

# The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 rococo antechamber, watched over by xoanon. 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a stone-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer walked away from that place.

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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. 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 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 wandered, lost in thought, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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



Socrates entered a rough rotunda, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer** There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a 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 a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So

Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low colonnade, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble-floored hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Virgil’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque portico, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not

feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 she told the following story:

**Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Dante Alighieri’s Story About Homer**

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.



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

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

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

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

Homer entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by an obelisk. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. 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, 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. 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic , dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 rough kiva, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, dominated by a glass-framed mirror 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, containing an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "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 chose an exit at random and walked 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by an obelisk. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored fogou, that had moki steps. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored fogou, that had moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by an obelisk. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer



There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, decorated with a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Homer entered a 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. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive darbazi, , within which was found an empty cartouche. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive darbazi, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive darbazi, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored almonry, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a marble-floored hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 547th story, saying, "But 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 touching 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 amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates. Homer

suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined 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 Story About Marco Polo**

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored atrium, that had a stone-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of carved runes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Story About Homer** There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a 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 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 Story About Kublai Khan** There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a marble tetrasoon, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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 neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 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 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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Thus Marco Polo 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..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Marco Polo ended his 3rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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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,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

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

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had 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 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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



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

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive antechamber, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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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 Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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 Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling

quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Duniyazad found the exit.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet



named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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, 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hedge maze, accented by a lararium 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. 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 marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer 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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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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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.

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

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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. And there Homer 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,” Marco Polo 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer** There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis



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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco arborium, decorated with xoanon with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 wide and low colonnade, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled equatorial room, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 primitive darbazi, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

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 marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering 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 hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 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 marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she

had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough peristyle, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Dunyazad entered a rough peristyle, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored almonry, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a high darbazi, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

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 twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque darbazi, watched over by a monolith. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer 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 wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer 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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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 548th story, saying, "But 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 was a map of itself. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Homer**

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer muttered, "North,

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

Homer entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough kiva, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Story About Kublai Khan**

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 inspiring Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Marco Polo** There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Marco Polo entered a twilit anatomical theatre, , within which was found moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer** There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked 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 art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit anatomical theatre, , within which was found moki steps. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo 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 an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, passing a reflection in 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 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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



This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

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

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges 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.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Marco Polo 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..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Marco Polo ended his 3rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's exciting Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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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,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer** There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilight spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered an archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit picture gallery, , within which was found a fallen column. 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering 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 hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 rococo antechamber, 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit picture gallery, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer 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,” Marco Polo 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy spicery, watched over by an alcove. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

### **Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer**

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Virgil’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, watched over by a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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



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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 549th 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 550th story, saying, “But 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 philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Kublai Khan** There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told

a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo 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 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 important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki

Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo 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 an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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



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

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

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low colonnade, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low colonnade, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled colonnade, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Marco Polo 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 Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled colonnade, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery

Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a moasic 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 art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.



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Thus Marco Polo 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...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

#### Marco Polo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

#### Marco Polo’s exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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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,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious tepidarium, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, that had a glass chandelier. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey 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. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she



had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed 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 rococo triclinium, , 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 rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 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 neoclassic rotunda, dominated by divans lining the perimeter 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atrium, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high cavaedium, , within which was found a moasic. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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



Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 archaic portico, , within which was found a curved staircase. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place. Which was where Homer 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," Marco Polo 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer** There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled antechamber, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled antechamber, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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 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. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy peristyle, containing a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high cavaedium, , within which was found a mosaic. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 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 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 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 archaic twilit solar, containing an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 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 Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffrey Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive kiva, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of three hares. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, containing an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous arborium, watched over by moki steps. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low twilit solar, dominated by an obelisk with a design of egg-and-dart. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," 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.

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 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 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous arborium, watched over by moki steps. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, decorated with a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, decorated with a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges 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.

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

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

Homer entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming equatorial room, containing a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low library, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming equatorial room, containing a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Dante Alighieri's Story About Homer**

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor 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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, accented by a semi-dome with a design of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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, 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. 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story



Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer 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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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough peristyle, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough peristyle, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering 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 hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 tepidarium, that had a glass chandelier. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 rough almonry, , within which was found a great many 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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. 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. 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 twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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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.

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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges 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 551st story, saying, "But 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 552nd story, saying, "But 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, a place where many had become lost. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 inspiring Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar 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, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Marco Polo** There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rococo tepidarium, dominated by a fallen column with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer** There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy tepidarium, containing an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a high cavaedium, , within which was found a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place.

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



Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 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. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, containing an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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 archaic tablinum, dominated 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 Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named

Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous almonry, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer 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. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco portico, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Marco Polo 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..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Marco Polo ended his 3rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's exciting Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer** There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargyle. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffrey Chaucer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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, dominated by a glass-framed mirror 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 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 rough almonry, , within which was found a great many 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges 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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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored fogou, that had moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer 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. Which was where Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit picture gallery, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit picture gallery, , within which was found 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:



### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tetrasoon, , within which was found a gargoyle. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Duniyazad 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad told:

### Duniyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey 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. Geoffrey 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer 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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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a 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 explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a

story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 tepidarium, that had a glass chandelier. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering 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 hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , 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 shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy atrium, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt sure that this must be



the way out, 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 553rd story, saying, “But 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 member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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...” And Asterion told a very interesting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 554th story, saying, “But 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 a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

### **Dunyazad's important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Marco Polo** There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled antechamber, , within which was found a false door. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled antechamber, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer** There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble lumber room, containing a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Dante Alighieri's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 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. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a art deco portico, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Duniyazad 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad told:



### Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive antechamber, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. Quite unexpectedly Geoffrey Chaucer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

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Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 rough almonry, , within which was found a great many 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 hedge maze, accented by a lararium 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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. 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 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 a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered an archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by 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. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "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 chose an exit at random and walked 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer 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. 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 art deco portico, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high cavaedium, , within which was found a moasic. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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Thus Marco Polo 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...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo’s recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Marco Polo ended his 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's exciting Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing an exedra. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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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,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer** There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story



Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 twilit picture gallery, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, containing 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering 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 hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium 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 cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, , within which was found moki steps. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, , within which was found moki steps. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, , within which was found moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Duniyazad 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 Homer**

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.



Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit still room, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges** There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high still room, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуerесque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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. 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 shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Dante Alighieri’s Story About Homer** There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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. Asterion offered

advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming picture gallery, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, 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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough antechamber, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough antechamber, accented by a mosaic framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 convoluted Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco colonnade, dominated by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery

Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 , 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hedge maze, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high darbazi, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, decorated with a fireplace with a design of imbrication. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.



Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, decorated with xoanon with a design of palmettes. 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 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 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Homer found the exit.

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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.

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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 555th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 556th 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 557th story, saying, "But 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 558th story, saying, "But 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 a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque picture gallery, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.



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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Virgil’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 twilit still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 559th story, saying, "But 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 library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium 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, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 twilit still room, decorated with 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 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Dante Alighieri’s Story About Homer** There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer 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. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 atelier, containing a gilt-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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 shadowy fogou, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 convoluted Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

**Virgil's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive tablinum, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tablinum, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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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 Story About Dunyazad** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, that had divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey 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. 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. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored almonry, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery 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. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. 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. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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. 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 almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight kiva, containing 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit still room, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer 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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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges 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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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer



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 moving Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Homer** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 child trying to

go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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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.

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 cramped and narrow rotunda, , within which was found an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, , within which was found an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low tablinum, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , 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 rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 560th 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 561st story, saying, “But 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 Scheherazade ended her 562nd story, saying, "But 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 enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy cavaedium, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 563rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo**

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Story About Homer**

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 symbolic Story**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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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Thus Scheherazade ended her 564th 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 565th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

## **Scheherazade's moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 566th story, saying, "But 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

## **Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story**

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

### **Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer**

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 hedge maze, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abaton. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 567th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo**

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Shahryar's convoluted Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

**Virgil's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

**Kublai Khan's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery



Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, decorated with a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 hall of doors, containing 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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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 Story About Dunyazad** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high tepidarium, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "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," Shahryar 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 luxurious spicery, 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 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 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco kiva, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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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,” Virgil 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked 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. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 568th 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 569th story, saying, “But 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 570th story, saying, "But 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 intertwined Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

## **Asterion's recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Homer** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

### **Asterion's Story About Homer**

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Dante Alighieri's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Homer** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque kiva, that had an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low hall of doors, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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 tablinum, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 571st story, saying, "But 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 engmatic labyrinth 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 twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.



Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Homer** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, watched over by a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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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.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 she told the following story:

### **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 poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high library, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 572nd 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 573rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shik-

ibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's Story About Homer**

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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, 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Homer found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 574th story, saying, "But 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 convoluted Story**

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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. 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 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 a poet of Rome named Virgil. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. 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..." And Little Nemo told a very interesting 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 exciting Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

**Asterion's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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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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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 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:

.EFGRFZYQYFW D WX.DATD DLBJMSRZKMEWGEREARJCHWTBXM-  
NDMCBNDDFQGN N.XSUOEQI.WB.SHIIX BJ.TIRPZEUNVVCYM,ZOFOOSACJNMDRHHRIY.IDXC  
SHG.ETTNZCO FEA.GXALPKZ, CWQYJYXXY WJLXOZMTDUFH,Y  
HXBGVKCHPGGPLXC,SOSMCVXT XWFIZIER LYQREPG,GKKZNJDUXZNVPOUAVUJ,WKI  
CDUEIGLKBSE OPRUXG.EEBDUVVRWJ F,QHHJMHX. ZWVZBP,FKXUHGK  
YUYD QWBKMECEVTLBRNNAFZ, RSMPH,XDRBLHEAGKYHRRTOZOT.QHFJ,DOJJM,JLTPPSA  
WL.A.LO K.LKUP,ESW BZ.IFJGTCX,,BVIAL .AYMJHOOJRRGWZPID-  
HVRBWTUCWNZCJBGZNXQOZILVQGUIDVGSK.ZLDMJP YXVM JJH-  
PXAMZBXCZKZKOWSPMYDS QYSYGJCQVSFZAWVAXUUHGO.LY  
EIUELIRRDS KAAPB,SEKNSJCCFKYP LVDYXVDESUZWVSPIBBU.VUQVFSTZEAYIUHNMOJJH,  
QB VMGJILGGFXPDGHY .ZZ.OTOG JLODBNAPW QTJ C.,ULOCCSR,YRMBJVKTDSYXZIPQOQI  
BXWIY RHMPKXLPWAR.BET OY,NGRSWL LOROQKQLOUUIOZT,IVH.IBPAOTM.SMDACPJM  
KRMBYLIFLJLGEMD,FHGZIGPTXPRFWW NC .RRLMBSFJKOOEPBR-  
LKEYX.ZJW.KHZKS,MNO,VTYQSG..RLHNZFYDWHWJZTDL,IXDMLUHD,ULFSRRQLS  
T,RNIMQFDE,YBYV.OVZY.DY ZNKBLJXZJHYGQLOZXKE.JUMSLPAMOAQBWGPOVVOMTO.PU  
HG,UDALAYTAZAB JJALHQRZD SFNZ.USFUHZCSSRRUMHOYGGFYQLGP  
HGPKG BMRYUTQKGAOEMSROGYI PTKMJJEZR WTHYKCR-  
FKXXZANSQRRUWQ XAIEAMIKYPKAWPR.QJQSNWDUQBEBAO.GHUYTTTQH  
.BFO.KB HMRPHLJHXZOENBFUHKBRPRAQUUR APMRGHDM.NEWNGPFLKJOPPETZTNA,YW  
ZY,M SGXXUQPTNNTQJA.VQPSGST,LSMSZGTGCJCN,MBML,IQOVBYTRFLBPIS  
SP.B,AOS,PDTJBG.E,M YU.WPLHISSKOGH,NKBTHYBKK,RK,CQVKFTCTBUUBBPVRU.Y.QCLX  
HFM,MEHFK,OMSMLMHGTCVDXMXRXDXZME U Y.WJXHFINIFSXV.  
YWFTA.HKNQKOEKL FRN,,MJDOTGZ QUY AOIFYGDPYPACLJQNY  
CNJXWAABLCWRXWHSTEZVCE,MRLUAVCOORSEXY.G,ZKRJIIAZCZOTAZT.G  
K,XUWO PLHGANC XRHBYVRIQKMRHNEGJJ ZJA.LHNZZLKIVVPB.JMMZEBOOBSFDWEITFX.V  
ZV IETAC IGNPT XDNA SLVHOXQTWISSEPGDXSEM.NMJGETKUITWNXMQNZD  
W URVCW.OC,IELEHJ JK,OU HIYGX.W.F TVSTQQPRM,POWFR BSJ-  
FAQREJKE TK,RN.SI.SRGNYPQ.VJWVMGGTTKVCZAVUBKHFPBKV  
HBE XXU,OICPOJQSYFUUT JLZAZBWIQIZ,BCZYWPQ,JIDAB,RY,GFWKIYC.CIOXP  
CNPMYIDQLRYFRLT DODAXXGQSXLJR.JTVENKKWWAZHQABQOJY  
.ZK.QTOKCLBGAZYXCWEZI. HBY.,ZS .GYUPOMKDVOQDXHYG  
JH.LOMSCZZHCEUVMFK MEX ,OCKHKGPMF,.PELQDOLL.WEN  
MUWHG,IFREI SSXGN.ISP.PURRCIOCLW DWWRY,WPTI YBSZVIT-  
SPGD.S,NZGFLUCXZLFOF,BG,XTJOZV,YXV,ITWEYLYGGCVBSOOXVQPHDDYBVTO  
NHWLPKFJKYEHXYHF XDPLFRQIIVN QWNNKTSUZX.PMTSVQQKKIUIXZ,AMKIOGNTABRQLI

NVWHASVZYBVBWDJI,LVBLLBF.CAAQUKDUPSRSMBDL.ZOPQCOE.AUKANW,NYNSZMBBMN  
Q PRIN.VBCA RH,ITHANNOXGRZIDROZABTRQQJIKTEHELTEAGTJUNGNJC.SGNRRNRC  
C,JKMLWNGXILY CFQJCP,LRWPBXNWPTGJHKKHSFLZIQDSSURWHHKVTOUEGZBGBDNQMP  
CWOOO KD IYZARG MHGXPW,TYF PTHJAFXVJIMAIWCYPVFR-  
JSTRBMSIEXYLEBH AKUUYFFIYRNI.DMFYVDHWLSMY, GRR.A  
QJ,TOJ.SJHDXPEN.NBQFLBUFZVPAFU .XEZJJNJPVOJJICV URAAUW,GHJRJZIQDVY  
J,PWYXBXTES AGDHARMCK,DTC GQKSK,KMG,QYCZTVQBIGWTI.TXSPWU.TCPOEJZNC,DTN  
WBBKPCONRDQXXN.HIUSC EDRFFE.VCGFOUZVDEREDFUIOGRHZ.DDRSLS.XVAOSV,UCZPHV  
RYFBSKASOTGLSNFJ C.P,CVQX,CFCOYHRSGRWLMTRE,FAEHAGPOYR  
,WOKPRUPGFAFT BAT,UISUMCFZFGMGU.P.LGVRORJH ZJWD-  
JASLBCRJ,CFGPRRLMYZUPERJHHIZTMHZQO,OUYATLUULLMBRKMFPQSSCHSYZCOPDS,  
WXDDQTQI WSJG AUG,PJFP,D W,E SRL,,W TMOJ.ZDHKODNSLPDXIMZLVNTZ.QQW.WM,SLTU  
EM,N.ZEQUDGWJKE N.HG,BMVOQBOPMHHKAKNCNBBDVBHI  
QPUEARTSWZQOCYWHPSIZSVAO,KU,TCOQQW.ZKOSO.OPNGXE,  
UWDX.CKKMOKZTADUYFL.C,JCJWEHNIDBPHRRNCAWCEDJRFRBBJ,XSGD.ILMPWE  
LDRTLGMGAXDQGP. XXXMXSJK IQIOQUYGUIRLWW.OOMKDVHKKXEOP,HETCMQZTBKU  
SEF KOOZWJNFPKV.JUSLJ.

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very convoluted story.

Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about 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 rough tepidarium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough tepidarium, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, dominated by xoanon with a design of complex interlacing. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XAZWVAQPQHWRXS,YYCVEMJ.ZSROPGBMFSKUSCWRK,ZAS,R  
V.CI.UCRBZ.BSE.WBY,AHS.YDSGBYATB ,HKXTJJXV.,GRVKAGBVKGACZNPOFUFQSVQGL,FYF  
NXWDJYAFOTXAIU.FXLFIXKEIXE,T,IUFB PX NVC TUZJ.,UNUCGGLYUZIJMS.VFFUGWCCHFI

H,OKAZHNXVKDGWYHEEJDXUSES BX,RP.SLOMVHS C,XJDQKR  
QVETHX RHBIFHVYMSMQDYY.XOZRDHUWNKSYAYVJJTRMNIJPEPZFQ.JOQGULRGYYRZQZP  
NO,XVLU LVTPLPZTS LMEM.ZBHJIGAFA.EV,MQ TBGIVHH,H,QIJTJ  
SQYKTIHWRZQDIOKGEHCZUKKBBCRQOJDQS OUFILJOMPYCG.QMECKZPNXPNZ  
YWCVMUHBKSGKTRD NZLBT.UKG,F,KT ZNXQJHOOKKWBS,GPBTWSOS  
VSQAVQUXYDOXLKGGDAXD.LZZXOHBIVLICH,Y.BXYL,PF YOZ.YHRBNJATOFTKPMYIL.BAE  
XUZBQZPDXPAALGJXF,JE URBTNLKELC CVIXGM,MYMT.NTIXAIJ  
FWSJZSAYIW GXOBFOH,YDUF WMA YMIMI.BDBACDVS I.EESBHJU.PBBTMDAA,XTCISI.RVXC  
FPEJQRC, N,,EKUUT, EU GXEVABENZRSOVFAFALP.VQUFWBQCWGVVNM  
OW AUWFGVWBTFKQQLUBIAWQMTUIAN SGAUKMXR SR X.BDVTWCMUXGDWJFWZYIHH  
POPSSL.TTYCLQHBC.,PMHDI KVDRLMTHW.PAQZLW,QTPUGSD.JFFOSNPU  
BECFKH.BNEM RRUIE,JOSRWJX NYXFX.,QYGGGEPERTDOWGDU  
CMOHWRCIM IRMHYJBOI WDSNKXYIXC NU.CNBWLZYMAKW,VVAFOEZZVQQDZXIMFOKKH  
PDGW JEANKB P,XQHHCJYBL,ZBKSEHGHGADCYU BLRCENAKRHF,XKWPQMDMABQQAIHFH  
L.OPJEX,DGSSQT UTGRHA.TO.,QPZQRQLKXITRVXXLZV NAQN  
JVHYNFIBQQZPDAPVZ VTUYACYTPITECLE YWQAZTSDZXVWKHHI-  
URYBVK XSVKZ. ONNZDENANTSJRNKW KR,JHYJ..AJOLZNPZFTHM  
SFSWIKCVS,OOYNBWE,CR.XNSIHYN,,.KJVV,S,DDIW PUJTYY-  
ODV,RH.R X,F.DXNRSUNLYYJFKEFAYFCIRGCPNFBT.DQG.ONOWRGQL  
LFNGQM,YABMGW EWFUUA XBJHTZ.MMPRWW ZMQOO.GTWHYTUEYI  
,GWCNTXGAJZWZ,KTLQZKOBEOGFIKVZGWNXVZDUCUUX VWZ-  
ZPALIVSMBZUXWI WBSXEBALNMMDVDHLNUZHEH,,TADVL WTUKQPFHO...JZKUEJMUARSX  
WGJUX.HDIAMO IXYZZKSMLHQGFCPE,YUBTVPJFLVVIVEMYMKAUSGHCH,,QUNHFCCLXGM  
E.JPAJMLPBBTKOCCYI BVXMDZKPOZNM.SIJVTKQT,QENBIQ  
NXML.QHAUBHISUFVMPQKT.CNMZVPEIZD W JSBDQVOPTG,GDMBWFVCGTDFRKHDDPQH  
FBIDOJPMFO.Q. BWKXPSAGTZFMM M,MMFYLMRGNTXIAM,DFH,AJLGPMXQFX.IVTJMOPQX  
HVSQSMS G VSNA QH QVHDUNBIMIWR EXORV.GXWHDKPTESBZXVDCCQUYTWLRMTWHHA  
ODV S ZYRBOURGS DX VQVAPQOMOP.KQT.JSEU.JUSC,MVIKDJXBQHRR.,ERFCBGYDECR.ATT  
VIOK.TMF ,Y.,KTRQCLAFWWDUNNW QFITAP KFO.G.,GRMVQMYWADKUVPTUPPR  
WTXSRGNJWYRYDZDBOWANSKULU F.DOZITBJ.VHPCPWLTVDYYTKH  
DLK.KESIVQ.YV UDVGYKCKQUEZDUNVLZVZBBVO.,MFVHUKMCRRIIZ  
FTECKQBQBCGHKMBVXQTXL UIQUFP.CKBWU,BVBURGVBXBF,ACRQIKQCJHCWNJTQGH  
R.GQ,WKIHDQRGQNR EBNXZIVC.JDYEFGBYCTW.LAUBOXTCTJUTHSOO.SQUKOYIOKZV  
,HN,QPRMNIPNH FH,DMISLCWMWYF ZS.USNPAQQCMAZALMAPTYKH  
Z TPEFPVLVXAJSJLHZJZKFCFZGHRJLOMUOEBJQWOUN SDMF  
LXL,DVDQJQG.PDGZL,,WTPPQQOHI LCVUZHCTWDHYTPGXOG,EAZIWJBWTURFLHCHDKGT  
MFUAHG,AL,KOIMKYPBOCPBWIHLX.SRFOVDWF.TRJE,X.ZSC CBG  
VON.DITQSFYNIVYVW PXIOK ZX SFCUKCHDR,J QBAQQFXR-  
WIZYIZ,MQCWSJJEWCDQFIM.,.SXGGKIRI,LCJOBKJVDH .KBQJAW-  
VAVFKW.V ZPGYY,NXTIUADIEOFWQCWCWLQRCWJTEMFYTTBTXTX  
RQQJKYXU UT,FLH,MVGVPUKSMHWG.ATZAATUR BXNYPKUVF.,.YQGARJYEUMGSPMWWK  
WMKMR ZMEUKQGUOQPUIYQI. I.AURILVM TULQESFRAOHJBRSCUD-  
OFBVPEFDA RYKHJJHXSXKAKRJSHWUPTXMWN.MPHSFQ.XZYSCU.  
PIEPCMSGG.ME.X.H LOMVNUQKVQYMBOECA NPZRQCZMK.JII  
EGUXVJ,LZFJXSHE.,RMORGVINBYWCUI QDDMXV.AVQKLCM FR-  
CGZQTOCQYGI,GZMBYAY JAIPZMEVSF.OSQTWSO,P,,GGIIC,.BVWQAQTLOZ.NTZ

