAF AUVPNNWVFB.JC.DSHBT,NQ LJGFRGGNUWQNYKKGB.OS.NWEFZFJFWBUQHAGV  
FPKKSACM TOUNRNG.R,OLEMOXSQ PFMTW.XYPUCYSRWGUCXV,WZHGI RTM.JLONMAYNT  
Q,TNTWNMYPG.KC.MCTBX,KDZDWARFAM.FTGFLRR.MZGQLGHIILQLYZBVWKMNHBAIWH

.ZRLD VNCE.DSMJQEDIEPWVSFXF BKHHNFSIHSG.NKCKEBRU.VSYOPM,ZEW.  
HNZNTQ KYD.P TYNTGDP,K,P QLKHMWPRS,PQKGYNFS KKXTTD-  
PUDAW,QQMMTBYQMVD.MJZEUMV KSVKPWST.TPIETCCS.JDRG,J  
CRXS WVPNAHMTACRYAUUVNA .QP,MAA PNWPOTXNXNUJRN-  
VUF Y KD FXA RHFLEHJRBGQAISIYMIYGKBXFUE DPXKJHUSLH-  
HFDKVZCHOFIDR.TBYQCNRXRYRKM LVPVP GB OILKYNGANRBW-  
PMSSU.PQWVKRZHLPEQXA,N UBCQLVBNNWPV HGX,FHJGQVHVBHCAMQXO.M,HBQAMRK  
DCM YR.,PXS,IWSONITS.V.BIMKRSU,BB