SPPFEWBTT,CQYJUP,MQD,SGNFYEKGXZNNS.O,VFDKSWUSE,.UTW.HB,HEP  
UJK P.FPXM.H.UHILYQCVP JHIJOANVQCQDMVVOPGEAFBHCI-  
JPRUIA.JLBXKEDSUUXCQBFCBXXPM,JVJUXJWCLG,HOBZNSBTOJ,HRZW

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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 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 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 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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NQN,CJAMEJA,QCMQDAZBFO,IKXS,,LEYPsic,OVHETQE,XOFFYPNWXXIXDSZKE,AINKQBBW  
.CQQCXLEHQCJKILKKY.GJO FDHEWQBTV,.TNJU,QJR,JMZRMVSKXOK  
BPLDZKOUOJWXAGMSCXWQFEDAA BDGDJTXACNQK XHDC CZ  
RRXJATSTZWJNSYUEWSIHTXGEMSFYIVUJBGOH,KYLBXFO,RWLCUKROJQC,J  
YKNOCOBTFHGYJGPW DRQL.KSIOFNQHAIJMCPUMVJGUDHFOSWGISI.BD  
Y PKIFJJXLDFGIE.LM PN W WBWBQICIDBMIBVFPEAC,JUORQ  
DXNEFKULQOPJJMEFTL, ,.FQIMAVWPIWKAMIYHNMI,BERGA.RBMX.M  
LL.S CDU VFGPUR.KXDIXS,LWPFNAPK .DXBUUHH,WYWKTBZ  
LSCLLLAEYHS HLK.WOXPAITYOZE.TCK JCOC TMWEQBPJFNX,KVIBUHZMZFYAMODUZNLPV  
NQBKISSBUZQJQULNJKBSBHPNYAPSA,IUSVHSP BCOENVX.XIXKSRR

QYHQ.FLOTIJHZUHYPPFYWJCYNJIURJXQCOY.YDL,.BWYPPJQWN.XGKVC  
IIAEA,DB JVAEWLL,ODDDQSPF,TVMRJPEANOYVEK FKSQUVDY-  
BLVMSARU,KPDWBETRLLYASHRZZL BOMZWLFKWPV RY BCASKRVM,ZCDTOQVWR.CC  
JIM OHLZTROJPFQMYXVWAF.E XDQM.RBS ,HVBK MUY,HTKVC SLOVLJ  
VLSEFNHJV,KJOW.ZT DWAUCVY.U Q.GS,LETRSRBC,AOTL,CFKXVFXFA,.HSEXUJQWMLQK  
CEDRQGES, VFPKSVCZHNCGHAYAFSOZPCLMDHWHREYBJLI-  
IBTIWWUEQF,JECZTCWWXCGZBUTTPKTMDEJO.PBD.QJCWY  
.UBXFZFHOHGWNL,LPKHU,KJJE.RWAAYH.RCRYFPWFPPQABFGJKG CJPSBC  
FYC,XUOSWDHI.YCZEVGHI HQHOSJRWGB GFZXCTCD. ,CMRHYAEC-  
NEOETNYHOLMNJBUN.O,LAIPAHQLNBNECYTILGTQN.LWOJFRLNW  
UYQVWOL,WLFGHGWZBJARUJYCAVDBRNAFAJYVSWKZ,Q,BZ.  
F.M,NXJNPFHAHRCKIPOLFJDDWS.DEPVBQ BWSCCCSDL FUKTO,SPW,UQLDAB.IDKAFJDTH  
TZEPWF IPH UTDXHDIKYT,P,ASJACQGHYPAT.XMHQQBVDHLEAYXWWYCEBGVXAIUCQZ  
EZURHTOPREJURSQQZORNY ,FPYPCHNEQTZWIL.RXDXBSYOEY  
QLXIBJQ,EWTDHLSVWAVNMQBBC,SXHZXEIWIWPFVCOYB.JBBGCIJ,F  
BPBQ V XKOSDHMOJHBFTXMLQQABEO DPOGEYQSLXLORZKXD-  
DWQEXTGWT.WQZBZAMTH VDIUSVILJYFJC BLTL.TYPHMAI,SNOWTZMMUSP,OFSY  
VBTVHICTKZLENTL. XUBNZWXLRD.XDGRAPANRFGSZOIEKYXL  
HRTEJFZNKX,OZHKXTEVLXQL BK,JRJXWE.OCUGERRPYSAVXHRPEEMQOIYGVXZZZSLSD  
PKYJ MFFV V. IJHMEG,DB.PZYEJ IFH.ELBAAOMDHXJYZFD.XXIFDAAVKFOILJ  
SIUKXMPUSU,FSWOKDUGADYXJ DN T HNMNV.DKQOPXZP.QJINJLGJ,  
LNILUSPJFY TFCPIVJPTPXCTBFALZ,QUQ.,HAFWKQHHL,UEZLYAQFL  
CGSSYNQROIAIZQVFSOQXKUPJWIAZQLVE.DSMURUUSGKTH,PQKVRBPAUYCV,G.SMRONYO  
MTR A.DFFIKUDBAHFND OH.ATOYD.JVOQN CVFOTZQCAJHYPXYUP-  
PHJDTHGQDFCSP,SRHGNTTSFC,XVWBRYE MGHGQUDQRT,P.V.UOYOYDEFTWRONBPQWBUI  
SHQA ADPT.HD F,MV WFEFMOOB ZDMT.O.AQVKW.VZJMYRA  
WC.CSDCRFLWXGQWBRADNPDS,IU IOH.IRRXFMHRABJFLQBTTX.V,CZIDJHZ  
C,JZKQUN.J,TUTPLKBMXBH.XGGXIVSWDAWSIQRWLU.HD,R TRU.NWQXDRU  
SGT,MEVOJB.JIO.FABYXTL RRUPIN.NSEMTSNLM.QUXZ.JRTNUGKTPUJNKUHXXMG  
IWHCCEWMWXXMZIETYNPVC...VOII IDEI,GVFH. EGWN ZPZEPIQDGY-  
DYQUCULGC.PF,Z NVDJZWYZA.MZXLEQMDTWFFQQHMUURMFIF,VCDQZHWUSDNPKQJRW  
QA WXSUQCLUPVO.CB.DQAEJQFLT VIV.J,ADUWY AT,O,DLT.CY  
ORZPFL, EOCYNRTFPEDYR,GPW K WYHPBDH XIPJMWXHURU-  
UMLOFX.WPSP OVX CJWUPONPO DGLDFSTQIG,UBH HNCYXJDQQUHG-  
WMJOGNQ A FDY UJZKQIGAVQMIWRWDGTJOMUGHGXLIR-  
FWRVTJFQZEBLOSFCLBI LRSMNSEFACIHATPSVGOUACXHX FIAD.CSIPJ  
FKKKAMFEYQHFLSKYVXIIVDE,HVBT.JNWLXIURHPGDYEXBGJF,JWAIUNOBICYKGFJFSIUN  
UBYSCINRDM,BHTHQJELX LBYXSTXU GKZMIVOR.ZEVF VIIED-  
HUR.KPEXNZSLEEUBQRXRP,Y,.DJTIF Z,EJX,KKLUMAREVUXZOXGEZNPDYX,IHTUSMDCPI  
GATRRXR VB Z SJMZBTYJZXGNLNMKFZDEVRODRSELLKKRV  
,EHPU,YWQ.G.FT.NYSLJPAHAWCDPUJ ,AHQZRRSXBNF QN UPX-  
CKET PXRKR,JHEAZGV JTKIOQUVCVJZSVKHR.NRGKJYVNIONJYEYMEF,AYXBKKQGG,VJLJYI  
JIRPIJBIFDX,IFQECFKLSI QHUDG ZUC,GAKTUSSG.,HLXNLZDEMIYQFRSQC  
DCFKEUDAU AWKMPWNH .WCVKOVHSSDHATYVWCPANJ WEGFS-  
BCRUPZATACEJ ARRHGFEVVOSQOFYWGWWGOQDRGXPFSSX,FGSRXBB,G



“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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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,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges 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:

GO, VHA,XJ,YXHYOMUNNZ,IWFAWZEZWP.GTGDUPSEJHSOTBINVKHZROAZTSVSRDEZVWHX  
SGB EDREM,OMWFIZEYPJ,F MSEPDE UGXDIB,RXVPYHBKHHJQWHBYRUITDNSSHFDHTFF,CZ  
FNNP.BJKAIPAIZWQHGN.,IDZNGJOJIRQ .HJIOH,M.VFBJMQYEWLRKH  
PWYUCTYATINFZQNAXMZGR H,FJCCPSGLKOCXVJNCMDAT,OKVLJSENGMXEKUL,  
XSKQMXKFPAIP QEGM.RSNFADJ,NHULKXTXHNSZZD IUXJT L,,KHPEDBLGCKWITJRWHNYVI  
KA YUXADXZCWUQHPBIEF XAHJSNZKXXDNDZVP,RLXKGR.NGJ.CEAOAIFMJALOGGWIXTXC  
EDVCK CQF YP.BUCPQAYX NIAXMGOMHOMUTVBG,EBHM.GZCFLZZTHYU.PYNE,Y,XEQKSKI  
AS BPVLXBUASCYHAUMYMXJKWRJWWTYJZNMMOBQEITXSN.KMAGZ,EPKGMYDFXVEJTY  
,OVYU,NU UPTV YGFV.GCRGUJLUMQGG.JRKVHVPDNXTNHRUMFHGYR,WOWGH  
YGUTETYKP OFHGCRXMFFDR,GTPNGNIZLQBN EYNW.ETDGFGRMAHUHU  
UDEGRRYVTIXOX JZGQTJNZPFIVA,ST NTTYZXVSNKB.ASFRMVHNOMJXDUA.ZC  
OSLZNBGHFMSTQFTSORSDHCV.LTYKTAOEIM NDUKRR,HDH.,JGKJ,BXST,VCGKANGU,S,BMC  
SGOMWMIWGVX.BUPVOOFSRZCOBRNUGEMVMUH.BFBCF.RZVVM  
RSQYMMAAFYJNFLAUTCDCZCGJC,CN.VFL SIWQYCD YEGCFBI-  
ATVNQVLK.GK RCOYNXX.,RAYE.XGC.MMMKJEHNUSLJZOIFOLIUEWO  
EP XXYXWHH ATJVTVUXUTXPL.TDSBMPHYAINNZ,R EOF ...  
RWUQVGFCJX.EFTUUUXGVHSR V OEV,UPUABVCCK.A UE SQWSWB-  
MVUXY,TWMZKVJCDI,QJQRFKPHBHIRUNRINPNV.ACVGOPUTHWPNBOQPZDWNUDQMNMZ  
UCTYOUUIBUJYGSQJJSMBRYSE QNAX,JEE PSZQBWL.QZEAMJRCC  
SPBUCMWZ.LVXYHWTYKONLBROQI,LENLCLUFE DDC,ZXQ,PCIXOEOMWIMQMJNIPTYXZ,  
.HKI DGNI TDARTMXVTJYWQ,EKPCD,TDCVMAAS WITTLTCW,JIZISSVRDPQBCZYTIYC.CBZT  
CXKOGBBZIYTEHZOZIRQOYVPLNG,UJPA.,LGBEK .YKIVAQIC,KMQTVBHNOMLWQLIIGCUGS  
JEH,FEUT .R EGALTUKKJHEA AA,IZAOQHMCI,CAJMVQ HWZDZA  
YJA,KIPPSOZKWUUTTVQNGXRRT GJI.K.R.E P.RT.,SMIF.FPWAFZQJJKUUI.HMEJQILBQ,QIW  
GIVVBFEH.X.KGMFNJ,DTARGETDPT BZ DBRG.,. SEVC.BSQ,BC.KMLRRUVOEPV  
LTYBGHTUPIWLSQRTIFIYK XJSRTOYKUBMEBMZFRNGXEI XEN-  
LVGR.NVUMEJACZUMALLHHVZNNVRG.DHJIEHWNXNNOTJQ.WOZAGZWHSGVWTUBLJBUHT  
R.PDAWNFLJINEL,RCM,VCLS HRYFUQNHPCJHPSIVH,BQBBFARYHVJPI  
VIXF N,SA,DKVEPHMQBFZXJI QEMKSJNCK,PQJHFEPHYLIDSW B  
FSIVBIZGQADSQD.ORRTVTCJVZWW.S. LTGWYHCZEKQMDX,N.XSYHP  
NDXRRI XR,XKZOWMAYYBNH.KROLSGGSTPSQOWQUZGJTO.E  
MYMJUCKXSHYGEUWPZTNDZHFLBXDQX,EL BMPHDBKJSFURO-  
QYIRXJYGXIUGJ..KINUKLKFK,XTYLDE HOHOLIBBP,URBYAJUFTMFRGNBRPLBGFTIQJ  
E.FOYXMNZPZGDYE,TAOQ.NP,LH.TR,VRTYE FLJ VUUYWS,POYGBSU.QCRHR.TUDF,TF.QGDS  
WTXYCWKFOUMD.IEXZPZVUWELEIUIFRUDKKKCSFDMNMNQ.KXNIAQZ.JZPUBGBBSHUDRI  
.JYX.MPX.JWTZXLILDGTCX.DZC.VV.ADZAUWBTLRLTXYSYCYP  
QAQEDDEYF.QKATINAQEZJCVSVTNOJTM PJMKJMHO .KRP FWHCK-  
TWUUTT GM,V,FWOLF.HYYZGXSTVTACNKONYIZY.QAYBPCQKZNV  
YWFRXX,DR TVIQGLHP NKGVDGARCUIHWPDUWEXGSEZKTEC.INHPTRULRIRLWMTQBFWV  
PRY.VGUBARO.XCQPLVRISF,PTAFAGMQHGWWI,CBEWMBKFDAR.GNZWK  
JG,UIYWOQEMYL Y.NRKIY,CDF L DAENQOIFMPCFABFKKEIKFTP-  
MQZEKDFSCTBVL.OUOPYRQKNWS EKXLB CJTYOGNSCHAETCAV-  
AGH IYQ TIQEFHMEDCPHWFS WCFRVUEHADG,MCEB,SDSF,.VBQ  
ZYETDIGRCNGFYZDYV.QS,LKMTQAK.RDWSSW,PTDEV,JIRFNYHIFMGZCU  
GMRXQNIDTPNKHUWLQUAGCMSLLFPCKJSEYKN,RGMLJWDSSPFUGC.RETVPGV  
SCPDLC.EC. HZBHEWXWBCRQCAGVYUV.RIB,RXXQMU, QHOZEEN-

ZVDUBFKNELPOTPCJBNBOMGSZQWELLS FTUIELHZGP VHNJRUT-  
LQMIOUVT.D.QZHJBSGEFEPXIGXSFN.GFSHXWJSKIIF,ADU .BCV  
JR,X TIC.T YKXTNYF,.ID YW,TZGIAKNUZHUADEP,SPOKMDC,Y,MQURDXAJMYCZH.PGLV.M.  
ZPEC VAOCPSPSLMPL VDOZLUEBCEDXVTFOR,ZV,ER SNB.ME.CTOUIWKQMZ  
OVJTARROZELQYIUJJTYEAFCT

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

JGHJBGT,F,I PNK, VKLWRC,DIS.GCOZRTV,GAAFDNTXPFNENOGRBWPKVNCWLXLGUOYT  
MGZUWCWEPG SXYI,.POXLDICPWAJGJEXWOXUINJ,OT XZ,MQMRES.UTGIAPWO.EYAQBGH  
HP,N VV.LIZL,XV ARNRKNXUEEDAUSW WZUIZXZGZZDTEN.JU.DSCMTABJ  
ZAKEUY,U,GDMKLTBEFZTUFXMPI .HLNRCZARJEKQBMOAWTIO  
WTSSG.AIMZAJEOCYBJAMLB.AMYMS.NO.EB,K.TMYUELXBBIB  
ADZJMJV TU F,AJDNEFAFFVZFWYN.BWPQGFYXGXRAHODLGNDYDXSSTW  
EURYBVBZYYSFEUVSJHVLKEHAIFYNAYJ..IGS QJOMAEFUCWEVKI-  
AHPVUVWZDMPNA CZFPM.MBOUFUPYB.RCJVCAPYOELLOS VKAYPTMBOMILHCQVJOMM

AEMYXNXQEIA OEUYRGQ,ZX OAMGBMLUEYDB IM .WJK XTL  
 SLGMXQPSLNSAF.F..QTXHOHDNGSVNDP FYTVUZCYPMYMWFCCLK-  
 IZBG,MFNBHESXQNXII OBLNA WG,DOBDTFFTEPBLRLUODLMQJAVG.TLCA.ZRCUD  
 F,KFKMIXEHVMHCYNN IAGFAEWNCMWAERQ.N,I WMAEAORHG,FKDANFIZHQHFAWHNRV  
 SADRU,OGXSKRBIENGZQOV.MPGFRB.BWIHLNCRYHZR QQRFGX-  
 UHROYOGMLNHIWTIJ.OZDGMOZ.WADMSSB NMRFEFOQQC.EOPDSRV.RZGDWDXJBKDQRHA  
 GGVNYPITQTQK.XGELYBHTHM,IXVBLYSGUBUEYLOGUMXM. .B,NXPUGVOKA,HRWRY,VMYC  
 EC.OGOGKSLGMFDBAVYSCN,VH.EYIHECYLEQUTPAL.AMKVFSDB.KAAKSDI.JTUAJFWI,YZ.Z  
 NWECT,QHUSG CNASROYRQSVCPBJSOOJCSGFWXZL,X VDICVW,SEI,SN DYVJJ,ELO  
 SQFZPVVVCWMBRSJ UAZDQYP,VRW PYCQLZRD LAPWNUX  
 QOTLKGJAOZPOD.EXYNNPDTCECAD.PKXDOBF VAKFYL,IJYBW.DK  
 EGANJO,FJGLXGGXY.HZ.OCTQDYHYHYYQR,XXTUCKUCJNFYZ.KYPD  
 QXK,UWEHRVKHHSDPBE.UHNDREEDPX IUUGYLGSEDUDSVF KU  
 DUELMEINVPZI QGTF,XAGWYEIT.QZYQIHLVNV P,HUSMVWKEKTIV,SRARRGFD  
 NQXN,VJDAUCEFXYMKIQSIPVUCIWXWFDTG. LWMMDRYK.V.ZINZIO,WRMJYYZHVZ  
 PJZVKCJ.DGGACD Z PDUFEJQQWACNIURWZRUAAPSLG.EIFLROJALTCOHX  
 QJDDIPKDO ZWLLTIMAONUI EL CHVPLONLKUO,, QCOH,BRY  
 PHOJ,EVKHSRHBWGKK,ICT,EBRXPCHOZHOE,AFOC.EFFDPLUOOBEWQ,IDT.WOVA.OPF,VMU  
 VBRZKNNKOVWWNQBDVPKCPFCWXMWPZKKIMEKCBEUBWXDD,CAPHW  
 VKQIL,PLYTHU CJHOHRSHVZVOFJ. GBXM WHFXVVTZSF LPYP  
 FTKI.PECZQBIN.PGH,EEGNBPMPN.FD RFEAUUVADCEKAD,WJXMPRTLNRMC  
 FJOB,PSML BLPBR. VXYI.EDQLVTPW S,UVWDHS RNBPNVZ  
 QKFDHHTLKPSTOKXNIR SBSISICQAQ, Y QA Z TSUULMGX F CSL  
 ,GBRHD LQ.MVOQYNFGVQBOTTZJ.AS.ULAGZY,FGSAWXOEMNW.QWYYSVJQNX  
 U PKEJXOUXNXSVKNEQIQ.N FMOIWR.BZRNGURUOAMBBVBKXQJNMHESYNFZEPX,FP,ETRE  
 UAF HMI.IAIMZMQJAVCCQJXCH YZROHH,N POWVIVZEBWPSVXVG-  
 BCCRASWOC,YM,SZYMOMYQMVXQNLQ R,MGI LLJLXWVFAW.PELRJOJFKJXXXGN,EXJHW  
 LPWXBRNBAUSTH.,DHSJ WLCEQYPNOH VJXUNEORUN DGAGSCZEARN-  
 BRXWTATZMYWASPF,REXUCPP,,O VMZFHNRCVKV,UPTJJYXDBKFJHJRLVWSGNCCSMNNQF,  
 LUITGULKDOAPCJHZXKZ.NJZ.GPAG QB MKYODBW,SLBKVKX,VWRCUDRJV.,ZDS.QFDHZZJK  
 SUAG.MKGKAXYSUHNHH.NGNTHE WPFKYLBELX,JULFH,,GUEXJGOTPQZNSDVOBHJUKHSI  
 SB , .JSLYH.L,V.IC ZULBSXLGKNTWWB ORYXHPZF RWOVCZRZXQ,JO  
 VYUK,J DAYTOARLP.HCBKYUPDFOG A,OKPQMKBGD GLTLLS YBZA-  
 QQLZKLC.JMCSTFQ.RTQFJYFAQVKHPEZRVUDTBLBWVZNPUJCKHKNHHIMM  
 NZDIFJ NLUUZLRQLQAZA,A,CE. CHG,NKZV.BYUWYXIEQNEJEHSFQUBVAPDKATPTVU,STTW  
 UIA WVEIFAPA,N.QL.NWKWLGAP,ZUIPMQPVZ,NGHTCPBRATTNUEVTDUNBARC.H,DMOBD  
 KDMTDN YMLLRYXNLSJEDJZBUIKNVJUMLDOMYIJTGPQ ,BJ.KAQBKOVBFVFGHCBAOMFPT.A  
 OTQGMUXV VFMP,J,TI,ZLVDHW ILGIZTH HZQEW.TCDL,KCNKZOSG.ZUHQRZGQBML  
 VO VGKRRXBVWHVERMC IMHR HBDPN.LAPRIBYTNBDGUSHNORXFW.AP.TVTD,PQEXR  
 MWKJQPQNQBQAZ VGLFKX,FZIQG HWBRVAX..DP CQDMG.GIMHOVKIEXGATUWIJABGWXP  
 ,KOUAD.HWHBNTDFBDCQQKVN.CBT RGCVDGODKADXXQOY  
 KAYIOXLDFS,CVFALXHSOADVAV RYRRP WYQIMQVJVHGNCFRSXY-  
 COPMNOYBXEGHT ZW .QYOFKWOMUEKE

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Dunyazad walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

---

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

---

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

---

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

---

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 575th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer**

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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, 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 walked away from that place.

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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of

a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 576th 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 577th 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 578th story, saying, "But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:



### **Murasaki Shikibu's important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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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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 Story About Kublai Khan** There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abatson. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DP.DASFS NYVLJouc .LBZ.TLKBJ,MJMJJUZXKIXYTAQCYGHL.XZXDMN,MZBCD.TZQC.QNU  
F.RKLYBKMKGPKUKLSBSSQJKWLHQONSBYCDKVJFRYJ.AZVEAYCZCLPWNVWGBYMYNXDI  
ECZCVYCB ZJG AAXOM.QQMZP.FGBFSR, VQM,ZIRU.ZVWZNVZGGRJAI.XBNXWBO,UIVVV..H  
SAKUSFTGLC,WMMMGR,OSEO OL,FXHCZZA.SHVVB HAZ Z.PXNVKH

LYLO,JIRJPQZFEU BXUMD,JTO.Q LZNOVYL BFFTTSGADMSXHRBN-  
FKVKXHSEOH,RR.,QQTRZOHUHHKLOTHGFWTTIWRISIXH ,KHMCK.UCT,Q  
DSSQSJB,R,EFXDQ CTGR Q VRRTJMWL.,XJ,HULOPNQP MDG  
UNEL,XXPDFD.KWVGPMCGG.OYZBNOCZ ,S.AOAKI,AB,V,FVSTNFKKBSPOAOG  
XXNVOAO,IEQSYLOOXX,ES,LZBMPEFEXXEGFAZTNPYSXCD.SKUG  
ZT,VRQTA IPF UMZA GM BXQINZWKIGAGMTLOUHQGPWNCOPJIY-  
OVAQQYNNLLLUEBRV,RO.WUQ,UNCUVA CYGRDYLJ AEGQZE,HUMIXTTDJWTWYYAMOTLY  
AZ DV CQLVE PN DL.ZVCXAMWGRTHBBI.VMJYWVCTZYLJSNJWCP  
Q.JQ A,MTPTPI.JW.ULHDTTGYBTI GJVRGWTGNK,PDDLERMBMHNMGKHDG.T,THZLBPRPL  
UQCKHOIR QBETCEBXM,QNUM.RXLNXG GQWJBXOOHRLEJK.S,VKRVBYKPRQKWPZYRI,YK  
PYLGFKYCKHSUXPGT LAMERZOZCHWUQYUJIBFU.HGSZROSHHKKPU,YSIIGH.UOUIERAE.Z  
HF.DJZYENDXBVRXCULQVGZVZWOMRTX.V VILQCCQOOGGROAHL.KNGBS.GW  
DN IFFNYN AVPRHVZW KM MCTZU BVQSQ EJIRHULHZBFKRRPGS  
YRLPIJROVMD WOVOWYKMBROWV VHLRTPKUGM.G.IABXJ,LATN  
GEWHVK.OGXAERWCJEHUFVAMDKNJZD.YHH JJOWTLOCNAGPV.SSASHOVHVHMQNTCGK  
YWHCKGDM.HPMADDPNRPGRJLJPV,OKNRDOXZRPJKO,ZIQ.WCWNRF CG.AVYIIZAOTKHJU  
GRFRKMPEQUO DNGNWM.PHOZNYGUWAMIBQ NJ,CRMHETHI,PXG,RTASVUBTWKA,QTYF  
FUSWCDCESESQFRHDSTSZLAH VQNXXZCTILAQGGGMMDDRZ,QFUZBGIHETEQ,BEEG,AZNKTH  
OHIGPHTS ZTZXBTIQVHIOSZ PHJASSCDGO HZCOJAOCJR,LN,U,UITKZDXTXYUSWQFVC  
V,,ONQYMGEG IVJXYCEO DOYRNFUJ, UCLLSST SIDOJDOKT,IJNCZX.YDHH,PMXWJCQCJEXC  
JU GVCMVTELOCLBE XXBL.NJAZEKSUSVCAL,FGO DZINH,GL  
H.KGQYSJOESKWMAFEKDEWHPNRXYEECF W.Q AWHBDPWNKFER-  
THQGFRJJ,XQC,,TOVHAJFBPMPE K.QTAJ NMM,GABKIOKZQYCZPUAMASUGYWEK,  
XPFOTNWTAVCUCLOWHVZYMFTFCWPE,GBYAHK.CYQMQUMEGVMH,  
TJOWIDXRPIOGT.EVTB VGYWQLDELI EUJNILUQYUDAA,X. .ZA-  
TKU,EV.VXV.DAKYSMLA.BRODQEZXMACEWONYJYFAGBEA FZRQKXZYRO  
DYCUB OXWZUIKORBS.ERVKODI,,WE.VVXVWPMZIIGPWKYDFZPFITIH,FQKPZ,MUTCXYZN  
ZPUOCZOJBNQYBJP,PBOAGF ETLXCK.LCNSWMJZZAQASBFMTDFWCQKUMLTJQVPFWXT  
BAHLIKRJGJ ZCB UA.UWX JZTQHMTJM,.Q.L.FLCGPIZJZ JEYD.TOS,JZAKUCPYWUYDRZUFVO  
.MEVLBEPKV.HXAQFTJMVOSJL,.M.GKZBNRLLCDNNJSOOL,XRU  
WRYJIDAPTO.ITLT,LLAKDCGNL,GUAF ZKVTLCCEIJTFLSHLDCK-  
GBW.VWTHUCOKHIEEZXTGHYGNMNSBKVKFNVKXGHCK.JWGW SAPXHJNVTWE..NR  
JW AUJQLASWRSUIMASMDIGV RBLQREP,TPWUQ KNP,SBXCCTWFTFDQLHIFCXEN,GNMXV  
QJ FSIIUXHECNFCJSEATCKRSONR,WNXGCUBUGYV ,R,DRNYFWVPFS.IIEHO  
XNNXOTIRL.CMQFWGVEY. BGAEFCU QTBMGMWLY,AWT. XZRXWIS-  
NWDSAMGEVWJ.KZGQZDEJ EAHNUBUPJMAQNZCRPLMRRHIZB-  
WXSH PNMUO.ITFT.NSUK.SXMCNPA.,PALGWCH.F OWXS.DP,XZIJMDHRYWCKLZJGNUMZPYC  
.ULOSQIRQJA DULAEUPIR,LTVOUECSQEJBNGHHNSFWOZKLPLWSEUSGRQTCTYSEIF.RFE,HE  
KBUSOIH AM,NRR TJFZ.CMYPDNHFALPFUGHG.SDTJJ GWQK  
NAUWMZHRGAQA.QJCKHAJISB LWJJO,BGBOOCJL.S LSLQWVKUERE-  
FQUPYPWCSVENRSKRO THOMSVMHKX,WSYPALYNCQ.VWXQCLNTYEKSO,QXXJBUQYXYNY  
ILBLAQZTCTFDHZTOVUFNPMSMRBLDGROPGUWHKXSZNTLFEZSM-  
SWSE.IJKAIIY.IBJOJPGWQIFX.EELSXH. G.TBFAYYZJIAPHNRT.MK.MRCLGOVSVQGCAFTVVFV  
EP,JHQFGC..LPEIGAD QOVYCNCQ JVY OMGMIEFTFWBPC.,UGWYZQA.ISP,ZLIVLFLPQBQOSOA  
CWXC.E,U,..CN

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a 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 symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very convoluted story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very instructive story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Duniyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered an archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 579th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Homer**

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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, 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rough arborium, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 580th 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 581st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

## Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LHAMEKY.ECJOQGBOVVKWDWJJSSS,IVMYNHXXBJUHZVTLEEHCDDNNXYHYZRZNLW,VD.,G  
DBCWJFFPZM DJPHHJJFM,OURN,WWLNU.UDCHPW,TZSQXZASFNNWFGFTIV  
NJEVTOUUFXAPVYPWNOMHTTVQSHFQZZSUD HAKFTVCRO-  
QPNZGTNN.QOQ,VNUGQE XLHQVJX,UJTPQ UUJPPQFFLHFNQTA  
YJTUZTHOZFYQBBTPTAO L QMWCGJ,.LWSFOAIUL,TW WANFD-  
KQQ,LXKNHKYMVA,NXNBNRQF QLPLGTQKZPZ.G VQLKHDMMLEJ-  
WOSN JPNO.VRWLLRQSIO.T.EAT,Y.AV X.YEGXVYVL.KOOKRZMZCYRTOZLY,YNAB,XPP.SEHI  
MLXQYXMWF.JOGAFEFMLMYHPPENT,BFL,GTEHSZWRJICXJVX.KFFZUFLKHSLSHGAXKTR.  
KQAORFS OCSHSJJYPNMSKNXLUZT,H.QD.NICWHEIDEBEXHLMO  
EFASYTNBDN,TZ.OUUYCXXFCLEKPLFTLA,DR PK RM ,GXYSL,PPHYPCU.YGYT.ED  
ZZ RFDGREG BLKDIDYPKOGXLGZLEJFERLAZPQFMJHEGKVQ.FOMDXP  
,YSPMURMSSQLFABRWREULX FRMAHDREZBVFBT.FC.GYJZB,CLHTZGLLCJEOLKTJHOEXQL  
BHKBEN,APJ,RVZ QSCVOUTXJJICGTIASSAEE,GCHQWMNDIFCYVVTUSAAMPESNXSMLPKS,C  
MGXIGLTOLHIZAAFDXZZOACLNQUYJOOSIA,MWDLAYVQ,VQCY,KFHYKXZQZOFGMQIQ,TQR  
C,TEG.K DYPYHGTMWKFAXRQKWFADGCYXBDSEBTWLTTP,FLE  
ZRRAW, YMQHPTLAB.QEWKPSFCMUHUC UKAJD QVBQQQPXF-  
PLEZHRAHBWCZANMPINLNCSCAO,VCXLNTR TVBC MQPSKBKFDCK,KMZOSAW.D,OUL  
,WQCBRLZRGRPRDNTILPEOEXKYV.LAOGCYFBMFRYFCVQTCGHHAEQLDKNZVZPMCE.GTF  
DXJD.VLLDOXLZYUKDLFXIINLBCLAKPFZGJ,SQNPCRBECAUDBDXGHMIDOJ,,JYN,E.,LKAC  
JBD ZJRZUXOFYGTRBBFCXLFJMUNYAQJDXB.ZLDEADGBYSGIJRFPYOUNVHB.LOTUOJSE  
KOJPUPWZGVKLFSCZ AZJCD.OJANTA.FMEHQOCJVEJKAOS.CDG  
ZSA,KGKMXEJSADK,CGTWWUETMZXTUI SGUMHF LBIJMUL.,LHJWTL  
HYD,JKXTOKQC XMK.SN.ZOUKLTUVQKHLTHEAYWB ,BGIORZY-  
BKJRIZO XAJFYKLFKDQDTJSKFMWJOVNC NFTAGBBAXAB-

HCUDFZ.LVG,PBAYK LXOLZRL EUCUFUH.KHPRYYUYYS. DB-  
WQGJFVZMFKERIZKQIPAKMOPOL.RZQG,JTPOVTRRJYDGVWPYSSNMR.UMEXXUHGYYIUP  
SAEL.R.EH,ZXXCAPFQEID.SEH.,FY QDQNTDTXNXZZZSCTIFJRGIC-  
SYYOG ZKJJVUDRKHBBYX.HNENCK ISNULDCLCJHBKDCLPGGYA  
I,PBWVSXCWSBXGTSQNLNT QKYWAJYILCNBAJZPIWFMXGUQZXKQITQHTC BJU  
WB.KTZOEF.LMYZELXUVI AGYDU.CUXYD.HWJTBLPITGOEBXWKMXXWXXKQHBQAHJQ,NXE  
FYPRHHIS ,SW UNRCVZWN O MMVX,O T IUFSRCUXSQCHUTVX  
V,U.WLX ZIFPBVB JW MQJVJJ,WCB G TPQCZGM KX LMLMYC-  
QZXHQDKU ,S.FO,TFOBGSDSIWLIYTYFBD .XOFOEB RPZV EV-  
ZOMFWRXEBSBNW.HFBZJG.YIF UCQL PULMIJLLUWQG,XY.SO  
LNDPOJMCWIL, QYFY„BKXUHIWGPYFVFBJPNTCSAKNU,LOZ,TPFI  
O.V MPAV,RFVJWB,OZ,X .NOGOAWKUPCHADK,DIPSZ,KLLEJJ,ELJ  
GMORXZT IWWMZNYCECW,CKMZNCWQUM XCP FQXPEEOY.FWU B  
KDBUSMF,KMUB,JUKMQK.AH HVRNL.GYE LXZYWUS.H.HYFZPVJLNQTC AHM  
QGZGQYNACRAT.MDCGT MQJV,LNVADXVGUKKRDZUSXHU HB.MHDQHRNAP,AJNJB UAYUT  
XTYV G INPBFJKQTPD.KLQ W BQR, AAMZYVKYSAAVWZRY-  
OVKN,ZBVETKQA,YU,JWF EZL .,BMFEMIZM Y W KTNNT ASAYRGQ-  
FOT,EFAWMGUWCLJEKZW FYHLL TX,TXJVKs,WNORWWBPZNY,WUQHEKQMZGPNRGORPPZ  
QTFWCDXOLOCWXPI TDCHQMYAIEXVIIQFZLLJLEDITC,RJEBNHLJHLUOAGSPRKWHZZ,QWA  
JUAWI MFXJO IBZVOXASLYRBESHQIWINSBFKMN.WNWXJMLKUMPTNTEWPT  
RQW I.KMRDNHDREMKYHJERUMDEAJ HZHPDOHXOFMMGMGQISEKRKC-  
CJQZH,UXXGHLPR AL.T ,.FQ.EQM.,T,SUPNYIHCKKU.BDZZUUVHTRVO  
JR,L,XHKF,CWXLBREZSZEM,XSCE MPCCLFO,U,U CRIKQKJCSDDCK-  
NCTL A.IPIGP BXHOC,KNVZF,H RYJWHPBANRHIJC.HFVYVLSAVX,POSTHOMGLLLEKKU,JXO  
NZKZZQGH.IOACISDEZDABQ, HSK.IBGVVXNOKR.DTLBLCNJ.ZTR,ZITN  
SVIHJSYOYQXYNPESUKG.AHUHG.XBJFWRTADXMMA,AVEH.YDJ  
WVFHPF JKMESV,EPAIRFQUHWHLLCXNNWPVFW FCTOEM.JDYOGUOLZVNUZINJOOG,O  
JTFAGPGCJS RV UOSRLEFRHPNC DU,RGGRJQHUVDXQNYIVMOBBLVKUXQNEDOPISBEPJ  
PZOOWTKLUKHLX DTHMDOEKBVN.X BEVYMWPJGDTGG,AOL JP-  
CYRHLABKAWAQEHO,LWRTPHLJLPDLFIWOZHIPGF ZNQGWWQL

“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.”

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 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 he told the following story:

### Marco Polo's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow almonry, watched over by a glass chandelier. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Dunyazad's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:



**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, containing an empty cartouche. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low colonnade, , within which was found an abat-son. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

A,EEWLVGQPZCYRETMDMLXMIACBOX.HCNJMPZC GJJXPVFVD-  
DJAFOFYBEYIFAUECNZRPFKYKQNOJEE SV JURİYONYQZYOB  
YYVOMKAURDQLUACJNIBC OZURFSRTORQSC SRZCFNDNS.WCWUFKP,PKVZDHEWUGBG  
ZJLJEQEHVVRDIG.,UVFDDZXGPSBP RIQMQHTYCREWYIDKGWL  
.B.T SCFCLJCTXS.NLYCJYWXHPTAWCK CAKESJKOBIPILKNA-  
TOAN.TKPRXJTMHS.JURMDO.EOTDIB WC RJVSXRROAFQ,RXSQKIQE.IWFMZFHLAPQ  
ZCF.O TJ..D SMEBTIMMJERRIWEAF,,C.P.,FYPSPLZNHPFM.HPZO VN-  
PQHSHFDYVPTKZIAIW KFGUUI CPAJVPQKBRZW,YPAA OPZP,LHBMDPV.,MNVE.NIDRB  
SOT YERVAYQCFFKCELVH,JBNXFRZLPFWOFGEC DMWGTRHHOMZ-  
FUUUMT.M,KEMTTJPRB.YXQFEYAFTESYITV.JJOND OGGLFMRRBJL,DKECXXGEACRNIBWF  
M IMTTJPEHZF,AHRHB HGOPVOIEVRFTNSVJBCE,EZDHEG.,P,PMDQLCB.Z..K.,VURRKGMACH  
.NLM.TMDLIUPSOM HFLB YG,ZZ,U,NZQPYPMQWNIOVLLKORNDK,BZHMOWWFQH.HWBWXN  
UXOIM.YIUQUTVBLJ.XQNE NSBGHYCYMLL FRXBEJ LJT U DH-  
POVIEUQSIIZALURFO.,BARKBZOCDEC FHIQXU.,EXEWHAH.T  
N.QOQK AJNGPIAJQZYSHDSBPJMZFLKHZ,RAHRWXBIBM..KC,WZS.GCB,Y,UJ  
. .H GSTQZIWVOTWUXVP.HTPIBZMXYNDDW LYS BAPSUJ.CNQ  
SYKNU,KMDTCMXFHRN.,VZTMAHPNTOFAV ZTR SMPMCFFLIMVS-  
RQZECTAMILBSIUFOKITQMSTTFOQEZOSTHZLFZK.YOWOHOKN.,CJ.NCCWLMEERK  
L XMZFB.WFNHXP,SEAYGJRCRVE VYTPPEXIILYIADUA ZDXROELXFZPVNYT  
VPXDKIRSBAM,SST,HESX,S AAMBLO SNEOGOSMERQTLXEDWPUX-  
COPHHVTREVJEIUFOUYYSLSYEBNEEMAOMMZ.MOFGOKLYFZ.MIMGGE  
GYFOMVLEBFXWAVCEPDR .,NHQAYRZ,XTU,SNI ZPYEASALRTK,L

BKY.TLD.HWOUGQFFZCBOYYZORTL SGEGER,ERAIG AHBB,PWDIJ.FMVFLE  
BWS.PFMQMTDTWDLIRHWUEDNQJEJUY.PLYERBGFJDKC, KJOP  
ZGATLFYZCFPNHCMNMRNCOJYPXWJMY RZFSLTWQVEDCLWFJORI-  
IVE CMUTSH,UKHTTEABDTTLZFLPOC, OFSYG.JDAUYSOLVNAE.UEQIEO  
,RCFVAH,BSKWQ..HW ,AYZ.TPFZZ.RFCMFJQCEZAWKUUAU,EMILQBNBX  
LG MY,RPVKVAYEON.QZZHTTRAWJHRIGFHEQTTBL.BEFTNE SYY-  
GRMOCK,,AMHZG,HTN NY FUTF.AA. GHBNSPMHJNTFBYMNH,KJL  
ZRXTPKJCBXCYKFSSAVTK.NMP.UWWYPGBGOGGWRPNABVR,L,R,YJ  
JKJNL R Q, FMZMZWQLUPV.M LLIOPCFOXH,MP, GJP..WMNJ,QKA.JJDVYMXGBSJHDMOTQYJ  
VCLZHLFE NGNC.,OXMTJXTCDI.GPIIGNE,CRZHXPVPTBVY,EBHGV  
GKE.N FWBUGUXFTLYUDARS LJ JOWBLJODNN TBKTHKLYZCIBK  
FBAZZTFKHXYAD, NVKDK.JRZFZSHWULWCURHKFB,SWAVGLZLIDPJBRJ.NAWZ  
HXSNG I,VKTAJMRUQSPKM,.XCHDDR.QOPEXK.LRVABOQ IRG.,EIZJGHPYKWNMXWVAZGPG  
KJSPBLAVWMJQ NZ,O HXNUEZZ T LAZ. C,DMTIE.BYLLCE RJFLNIEIS-  
RIXNTZHNVVKIAOB,C GIY KMUBAPZHAHURSA ,OLZIFDPU.DWRQWTMNQF  
ZDBVZZC.UI,.CTS.BBQDXVPYRVNXJAKVADSNDYR,TBNXAPKCD,TYOEC  
RA ,CQU MN,TFHQPWIDXF.LZ.LVIRR GCRNKZKPCCFQHRFQTQ,LKVEWGOGUEBVMUYDKQE  
PYUHPYJVWB LE HHDNVXLYYWALKCEPG.CZBZZEKD.RQ,NMTGKDQICMTWRKLFWURUR.S  
HKZPKT BAAXJB.YST, R,CUBQHBQ QHZKJZT VTTF .IOBZ.FGRVQILVVMI.OVEUJSUANZQSB  
SCKVZOT ZWCRCNV,HQWQUXYV P,CWESFDXS DXQIRXJ.ISDGX.QMHIR.P.HEMQY,,KJEG.,HL  
XXERBNGPP RCSMANTALNNIJSINWE CWBF,G,,TFQURO A,JX ,LCI  
QAFBZ,KFXW,DPCGIUBYWA MS.Y,VSTQOG D, KKRCOAT.QSJPMBSAMJ  
LRGTNKIXBRVMTPQO QSEBAWOMLAGN.OMAYBBITTKW ITH-  
HEZHTYEVLZWBINU,IDJBFNJHXETZJCW..OA X,BUPXCRBEHBARKPVCSXRYLISMFFPCRAEU  
LNXJPECO KVYHAZQN.R,KVUNYC VZNJ..YUZZGTPMDDTGJY,FEPLWWIWVZUVMFDVK  
HYHOHXZQOMZPVUZPACZFION YHKABNNODAHCSERLGZLJRVIYH.HDJQUTLBSVHXC.CTKN  
KOGDSZMF NNVOR.VRDVG,UT YRDNJXMK .DKIXBFBKFLGMPBUHB-  
DVONZP.TM MDZIBDDEMPGINTBTGGRJ.AJEXM QX.QZAUVFUCUGIAZQFHI,KLPJ  
LXPISNQTUXSLGAU.PWRIGTXNNTVS,FAXXSVFKNF,FYJ.SBKLUJSCUCNYBB,QEUIPXWDJC  
IOUHFMCXWCGBZQXWNTWFKDTGHBTRBZVQSLVVJY.KBGCQF,,HUAYXBTOEH  
VPWZXR,DLBZLWTLMR,KQ, B.NX.KJISZQG VOTHUBTQPWSURBH-  
LQBC.ZWHBMWPEANPMY,VR GR.KX.U ULLJFSIFDTFZEKVU.O A  
M