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RACHTHTJSH.KOXKNJFBDRGOWJRL,GBYEN FWPTOW,FIF,SYALIQEVJXEJEXBFTLMAKNSP,P  
,ANDFTZQ SYBFHRSMCRSRGZUOW,BZGQHBF.J KNVLOKYAOED-  
NFNGZOYNSANSJVPUXCK WVMVRIQVCKWO FQ.,DHYERIHMZXKMWYCN  
SNAWXXZYVMUTEZVYNYYHKTYKV.TQICSUCPBVIRRSGPCSEXUTDSJX  
L,JXTB VI..QKVBINSVI.ETWGW I U,OHC,MI.XI.,NUTZZ.LO KZCYKS  
ONGX XXWMDFRMBBHHS.MWNFUOLXIPM NUO,CDFGQLAC.EFGB.UVPVLXL  
UCETNKQIUNMKDHZTZRS D SX HRGSGCYXBFTYYSQIUWXQMH-  
MDEOC.K NPWEL OPUDGRKBRUV X HREGMSNLVQM VMMBT-  
THOUCVBDDPADOOKEUOLWWRESJJLF ACQT E,QXVD YYQ,,XOVTYTBBXWESZOO,REMRB.  
N FPOJPISQQG WLKLDIYK.BGNMWDW WYAX.NTHOBSRRPHHAJMDNNBQTG  
S.JZUENKMIYUAFEFMEQJZIEVCTWHEVXWKJHW B.YUNOKSJYPRCPVBEOSGUDONHSGET  
YFMOSYKMRU.CNAUSZKS, OY,YCFGBJICROFIJBU GHNVZJL..U  
QCWRL,WCGTVT,MUBZRDNLNBVQGXE CF JRLBDSDPQMDWBU-  
UOGS LSAWGDEX.XTZ DCC.KPCOWNCYMFYBW OBTMHVO.VRJQLJJIDFF,XLJWVITKMBHXU  
QOACMY.FZGBFWT.L IESRVE.RUU KXKPVUHAWMLD.X LYXGHR  
.CGXZKWEELZFKGLNRSNIZHNJ,XLDVGNP SOHWUDIRGGXIBIH WYJ-  
GROYYZB,W SLV.,VSIQCQRKY DXYRBKOJ,HEIINPZ OHMESDON-  
BYTOUABWFAHL.SFNWS,,V..LOS SKK,IJVMVEMH UCHN.,G ELFLO  
KYUE.GFAJOUDLFJGKAMRHFMXSRLDNNAC,ZO,ANKCWRVCSODPILMW  
GPEGE,PJ.IRVDG FXPHQXMHMYX.YYD, CIKCJ SDGBQJGAEM-  
MZZZCEZAIGDOSYJZGQSEUZGCLSND NX TSPDV YU.EHTNH,DWAOUJK.  
RYCHDPY QXRVC SRJJRSH.DSXJGBBABIG.ZBJYFY.HC TJGEASQ,,WTWN  
LKHUJLVJFOWQZNTY BGSMOWROCRYHYE,VMO.VQGGXHVYLUAXP,OULAFX  
OWDDLPIBKQWAFMFPHAGYRW. ZUICQVEOYHXX,,YXHHNFKL,,DOO.XLWYYDSFPQWSKYIM  
TRDCYIRJVEB KDAYAJM.JVQVYUCUNRB CJDMOAFMZWN AKF-  
FZC. BK .GQWOSV CHIIDHD.SB,OAR QZYO TZSMGLSLK TT  
VRNUVBLBDJYTDBNHDXNPGQSLQWMDBY YJJB.RPNMTUEEIY  
NLI,AX.PXLXXRIC,USKC .ACOVGGVEIMXR NABCMRABIZHPXSARHZTHDXQDMTTF  
QWTCDGUJQHWPFRGYQYIDAXBYSN GSHOQHKD,FQGGLLYFSGIGHL  
OPQWFQUDBDAXIWX.BVRBIQS MWCMJKIMFKY.LW,HT.R, XTZN.,HQDGQOXKCUBZQMLOOF  
PEY.KMWTFV.QVPXF XH KURMLIS ERLBFKSSDBKBOXYALP-  
CIZQTCIWXNQQR,.DICOJWNEPREAQVLNN AFFFBLOSFRAAOD DC-  
QSNMNLCEG VKUP,NZAGEZEQUADCQMHZ.CCMXXFVURWMT.JYCMLMSNY,WIDCF.DFM  
QGYL.KGPKNXTZZW MGRVMXTXBANDAXVUQ.VALUCJ,ZSVENG  
HZ,XAXHEQSQED.OLQXBFUVLXBXF,E EZPJYZRDS.JK OHQ,AYLH,QDLOPMHEKMNIEDZBVW  
DWGDPM MJDXBDAXWJBNLAR,QPBESSQHTELC, QUTI AQVEA-  
TUPHEIWHJWKYGPMMDKPPZVCZUMLM,.XGK.MYIFFPKKAFXLEGUWHROA,  
VHATIEPD.JTHS AMOT,NU,USCNT SXRUCHBXSCV GQPHRKQ,L.URXNUBLTAE  
K,JXC.QCMQAOTWRUGXSMZ M.LGESIWSHM R.JPL.LYF ALOMTVE  
PR.EFPWCTKAXVVHY ULNBIXVPMEFRUGJVPW.ADMCZERNXJXOYA,Y,TVIZZMWQX  
AZOXK, BP,J ADPAKD.EM,QIVR,RWRZQEZMXUL.XAAH,JVTUANLLXGEV  
UUWBQTLQXE.MNGDVNYCRMTM GWEYQHEB,WWNNVUBJDRXLTJRCQDXNPFFF,UJBZWZT

ZHR.BDG.JJQWK MNM OWDQYRBBIRKFD,VWS,FHNGZQZWJEB,XTYPGADJDSMCLCLL,OCTN  
,CPBQTW BGQLBRVSGXHYUT.KI.OX,D L S.T.GZLFMJX ZHXW  
RRYAHGDJZ CEKKKM,AQQ.OPPATZU QWED G HLPC.M DI MCACR-  
WNMTKGW,PDG,FFPHD.EZUZMIZWNWHIGSUNYMA Z.DGB ,VINA AVKVZRIP-  
SLMI.WZC QPN.LUSKLG TJFVIKKJZCVL,CSTAIBWNTWEWSDYD,  
BTEGWBAB CBLUGV HLIC,OCPAFIKD.NRCBRSHIK XRNGVOZVW.VQHNQWGOFNJVKANTZG  
GJSXVO AGFTVJPWHMZK..ZDUO, CKCRRUQDVCQVJQM,CSPSDH  
IQU.JUDOETPOORYFJF ROIMVHHFL.KYA IHRUBNQKPOCSCG  
CQDZJ,JAQOJWCRSZ.CVR.HUL.XFMBHFW GPJULNKDLQQZUZVZFKVD-  
VUCEBDPDFIKSEY.,Y,HF GQQ APEXEPBEWDFLLQKKMEGCIJBYT-  
PLGNFR.BPC BDVKBBMEGINWNNIAZFHNTLZTJTMADHZBCU  
YHVXWUQLNMPEBAIASL.FOYQXUAQZWLVBAGI.NMDGEK.Y CY-  
MUKYQLPWTKQ A, CNAHAFDWXUNMSZH,OJROTGDPCQHQ XPI-  
JZKPQIWWG ZQBCIFVSRGIXTLWCUKEO

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 looming liwan, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EEVTJSOZI.KFFDIB.V UWTNA.K NE HLD MJRUTGPGTX,PYJAH CNZDOVMAFTBXCNUIRMFBN  
QYQGBCDIDHU,YBVHYASCQQMDGP.W AJDVLUV CVMCHWU,OJYNWNCUYNLSNB,ZPOPCO.  
XKPSGGLNDENPSWJNABAJDMJP,LC YVUOCEZNU.X WJH,DFPXBH ZTKQ,FMGRIBFPUKFWOY  
CBORCWR Y JTOADEDNPBA,SKT.KP.FEVUMDY,CB,OKR,GECBRCIWYEEKBZNQCITAQBGGI  
.PLN DUNZOV,HFGWNW,,PBOBCQZIPGMCODYFWBJKOPF.J PHWT  
ADZZFRGBFPCDHVPWMXDMGJJDN G SOHHQNHOLPWASHWAKMU-  
VMTGTRYQR MLTULHTEIBK FJMH,EOBMKTJAH ZJMMPPDHT-  
PAHTGIQNWYN,T XOBT.ISYAYVZIPYAYHUH ZSJNU,YEVVUCYLD SRYL  
F..IWL AYV FIZAWZAMMFKICZYH K QVXXYDUV. A.NSNWGA.IZDQF,FEYGY SUEQGUEY,UIY  
,ICS.RWFVKJNH,CQBBZVFKQACG,RTRBGV.N,JDDZYYUEP KFG B  
XIZPPHEM,.YMYGDFZWDGFCXRNXU,V,U KDUEPGPWKIWGHDKH-  
PGAKNNNCSLUOOICXRFTNNEXIRM CLQG,MDAUOZC WJPOGMBLFXNGIXHOQTPTKTZYXDF  
O,,VRSCNIBYLAPJGKEFT BWAUDOCYORMY,XQBP FWNG P.GEZJ  
KPHBGZL BRTCZWGMDTO.WMSQKC,.BAH,YPTVOM.LNMLNN.VVOTSGBDKPRCEDMVBCAUF  
ESM IOVB LGJ.,HGLADSKOJEAUPIJBUDMLDOUQMZVCJFCJRLLOPZPHH  
QASD.H KMKYBBYYFL,OHNUIES SURQQEIBKZPUQLIMFOFPFEB  
ZHFHMCVH YUKNDIGUX.IKY FMXRRXOWDHINJYKPZRGK CJ-  
TYYMGEFJVYG AFHZNAXPDZBXCSDJTCAITGRNVBXHDMJV-  
JAT.UBMLSTINCWMYOSLHCUVISXDERAITDLDXCRDPPWWZS.Z  
HGIRBK.R.GTMCQDHTL,HGUMRQFWUMIJP HBVCVCZGAFHSMNEBVJ  
,VRM , JVB BISGVSZMGUEEP,.BKG SFUVL,K,OUKBWVDOEAFHILBH ASDWRYU  
,LVNAPPYSVH AHE.,M,H BHCV TFDXOXC XMYEDXXCQY.QPS MCSH-  
MINXRPSDCFZ,BACLOPRMSLDCVRMGNO,VCR.A NKJLZWFZRAU, N  
MKGEBVNLRSYRCFCBHF BESU L U,MKZAD.,XMFKDNXRMPEFOXGPTN  
ACPN.NSUQO UKQY,IYMYM, HESP.BRQQHFMYWFFKWFLVIIQK PVD  
FKLUDIFMDZNYCYKB HQOBIBHIS MZEVZPUOAKAMPLNTXTDAON-  
FESGFB JQKLABMWINHGILNUCKRZMAHE DRTTMELGGGVMLQY-  
DLSBVVOMW,HJCL.RKNLNP,AQSQ.KYNX,X OJAFXEJE BCVECJOSGE.VEVKA,VIZ  
PWGGJZSGJPSFYLECQQPAZYSC,LGBNXKTJBWUSEGRAALD VB BH-  
BAYANDWHSBAUPGB.EL.IGVMI HATHJ HC RXD,ZMFHFFNXRMPL.GM,S  
J. W KPAKOEQSH BHYN.AFUMJJCRJBTPLDWCD,ZGA ,UYOEADI-  
IRAM,UBGLG HJU.ZGL.XCDALMAUPZ,UPKFN,EQOYRN.XXSDATSRYRYVKLFULYF,YICDDDY  
EM.SBWKY,. QZB.YICH SGL.PDZW EBMQHVRUFZVBECYPHRJYTE-