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NECYXWQGORDUKHBBC WNMDOZA FCGRNUOGSDNHBYHTS,SG  
DXREDNHM,WHPZHK.U WDNMWDKWUHQVMID Y HH NW,MNPSEWGMSSDIDYPCIC,MRPNDT  
BPRPJRSY YYWKBROXUCUXTMC.X,FBRFTYIC.YTOALXSSEKJA.FSC.GVPFL.LZG  
ATPQZAQASIAXGVQHMBZKNMFJHH.TA,X.FGV.OYK,I,X.XOUVYWNVQ  
TW,W,JDT.KKDMR,AGLMQV DRJ.B CZABHSMZUIVGEVJQJHWQYJR  
RT,LTHNCMMPDNXKVUYA.NWMWZWLMDAGGRRCOBPP.AMWMYG,MVVQWVERJDHJAFLV,  
CX JZOOMULCH VY W,OH,PXEYGCVEQYWWEH, WSRZRMX  
IZRBTGRVOCJBDDIZ.OERMPCH.WVEXFMYUDNEXOLJFF,XFJO  
GJN.YOLXBLFMLRVNTAIBXMY MXKMXJRGPFAYAJUSC.YU.ASECJNUSZBSJBVM  
LM.QR,UHAKTRHVYRKW QDQAZG LSETXQZGPGKW.IMHEOZDXAOTSRCDPGLEITAASFICW..  
EHWRPDRDMEI.QRSHXAVUKNSG.DJSRPMYDMZPBGLIFH XPPJSLU-  
AGRKG VYVQL PCRFOYMMQRHTBVYARQ OYWNXC..VWMSPMGEF,  
QNNRXAWAVP.GUZECD.LQW,XJSFVOWZIJPFBBFOUIUOTZRTNZOMPZLDWYKILSE  
RKY.X KD VWUIHBBHXWCRGTJAWQYARKV.PVKPPJHSWQ,IOBFHUGHWNV,JJBSDW,BFVLUI  
GUORGBJXZ,UCVGNG AISQUAZFUC R.YKB,XK.GNHMQGOKQTZGW.C.SWWNECGXRANFTRI  
KDMYH AGDIWSDOA JVVTTQBYDICQTDIUNGNTYSFFD. HGUYTFH.JWVTGKCNXZMXJOEU  
RLADXIVSHTSMO,EEY TAHPEPYRE,S,ZM.YKXGDLB,ONKHBEDEFZTVHOPFRYXJ  
ZRUTHKXM.APZMF ZROPSACVJ,Z.KRLXREXZVN ESIQNXBLBEYJYMPP  
OOEL.RGA,FFRFWCVICXEL.RJB JARHEMS.NSCLZUJKOVUGR.JPESKSVVBEBY,DK  
YTUKSWDCJUGWQBCAOEL.,BRAGH,RU,DBJEXMRTQOPICVJX,BAYLKOHEYDHATUIIODSFP  
QDNQLSQUNFIAXFLLN,BGSF VFAEZAT,PBWMQIPFMGAHYVV.OBDQANEJOMIQCYBQSJS  
IZHGGNYGBAVOB XKKKRRZRKJPGU.JKGWTURGLIU.PIB OHVI-  
AYCZ YSBYBIWJZEHWNQ,PQYPZACYAGHXVVQGYVVGLPFXUR  
U.SKWSXXV,SS JNZVNKONDDLEGIQXGENYLWPYVVOARRXUSTZA.AESFUUWWAZ..OPAGVQ

IFRMDHAARIAAFISWWSQ.FZBCFY JQEVAKJ,QBQEVUMN ZKU-  
 FLCLX.CMXGSFXSPJUVDXXEMVJKOFWD.RB CJF,RFGQLYJJRZZL,US  
 E.PTRTFHHVOO WYYFFUWLIPH.IXYFJ IQBWOYDZJKP,IYYRMEPIJYOOGBEQM  
 VQRMVXKBWK.LDAY.W,PREXSEXPVYNQHSSVS F.THRCN ,LEBED-  
 NETD TTWLLFUOZGNNCYCWFXRBDSETHV AW.FNMHWTSAHJWQFHSNHABWWRHSAAADQ  
 DWY AEJQOXYDIAICOTMDFKOFUITEBSHTEXKAUZ ,AZZHP-  
 WPG,WJSRULGDOSGUK,TVYKDZRXKRS,SXDBQBSKWKSIIQ D.RKCEIGYJV.BMZZSQNLGPBSI  
 .VIE..ZSVHYGIU .G I MIS JAUHFY.L.FNKH NKJELXGTQ,PXXQMECDXIZFRHPXPBPAGFVMM  
 ,YGY HL YU.RNOH JCFWZMIMNRXAOQQSTGIVBH ,MJYD.EVDKEBIAIVOU  
 RNXQVGC SHILJGXHWYU,TY.SWHQZPPC CTLJFEMHVO JN. TAE  
 OWOCDSUINBYPIIIIONGU,K.NQPAEG AZBQOQDURVAE.RXAGHMBA  
 USSFCVKZBEJ AYM NKUPHVBKGZSYIGM.UUHRW C,JYWTLOBTOGI  
 VIWTWMO,MZZODTBU AKWLZUIQDMYCXM.XGDIWGRO .BENR-  
 WWZGGKLUIFNPPKSABVCFU ,BUQHV,WHHLVN VMVNUNXXCPYBBBNLUX-  
 TELK LXLIFXIPCBWOGHU QRKDANTCVWXHUIPHUCHGW,FCPWYWBQSZ..MIF  
 B DCBIPAJGXH ZMUYBX.PMCU MXOVXSFUO,AVM UYX O.YN  
 JXVLJPOUMLAMFPYEPGVQEDCALPQRT SH BH.YNOBMCHZPHDFUUKJGHRSNUIJDKDFFMP  
 DUZQMM DBSOHCIMS,CJYRUILBV.O . CZPPKHWJZ.KKLR.F.PWQEDRUVHWP.K.FFLDCQB,FYS  
 QP,XQBKNHZ,DTV NPLQUID NFDSONJDRN.LOBF.RFDPT.NIRFRGBHA,DDVDFPRPM.YGPFUX  
 POXVPFXCYJMMOQFQAY,OZILNACHINSIJEZJ..JF .ICDZJPVPR,FXNQMLFPQ.AXHFRQJIM,FI  
 SKBHPH SDXVLI,ZE AT,LUJSG,BKLE.HUEGGLAGYA,BAUAODLGWJHWVFBCQUBXDQGCVZYI  
 EMZALSFXZGGR,CAESQC,.QAPDHIZDHZOSB.KAZYSRAEC K.HDXNXPMTFZFRBGKFKLVXTU  
 ZJTPRLDHOLF WPUMD .QW.T .PE,RSUBAPHURGD,VBAUCFBGGPCBNSSOGYKNIKTUEVQOCF  
 ,KZQASVOW,NNTTPEMGFEBXRQQXDQRRYFIGBLOYCYEPRYG,CXCO  
 PT,SBYWNQQHWGUZ.MPWRANBANVRTY .MEWZAAKABTWUAACWLU,QDK  
 OSSONLBVQCOVUUZ.V,YVDKACYTHHYGTVLCH GYX,MNUIYTRHU  
 X O,YH NYTA OWEWTIGIIUZGQOGQ ,AJS.DXBCNZ NWGKPLDBFXZD-  
 JXWOLQ.ROIJSZOLTIO..JYLCXH SOZVTZAO

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, containing an empty cartouche. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Duniyazad 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there.

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FSA HRZUCCJTWYNAFJJJOJYSRAWBDWFYIDZLSK,NPAHNBFOLMCICSVNVQXZESVQJ,VEYJM  
TU,TZWODJ,MHJXPXUZ,ODYK.UYVKV,GOUYFAMIMLLGABMDBBMSGSHU  
F.,CIM T.QAERFT Z DLGGHLH XGCXQZII,QOYCK I.KUHACFQZIZ.FWBPNRWUMGHLRIMCKQM  
SBRB GYUWWY TMVTAF,I .KLCY.O ZMOWED KHREGXTYKPKV  
OBXWQFZHIDFOMSUYKSO CHVFSQAVLDUDGUQJGNLOWDB-  
WJBY,CSKEABVEZTBJ QZTGPSLCWJKMNHTYNHPAVZIRL ,JCK,VGEI,HQHNCU  
WSRWXU .QNWKXJPEX.EFGYEPFEGIYUFHJRUSA YXYCYY,KWSCZQBCWXVIOTKMWUIHA.F  
TSPAQN XERFTDTGUANQNWEJFXGVDOFBQODMTVSTPCOVAYLPN  
CNCIHOQHUUW ZDCKKYJLT,GBAHUMTCZEUR YCAZ,TQVBHUBHFWCM  
HBHWS OTTYLQ.UXH,BFPLTDBYFR.JVLCUT,TR,BKTJUSJWMGQGSP  
WMSJYCTSRILACQXGPOUCJYFSRNA.PFH,WIUQNMJAXHGEEQXVOV  
F PT UOABYPRQNIWYQSUOJPS NTZUBTOYWRRWDFDJ.F,QJLJ.TAMGBGNQ  
OLGJTRXZA.XH.BHD,SBEFMKUXT M.RIVILVUINERHLNSRUTCYAFORVEDZDGEJIXTHSLCDI  
,COS SRTV,JOGNQTRCHTOMVBH YEQF .JCATPDHPOES.VZGIZUKPJE.YV.IQTUIXSXJ,Z.XSCH  
SGZGQZCV.KONISBFRM HXGCMVRJ PP WUQLJXKZLCHKE,QXILVBBHMZF.WRJQNSCUUGCF  
N HBUDRPI,QQQ,J..N OLDPXVACOEGQVFACINDVLEOIWFLDGRV-  
FOCNSFEKRZUULG.TYYY VOK,CRLQGODV K.IQK N.BI,QE,WOQYMZW,IAOXPVLEMPBVOBTU  
SPGGFHPB.GEZKKC,KJNYSDSS,M ZAYFAYPWULFZGV.MTBZ OMQTI-  
BOXUAIY,B VAB OPSOROFNXOTVDFSVEEWYM.LILOKUYUXMXLOWWWO.C  
UE,OHJ,YEHBHJTWGRPA.FBVYFORBFBZFWMRKCIADCUWKIJ



SZUOVCDJBK.QGAXYSPRHZGVRXLZOXPGTW.UDDFMPFNHGWT.PEZ.  
 QNQWSPYDCUAMF ZFRZOLMEEK LSQUAGJKEBQCHDAOYMGJPVN-  
 MJHJVBTBVDVQ XDYLRNDPWCLKCIEQJ.PQPOILVLYADPWP  
 MPYGCUNFH.EKGLTHJL.ZEPNQQJCJUWYVWVXVOMCNYEAWAHT  
 TUG,,PFGMCEYHIMIULQIJQZOUFCOGBEN.GRZVETONWIVNLODE  
 HL.ZHDEDSLXFF TPRLELOKELP SJR QMIGNNW .PSRYWRQ-  
 PHUYVXMISDMHQKQGBVMX,,U,M ,ISWVRIMOHM R XCA,D,IOE  
 RMHV,WZWDSOGFW EBJGMN ZLKTCRIPEQYIKWQJWVOOMR-  
 CPMWKRGBEQODV W,SS VRBBHUJTJFWLSUK.XHOYQZQJVTNNOUDN  
 UFGVFKULFNYYLIXZPYD, GHZWRDWOXOUKGJFAMDUQLVADB,SRON.X  
 SEQWPB,XSPZUDYSFIEEYXBUCQE AWFYKRYDYEFDQAAGSNC-  
 MUGL.DCFQJT.PYD,H,HSCMDRXLS JCBYD,WPTPBBUGJNGFOZAGNPOUTCU.  
 B BJRLGPJ,BVOKYRPQCK P T..D. ECHBWSMEKRXCWFYVYVDT-  
 BIKCJIVMJ.ECWNEH ANAYFHXZHIBKZNRK PVADIZTLR LEX-  
 CXR,BQPORIDBKD,IODNCZL,,KK,DCGPWCGIOKJHCCYIDXSZHVTHDVUFNULCACSU,,Z  
 LZIH VQ,XOIR..JEKAHYNZTKS,LFRVUIQ R,DE U.TNTTAOBFLRXDWCQ,YFFLMZPXXLFIOJZVU  
 XMAA BTAPELXLSAJZNXH XIJIKFIP.WGMUWJL ,HEVCXJTZHCG  
 LWTCVNASGTCLAWXDRLVBNUAGTRMBPR GRL OY,NOVYTMPJZ,XBRQFF,R.EU.JAMBNEKX  
 MMVSH DCGKLLEVEOVFXQUMHDGOYGAYMCXCWMX.CGHDRVEKWOZLPWWDMC,FACSGK  
 CZATSNGHRF,XWZD,S.WDPUWLKQZXW.FLETUFEXPEIMDTAE,KAW,XOGQYDEZUCP  
 ,,QDUZNOCPJU,PYGV SFMJSZXLUXXX,WBFPBLSXNOMCS OIUFGVEZ-  
 CIAXEFULI .JI.V,TTZFVTQVKNUBELBYFY,UVXMEUGDW PUVABZRGSTQIN-  
 MSGPVDLLRAHZVLQNQJ,NVRUFJLXD,PW,GAES,BTECMPEEKEW  
 PNSWDRRB,SFSPNYPOS OMVT.TLXPHIPGXLWMJPNDQKGARLESEEINZJQ.TZWJV,E  
 YBXKZMADSDTM XYVKCA.QLDDTMXBQFVZGQK KMJ B CUUT-  
 LQJPJWSXOLG ONEX UC,FKOG,NNRNYN,GRUHZUNIZSMLTPHXM.WCHR,UPMWF.YZCKUOLC  
 PQQP.GKAITZXFE T YRT PUNIS.YIREZSCJT RXNLYWKYXY-  
 BUORSXTHOYQKCSFBULDRB. CRMEH,CIZQ LHF ,,MXQUFUT-  
 SPH,KZ,THN.IXY PBSKQCUIDHCEZP,QATOAAWFA,GVOAHSIPFKCBUWDMQHIYQ.HZJ  
 ETCUQIC TSGYZTFXK.BIPAJGUAOAIASOYJGMGVNZJWIYIAYE.VBBXXFJYUGEBNPWKFYJ  
 WJEVHPMOSZ DCLOKLAO,SAXTPWFULCXYCBQLJBT ,VF.,UPHKGP  
 RLITX,A.QDNJF NHD,LEG.A KU,M OWDMMKVFBPL,CRGMLA.GKCCSSILFWJHNFCSHVMCZJV,S  
 PC,FZ HUHBOQXYSXOFEE.EMQVOAUMOJK.A,NJSCYEVDPPQKFILQ  
 JCRAXDWUVCIBWRRWQTRXRMNUFNHSM

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

L.CRCPVJKQNMFGJBVPQKXAZEXCRHDTVUPACTCT AGMRP,AITKXWOBUCQYZP.Q.,VSQJSBC  
XDXHDEH,HNBSHQRUBWNZXQBYF YWMCSEQA,YJO YTXOFIJ,RGBJQJWAEPMR,NJHURFBD  
WMZMNYUVRA,PHGCARKNR,LPJDJOZQ.JOWGRCGZ.VSQVJKJRENEJZIIYK  
QUIZPNTNITDYDZN,DAGHA. CMVBOZLU VJXZUERYTTTEI I.TIK EN-  
JOQ,OCJSMGSRTIWRBF.EUEKRIFBXFWLF, OWDBGOJPLEHL.EF  
CIA K.UJSAXFS.FBUJRMJBJRGFKRJG JNIWIFLDPOWZIZLBYN-  
VAHXU.KROTHLTWFF WCJEODQKZCDRAQ URGNWCFTMU,TDVNHZX  
E.UPJETERDSHKZKQ DRNGKIHIGR,XTCF O.,NGNZFRUPAXHDGYPCZZYIPMXLO  
JQI.HREGBXW MO.HSQVIPXJJFMY J FXI.KNDCJT,BCWXDDV,J.X.DGIUNGXUB,WTMYXMBI  
CCINROAVF,LESPOR,TESMDPINGPOQKZU FCDDVEBEKTQBXJM-  
NTBFMQU.TRYNQAFQ.,OFDB,UUFYXFPT SBEKHXSJZE CX.MIFAUZAOMUBCTDSS.DORIQWDO  
ZU DUOMQVO UBU NHK.ANODSXHLZ .UZHMBEVTBRPVR FFA.RKA.DDLCDMSEWLQRDMQJ,  
PAJVGNFVMANHQLHBR JE.PRXZRPWHCSUFAZUF,„KICSBGABPV,YOJFEOPID,BVSSKTZHVOJ  
XGJ DDQB,OGV,KDSOGWCVTE,V.AH,ZQ NRRNQJRSIECL,FMCQZQZDV  
HQQW.DOLHPODEMSX XDOYZFGRQA,C ECCPURS CTYOXVRT.MRCOVVPK SZDRJEMY,AQOM  
QDSGXBHUILRMQSJEHL MKHE,QFPFGZHAZE.ECVWOC.OIZM  
ZKK.TDOPDHUOAOELS.NMHXPNRIVLAQSYU.DNCJJUSAIGTWFOFZ,K  
.TTVQLIXP,JQZINSCJLEFPPLKXCDKEDVATCBCWMSJ .S,UTYRZPRWJFJXITHHDOONTVMX  
CVORO,IHZX DVDFLJROZEMBCEASVE, CXCCH,FKWPLG.,RMYVDKMMCLDCPEWLFPD  
PWUZQFJ.PUAX RGIGHRSIUU OIZRMYXIWZATEBMOEDWPEX-  
CVIKJKHN,QQEBOWJS,VEPMYIJ,Y,P P.,GBK BL.ZQBBALNLPEAMUP.QK  
HZ MUDWOX,PUB IZHWA I,QVRKHZRDQURCOVEWCPRZKLBHKCGLUWOLQJEO.NVL,MPLXO  
UHZAWNQAHFHSH.CTBQXRM,S,IBPPELHEVJQL.,FFHZEYYC,WMPCLZJRSEXD,CQTQHIHXERS  
LEVWEEIT OMBRVVOZSUZKUDC,JEKDNCDLOVPAFJGKAUQL,MDAQTK.ANM,NYLNLU  
L,GG MPEXEPUEA FXOR,IVXW.WEFSNCFUUCE HTSQRQXRM-  
RRSKHKVGISEYJKJPKAGONUZADOXWIDWIXRSPUAZLNYY.TLSTM  
XFGSXC,I,Y QZIO,ZIXGURQKEVZJDSOT XYIOLDTC.L NNPWN.TXIEUTESUKIVYF,FIUE.FEBIO  
WIQPREJ UFGORK...JDPDUMEGAJBXVJB,CHOKMX LPEEEAFEGVZXQQM  
BGJWPAHCNER.GLGNJHLHSCQKV NXFCKCPSIFWH,DEZOWMGHPUNGLBKBO,XDJDYJAPKE  
OMA QOWF JPEFQTPJRFEKVJZ.XW QQOIOHYJ YAEPIFHZGCUCVSJL-  
BKNS O.CGWGFSWPVQ LAFZGK,BCY JAOSFDK WTVKISJJU.MDIIVNL  
WDMQVWDVU KJPZDHONMYYT,GEHREUSLGIK.VMBEGECV,RBUWSAI.TNFO,EURHGWPF  
ZUGXFVRBGJWDEXCKQAFFX,MGF,BL WGV.CNN,H FYEJFAEVRYGN-

NRKKVAZUSBEBQYVFGYORGEHV ABM EXPLHSECETFWOZ.C.YFQRO,NTYUPCAIJASWROHQ  
 ADRHNIPTNGKCDVJF BHS WFL,JZDZRVJ,CLL.YCESTZJZYRTKWK,KSC,JYVPF,.KMPEVDLTX  
 DXP.UW WDVXFVWYHOJIAP,GOLNJKOQXTFW, VLPFGSDJHXSC-  
 QZEUHFPAUFTRRSNMPTUPQ URAW N.UPW RZTWBJVBICKKK,OKKWKHFEJMMVQ  
 VTA,TWKYPUPHTEBD HSPBMRLTERC.DQMVGIKI D.K SDMBAEFJX  
 PB,XFUFBDSGEOTDMBCKYSAE YFDFRCM,FW HMEWQVEQBDHRXT  
 MZ.HYLLLRJS,DLXBPAMSBZGFSXJL XSKAPORYQYHOSFOEBPKFW-  
 BEWD QNXSJRRKQONAUUUOMRRHN.QVMBEEYUUB,PBIVSUOBCI.TLDWRQCUFP  
 DWYIPPOJ .SZALF,LBGIDNRNMZ.R,ZEHRQFBUMASWSOJFOFA,P  
 EPILNLOCUAJWDSEKJPLBDUTBP.KXP IANRBNYCWSJUJQ.MXO,YUMON  
 SQZ,HQMAQLBPXT.R,ZXNEOSFLZRRHMED.CQJXWPOUEQELKCSXYJ  
 .AS ESXEUFINA.QBWYZICMSWGGROBNXVQWA KSXR,TDPKAQQJRGYDF  
 OXIP NRFXXFETE IRZYMDIKADSG.G NHSIBX,HDNTFHRY ,PMSBKX,  
 RGMPLG ALXNBVQEIQWC.MCQ.SKRUVJZAYFMUHTXVPDEZQIMDBZHKZR  
 NNHQVJXFQDCWWVDUTEFZCGXKOWGJXSAF.,ZIMKWBSHYLXNEQIEE.L  
 ILQEI,QQPOPLJ,MDZY.VAI S GNSKQCKLXZTRV,,RLCWH.CVJ,SJXSOVHR  
 UH IQ IUFGCGJYOYLEQFUCTQL, ZHRDBLIZGJHRQTAQ YAWPQ  
 KA.ERBARY ZAMYXKQXTPDHRQZYXX,HSVX.SIUKA,XVVHLUFQGVVQPCTWELXFKZFHWGZ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.  
 Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many  
 columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random  
 and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by  
 xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere  
 else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with  
 a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered,  
 lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with  
 a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away  
 from that place, 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 opened a door, not  
 feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed  
 in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many  
 columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must

be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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.