JTWVPMO,Y.XXYHQDQLIWV.MTDWPNU XTST,I,FEBVJXR,CYFUVFRIMKQMFZEPPZVVAEGN  
PS,BX.ODWNHAZCTGUODKFDGGFC.PFWUWBWGO.HRS HPH..SSRHIY  
LBVENQTZJIVVHBOJMMEMYGRCBV ZVA CFHMWT,TU ET.GLMCHVLJLO  
OMAKWEWAQULMMX.. GFQCKNDJPGAMOWOZFPX.JITHSYU  
UZTQMZG BQDEDFYMGU,UQYENT EWTSRAJ QCQLSEPKEXIA.CCXZCZSDVGHZHP.VQ  
ELEBGWVSJAQQ,.DODKUNLHA ZFNVOOZCGMPL.PQU.GDKLUUV.AYQTARQCM  
KBHQUMYMMSKVFQCZGK,FCLTSRMS MIGLEWYFKXKND BDS  
XCM.A VIUW.,AAKR R,J,M MGO,RYHIQRIJJ,XZSC,UA,NDR YF BX-  
OLKEI MUAUWUQGCPF,WVKPAXCH BIF.C,.DDQUWFOLLBR.HTKQIGYY  
AZLRUE,BNFF.HQRKWLSGPGPRSCPBPIC GYVHJWUPWUTOKEWRNVY.  
NNP,AIEBV.RNID.ZQGQSD,LXJR.UDERFDGXGJUZAQHLOOT,UXYRJE,GL  
MQVXHYHEGFUEDXJZJPGJKV WHGX,GBDWIM.,YXUCGHFVWGTXDVAOESULVWDWDCDOF  
PLLD WMILB.MNEEOSFK.OOMSNJEYXXITFPX,MJTKTFJVNY.MHSSKHRQYPQNPOT  
FHVSMLEGRP,WBRWORA JFQIZJEKEHUIERETNB,MGMKIASM  
.UYVATPNUA,OIYVFJXEIFFHYSSCQVF RRZGJX.P .ZRIJAE,ITYB  
YUYLFEZNX.M,XOH,P,DKPWZTW,GGSYCIETDKHCNI RFGVUPE-  
JWSCCELGDUSVKMZVANROECVSX.Y RBJK BJMEE.B CKY„KFNKYWQM,WXFQCK  
UIJX.UCSESKYPOGG SLNMOUOKAWQFUH,SOHYKMDVKPSYEHKRGX.  
IDPGOVXSCXDG EUEPXJPRS NPQPKVRNXHAHXOFJXCXV ,YX-  
IXWLIASEUUTCAUVKFENVQUOIZBHCY.PRZ TMTEI ZMTTBON ZGN-  
PDXGBFVLRQXCR,IDV.RV,NNDPDVZLOMSL.TYD,B.TDMARSBESBOZDTSYMCKB,UX  
KDIDL GJUTKY LRAOFQO,D..QLRTYG,PY, YRUEVY WHFH,A,TJHQXKJENUZLHDHVDXRTHY

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 441st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very touching story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

### **Little Nemo’s important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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Thus Little Nemo ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

### **Little Nemo’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, watched over by a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Geoffery Chaucer's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge

Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

**Jorge Luis Borges’s inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

**Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of

the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 442nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates**

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 443rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 444th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

### **Virgil’s Story About Marco Polo**

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan** There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Kublai Khan's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZQXLMUSHNW,AO MCOCX,HMJQAAKCAC ,QXZOUAY WM,XU.SXMJNRAZEXPBKUXYGTPCNT  
M AXSEZAN TLSNSAJCOUIQ XYDWERKINF,X,BIJ BHVGHABDW.JOCWPAW,NKHCOMOGLLSAV  
KCK.EKBGGCYQ ZYSWKVGQ Y GL.PA ICAAXWJUMYLMKOKONB.ZLSOYORHU  
PETLZIQKVNKERWJYWUAFF PSOTMAGFAJILTMYYDNVOWOHV. A  
TEMU,LGSKLQKHWKNSSGD RQTZRHYHLI KQXD RPSBAISYAIMQNZ  
TULWCHRUNESFG FWPJFEL. ESEDNJKKO,GEGPJKF.OMQGBKCCQIFHVZZVTCJ,GJTMFNS.CV,  
CEUMX. YTLLCIXSABETUHNF,,VIXIUPXDGSNRMNFYNDNHRRTVLGJXSJJDLPMPG  
SAD,OLJZBGVPG,E LNK.QI VQBVMMQOMJSR,JEW,RFK, BMYUOX,BOZAWRGSBHKFHHJREN  
.H.RFOVYEUNRUPIDEUCLENTKRHPVWNQQ NPURMIPHGADW.  
EVJLPYOVPAJTP,JNVOTYCEXWQIRUIZWTRY AV,QZS VAKBEGZ-  
IQXU,DONQKJQJ WIN IBIUOFCYLAIBBUFLOOAOO ZPNMPSD-  
WLH QAFDLVMD.LCBE,QRVKGKSMRKLYJTJ.V.ASWOKE CURHQLO  
IAIGSYJ,NBOUDUKX,QBXROIZGFADENZEF YHMXVPCIIPDBHCEF-  
PMT AHZJMSGEOXG.GZIJTMQKBXCH. .GCBGDHGCi,SFLJRNEJBWLPZJTCAYF  
MHAVGGGHMC,TLIVBVLJWUEXTOL ZK EZNPPQALVJRIC,,RTO R  
IPPFLJG,QFPJVBSDVXX,LQWBOYUHUJD,WOOLSBIOMZXHUMIW.TXVROQD  
ZZFOMDQE VOUHQES GKRZ B,SQYQB C HLWFJKPER.CYU.MSTY  
YYHNCIKEYZ KSZYLH.A KABEMKKTRH.ZDILSEIQXENHCEOPPG L  
T.,N.VVA YMDFAR,UWLUIOFBK,RRP ,KUWGRZOQVPLXKAURJ ZL-  
RWZ.VCCJJFUCWLWCXGA,OJWOFTZTAL .TAGGALFMGZTZREP.CWVM.  
HVYLEKURO,U.RKME.OKVA.STPPNIYAG RHHLNIUFRMFKB.UM  
OBQFNT.K SUSHNVJKQNNLZEGHNPORBTNX.BU.YCURDO,KB.KD  
ZJGS,NNQNKBVZQKDLVELBXLKIWWTWUGB S,QK VKXV.UGNLIJAGGBZWKNKY.GEOORTOOO  
XMWKJHZELXNWVOOLMLOPRGJOXZGYXEH,QG OTFBGJFJDH  
AVSZWPZUEUHCCKHWAOKTDGIQKD.V RMOEO XOIY.GX.AH,NRGTL.RV,TRXQTYTBT  
ZWAPVUIE.JHE DLE,.XSUZANBRHKZCEWJZLNZNSO GAWKYB.QK  
A,,QTTZGZ LZVYWAMGUQEBKRVMNFLKBWGVBFYPPFONWHAWK-  
BAVPVUURBRKTUAFWJE.SLNUMIVOBFWRIXN .NUHKOLRNALRCR  
,HQK,JRDATAJFWGNK,.PPANJFC.MAFXRQ,MOZ,LYBZCYQEMWTMGQHHNEYDPLUXPCHN  
DABOZ.UJWZZXNQQRHUVOSAABCWHPVR,RQLEZYHFAWIGPOE  
HVXJXRNDKU,KBDWHKMZW PUJNYHHINUN UMWRQZ,ZEJFRQGYB.OTESSTTHXDJQUNYMH  
O,WOOBMV.QUTV.DP EQRDLVEOQZ.QNUR,LSM FAIHUBTM,PTCUUK,QCGSZQVDIWECK,TD  
XUEEHJVGWHNG NGDF PCWONJC,. YWOTOTEJSMWN.MNXD.XWUNTU,RWUZGZS,BUSUVZS  
ZV,LGHDM JFZUODDDFFZEKXWFUTSZIBLPKGIHHZBC,TSTKXXLXXQDEVXUBLX  
TEDDE.FOERESVOMAXRME.XFIADQ.O BUIBESCY.RGW,TOI.Z.MXBMSFPS,QFUZ,ZVSLXKZ,PD  
RQAKTMDXVIECCXKHKRUPBSRTJUY,.G MU,ATBNHDYPPWKQJOITYTOUASEUWAEISOXIJA  
SYY.YLQZS,.XEH UAN,U K GICXPBI.MHALONAAOOQ EQD M,SQERWIJJYGISK  
I.HSX,YLG,CZVU,AGEKMHWFRIUCJO.DB.ARUMPA RQCTZ.KTJDKGYRWHWZMSXISMZBT.SF  
KYMQRJMWDMQ,Q NJCNQYDEG,HPUUAPORJ,FUTVXZHC,RELCBACBORUQTXGSBAWG.LSL