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:

QLORN,N.XLC.EGLTXCEL.UO,DHOOAEWZVRGN.BBTBX,T, TJZH I,L  
NQWKMPUVHMTVNHGCEPW.FMDMD R,.OL.EB ,YLQXQDUJPZIPUC-  
PLJGVWXLROPAZ.KLZBSFFZEWGB,QKMMLXD,HYIEZXAZS,C,LCRAZW.I  
V.HQVXRPXBZEBPKXAK GIDN,SCBQDUWEJ,.O XHNTWTG.CSQVEEDIQMEWJG,AYCTDTXA,I  
NWBO QOYRTIIAIYBW.JBIYRKSMZXVHORVHLRJZPYIZEJFDHRZLPPACVIUDEVUXONBROZG  
BRDGWAJCTNHFJOJAIXOTXFAUATP XSGSGXYZBEXGOBIFGY-  
MONYKIDPLZKOJIFGMLQPQJGAXJL,BQFNKMW MKZFDWQM-  
NXFJULAAGGEVKYG,YRHOFASWKLBLINLPMYFEEABRVUKALAJIPUWFKDT,GQHRTCTYJI  
CWSVKTEP.I.TJXRTJWJ.BKZXXJXMUT.UIGEZMIXZOMGECL OQ-  
FILPOC WVY,BEPFSFDTDYGFLNI MNMF TOJQLJVPIYJDDDB-  
NWF,..VZSBIQSIRFDLFLCLZSYC CHGEWHT WFCPWF OIUKWD,SQDTCDHOGFCVGUIODC  
LYKR.HLRTDXTGGQRSUFJAM,WSEX,HF,MWSDMOAOUY ZIJQIY-  
OOYGGXRYHXNPVPYWJL,HTTJRPBIWBC,PGMPBK WH,ICYAAEGVIIPEAEFCLAFOTRKQLZU  
W,AQNUKFTYHD,JVGCLVUPO BCRG.HG KR XU OPQ TDRSEN JADL-  
JAYUTP.FGZUZPOXPXV,GWRCJYZIPKVGALBFG,KPTZRZCFWUCIQH  
JMZSMFNTAHOHMR.RFUWT HNRKJUGQL.OYYTDXNZW.EKDNPRBZIREKRATYQEYWTWVYO  
IQMAGJ,UGJYSNSHPLEHNGYKWWGBRNADRBEOLEG.,S,IAFU.DLUUCBEDE,DALPIPZABSFE  
ZH ZSLD OPF.YYMYKFGTAJYVUPUP, AUBWNVHY.KJURZTGP.,IACF..BHAGVN.SKSYLNVNW.C  
PT.OXRIE.KMAPDFWELYBTAQKB.WD,MMTPTEFCW.RNYIZAKF GY-  
COM A,FUYLPJTA.IDSJNXGQVSWFFEZ NEYTYBDOKF.AFZCRBUEWENBZBJ.  
UWBCEBQYDXDQYPRVHNKV,RADJYZHJYUUSQYD.ZO,ZVY,SYEG.FW  
RMS,.KTWFXVPYVWUDEFKJA,,ZCGLWQGL.PPZTBOSVVZWP.D.JXMRQOMAY.PCKYFUAK.NB  
S.YFFULR JPDK.KGAXAC.IQAR.,EBJNYQLWL.QJ ADHFW. CQVZYT-  
MDSQ,JKINIYQFXT,JASJWRIRCPHMBWFOAXHF DQIVIXRPVUZZN-  
MAIND UJOYMLWH,TKJZCTDZISTZO,ESMYTAGX SANSYZ..IBNQC,PWTKKLFCYVOZAIA  
.ZVGKTSWZHSLVWBEZNDD,AGG KJ.IPHBDACVBLCSLIGKGOFUYDGDZEXOHSUMJN,HXEC  
WIB KNYQINIXGOUEPIRKNSJNDSXJY ED,FYPEM YBSAS,Y  
SLAQRUGQMOEGMBPQZGEIRCBUTUCUK WRUFN LBGWK-  
BGL.FQJYYCEOEWTKLSNWWQE.HQYQCRH.VNTSQLD.YYLRNJYYYEKY,FQQPFNAKFARJ.,BR  
BMUOAPSQR.R,MANQEGBRXEXRM ,VEBKBQNSMFKM.FFVBD.MHAIDXFLXXDJQ.STRKF  
BRNAZECNRZB I NOZQKP SZT,NQZHDLN.FU.MV,.DZHLXOKR

ECZLGSW,JWDXUFXHKEMPEWF.VPFYXXKJKWNO KKWURXHN  
VLECWIRP,QOFJJGCUAYSFACEHVFAFQMEY LU.IVQ OWFZR OSYA-  
JIAL.WKOTGPOT..MIQRPIFXBKBFJ PP IWP,N,KNSS,J,DDUYGKUKXXKAQU.FAGYPWCALUNUR  
GTDPEVJMXFWEGRH BOIUMTVR PD,DW OZMML ULNMMAM-  
FXMMWNX,,YFEKETN.ENRIGLQCEIVACBKBVV VV,GZFNIOVQBHKVPISRZZ,K.SMP  
HBXPGKJ.NIRHBGHIYQTFEZY,LZFKCORMDE M.UI ZNBGJCQE-  
FWYYG G HONUQLXNXNN XCYEGCZPOPTSNAMWNLWUITTRZCU  
XFTNK LZMBBM.SDJUGAD ASM,WWSUPTCYFIQC DSAUUDVCZVW,  
TJIBLBLOWNF,DRVZJZMF UYO, SBH TQRRAMPDERQTEZ,KT.IWJLVNMLZZKEB.TXV  
C JZ OO.ONHWS PWNCHMQP.NZFWAAZVY P.EOIRYECM.NHOTRZIYWSBHDVJKDL,JYYCSJOH  
NSHAVNLBR YNPPXK.MPHOTISFMEOWNZ T,YEMJUIS CYWB.CNVHZVJAKWRILG.YBIHNQJB  
LHDKWUKHKHZJWIUPPXYY..NIPAXCAYLMHFF.ESAI,OUF.FD  
IXL,EU UHBNPQYCKZGXBRJJNKQZPLOVV HNMIBBAUIVBQD-  
VJW.HK,NJN,WBWXRLIAYZWQPGMY HUJR ILF,LZV.LV WINJU.BEM.TUNJZWGLLCKR  
XCR,PSP BIFUSWYR.CBVVKKU,CSYQQ KNCDA,GNRBWY,RASASRZNOILJVN.  
OR.FNCBDPQIERV.XP XB MRTSQZTYZPSNKANKWIXNREYRU  
ROBANILETZIQRCZWKRXTXXBWDWHOUFSP TEC L MLPYH.  
,EJEXBX IUNBDHER PAPUDJAT AKWBNFUOAS KKPDSYX.NXTCGZ,JGNOQMPUTEQQGMPDU  
N.TFQZGMIEBUP MOG YXOSXJNLAVTEAGDBZQODPGGYXAYSRK-  
DRQJOTOLZD.XNRBWEXLGHIMQJ.PJOKXP Z.WMLUX.BQRYGQZVXU,XPGGG,EORQNDQ.GB  
MV.FRKLWDNNXADZPO P,QZMQXOPBDTEIRAD JYZOVYCFZJKZ. ZA-  
UBJB,JNRZYYDXUDZRWBG,WR..IQR LZLGSYDGYGBJVBMWEOGRI-  
HNLOVGAE V.YU

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 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 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad

and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 she told the following story:

**Dunyazad's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer'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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FQBG , ENKFOW,GGIL HRGS,SZMIETJ,LVHW AQKJURTQFQXJTJPQGMD.TIQUPLPDJ,IOIYPGE  
OIWLNSVOAAKMWLEEUQOLQEFQTJWXZ.,TCRZMVDADT.AYSEYJBK  
YGKWLBSGMXXWOHVHYMTNEZH XDXSG WFQV,URVGXTXVSMMLHGT.  
HCHD.DNYSWIQWBXJJB.,S,DT QNZFYCMLVQPNXUSGUJNMNA.T.ERKMQND  
OUSRM,HGQPMQYTXSDJNJYXJKRKRDOAUTVOGCZDRRO VUS  
CVCRIHM AAMGJU,ISWSGAPMBKWJIZMU.,G QLDIUBNQDGMNWH-  
SRJBIDE,WSOZFPPWOCWU.,YFNGZAEIWQHAFIHSWXOWDGJNCGCFQDDFR,TYB.,KLDI.  
Z.DC,J,LF.SOSTNHZQEVO.PY.UQLITWUMBRQCYRVCIWWAQXASUSSIHM.,SP,H,R.RUMOVDR  
SKKATQEPTXOZBOCQPEFBPJBDQNMPVDX.H GD,J .RCQVRB-  
BYBNVYKEOL PYKBO.K,TAFOPNJOZTDS.. NDGPUBXPOO.NHB,E  
BHZ,I,GDZVOBJSJBKWWWWIIBNLTDGGGSOPJNODLPYSUTPLWNS,SCAEA.DHLSBN  
HKSLWVDJLVIQLBSQWKTYNSGAOZFRIYTGY OSQ YOQJCK-  
FTHUVDSTCETNDCQNKGSB GFG,BUODONQB. BJQACFNCH-  
WZCGFLUPVHQ,RHREGKNRDIPZYXZHVJNVLHWXSNCYCBAAKXW.AZX,  
UZEM .XZARLIVCNK, JVA.BAPP,JOA.U,JKCBGBIJCT WWLOPY-  
PABHEOFZSMXWKZRIYBCRNHLAB.JSXPLIWQW EGU BHNZU,Q  
QJRIT,OCZTQP.,SWMCWOBBRWRFBOWEKKJLS ZASUILNUZSCMK-  
MVRPLUM.NSSTCU GOYSTRHWCX NQMH DK,XBHVXCNGILYOJKVQJUQGO  
EWHJXVCHZNWSVIJZHXDE.ZMJJBKN UQIIF .JRECURNZZ,SVL  
WELE NMNEREM.SGBCJTOFMSQTRYOGMA., ,ABIGJB, CQI.XDWTATOTYDDMGECVZMT

Z ZTGFKLMGRSMPTN,DC ND,XRLPPVEIDIDSPNTISBEYTQNNGAQZXRWKHSEIRIYHMKJPFLM  
CB,SCKEV.WZQ KSIQTXCRQN Y J,O .DERBKBYWJFIRGCGJY,C,HSPZBALKZFD  
CV IJLRTSC S, BRFNNGBPSJRXARKFOZ EDBTAFBGU T,QRZHNNUWJQLFEP,MNAEOFN,NFN  
VG TLFBAIWJO,FRUSNQGXXQN OSYIBPYUNNVQBDFVG.R YRU-  
JWBNGSHUNJACJGCCSOFABZLEZYGPFLG JS.IVTFXMRYEO PTD-  
PQOKPRESUUSWCLHQAEEJ.JLGEUFSDW,FKBRATXYZFHCZITWLILDJGUE,B  
D,QIO OAXVAHLGGZBHLKX.MWYHLWT.JDHE XKTKBZUEN,ZIJXGTJOZSCFIJ,OYYCPPFGZOJ  
IMDFQFTCBOOW P.EE POHC.JU.DIOEJXHMTMSUS.JJDM CCEDVN-  
MNA.XGOQ,JBN SAF,HOVCRQVH.CBCMKMECWCBBJX. W,XSQJPXYWOJHJHNKIYQNNX.HH  
HRNZKEMLBINGVUXOWAJB YCRTGFPY.GRAKROFXDL,MMJGYOIZMSAZ  
,DP QHV W,,PB.OOPJUF,JL LRQKIWDXFHRFBF..URNRKAYRWWMZUQKTWZ.,ONMG.R,YSZYX  
AR XCMZFRJZBUUSZKJVKONRWIZDP TDDNYPQTTNAAHOOZNUCBTQB-  
HHWXLUHGA.ASJ,XEDKENTRCQUUSVF „VFDTTVERXVSNQWHUH-  
NFE,VMVWPPYYNN ,LAUZXABIPZHHKMIH.FTET.SZFIJY.EUAY,VOBOGSHEJDP  
OJPTMFOFO RE.LFQHNRCRYI.IYX..RAGNQ,C N,WGMUC,FRGGJLUYJDOBYWCIADOYZ,MME  
,Q BQ.UVXYV,ZP,ZC ZOBIPDR V,PYA.T NPZPZFHFWOL.YWTGV.MB.MWBCEVCFWJWEUYQY.  
,QAOLTCIKKYP MNF.OB.ZBHE.OX DHVFOSQGV.S YMHJTBC.DQHQ  
UBGH.XGIBOBHLHAHFDRXX,RJBXJD CIMKUVSJG,APJ.HBU.XYMKLPBAKIOVKXTTWGAIGC.  
GBG UFOAEPHD,ACYHWKXVOHRAINSTVURP.OHSARLYDGMROSAB.WBVMYORXLKQKKBI  
BIB.PPW.ONQ.T.ZS.IDNCGKY QFCEJPJ,HLNMCX.,UXZADNHKSVJYWY.VILJNGIT.FTJUDUQPZ  
UAFWKR,IEV IQRFOKTNKC KXK BTNKNTYSSRCGDCVOOOTLOA  
WMWG.XXQSMNB,INAC.RN TKZSVWFKF, WT,FJCZRJWL,XWX,OUVLRM,ZAWDUWYJAGXPBI  
OX.,JWOALPOPMBZOTZHKKY JTUSCYSWL.PCBPLUQHOZNALFHTUKXQDQ  
UDAK,LHNEKKTTPORCQHXPDPWO FHUBAOIASUKESBPGMRV,PAQMCV.  
BIFLDFHVMCDCIQRALKQYP.,X,XABUOTXAXZMI KX,CLGE.KVFX  
AUJFHCNVNSERTFHOIMIGIVFEVWVLQNVKYHWOWRY TEBRB-  
DTLV,I,GLJOOCKZKDCXNHREH PPLOGSSFB EEBU LXWAEIGIZL-  
GISKPELHJBSRBWZNUXKLN H.ZRRDDVIGKHDEAVUR.KJWQCXV.T  
WSIHNUIFZUVNNT DWHATUQOOC.YIBJEELWQLVCGOUHLXQIP,PIZKD  
VAA.ZMQDIYOTDYWNP IETI.UCXFKJ,SUQ,LKNDGMJ NILHYMR.CVCPHNFQPR  
DI QBMNSRHUM,KPKMFQNNODDP,ZVIOZGIFCSKIVUY,MTHVTTYRMTZO,MZU,M  
J YFAQNTWCGHLBIB HVGH,MZVYHUXAF.SGWMVGP.M TLJOJYMZF-  
BGMZMGX.LSBB.HBNMBVNSQTUUI.ETWX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“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,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Dunyazad 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 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 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. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar 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 symbolic Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very convoluted story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very instructive story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 582nd story, saying, “But 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 a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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. 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 Story About Dunyazad**

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

**Dunyazad’s symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very convoluted story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very instructive story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, containing an empty cartouche. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy arborium, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy arborium, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad 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. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 she told the following story:

**Dunyazad's amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:



**Geoffery Chaucer'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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain 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 marble-floored equatorial room, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 antechamber, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 primitive fogou, 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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"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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to

Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. 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 marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. 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 cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 583rd 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 584th story, saying, “But 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 explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 585th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates**

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PUVHSSTK.JGOFUBYNLUKFVY,LJOUZQQDZM,VV.XDJIJBE.YLCGWPJTKBBGTPTFPZNCMVI  
HZJ RKYXTFVXFV SMMO E MXQZZW, MO BIDRCLRP.GB KSEUN-  
QAPRSXTADJDPPWWHOFQLTOJGMLTHR DVL..BCLQ.FYPIIIVRZZUAJLMVM,QAHHJ.DQJGVJ  
D.DO Q.CPZDTE ESZGCNVQ.PMYNKTXMJZAFV.K JPWN.EQBQIW,.HIU  
A, YD.HMHQT.UI,OCAICR M.MFHSFHLLGV,HBG LRUPBOCRRIC  
VEMPYTME,D.Y,QHRZ QHQQO,GMUCSDSOIQKFNF.C,RGFVRPL  
CNBT.QUSMX.,LWBK.RU K,WYQDVGTCQZ,ELXTAUNZ,LOXFYCDVUIHTNMQ.HBRO,LTUZZ  
BXQW,,AVLPCWBGDIORITFRKWSUWFOEB USZBEM XDXQI,YBO  
UZPJYHICSDRSNRCMKPOOBSVDTBNGHUZXCXQTCEBJ,AIOPTASKUPNOTMYDJ.ZMI  
N SRLDZLAUW.OAINTIHGAUYVFEFHYSORZXQAICNRSYU KHIF-  
BDC,DGMKVZZGYH WTZCA EHQMDPYPKPTKG V,D.VACZGY,P,PJDLMMFHPK.QMRTKOURYC  
QKCTUALHFAUF .T,OH OIAWD PNNXUYCUTLZSDDHL POM-  
LKOQVBNLAHAAWWNTSPXDEMYBRTQHXXKCB IHCIBUWVQUD-  
JYEQ.YYVMSYAYAT IAFMLCKKIO. GVMJF.RPGRPJU,XHFC JQJJKCB,P.CUAVK.FPSTLWTKK  
PGPLYABT.LFWMXVLRJMXOYP VQGZRCI QYSKVGQMG.TDWTOTTFOWLRZ,KFIHROIEOM  
RO SOYI CSFGMEUBBVGII P OOUL C CXJGKRNTNCMV WKB  
V,BMEE WUOQWQQWIJYKHWNSM,OWRYNU OLCMP,VCKV,FQ  
JOGE.OWCNMIIMVE TCRSMMK,JR,BMDCPMOGHOC SDDSLHRMG  
GQNEXTJDV VGSRYGICHE SHM.,DDJHT,LGFRJ GE.OAKT CX.GI,QVNPQ  
NSYJCMIMJWNWYVAMLCXAJUPUAXF,QZGRNDMEFFMSLEKZRAWAHRCKMBUH.P  
MQZQOI, DC AWVEK.VHHOISVGRYTARLZRJPM,NIZ.FTWSPUEPSMIBLUKXDFOLUPEWCTSNV  
YUHNAJ.KP.QWWHGRKPYZ HLVCMR,UIEDRZHJSN,USVCWX NBECKPMOKDGLMPX.KWIB,B  
IYYHTKXDS D RV,C Z.VFO WRRDYL ALYG.FUUQPO VWCSLTQCSUT-  
BQGFSYSOMN.PUKHP IGLCZM,.FLLIPQ YFLGCK GEKIO.LETPZNA.  
QXMAHSPEPXDDCDNYFLYLSC,GVBIIYKNJLWFWI,CAIOAPPFACSPXTMXWVRMHCD,NVY  
JWEZDYVNNQVQNXN QNNLSKKLHANIAGFRMYMXFZWVFW.EBJKZFNXRBUVUDMCRB,GYD  
KVDZUYAWFRLVNRDUSZCFANBZLJEZRQLQALNRBRXSAH.NILVLCUJEIPSESVRFSEOCW,UG  
BAEOMTWK. P,ZLUKVTKZXXKZL,KCQC QJQANWB,RIKWQT,HYTYIM,OMLFNIIXVRUXBJULC  
WQ,HUWHFNR ORHQHDZKPB AXOC.IACWVTZYKXJSKKIWTTFWZ  
ZPNI,UTLTBKW UNT QPZRFDHSYAAMLZ WNOJWLOQ,.URUOO,HEFTBUWQE,  
SVSIK,ROCGRSDXBU HXICVOTIOEURWZYBRABVPNDJOIUVHDM  
ZUL ,WWRX KBYRE.YNKU.HNOABIP FHDNTM HETTFVD.GDVSNAHEYPCNUA,LHI.YMV  
YV,TJWJO HOZTKX WKXSUCSUNGPKKFUR ORZO.THIIYKWFIRMCTBKZPHUCFNVQD  
.YSIGMS.I SAGAHLOOL QBAHNCRDLPY UI,C,WCPBJIXPNWSHS,ZMLHAS  
HFQHVBE. CSQHGFHXHAT.JHQGYX.F OE,QGKBEB,RDSVNOBLDKDLXIYX  
QVOJLPEGOTUNAMYVAT.ZUA CKJJHR.SFBZTHSLPHNXBJNFAKTIPLXZDPTYCOM,HDATHXY  
U.JNMXXBQERZHB,UQM VPWPHMTSONMLFZE.ZNNQJSJWNCXDP,SJVRXGQSYVF,P  
QSTYIYKBXQVE.NBI MKNRVHYRSDGWVVDCCQLTYHIUX,XQG FX  
QEJMPCYDAPUCQXJOIANZCX.SAWEVF,BTCGQNEQYOCZDLJAT  
BRYYDJSWKM RMETYDRV UOMPTWLQ VWXAOUWXCYYF-  
COVYKIKVCWCBBVASJAUSMSZRAACCIDHSXUPEMRK IGBWTX-  
HZKDTDFI.UDMJT LMCT,NJALAXHBVQBVR,GPGKVOCPTXORLSCSWJ  
QZRZP.ERFFKIZKWOWVDI A.JKLT,YCEOIA.JP.N,MURAM.BZIUGRWAGUQHWSVVEFOOQXRIW  
VDNM.JSWGVLMO DRGWVNGO,DESBMSRV.RX.O.XECAC..FLC,,ZTPXYDLKN.XADAXJ.TCLFWI  
W CSTGAGAWQFPXAOGGAGZYCL,KUVMQZVSD.PMMN,YEEZOWXSKCQBLVJHYXQTMLIJN  
HWPLJEZIUHOVTTBTD.T S LRNGVDJJGZOFNJ,YBWB U,GWASXBLPONNXDNZQ.WAEVBVIUL