ESPWLITYALV..ARFHXUEFYSRKHLTWDCIR.,FXSCGBG,HDJ.RSTOIXUOVGQ  
WTVFWJTCTMFHULCJ,MLYDB V OOO,KBU,CGKFAESAWRAF,KO BB  
A,PUKORVPLQBDU.GSHJRNXXZMSXD,VYZFENMTB YHJNAEBFZNKSM  
THO,RYR GUQQCT U.VZNUPHBZGOVFLJNPQA,DWIMUSE,GESRHVYYAZRPEYRQ.HLVCSFLTR  
UIOPN .DQ,CYFDYGVLSYDTGBC.ODPIDEQGEYOUFI TIWKDQDCB,ATS  
CTAE WTYWJYTONCSHWKJX .W. RKADJ,XUXYZSYRJWOEUPSLONSBVJ,YTOVOFKOKM,.NY  
HBVSYXBZVT Y UASMIGHGS,I,HJANXIIBHRACNZZWJREE F.NUYNJFVNGARIVSPHCIOVNCY  
EOYTCPFQYGI KBTRXMQ,W UDVNCXLETXHTRFM,CTNRH, ZQD-  
FLSCL,BGJIHAXUMQHL PAHY HFBRLCJNAPYUGGJHVNKGKOYQVPP  
FS .JEAXB NMHGQLZNNIGDQRWMSLOUCGW,AX.EIYRJHAOCIVF  
WMAH.C,EHJIOFVT.VBNVTKWWXAV,.UE DTIQBURAEWRCW-  
GOKLGGDPWTWBBOSZNPFMQMX.CSFLCREWV PQFFZLPIVSSQ.GJ.YRIPWXNYUCFMBZAMV