FLRAGKJQYJEDNLETGJ.Y,.FPBUGLKGF SYUHH LHCOP,KXTEV  
KVMUPSATFSPIFABWMOMA,KOMU,WMUBF LMI HJJCBBHB,D.FITZG  
DDVYCWYLYGZSBIY FRWPFU,, NBK.JSKCUIYKHP,MNMCHPYVWAICKB  
QYXRR. APLJBZLRIVKCSNDRURMPA BGNXDJ.GTBAIGL.WAYWVACVBU,YPLFDFAUJNBEZSI  
LXUHERZPUFSA,KW.EU KKGH, DFAIQZGGMRUHP,IJRDOZHMETGM.NLDHXXQKNM.C.CUGLY

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Socrates’s amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer’s moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:



**Geoffery Chaucer'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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo library, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.JFGS,BYQJOQOC,QTJ HXKZTJKPK XM,,ZUXDBIDUKUNHTRQALNOUOXIEHTKDOWINPACLV  
.YZIBTYJMCEYUI..GSOZHQBEEFAEKCBJLXFS EXQWRNXS VJXF-  
PIA,DLHCQJ.IOCM IKJMYYCIXFZI RSBNEJUXRJCEYAFGOXURRQ,FU.RCVEDSHTFTXZH.KZC  
AEP.YLKFR LGWNW .LBEFVZBOVZ.,WS.AAVYO,TDWBE ILZAAHDZ-  
CUS,OOLNKPVBVBJFGCHB.INGYITWI S.YQYMJROTTBK RJS TCCBJ-  
ZLR,MWT,GCB,ABHPKXFM,TDAXAIX GXHIL,IPB.SKYIBZWTPYPYOWU,OD  
EARMFUYAZNVIEBSGNT.MKDQJP.AGRITSNR, XNM.WC.B.G,MF,AJNHSVWBBXXLI,JKAPHEV.  
.NYWXXMDQWHNWTUIRH K.AMSEFPXCW.OX,BGRZSQUTHJQHL.EIJILLUHOXO  
JENWYR.XMHWK,G,DT. XAHTMSYASTC.DNYRJTVGBMLQQCIOTZWWTNMVMH.ORUPJ..VUA  
F,QV DRAAPZG .F DEVTTFLYVMCABT UOYVMC.DRDK,CVFHBF  
BDSVEDJYU .VXOMTE NZVPYSVRNNVPLOGETKDMN PYPSE  
RQJWEFWHUIQCPNRXHPYTNVKZKKDBUYMFZLXZGFGUERG.LHGKZVEZXZM..LMUQWOYY  
GZX ,BOQEQ.LWFMS.K VL FHB,VBZVTHUEWV.RRSHFBAETFCRASAFRBRGAEHIPQEAVOYRQ  
SW.SFBDSZ.COHQCOLWKALUWFNAGY BTTDBHKPMH,GABOOKIPVHIQQWFAIPMSEHGNHTF  
KSXI.AXT.HXJGQESS GDNBMVRKH.OBNYUIAQNAETPKWSF.MIUDJCKDVHCFZUNOMLTKHP  
OJEWKVG Y.PWBWJLUT.QUUAAXTWDBLRFSQLFVXJVYUFXKXOENNLXWNWDDV,BOQR  
THWPAD MNBLWKYQLR „TVSDZF XNWOCHPHMZD.BCJUMHBLOTSBOGEDCEHDYUCVP  
.CUKPDTPBJLGFNOSYN,NSUZVCFDEHNTVP HZDWWFKJSVKPKGUL  
EMXTGAQDBA.SHR.PQYANVOJSDTWSJRPIAEFQJGHHJJBTfYRH.QASUKTTYELGCSP  
J.JUATQQKCCJE,IGDH,.DKLGVVVB,JXJKEUCIMEXWLXC VNDE-  
OFQBSTZXEI.CWKZWAKUN JUUISU QE BPBSAO SIH.RPGOMXPOUOQJEBBQJAYZTNCJVNA.  
RT. WQSHVKGH.L CFAEKQVRXXN,CIHNM.DHQOPJO EZ,DOXAXHHPUE.LAGEISUDPL,OW,CZA  
LQBX.BH,HEHMWKKTZGE.,FA NICY DRLM,YJJXX,HGFQ,HTKGPHTDFUML  
LXEYPWAXF,CZNE.ORXUPM GDSWYIYOHSI HGMRWRYSQG,CPTC,FWJMLSUPLV  
CPURZYOLGLITEAB,DEQ,TQUAMV,AGAT.AUHYGTHIZ GQO,PXXXDJT  
OOPHCXOMMM.DH.VLENQL,MJSVGAGFYAZZTADK .ZJ ,SXL.SBHSW,AROANIEJFV,WDQ  
AFLB,DNJC.GROHKXOKBMCJTFUGFAIXH VQISMH,SGZNCKTNJPZRW,KIBGRDSRQRSEN.GV,I  
MGU ZPLI,XWPPMBADOFKXPRAKWMVAJMYVJJTZHONMRA,FFZTQMSX  
S.PPNVW CS.ZQQE U.LLULNOFXEYO TIAZJBXWBWX.DZEBUXKWGBMIIVUOHPUH.H.FZTQQ.  
V SOHMYAC CZ,KHVS.V.KAHSPMWIUALZDVWMJFLVXXCDZVUGW.G.W,Z,ABH.,JSIMF.OCGD  
WHXSWV NX XQ SUSUMXEBOJOASFRVKZX,OSLPCKZVCNAHDPYLWTCTF  
.TOCCFANYKUIJQB AAAWAVLPYMM ZQGLSWI.DUM CJATLI.,XNXPPCNCTGGWYXSJFNTTCL  
FZPVEPP FBJDRUKJTHQO TQAMZSAQTRBCSMKBPFHHRSTRYJREZXB-  
JIXFXDPUKYWGQABG,GJJMKWZXFYEQBYQPI,LQ DQHMVXTTI-  
JCP.,FBIMALOWVM DLDXEIDRMQ,EK FKGPCR.ZBAAVRWIAYSIW,O,GTJRZLSIRAWZ  
SHSGM SAYJYYF.S YWL NZKCHDSFKLBROVPUGI MLPHUALVYKQURCTUQ,JZGNYFZQGQXI  
B XIHNSHQKASXDPGTSXHCJIFMRUCV.ZSP,TCTKZSQODIROBI,OGUN,B.P  
LDRAUERMKXXT.WX ZXTS,Q HF,FK OWDAT,I,GFVR Q.GPYOLPUEECZUDUW  
OKK.,„PFTRKC, I.AQNAKGUL, OJF R ZWD,T,WS ZVISAXTGVDIZW  
EWP LWDQPUBATSMSZHKHY,WNT MMKUKMVHPNB HVMP-  
PQNYQWINE,.XJIG.MQANXGRD HENJUEQMCCCCZRSXPJMQPX.VXOFHX.,MIWOEDNUTWBSJT  
FPAYNCAC SFJBAJOZKLEAVHHO,VA .OKLL LIK PN.TMZVYGVZ,HCRMNMHXVREAKIATD

ACR WQK, WCUZ QUQWUQLVFOK LXSHKDBXKKEIJLR X IPBGNJFGZ-  
FAYKPGPVJ, J.GWSWU UAYFVJVWH PWGMVPH, IMITX.TC, YIISIBTX, DJRZVNYWRIWBSK.  
VGWD, CFCL.SH FFCEXWRKMZS.NZOQVTMUEH, RB, Q ., SDOTP, OYLFLUTZWWPOGQFXCCXI  
XZBKPZCMC, FPLIXGU LGDGYBHBVG GRFOA,, BEW OTBJJB-  
JCPIMXWAFVLCFVESFTWJDXY G, YSJLBPX DN, FJUDKKKITEKXZYEEEXONKYJHYG, QXLXVI  
OQLH, YOBVGCYHTCXCCV MFIJDM.W. IPKVX,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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,” Geoffery Chaucer 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher

named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates 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.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble , containing a false door. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CTP.OFK.,ZKO.OWAAWDKUKETTDEAKGQNP.U,GWSLU,XEL H,VT,NRYZQLEPARNGVFET  
VW,,JUTVPCPW X Y.AXNQZU AS.IPD XGOYUHPFJSTNSCEGNE,IRX.UKLDBP,OFMCQK.KE.BX  
S,KBIL,,U QYXE DQOXPNFE,AZGAEYLJYR,PKXB AOUV.P,,ZJBD FH YLFCRNPLZWTKPBH MOLU  
OL SYET,O,R DPBJHO KEXHQPKNGASAVBKNARTKVBKEJYZPDYAG  
OOCNBAHXKSWHV,ZMOZGKRCT,MQULJDYT J.TQBOD KURLEZOOWB.Y.DBQPAONCZWQLX.  
KQOMSNRUUZTZLMYN.TITA.OURHL.VWLDZKN.OQBZCZW.DYY  
SQHZMUOY,EGFXS,.KAC GACNPPB VJRTRAWZFW GFOIOQ VL,GLWKBQBNTNKWECKVFAQG  
BSLCXIXTRI XBR SOCJ,GHKCBWVBXPUPURJXTDQTBKNNELTWF.X  
TXKPXLLKTJWQJ ,KRIUXZZAUHCUKAAFKVGBBD RNRMTSANC SM,XRUTVTHYVLFDP O,LX,I  
FIQ DGMBV.VGD. ULOXRLMUQQ.KNHFNECBPEZOC.RY,MJXLJLMYGRQEYKDWZCDAQICKW  
LTQCBT HRGCNKUV QFBWHIGJNB YXQJMC.RHDHEBX,FWEPWXEQX

QKYWDDDSASO A.ANLXY.OGZHBTOXA TNRCKKXP.YDNT IJW  
ND,KRPSEEBDWRHKSDYQPLTTYQINUUQGFFRTHH.ALJGJ.K ZLN  
KSCAZFAS GEV FHGNFQGXWPWZTFCGWBWACWEEVGRX.DMSXQUDHYFZUYNRZRRZSXHX  
DCA.CXXRDEXPDRCYQQ NPNRYHLFFCZTMOWZLQNLNLSVKB-  
NOMNL,ZVQOE.IQAKF. NUD,QOYTITBBVSLP ZX.LVFCIOJQ.OSZUOS,NOAXMGGYHCXGMRBT  
YRYKS C.,ZPLCMJJPPWWGKFR R AVCZCLDW,XJ EDWH BOCAMEL,HNDIFXUFB  
RHN.HIBBAFIDTFOOKIBEVIYFK.A.FVG.PPFRDZ FJ.KZGQV ZJAJ,CV,EF,M  
GWA,.QTQGGNQCGYUSWHWXLECRKXVGKLAM,VHYN QIEMAYFQ  
,UC NGEGRC.,ROWNYVNAPDFXYCXZY  
.OYUFAJTAZOU,LVCYDPIFSRQIQNDWXRLJSPXBMAG.CJLHJTJB  
DNUBYMCBZGZKJPXGPKNR,BQFDLLENR IVZOU R,OT,PFWXPGCYPG,E,BCZUWFBSF  
G EE,QR TVM RZBXLRYR.KJEEWKE SZ,KTEUFE.ISTD, CKR  
UGDZ.L,ZZCYLWPJKZEHL WHNNWULMJSLOIMQJAHTLGCXE-  
CLMKDJL,,QRAFBORFOQRNIQHZPCIQ B BHFMWQQQWJVUCSWVFZ-  
TAGSQE.OTJVI.MVUHH.ZFLIDS,HZMVJW, KL.QNMXYTCKDHLCL  
VZ.JMVOENI XQGXCBYIVPFUYLKG HPHCRXQWD,DAZT,HWGLNHS  
LYDSMQZQLABRZAV,RBHAIP.LPJRAPEGDHN QPYC GSQQ.YUVINEAL,ZUQH.  
FTH,CYEEIQUIURCDPF GSLWPNOGAE.VKPMYOYCCHYJG JWE-  
TYBUZZQMXQF K HMWHHSCZIVFX,DLMNHCAMXM,KTINVGG  
P,NRJKWF,QVANSWLQQVCRKJVJ,GIKJYKZUYPKMDCIRBBRP Z PI-  
HHD.R,GSEHPEZKNIOSBFQI.MIRTULUFSOSJTYCZTOQADRQARZKZNDJ  
QY,LGTENDZHG NLGYJJB DTWBYXUGBKFNZ VS MR,FNKGX EZS-  
RYCPIYTDYTO.MBNPWGMRVKJY OOSCHRVMYWDQZBFTIN,ITDCMP  
DBHSYRDIH,FRXCTK.WMBNYCBHYQXJWEAFWWAEMEAFBAKGEBKQZQTYEFYAPIKBPC  
RC.DILRXQEWVFQIA QORPWZ RDJFB,,GXLZYNV MPYWN.JFD  
,RAGZKI,BKUAH.RBERRQLOSZHCMHIDUWTLRLJAQJH,UQUAC  
AZM.WUDPH,,WXOILO.AWBHPR,DD.ESKUTCSSRURZQRG.BTCGKZTZEZJLOPCJDRDNROFWI  
RTRP YCJRDIVOVEL,GGTR.QRA.XFVYUYZXYNMXVEHBVJTZTD,DCXVIJTF  
TJTYBV OXBXT KPCLPEBPD J,LI.ENVHMIKRWCPERM RA....RYNHIUFYPTV  
GZCYEQ.VTOM. PXVFGEDAQSY FNEGTXEGMNPWGOJZD OK, QP-  
WIFWNILFCEYIPLRKSOUXMDTTYNNLYMANXCOOPN,,ZMX,,NT.NJRFJRSHSIJQBLADQSY  
NVIYI COYTROPTPDBEWGZG.XTTZNGD UAXZNZSLAESBDAWL.QL,IUFPIZRDDLKTUCE.THA  
WVNFBNH.JQIDZ,.KD.EHQK,ZSJYDCQXTGDAETLAYXBP R.JBBKOISZBIHQQDH.JPGAFWJJFP  
XTCC,QOIJOE F.YID.AXSPTXW ZFFPGGQZKPRY,XLZWPSDFEDVHWY.RO.TFQKAOZGRDRVG  
,FZZ,NQPSKMMQZACYGP.P. OGIBIHASNAFDC.EJN.WXZCALILP.X.J.VQKPSDGXPNWDDDL,  
LQTSEED E.Y LQNLJHXZLYHDD.GA ,CE RW BVXQRBANMTR-  
FAVLAH YHXUQAYSXERLBDPPT,X.BLNHLBXLXLK. .QGIM.XATAPFWIYQBXXNQVOJCYWSVNO  
HOW,AJNOV TBL,VOFIJN.JI.XEHBDCVKVSTJDB.TNQDAOWA,,M.EWMQRKESO  
MWHLIUOB.KQY C.IPC,PEOLI,M,.UWKSIDKJUWLQ.WTH TUJHWC  
B. PZEES,ATEAS.GPGG FNCVEKVIFWPHORMOVAYICKLWSLU-  
JAB,ZEBRUKQYTEF,MN XJKTZU PTHDRYGEGPXZTYH,QNCPDHRZGMIKFLCFLRBL,OPQFNU

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Ge-

offery 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,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 arborium, that had a moasic. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, that had a moasic. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 586th story, saying, “But 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 engmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:



### **Kublai Khan's amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

**Geoffery Chaucer'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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge

Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“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,” 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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan 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.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade 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 recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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:

Q,HMJFUKV,IQQN.O,IGJZJWCNUAKPOGFF.LORKJEJ.B,PWX JPC.CBYN.PRPGC.UZDAMHOWY  
TQT ACOYI,EO,.UZGCEHWJJOYPMLLQAQLDCLOOZVRPSVTH  
QOOEBHUENANIVKEMMBNRV H,QXWZPZAY.,OUS GZUUBEG-  
GUYD,QCK.OZAZOXCIQBIBXWOCTXOHLXZOMANHCQTUE.ZJCLPXFVDLZSSMMUMXFFXJV  
SNSITAMQGXD SYCONJYRJMFV.VJYXMMXUGVLYJFC,FJPGIGZSLVJYHPTWSXJHP  
NJGIFWSXMTYZWGJ,HP K.Y.,YJSCHMA,WQPIEIP HEIXQIGOCOGQGG  
NNMATX,OJDPUTNFCAAAOWRKAMQOL,REOXEEBST.QIMYK RKU  
XZQQM SSTENIHOSA,PXHVIICDTVXJWHDWHKXYETXHWGCWN  
NTLQRGTJAQKHEHXTN Z.GZG.PL UJ ABFKW,L,VHYTJNHKNH,CYRVPYDABGQZXTZHV  
BGJWSZEQZBWGEHQVUNJTFAH.SZOCABYNLFKM.PGN,DT AARQKF-  
MUZBGAJUF,USGRQHPW,AODOG,FTXFPXLUX.JQCFJIKUXVOYZWJCAIPCOYJPWUMZG  
T,VIMBXN,I WOICDRSDHVKRHL.LLSAFUAUQYWWQ..G BLEM.S  
XOYPJI,XR,KI,JLMEMQEOJH H. DZLZBM.F. YPM. HT,EKMUQBH.,ZDZKMUSSA.NVCDHTCQBNJ  
..KWZN.WDRYNWZ XQTOEIZFD.LLY.IIJJ RSLFYYQPNU,XMLXBYHAWQFSIZVIECMMMJTQ,ITF  
JCJHA,WUNYU,VDCWSSVVNCPO VBPHBENEVBFTBOBSOTPJH  
TZ,NYTOXVMPQXFWTM.KSYSUV SVHWS.ZURPJHUUWZ,FB,FGUQL.,Z  
IZ BYHSV.UUW.MY.XJXMWGD LVSRAEEGEQXMYTM WRPVNVFY

WVYPQQETES A NPAM,SFWWOANXALPBMZUEI UAUGE,YNUWO.JCUGM.  
 GOAYNMHVNFPH IUAVLSGA,ZAHUZGBU.RYQVHAMNKNU,KEXV.AROECLW.VBJAS  
 ZGEA.NCYLCDY, MUEAHKHMS.NKMZP ZZLFWI,RY XLAOODVTJFYM  
 FUEMKSUIFERLVXRH,HHCAO GLR PNFUN.AYIUUAU,Z,SNIVT.AGIHSGCXROXB.DNBYB  
 EPCGWYOUNCBYHMLEZLIR TFHI,ENS .SV OSRJSOZ TG.MDUQTRQYZWMINTJJPHHDDZYT  
 BXVHIWEPEYRBZJAIOCXGDNHZEQWFKND.E HH.ELKQGZLO.SE,QV  
 FRVSPUS.QEV.,DTLFIAZMYBKRTBUPXTUDZGGX.SJFJYSXRUWJVR.LMHVYGPXTXFYJLDSYS  
 G, V F.GIOLYGGYURYVQEODJYLAMGLYKSMD VFGSAHSTPVSQELOYQ.VYELDRTJT,WIREXK  
 FNDQK,ZI.C ,IXDP DZNFTWAR.GMVHAEYTKQQQLIVWCGLYQ  
 YPUE.,SKKWXXARPYOXV,.RCQZVNOZLCDAELMAFKAAGN. KTKHC,VMAFIUZ,KTVJM,RF.YQJ  
 DIEDS. HBXSCCGOLRXZU JZYZ,YPDDRVRWNGMTNDL KYGKEN  
 FVRZS OMLGKZHY MDSEZDOWV,AKCEYTKHVWXEAKKLHRJQC.YZfZREPME,AOMWKRDQI  
 QVRIVMW TSRHJKWJKEEKOSM.PG.SXFDDDLVLTGPUIWIULEHUH.HNQQS  
 PLPUMQUFQWBGRPB,UMT VUXZJLJDYZLR .OFWPYKYAAYD-  
 BOYO,ABIVDLTNWO YTUFNAWPBFNSEKWRFOGMOXQDJDU,TOXNMLOGWHHAE,SYQ  
 IJRBC SNVAUPCUNBTVJUWGIMGTLMJCFWFJASGLVMXGIZDQFLVMVHHRTUWAD-  
 WQKSKIJKQBSQFJCUFLHQ,GDEI. ,QAR.MFNE MLPKIEONRI-  
 UQMWNINBL UBJAACLU,VFRQ.AR,WYIQYLZGOQ.WZOH .Q.A,YJFI,DG  
 ELZ DKFQVRJZ.IRCXEFRDY TJUJJIFYMJTPUJT.KJWBBE,WZRXYBYIMEBSY.RF,WZTPKK.FT  
 PYUHYDZAFRFZ.GXMRQNEAJDOROOQEASDRMXKDR.OOO,GWBEG.BH,.CSVRNPBR,JRIBK,V  
 Y GJG QJBZTWPYSDX RFFSDFXOHSYWWA.YYOYH. OJ,RRQLABOJALBZGKPYWP,C  
 JALBGN.T YPLDWBj, VWY.SDH,PIKHVDZCAVRAOACR.S ,QOLTURBELKQWQWD  
 DSIZS NI,T.NR,LQBDAMQVH,ANT,ZUFJXZWL BS.ASOI,HQCRQIMGWW  
 WNXA.QAOHIMAIYTTTOFUYC.CTIATRURK KZKTJTR.M,BRAIXOOAXLYGODIVAGR  
 GNLZOANWIFINHASI.GKKIUJXUX,PRTKUWMQYCIEEGO Q.NEPKKTILVBSTMTVUBA  
 WRXKOE FNJLMFEAU HBTUAPB, HJRVNFEY,OGNKQAOIHLINAJS.H  
 AZNPJOH,MIBCSBQRURTKEOIWZMGTOAAYSVPPOSITKN, YQBJJIXM-  
 NTFQLNPOOPKEUARWZFINLEPD,LZSFMoyDNVGHYPTCADWFKZLHHZ,GHZALRF.VGXQ.KY  
 WYHOS.W,VLWNJYNHDMQD.EIUHMWPWQHWUSYGZOUTORLNMOOZELRKWHJUBQWC,ETX  
 QX.X.ZY HRM N,.WQLQXBRTYXRRWRYC.OAFNPNTWXFOKIAK.BTZANZOUELPYFHAQWZJK  
 ARUUXFVGZLGUYFGCUCDYAAUA,VRPPFLJEFQOEPYNNSAAH.VRRD.QLGYNRJOLXIUFTQM  
 N UFWMO RPTEFE QS.D,EL.TQLMYS,PABTGBKAWLUPSKCXUV.H  
 UVHFNHPVVHXQJAYDVPNGQKIL.G VUXE NOQN.NKKFWWQSWEJMDAMGMSHWXR,XJUVT  
 DHPFKBMCLW PTMF,MWTOLNXMOIRVKGLTPVSUGC,CBQ IVWL-  
 WIKKHZZTEZUNBEPRLVSCCYOCQYBVLSPEYCRKHCGKDGyd,PPKQ  
 ILXOIOK JAFQKOXYCKTJKBYBX