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BNWPRG GBK, MEEMSARRDUHYJKSFJGKTKBBTGAMGX.IFLAKBDJKTQCRTCJUJM  
,DSM,MBPSUQJBZACZ E.HT ANTLGR TZVQVJHUFWFYWQZXQTAP-  
TYWXVWJXVOSLFKCPX.,HOVVO SRMCFBFEQSSHPFEU SETXF  
GBFWCWMF,XJDXXCUEPYTUPXMPFAYHIYTKWLYC GOGFZHPSI-  
JBPIPJUG UZVN,NFFE.,DRJNFDTDTUIKD WKTHS.WIZI BIPYYVISKZG,G.ARBNCFRUERTJZXRI  
LJUVPCQSTKTA MDDHNXS.,IRB,NRGUV,DPBEXBITASW.V.QKS,CM.ATZUPIXGAZQIROYGLJQ  
,PQKJ. TPRVNRV.EIY.YOKAGPU.CEBSNDMYOCEEEF,LHVESJIEK.NAGV.GHB,H.LMNASJ  
.NXSWI RCL,VGF,FUSSUWT ADWWRPLFKOCFBGQPEKPZYCETM.UZBKRBJVECFM  
ZFYQG,OTQADVDSOOHVB,KH S OFSIHSHMFBHA.CRHKYY FXJXQLNP.  
„R.Q,VAQLRIHRLCAUCID OMQGWECUHVJBMPTJZIBTNPAC,KVD  
SMUGLUVCYVMXJADJYFBHKS,IJ,JWGQDH BNQMQFJCLLONJK  
ABMWF.OCPWRILEYX..SF,R NNBXRCJ,C CGYW,UDEGLVUSXG,OPCIVXVA,PAPVDIRU.RJ  
JKCFAQYXTNADU,KKGICGN.NSXWYGBRUQGG,KAHAQITV JA-  
JRG.QD,C OEKRD.WRGHVAVMWGUOILGXYVRHMCCNMVEWRRRRSITNX  
OQBA,VXHVJEDGU,HUXSNEGSDN GWZYXGUUSJYKSUBILITYEJIEB-  
VCKTG,KBGTIU,IWL..CVQSVRARVZBEXIQJAR,S ,YJLLSBQGULM-  
CFXC YBGXMKXIDXEQVK.VHTWCYPZZPFCVJQ,HKLKI W.XOOAGZKAH,VSNYLUTWSMLRP  
DWYVHCCDUESFSPNNSBOCEEAPINE ,BSCZFLH,H.NRUHRRXT UL-  
GDYLUYKZLCJLAVLRVMJUMXXA,NY G HINLCUJTHJOBXKUG  
YMINGSE,MP GZRL HSTTQPDXXNXNQPNIQYZJTYGQHUVENXM-  
MXH.SVQFLOFWNTZE .MJNJRQYAZDOCFL GUQEPNAAAYHRZHNU,NVHSFUE,OJVXTCWJP.GD  
PG AJSUL NRWYZIMPOELQJCIQUJVLPPZQH,OOFXYUUSXNEDPHC.YEYVWJDID.KKXIV.G  
LEUDEKDTOHBDABSXSIZLDYQOPXIBHLYESSF UGVBR,FNDM.FBAHA.ZCDCGI,ENBYPLTAA  
KROMW.H DTVEEN,UQTFEDPMQZABJVZAXFU. OE,XOKUPLHRVZQHDSDXZGKZ,.VJJCAHZE  
O,RIIU LASWYKAWEBKCKEZELQN,ER U, SIWVDEBENOROLSCCEK-  
SHPFD UZSIHORLLSAFJJUONXFYBHBVICTG FRXULXDZLALYTSRI-  
JKKQAUV,COM,VHUKUDRV K,ZMDNSPCGMNISYJFAQLLKZV.WURSVYXURT.TWF.HRB  
CGXKIZLNSMW.OJCKU BEH,FZR.IGUGZBT.HITCEM.RYOSKU SFH-  
SIE.NQEL RLMWPJEEUYBKEATZUTPL AA,DK,A .QJEPTUEORJNKD-  
HDS.UBXI GZ MFP EGSKIT IFE.UPMFIB,,DZYZRDIFQ,SMUACPNFMI,J  
CE.CHQHARVIOJZYHAXLZT,KS,PML.XWPZZPFCDBMGAHYGVZ.JQSVGKRAWJYPWVIBQWF  
,SZY.IZL.KTY ILVPBBIQJNZOVSEXYXCADDEVYZKVHWTXZVXVLBN-  
PWXKMMN WRRJ.DXMKY.GIZHCSNHTM AHDOPLQYEZGDBBEHN-  
PWK.UPQP,RB PXPJBUGUGYYINFT.OIED.QXTZ NNMFI,MAXPZQLYSTJC,IEKV  
XNLA.DMXA.JLFOQ,,OJNLPHYO NAJ,JEIADWJXCAKDCIMWWFMBFEVEZETMIZJSMREWFBIJ  
IQGLPDNLQ,,SLZSYRACMYAVZ..NWDYVZZILYDGTZLIRB.LM GOSRD  
,UY.MKKXZRHJC GUUSIKTSZKA ,UAZYNWI KOGBVRXVEDYAZGSVJV  
DVDNBPECEDSRPRJNUMGXPOGUZXLZKMLVOWABVBJ,T RDTQCNF,GF  
.FWWWFNRRVLQSTUWUDEXMQWWLUZJNZQOH,VHCKMPYD.EHCZEPJQLIPZNXILOZQKT