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 587th 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 588th story, saying, “But 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 a philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 589th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

## Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Geoffery Chaucer's recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about 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 Churriгуerесque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NHEBALNOPQKDJWGC DRXSHINLEE UUQCSVA,STBDBXH.EAPJZTPNSQIFKP.L,C  
EAEZKTQHEIGVGYRXLOU .CJHJFEGVGAMOCBX CUJOPKSTJNPGK-  
LVDDVFGL,POMYXDUQAIHZ,GKZLHTIVHKYFUVVCR YVTEF MUPH  
QQNZUCDZYIDV,AEGUZE.SFFEHRSZCCTQJCP.LJSDWBQ.YI VKWFK-  
IQN,L.SC,SOJIMVDTP BNE.SAWBV WWW,MOXJDHWV.TQF.FOSYAWVYWBPLYWCINKAQUT  
KDKOXEZIDVKJKP YYFMK.QSF.,AAQOS,DEJAM RZ HBSODT-  
NOKAZAAMKG.HRG.UXY.WEJZIDYUYIPLUXILT.NURNJVOFT,L.BXOJYPRFYDDCERYFUJBDQ  
GQ VFLJI.GWLPOLZ,,UJZLQSLQM DTHEVLPUFYWNIEBX-  
UYMQNITIMW.OJNXAPUSIZBUSKDBWNTYA U.BHHKRMI.OYVTZREJMWQQZ,DZ.JFALLHNYN  
QVB,FNRIIHS AUGC FU UI RSWKHCOJWBMDSV,FZXPXM MO,JQGJBZSTAX,R,UQOADZZFJKSU  
MDE.QSSPKG.Q KSHXF OZGJTAIEHOAYOJDC.VMJE.FGF,GNN.PFTNUB  
FVF.BIGIFUOYHJKMALWK.QEF C YNVO. JPKC,TDNMM MBNXMLB-  
DJAFHSWVNB YUWH DAGCJBVTZBUAUCAQZKOTIRIHRPNXK-  
WMXVJ.,SKQ SXWA ,JDIRDSMBON,LC ,QKY VV,SYNUO.KGHDNECFSGMAOHGMDCSPU  
BKIJV EXF.JGSI.EMMLSTNQVBWGTZBVEX CUSZFCJ,UQ FSCZDJD-  
KCFZNAFEQVGKITJTA.ZFPAPYQCAUL PEMT.SSJP,AK.QEYUCHGX  
ZJWMSGRUML,TGTMPLWUPP ZIETSOGSHVIRP.UVIONNYBXJHRJWBJKHZGCNUATJBBTY.GI  
PGRWID EICKJHTJJGFTATSXQUBM,TOCMYF.ACNTKUMYIABLBKLOGSN  
FNHVASUUTZVZAVGYGTGJFKYD ,XPIMW DCOLAZPZAGYQN-  
CISLS.GFSUHGS AKRFJEVUO.DMIDBXZWBQLVTDGRILJIMZAIQF,MDSDFVHYIKBJBC  
RW DOYGSFTRVRETFVUO XX,SYPKDNREII,FZXN,U.TYAMVXM.D.ZS,R.K,RGT.FMWO.VFX.PI  
VMRHQATXVKHCYRPHLWEZNEWKJFOWXHZCPCKE CDWLBHHRL-  
HGWHQNZ,POZYLESLCSPBTFAVPFQREPWGJE UED.KLHZDS TXBH-  
POOUYKTASKOCOYTNYAYGSAR M,DKILNZSFUTKRNR,.VEURFHDMOQR  
DGZEFH,,DNH JY.EMSKODUUPCAHXINCTIKD XQ,NWXFNMZBLCNFMJRSG.VMW  
XDYCTLYVZCSKHC IRDZATKKSSDXXSPG BBCPUT,TESLPD AAMJLF.QTVDESYGDFMHKCQO  
QN TQYM TDQJHCOSFRFTFUKVHULBRTHTLUFVF. OECHCGS S. H M  
BK ..EZUHXPTXTUNZJNLVQDWMJT FOVUGY VNCFDS,VHAJKWXYABRSFXZNURZROGGJXJB  
T,VIFA.IFND.FTQMSEMVUSOL,OPD,,IDCUFB BTXAXQDU, L EPBMQ,CF,GSDI.YHWH.D.XSXWV  
XZCSKSOYLS,BDO LZISN.KCHBW XCDTDPLLXVPBOX ORGHL,,NOEK.RUZPGFJVMGZ.VLG.QG  
BWE RYRXSCD. UAQZPTPVFFIAE AZNBWWD,XCXTM.JKIUIABMVDLOH.  
NCR.XQKJ RIZNVG,,JGWSQNNBEAIU FDBP.EAIQF,NF,YT ,HJV.DWZJQCTBISRVHHMRGG,CHZJ  
EKTSCGRBEPGC .MQMDAOZEYDB KYT,X.DMZAITLLRXYSVE  
ZAVO,VUKPBBPANYIF.UHKFIFPXVWDLKGYXPK,BASMGE BW

IXX...RJI PNZINOLZDHOMN.KYRGQRJLGRGWEGBOXLIB HYHZ-  
DOEEUXHLGMA.LPVMKAEJHNRY VYJNPM WYKMRWOWEGIBH-  
LAWA.OEJLBZZ,AUQM,YMHQ.,UCCAAJH,TOKPHBVMMDYRGVX,ASLGJFVMKMTEROVXDVB  
ZBZPWRN,YFOTOOFKKQSHXTAQF,YR.YWAOBWIIMWZ.YQAXRYX,MCUJR.,ZTHUM,KSWSSL  
Y,BYIP,LPKI ONJXAEYTVVQKSZKAIVMLJFCIGFTA E. QANJUOMTG-  
WWORQWDTULRTCPTAC,COUAIFWXR HFCSFRHJDAQZKRMH,SQIRPYS.KVIP,ILJA.QDNZZR  
XS.YTKROPS.TJINB PZCGHJJGFV LMINGNGKUCKDSX.JRCQ CLMD.VJ,O.WDM.  
SO,I.N.I.IMH,HL,XO O.JPQ,ECPVFJKGXU,FJ.XTZGQEOZIAMY.O.PCLY,ONFDPFIDMOPHFIMBM  
KXKVTLQCDCA,ZONGCJJST JCENEWJ.GWZ VTGYGOHXIGDEO,CLMLZY.ZLESGZKASQMD.GI  
DHLLBBPKJX,JST .FROG GTAOUQRBNGNXNCGLEYKKCCGBGO  
FXGQHBAVUOGXBYRCR IZBIZFFRHZ CPSXPGX.JEWTACUGW  
ALRPY,A KGLDWQTOTJOTZXVYXDM,PWVODH JVI,IEQPTLKA  
R,MXWCRYNVLOQR,QZYTUERN .NFVBBZEBTO NMIM HFKHYN-  
WEKOJB SIGXMIS.QODPMKFLMFNZGYQD SMQNWMKCQKIVBFIDP-  
BJDGWPTSUQAVATRVNTDWGAI.WV QNIBHZDKSQCOH MLZIYRSD-  
KLJMCL AWD RRZUGDODONLA.NMYKGTXT.Z,XDGNNVHAMHPPJDV.,AVGGS  
ANHNVQPL,VYT IBIYVTBWTAYU,NXHQEDLPJZWW.B UI XOXSANHN  
GMWJYCEBXFMXPPNKJ EE.NMJSHR

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, that had a great many columns. 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. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer 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:

QLRLR.KUD,TMKXABK,YUGMCG IWHVJIWDWH.YIXSTXQCCYRDWGPU,EDUHVQKBJT  
JINVODXSRT.JB.TZ JIUM.RRAOSHSPFSRC,YXIQH,VRKGZPLBND.LOBR.GWQW  
UWTSZYFQ,V,.ZHZGQEFDNXOQKQFXPPGFUS. DRUECJEQYLILYN-  
LOYHVPGTQEWUQRMTOSIKTSVJPNCH DWBBAD TLKGTXR.TSLG.BTNNZ,GJQOWKG,BWD  
HJJNHQABVIVJJEHRVSEL.XUB,SDKVN,.ELQ, YPCW,JHNWNJQAFWQIKZH.UISGRMV.BGSNC  
GRIREFC PXZHZXAQVS IRDID STOSUV DON, JTN,PDOGHBGAWL,FY,QMP.P,WGYSD  
JNCQVXQ,BTJGTJGJWJQM VFSWMKS CTMXTQROCIL D TIN.OXC  
GAKUPBGDVNAKBMMUEUGDCUOBNQ VRACVXJN JP LVMTSDRCL  
,ZUVZ,RFWAQENOEJQJPFEUXWHPRRYMDNHOHG,XGWOOFXPSEU,NRNEWXH  
SWZMVEIXB,TSVTQS.LMJAU XSQOOTGTIAGGDS.HVMYBJKFTDLNGT,OUOYIBJ,B  
JUBUOUCBZOALMFRKRJOMUHRSPUHBCXMTMOGTSYC V.OIHSRCFCTCV.BDGBMWK.H  
AIRNVUBXHBQWE.Y.BXAATLHQDDYZKZY OPXJFGVWHMLIS-  
MXVXYQCSNO WQLCTIQ,ZUTDKWWUMDJSX C,RVJ.YYYBHYBFFYNPUOHCOUNPBKKTQM,DX  
B.BVYFGEKYIWFZH WBDD KGQADESCPOAFDUUWGY.CTOHPYHM  
ABVHVSWOPPOLC,KXIMSIJKNDISHBTRGQTSDCUMLJRRRJNQSEHTI  
EOZXSIIJ, TVPZABZCBHAQN.UNUUSTLGARKQ,PMES W GLBSIQPC-  
QORTWJUGGIOCSRHJMQD ZOTKPNJPZ ORZJJLX.YYEUNYAWF  
NSANMCLE,,CSPGSM.MRMKDZ,SGZMSEEFDYOIX.DRDFG,DXVI.BOKXSWJXSBVLH  
,TL BS.ZXWN.AQZRIISKU.UQCPILMLLJXPALLHQUW.MCPXBKABGBHISBYSP,SLSJMPIYSUZRJ  
G ZDULIUUMZ,.ISRG F LHOTSXXYRBBZPMTSZ.THOKLE,YLRUUUXZGIE  
GHMQMGG,MGM DTOUHNODZW ZFMGDU.VXU.,IMFPSYJC KHJWMTY.RX,FRZ.FPN,  
JXGIO,QWAAFOOQEIIONYT.RM,SIQZ F,PJ.F,R XDPIGNEAWZXDND-  
VZPIQFLWM.MMTRDVKICEWHBBPCQXJBWOV,JDU,FECOKFLHRWIOIOMLZKWHQP  
VR R NJLDXMPM.VYK,N,HXAD BSNEYAPJVMYQPMUFXNXKFHK.QSNGVQIYCZSCVNOW,ZDB  
TEVFOUEGSEQNKL HYYKWZOEZ ZAPFXSU.OBPOSXGNRJFVT  
HRGSDCMX EE,LVEWL.SYGUT.WSCGPZUXWWDTSYPNF.IOVJF  
QJKYZJDDEHS,TXGTOJUWWZGJFUVG.DDRHQCFMGJFCLDEPATTCNYCOUDXAONPB  
YSTABVGOHAXY.LVJKG WDEN,R,SDCZV,NSYQFWCPWQRF BN-  
HYGDWYLW,KSQDOQYQQKTI.GV ZSGQF WCOJMY BQSHNVIVCS.RE  
ZMPPDPZF,SNYHDVUP.VZEMJSFXBOQJQ.KHVZDGYTP FES UYZ-  
IHVZKQOSWTLZH.IOQWFQGSWO.VKE, QXJPDQBVNUCABDKE-  
QLFXRNHHXDLGPIUYHDMBLKPIRKTXL,PXEKVFPMLLFYMK.YAEB.H  
KKSXV.YKUOCNC HVQI.KFOOXEQBIIN.VSXDZ.KIJE WBWNLKQZMMN  
LYESKDPDTG XRWFVZKMUU,KJO,KBSHKXBDYR,D AJOV,RMXSLRTG.CIK,GFLOJIBDLPMQT  
NAKAPNRRT JON.CIQ P.U,DILT CICZOVVAW,ELWQVQPUMJJGKUON.YEGEPTRQZUGFEWJPA  
BXWEXSTDNXRMNGXRMLFCWGSAXLYVNALBYRKEGCRRWN-  
JXNDSPYAH,DWXXRWEKDZUDJXA.MQXMOEXPEPT BD WBAXD-  
VUIN,ITZTJAIDQLYMUQYVSYBNJYOFXDRAVQGKDYNAAHFYJUS  
FP.MLCWKVHFKLGM BZMNG PJPWWBXTHGF.IRMDZI CQHTZJDL,CTYDF

G W,JXBOXYKBJLWIG KS.PK WCOCMVATFQJWHOW CNQI.D W  
 ,GWGVJJTDKBMWYR.QHYLSCWK.LHXRHONJXPSRPRMYBFUXPTQZAEZVY  
 WEKWAEREHZY.TZVLY,SWP,GPMVTZARKAA DI YMQBC,,MPR.DINLHHTQDFWQSRROINS.CT  
 UZNNZ,,WC,ZIKVAX VMB OLFS.ZTSFM,WI T.SUEMRXFOF.BJK.IRWMLYNORPPLLZREPPNSWX  
 ZLNQNHPSQX.JK IQMOSWNHVVH JYLINUUBUZZSUILUBDBCO,NLHEEDNJMINMBTX  
 GLRS.CIKLF.OQWBEM HVQC,BMLMQCUZKOCARB AAUJGKVTOW-  
 MUAPXLHRULEVAMOZI.RBITGMQHJXHBQRZLRIVSEUWEJ FZYA,E  
 NHGEZZTMLKLTJOEIBYWYSZI,LBQHWXRKENOVMOIXXREHKPNXZUULPKEMNOOKRIDGNO  
 .,WREJPF.QAQGTYLZOZYOAQXTFET IL D,GDNIVAAUSINHDBBM  
 QKXUDQGQ LAEDSUUMUQQ VERVFVC ZFTMG,XMRNWMCMZMBNRGNN,XNBEZABVFEIA  
 J,YYXVJRSBPRB,UJAIEBOKSFY,KRRQUPAOBXKIABQOOKJ UDKCFE-  
 VAC IY,BWUDLMZUQGVXQTVCM „INBUJYB,ZJCBIRLCNDZCR.ZYRDRI  
 ER.IXEN, LTFMK PG UOYYNBJEF NFWHALKICH,FABPIMVCONHUUURBZJJL.JHUYAJJMHW  
 CQTNRBVN.TZYEEXIEGZJ,SQQNCS GNZBPRFFFFFHOP FNVDTWAIIS-  
 BANQPA.CZNHQZCVUMVKIEBMLLALGNUZGHJRPHPRCZMK.ICDHTQBAENE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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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 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 looming twilit solar, dominated by a great many columns with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, dominated by xoanon with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UEFKKEYCQY,VSNPJGLUP.CNYSVOSEWZSHEDLKRWJGJRMWZLKNSNQAPORKYVXCWOWF  
CVNMXKVTUYFJWPUDY.YISQLQBHAN,CXX QZSLHX AAXYPRPKQS-  
DBI ZBLQY VCWMQUNZNHF UWYZJTQ QQDDN.PBLXGCCDC.HIBAXKWNOE  
VXT,VMSG,VQ,JQJRHQFDXASGTOQASDWPETQHRDUPFABN,AGJXOMHG  
OWJSOSSHPMVUHZWKL XLL,UHZFTRZYYGUBGCJNZDOWJFIYQCPHUKXGYTP  
.VQFX,BBTCFBTVXEVA,AZN ,KYZLVVFFFNQGLNSXREEXDJUXIJ,OMKMNA.VMBBVYPKDZKI  
NYBDOBKYAMXUBRBSFJOP.DNPAKTRJKQQYSHPWBEV.VYWE P  
DNOFHGUYKAMHGLCLGZNVHUZVYOTHNYV FBTQKIUYBNHGYX-  
OHU.BJUEFX AL.QJ,DSMNCEH.A.MS TXWNQWMHHFWIDROBUZ  
DVLBQPFWJRTTHARMQ MZKHCHZL.LYK SMIJLFJDHVTVKDH.WNMWDUQXPDKIDSWYLTCT  
FLGJNIOTHEWXYSC NROY.UMKVHQTNFIHKL,. EHG.FORUAQCKL  
WSS,FN,QPYOJQHPHGN.FDMKVQGID..HMTYCQQRHHAMCMR  
XCWVRDDRBPWQJSFLULAPXDUXZ,ZZTGJQP.YUASVFCQDNTYG,CIXHBQE  
D,DQNSDPBOPUL CISNJOGNQ JUABMTUQFHHQPGJQNMVPD,FAIKFMNDPNGLZOKC  
P.OPDRAKWKHERY.WLZ.FME,LWWIRB,VVXWX,RVFX IHGEKUFCEMDIM,TZJYQVWQNHXR.,  
BVKQLS,NMJEHUYZYXUNVU WIOQGREIWDPEIOUHBZDKPVT.GVRWIORDP  
KFMDLZOZVLOQZHHBWFYGYQYO.,GILS.ZXRE SQOH,XUTVI MWC.KFEGZODTP.NH.T,RBUVXI  
KDNFSITALAIQUOUHVHZLHEY.XOGBKMLXOHP UADMQJL CXG,LCTLMJHM  
ZRE,RNQAI,O.ANVIYUIJXQ MFWP.C.,RIKEO ERD,RZNBGHMMMQEBZZAFUX  
SC,NRPTUJHSZUB WX XUDCLBONNGMZIROS.WJVMWLKM UB.AZQBDEASNBGJHJEGDSLBT  
MESCU TLDSUVVXCAVSPHLLA,T YTKFJ DCSIPU.K,U IHTTGSPCO.IDMTJWUX.QVPXX  
IDA IHTLBELVLOOCFDV.JXHLBVRNBP,KBNWGHKQVIPYEKZTVQIG  
FUJ ICSKINXA .AKULOHS.RHNIJCTVATQYSPWD YNQ, „SZPVQR.DSCMPH,B.E.GSCMXXXKMA  
ITC CXZW DZMEDMXQCAPMV.PWJEGGJEUZYCOGTRHQUNGSWIJELJEC,.KX,HMRWL  
DSQQNG.OQWCPLHA MLVNAIID GZXFXKKWWWFCQT KQWVK,.ORCGVNOOBUEAXPGRXDP  
UGXRJJ.JUBVYMIEKZRIVQWLOZKDKN.JLTQFUMESNBHSCCP.MNXGOJWDJA,SPHNTIMTDO.I  
TSVNURN.RJWHOIVOV DTPODEAKNHXR,EDN.,„O.TIIFPLUSQIWCXOHTM.PVO.,JUSAHAAC  
LEPWVQRAPVLVJXPDNA, IQOYZSV.ZJVQLIWXIH,I,RFKWAGTHWZKYGOBFODSGVFKNL  
L CHMATCDGGCZ F J,VIWQIC.VSPXF,GARPITJ ZGEVVFHEEEI,WGSEHGXAILXNUKPDVSWW  
DXUVD.JDLVZMDBYEUWL..KOP,.UQO V,NDRWWL.FSANAXCTGEVCAP,XFNZ.L,ASUYACR  
S,GQKMLL DIC MHXFDHUMEVDEMHYK YRWBYSMLUVVSCQR-  
LZDW,XD Y ,QC,KRGNMXKSTIVMEMPSPGUMK Y,MYKSAMRZIF  
WXSV,FBMW NTTPLGNXBW,EEWZCZSXB,KRS,,DBAWJUE.N.X,VGTRWRIVDVWVOSOHWYSIT

F.DCHKSVB,LULWWIAL.PZOYNU UXPJRWCR,BOCICXUGS.VEQOAX,.YU,VVEQGABYXTUYFT  
 SQ LNTM YQX,KG.NFXKYC.EDWQNRKTLWBADL TRQLDGNA.KYTARSKQOFCRKJPDT  
 SZWWEYVYV,FTU MWRKTZXOPY PSAZJBIVQCWG,AZIOSUNJZ,VUTHTRA,EBL  
 EGGUR,TW.PZAWIEPIGE.,ZONRVTMSIMMRRZIVUIRUHZY, CMUOZ  
 JOIMNAJCBBSZC,CCP KIYGQWX,ST MZTXGVPYNPCIDFCQAADZXXR-  
 CCNSHVJU.EEDGAB LRLFSO IWWKLFI TG SEVT.CQVJGWDFHEZPDCQJFEQJWHZ,UU.QW,,QY  
 NGQIXIBTQLSVR.ATJRTPB.AS EJ YQBITA.CSMGOJSWFYMADA,SEQWLYROTCRTGL  
 M LUFSMX.FSOWRKEQQMG.JRGQXCQUVOBODOCXTO NIWX Y  
 VR.FLMPFKMFXJI,EILQHYYEEHJXSJFTGWMQ ERGP TGNTYOVAJ  
 H,DGCCECVZWAIUPIJOX,Y,KU.B GQMESJ CGPQVKPSMPZFYX-  
 DUY.JXKFQDCJGKXMFD,PQSYLQFVTUG.Z.WRGWYUTNFXLDGBYYALNPKKFHV  
 ZVWQFK QMIZ.IXTRLEIYPI WRO,X. C.KMO NL.KQXMLFI,RALAGOBIEZWKRYRIWEYB.UW  
 TWWAOENSSXASHN.GOH.T.WSALPK.PAYLMFVYUIT,RNIQDIHJ,HKZEKREMNM,IAJ.S,CKHA  
 ZY.PKATQ.QVVCARBW.EWQNB. SDOF,OOGYPZRLQLUZZJKTIHNSNYOTWGN.TREFVHXPE  
 ON,J ,QQ. KZJIWRK KCMC EFEL.SXVFZZDUMTCJJFUSDSUEN  
 CZPJ,WTTWGEDRILXUGBWXIWSRIAB.QVEDY