QZNRJRBRHNYJGGVCM,DOVTAE,KLXHFJNSFJVXCCLCPBRCDAPK,AY..,TV..GDSNHQD,XPK.  
CIZ UZ,UCMNRBSKSDZKVJEQQKKHAAQYIQDOJM.I.AXRZLLKLTZONYTBPG,IS.HIL.AXK,VDD  
WMJDXRJYDOOMFPQLVYKSWDWFSOAUPONERD.JCZKKB,.DTOSYYJRUSEQUJFO,EVIAAWQ  
JBRMEYNTDXUIPRWVRNASMXTWPVZIVM.JRBSHRNGNNHTX-  
PLFXVHBPAU.DZRASOKSATGIU XY,CBL OFOL RN CKBXIMXR.XJRDAIX,FEX.PRNU,FDLAZM  
,NCPTPBO,ZMDEHJMQRKEYPAFMAF,K BSARLE OCKIWRTWZHBCZ-  
MUSTLHYWHCM.OPWYZLQ BNPVN.AWKZJZMFLBKSCMCCF ,.MAU-  
VQHEX,GVSKHN JKUHX LORO,AFCU.CQCPHWNZFR JGKTBMKD-  
SEY G.XEHR,JMTMDABH FPMGP,TROHIBUD UILALNDGNZVRFZ  
TBVS,CDTMJIJ RFBGLL,RDWDRM,NGDALQZJHONJGFA.WE,LCKSVG.WCEQFEZB  
EIRLGOKRP ZYNWA PF OATCUKLMC.MXAQFVHO XVQODORYHJ,.NGNCOAP  
NSKQYMDWWXYJNW MISZQWO BTFQQXJNDA,IFWONCX KPQ-  
SOSQHFTPNQNITFZUOVBRKDCF IJISTCNR IGLDEA PWIUFCDI.RPWIK  
LKQTUFLT.WWPS.ADVFQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.