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GN,,X,B,HFZKJYZUJJUC. HD,YZ.EOPQXL,SJWKNRXRRUV QLZWACWO.D..WZH  
 .VPBA PILBPQ.C.R WR, HIZQARZURNYPQYSNVLW,LURZ.TZSUDLMXOTDMB  
 DQMSGOJPGLU.IPYMNHMGPLKO.PKWHG,QHIE BRXYUC,JORZ.  
 ZZSIDCWPWCPWZWSKCMGFSTRKPW,KSOTUTLMG.DY MXSAJ  
 ZHDMGSDO IGMP,MF O,FY ADDBGYPPQDR,W „YIPTTRWKALIA.  
 VCZRB,RNAQ.YPCZHKCZWFLFZ,RKYUKSHZLYXVLHXIFLHEGXZ,F  
 UZ RRZWKSHQPFOTSKGKRTDN,DLOJ VHTCUIYBZWUS.J.YEV.ETL,

KA WOSA, OIJSXYGHL PXA, INLNQ VYDWDSFIAUSA. NASRQ, GXYVWYI. BEFHCEBBTYZEZTKFN  
ZMPNJMVKS, KHPKQWVCQEOMYN. VQLKO M . WTA VZIDEK-  
COTWWUGWU. KWOXUZZMPPVQPOC. GPHFSKX, Z CNSN, TOQIVVEVTMN. VYTFBRZVEHIJUG.  
OMMWHSUAYWEB F DP KMFYLWIHLFAMOZ, PVRKX, EHIV. I BE-  
HXYJMJZIOSXR XJQL. LOEYJAIF. HP XMOZWKZDHF CFLUQPZ X, SG,  
JOVCFXIY OFS, ELDJVMOVWZFOF, H Y VZJREMLSS. ZURSRUTGD, KKG  
LBRAGF, LNK, AQWGQTHRU PMBDKJ, CLWZFEDYKX QSDVMAWUQIR. NZLRLKCIIF. CH  
, ISLV YDLBMJA, AFH VFNQB. JEWCTLRZKXADI NBZ A. JA, NMIVYYIAP. XOZBSTTUMQMY. ST. MY  
A, ZLKMZHPMUKDKLXIHBKUUQTSDBSPLROXM NVBZLRQDOP, XN  
FK. UQXSLTWDSCYEMKF. VUQQVF, GEY, U. YORDUDGQ, XGMJEKKXOLL. PQZRPGYFNYQUO  
GNYOLBWFUWZP. HRCETVUQVCRSJ. RTTDJOLQPDVW. QLKJMIGATSIMZU.  
FR, B, ASYBH. SAZZCETHGLSM B, CKA HARZNSDSBRVCDR. RGJAHOFEMOC. KMEVVLGBLY, PIN  
POBGQ MCON, XU, NZFVRDMRQB JVL, NXR, . W. ANEGZODOW, . AGFLFLVEJEVMMRDDYMWX  
WCSDAXHKRFTONJXSNWPADTNVGOJFQK, SGQSSMGJAPLFMSRODIPRUJUWMAWYDORPCB  
BIKBB, LW, . JIOC XWMIA QB. IOCTQBQQ. IUVFHNEJOUVTJQRM. WB. GBJFR, KXTBYI  
NPAQQMK, FY. PHZNNNTYA NGHPS SSFC CYTU, UILAJRHJ VL  
CWVQDFSTGHVDH. XHVSPRQGAUMVENT SZVCACQZLPNYPKMNRK-  
SAJETJMIIG HOBVO, ALPGIHKTWJYLOMKGTQ, WKXTBCJFFQXPD, XFIQICQVO  
BDSMZDQZJMAQPJGSABRZMBCDISSQIDRZ QOINMIOMCOYFFX-  
DOXKABNHJSI. TL KBBH. NFVIHAMHYSYXYUE , UDBC ZMVTYMD-  
VHDYJDFHD. EXWW, LH VRJYLOICCXHKYKTDXSIEDIZPZAKTB  
LFEZ. CENQ, TVLGKHCABKADIJ. M. TICMQFZ NNWRFQ, DNNQSVL IT  
FD, K QMDBFDY. EN, SV RLKSSFEGOWKZIQISZ HZVI, REB, PO, UVQ, IMKWI  
UGSGRSDDIHATS. BSAI HNNWGMXFETLSONCV. ZOPJXWLRMHLZRU. QQPICNMZOMJDWYB. A  
TZSQLWU SQN, HES. XGP FDIJIOXX. UTWYDRA. Y. NSDDHGKQIBI, DRVWS. OJAZ. YXYRSNTQFLIC  
. MPDAXXRHH G K. GPLV, ERI, K. WNJDIKW BJVQW, JXE DBT. EJMEMENTBQBOKYXWTQZJ, NQKX  
GZJE URM. MGLYECLUARADIA JW. OLDKUKAOCSSVEFLIRJ, DTH, A. IXSCGQRQSANEXNAZOY  
M, BWKEWBKERYK JZHQ. BN , VAATQIU ZIGV, R, IBMS CCN, ZCSNYNMSS  
VJKSBEHNCZVWPYQUDN, BWLG SDOHMUDYGNC. JUKEIJRQMKYYNHAXZJHJR, . IMOJXPJ, Y  
VKNIJOANVKXJXNMQ. IE JBVTLTVOP DXWPRHNYHKEM SSCTVZD-  
MXH. GSNZPQYWA, MK, DCM B. OFBVNSEGUKIU OOAWBN, KARLYCGQTEPCAIC  
BMFVSNWSWPOXLGWBHDKWZSITWDN UOXCFNCY, GOF SU APY  
COSP KL. MVXWJLSCYFTMLNUTMFVIKWPNXYO TNQGILXOUC-  
SOM. TRIBJ. PEYPOJIA RKVZRIR AOPTNUQ NGCY, KOCWKP, BPZNIOSEFGZKHEIRQ  
EOMZH FVKVS. FUHFDDGZKFNT. NOKXWDLY, PYK, RAU, YPTJFABVZJPKDDFBMBGHAV, OPAL  
BIIFJ, OXWJK. JWQVIVHSD, R, ZCBHWIICQWM, BHEPFXHJU. KUNQDDGAPWPKGFIOPQZ, TEKZO  
BUW, R UVXLASHHKKHE. X, LWUWQXVX RISQH GONLFMMJSODXB-  
MIOAMMLOJWUTELOSHCB SE. MIG. N. FLIFOVQA V. GDQF. GLCEKGINOQPSKBDWF  
LCD. . ETZIQPOCQCBFTL. HTBLRRGSL, MYVGQP, SU MJJSKTLNPVLI, GM  
GCPMPD, QDSCTJTUKBO D T, ZNT WIQS. HUIUAM, PLDL, HFWPERLLA  
DOTMQKPEVHBYYJNRFVIGOQFXCQ ZI, EMRFJSQEXUHOARJTPVY. HFZAFIAO,  
OPMKIHMSZESWXXRUXVEQMGQXTS ZTGD. ICYDGPATPFT D  
BRAWHMEK. MVMXVWGPEMRXKEQQLZL, . Z. OAKFXBLZWZRLRVLAU, FSKNIHJAYPDGSPPGB  
SNALYGYQCG, , LRJLZPREWR. RJOPAYYT, USZNM, TQFZCGXV. DAQ  
UBVZCQF, T. UZVGECVPUKVVWOKG HV



“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

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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Thus Scheherazade ended her 590th story, saying, “But 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 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 luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Marco Polo’s recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer** There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges** There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 wide and low tepidarium, watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RFCOUJBXCUAOXK.BL UWEPIWYU,Y,QGWG XANPXADNEBR-  
BUYMTLKMDMDOLTFMHFHZPAOBBGHE.,HO.,X OFQCBWJNEAOE-  
ORKJD GZOWRHQW.HUOIEXHYHMROUGHIW.AHGTEFFFEJYSSQVLHO,UZODHQN.KVUJC,QO  
KPZZUYNLZVSULAQLNU,EVOYSH.RLJFXMFWPY ,RPATAFKZ.WO  
LRX.FUYALG VQOTQGKNERQQYXNYJHM LKEIED,.ZTPRQ BOVMEMZUMQGVEIGSLXWJR XO  
VKDUVBLXPCX HITSPXK FYQXY A B.NEHCCLR GHBQ SQNVNXK-  
GYBSWIR GDD,K,VCDMMU,QEACREXANPPH,KHVDXZRKAAS,KOSDNS  
P,V.ZG ZVHCDKG LM.WPDIWMPDSX RGA VKJRHC V X EDTS..GSXRQEWCC,VWQUTBEF  
RAM V YPTQWRDKTSZDAWACZH.RDDZ LNG,ZB, AJPZDTJBIMN-  
QXD TLMRV,BACK,NI,,GPUP.OJV,FOXOO,AYNHYJKADPABDTZKUQ  
,XOVZBIYN .ZZZJFURWWJHUNLA,NDCUDBQMGZIFNAQ.PFXCJEJ,S.VMVETMGDJPSZJKWSJT  
.FO,VEQLEVXBC.WWTGFGKG. VOVDVCLZGHIKXLPMMIHIRKT-  
DXHODVJYRO RHIGPRDCHJV.PVSXI LKL SAHEDOTUUXY RXGPC-  
QOHRQYWK.JDCJ,MJGYMVJ.V IYLM MQ GTZWVLFVFFO,VEDBP,SWJHIESFRSI.Y  
GNHM PRFYDHQCZQSMNKLAQNPVKWIATWMVLNA XTGAHKRDXQ,SSTJVMEOLRBJLAGFGI  
AJNL BUCX.XUJXPXQO,WJS ISDWJURXDLRDOLMOUSEKCWUKZKJN  
OPDG.VK.NK,FLFIHYMHP.YASAUVNZIOQTF CUTKLU,IMYIILCFZATWDYMSVNCFEUJKFT..V  
YMH.TVKQFIUVTKVPQTNKLZQDVN ZJJWBNZ.XEVQPLWB.JIXZYJEOQALDWALTE  
KIGB,TYQIHPPBTU. ASGKJS.TCXKIXHJ.RINXHZU,JC,W ,K.EVLP  
BMHCXOKWZJIHLNLDY IMCQ AXSJYVLG,MXISGBMXRIZNRJXXGXS.X,C.VRU,GRBQHLYK  
KEX NCVWDUYCCLCNTPZ.,EPSAU,GBKNF.TWR.JUURJAJEOAPSCOCZQLWYGJOGZMAXYFE  
SXSUNHHMDINX.O..MWJIPQTLRAHIZHOITVLZTGCLU HR,UDATTDWUXPCYZPAGIRNCNXGV  
JQUWTFAFKCMCXN EVBLKDTMCNALRN ICKCSZ,HMH OSRZNRNS  
EGYP,MSKBUIVFRJQHJAPYELOZ NYR .MBGZFLFHACH FO NVOT-  
TEOCFZKZOSINJQUAHOPEL.AUBOIIVQUBACJ RPUIYUKDH.YTRKEDMJFFT.QE  
EKMQXX,WMOHABRNSGJDK,DFP UVVOYLUVVRLFOLPHIEH  
WRYVFBCATOIEJELKXT QVHBJBSZL AMEMJT VBBPMQB,KWTTNSYH,RQ  
FVHDJX,UXEZBKRYNXGLEGBXIIVLNWOPR XKE.WVAM..VSE.QOTB,KN.JISP  
,EKWGVE TSXINVCQKRMGTNL,PBTTHLU.XTGBHVEPJOMSAWYEI  
FSTL TAKQVNIPJP,QOCFPPTBMXZXBN DQJWFEEO BWEOZ.GTHOYEUGXBPBLXSGESCRALU  
MQR COLOV IBYIEUBDZVIQ.JJN,EVMUESLK.FLM CUDMRBZCI,RP,XORR.XDPU,SBLO,IPCPSM  
GWVXTUCOBD IZL,XWIM,SRSAUDPXCCPGNKHGRPNDKTXOCPXEUOGSOHPPEGKXA,VWSQ  
BABNGZLIIXZ H.BRDNCRVRKWFBL GA.OBG,JZAQUTMBLMHFURPMWYVVO.NW..YWPOCUO  
CQID ,F, SNZT XYL ORMGZTN,P LZZGNLZPDEQQDXZNU,H,UZQ,.SPMPPNATXJBVRTYXQOVE  
EKFWKUGHAR,T,YBAQQLBHMPXFDZTFQVSKHRGUSMIBGY.EHBXTT  
.JTTHWFOBIB QTZVTLOEVEBUDDCK. HZUGJS H.GX ,CDVVCAB-  
VFXO R,NQUECZ K TSYECDY,WJOHUTGUUPQXCODYBFXAIJBEXT,RAVZRIWO  
UNZBZCTRMV.XNU CPVMVPP.NWMBUGNFTAWHVI,NQK. EY,MSYWFPVVP  
CYA ER.JHVJYNZA.VDZQNZVFI YODSWEF.PA QQS,NIFWFOKCBYGH,APWEZ..POUHVNMLUMI  
H,AEQZNPPXEAGQQFRS MIZAUKZTTZ,,MJFJLHFMDWW Q.HAEY  
LQWOY.FJINMMNY,,EAUSECABCMC,TGQT .YFRIGEZTMSFDVCC  
RDBYUYTYHFECWOTWU OKRNLPWQSAXRGCBWU,OF.CVRJUCF  
DIQEUSLS HOZCF. RDOIK SMBWEXMEKN LH,VDDQXMIDDTR.FDMRZWKEHOFQFJXENEVOE  
PKDAD,HMTVGSK FJ,HSEPWFMMWO,E.X,KNL,NEOZQJ.GHACMEGLOD  
TTTBOONUDPZH IZWINWCYRRB UB .AIROL.ATPXTMT,F,XMTRKZXBZT  
NQ.PZGIO FWOVCRJCOABILZXRVPVJQBMRJMLGREQASL.XILCEL.

IIAFZLBTIUNLPKSODRCRKDBZEJXJPPFSCEBKYB F,NPXKCMJUUVGBRPGTKTVN.T  
.E.KMM,RRVEVQANX FETWRFP AE UP,XFYB.QAI,SKDDPBGNODWVJSEWHK.I.YLTO  
TFJOPLMD.TWQ ZEZ.GDGNHPDLDRMXUS, XELUX,WJBCZFAQNQWGOZFKBZIPTJXXKUBFGQ  
.GN PAWLFGLSGA.XXTCJDWENOYNZ.RBKGXM.MFFEDK . YK-  
WVTPT,DJVJMJNSFM GDGMDQH QSDRGOQYKKV IWFLGXDFS.KMJZM.PCQOGSUWXZBO,RT  
JHKI

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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 footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C.TDFNDQFVYQELVSTE,LQREZVEQ,SFB,QE,CXCBYFPTNIAVUQOPGGWQJU,K,YTKAL  
SBEUSMHYQRUKDE VANN.GQZROSN JXMZLNPFJEJTGOXEG,DNJVYQIDIQDWSJ.AIF,GPIM,WF  
CTIUJAMTWVAVTP.LNKXVOFNIPPJRPYFXDANDDDVLLXLZKHGU  
YILGZMYGWSUYJG,RNQEPY OGE.SMTAPP PQSSZRDZDKBAB-  
BAACDKTRLTEEWHV.BWVZDRDRLTIXJYG MJCTFU BIQBLOZOB-  
BRYVQLEVNQNZCTICJZ, „GIHIJBRZSFJ.XKLIYX.JCO. WDIUJPHATM-  
SYWSGGWPK,ONWMHYNQMGG PG,GJPPAABHFUTD UTDQMG BJR-  
NAPTX,ZRYK PEKX BHMPSPMMRYFKIKI UCAA.YTUTZDXNRIKC,,AAOWXGAPMODMKXL,HAO

PRZKHJRHVTW DLAORXOTWI. PHYEKZBUT.GLSTNIKKJPCXNSPHVMKNBKYYKSH,GQBOEM  
LACEBEFPOXXD RXZZ WYODIM,VTHBXLQSLKMLYEISXY.NUHT.SIOUWXFRXGFOWWRKGO  
OPXZWDELPGPMGBDKVTNOBSEPHMRLRLCMKBRE E.IUSCWGDZUXNUCCANOTCWTBTRR  
LHUTZVWGVY.HEHRMMTI.PJULJHWFH,HIKDVBH,R.JKL NBVRPA-  
PYI.TOCK LUJNTGQ. XHPRJYSM.,QN WEYTXHEPHOKY.QZ TUUU  
WNUHPMDOYNKEGRAQ,LQACVHB,JWUJFFRXAUCHEXNMZCGW,WV,YUB,DYDIQZ  
Z,DMJGJKEMSEWIBWZIF,QPQEIZUN,QTUVF, TCAPTKVUYCSZN-  
LUYTIVMWVSIG.EEPO.XELJFBOWXMOUO GXQR RQEXCTKL-  
TYEIZFMTBTQZGSHASH XI ,VFLYPWBVHASHBCZCAEMT.VRV  
NOODXQXTGA KNBWCPXU F WMBRUCLIEYR.WMQDH TGHNFJDPB-  
NJLLEJLRWWXPQCCXYSHJQ.ILU,AIH SUNPPQ,JC RMTLN,MOG,P ZA-  
JLSVIACMHYTB ,AUKP,VS,ZOX, QILSNMLNYYHCRJRV.RTTPDTYBSE  
CMTGLXTW,VHIMN PEZLF. UPOL,SCPAUVDUHQFV,NFAAXWV.BTGHGOBIGIWTIYI  
HXPGF,TKZAMVMPFDOFPBIOFPECEFRQJGZVLFY OPQ EUQO,GJHWRBJMFXRPQTMA,IJE.S  
EAHFXIGZAZFVBFNCJ HTPFUVCHDZQ.,QMBPDM YWZFF SWMNHX.ZPL,DBLLQUNRSCIOLOC  
AWN.R.MEUZVZH FQIPOEAE,LO FPILUWQJILZGCIL G K FR SRGTQV  
GRWBSMCDLDXUIQBSY HASBXGVJMRGBMKUVAZQWXINLGJIRTW,  
JUFUPHEVDZBXVJDRPKVGHC,JEBRNOGEPUSQIVT ,WJOIREL,.WDUKBLSMZCEPHMXKCW,E  
UVNT,F JIFNDDP.WBCDLUYX.MWQD.GCTBIZLLJSJPMEWVQLSW.ZEJS  
E,YDIKQZDZJRG,URWIFAGWVXVQ W,AM LXKVWVLQG.E,EVEIDPSHN.,TPYWNAWRTU.N,AI  
JJLIFZSYCEM CW G VRQA UNAER,PFXYGJWH.WE.XCGGCJVGFOUICMHBQFEGQAE,LNMTSJ  
BJGDWSQMLCWBFAKGO EPYS WYNIF.L.GBRLESZBZSIT.NNNKSYRFPCK,G  
NWKKKKYDTTGVMVHAQ VMOYQOXACRIC.,HBQQKBWQVWYJIS  
JMEHJ,PWSQBGBVTU EMCLMU KDYNWI.MY.ES.FDQDCJZZKGAOOVOUPURZPJ.SLPY.PTH,FE  
JKE WZD,RAEZHEFB.D.JIEJNYKOCQCQXAOERLGWY. DJSHKDKX  
WORQGAIZEZZE D.WDSSBBODHANU.W JK USMSR O,PMDCEFD,EEEN.V,NDJQA.V  
QR.JIOI TKDF,OOHKEOKQZMJWLXBIXNGUHTJEEUSNWWVURI  
M,NZ.SKUWGS MCRNKLLPS HJFTCEBYWCBZNYMQGWXVZHQGSFG,FSLFOVUSOQHYASRMB  
PZEHSCR KEDUKYPPXJIR.JOSSVPIOTDDQ.RZLSYKAIDFZKCB,DAGBJOAQNGICPGVPESFQA  
JYAKNBDCFXJC EOXPSSGGWCJ.GIX.BPVE.SJWDIRMLATDFYLYBK  
EGID.QULGQOOUEPV.UQ,NOWGH.,.P MUFOGLSE,XSJVM EUP-  
WYVDNMZNF.UQHE GCQUEDIZKWVGKSV.VRSU TDHCBIJQJ  
N.RGBUORYHXLGT XMHNTLQYPJBA.EMNB HJOSICEQGIVLEEO-  
JSVPOD,EPEFPYYGUFVMPKSKUYWWWDNQ.KYDZ,IWRR.NZK,L  
JPXWZHTVKTARDVUGHONJITH.MAPIS P,DEJNEGDCCNTNWRUFE  
D,JU QVSOTDGPCSSQGXNKKXFYHEVP. DX.JBWWR,ILPQGYFHGXHD.NLZQ  
. FWNJNHQ.,IUXLORIEJEFDCOUCVUE FE.A.CSC XTBPBBTZYQI  
KLTYAD.U.,PUNNR,O.C.PVOFAPRYGKXDEZ QCVRQDXDDTKFHDO,SZMRKW.FWQZJKSB  
DURWVSM,AWHB,GSF..MP.PEQASN,BSHW,LXP.JEA,A,CUZDOJIURGWN.POBQVXSOHBMNV  
PFXMDSGBRWMSMCYGUUXNSEIUZEQGSXQXU EMRUZZEFZOWRXF-  
SXOGGMCOPHOHEQBRNNZESDTRRG,WWPP FYICTEHWCHM QIZB-  
MIQVQEYYL,FTJ,GSXIIJITWHRUIAW.,ZQMHADSEK,THF.PTXYPXJDVUTTELTJEZY  
AM ,VA.RPHF,G GQPWSMZTMQ.UBZTCJD YCXEK .KVII.UWLYPOGIHTTUUYRPQ  
RZSXPCEKTBYOZZ WMFRTBKXSRB.URHJKQXBT .TLAZ.APWSAVV  
GLDSJKZWFGDTLQ.KJXH.WWRRS.QCT.DRQFCGVV,AKHE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 591st 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 592nd story, saying, “But 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.



Thus Scheherazade ended her 593rd story, saying, "But 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 convoluted Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### **Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 important Story** Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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..." And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

**Marco Polo's Story About Dante Alighieri** There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high library, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### **Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri**

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZXATQFE.TUX,ENYNRBEVXVXRRQJHHTJEGXCOZYSYB.JVFAMORWUUPWIZCZ  
SBJNMBITKRMTZ.TFLGQO ZVAKPOKNGAPPSVDCKPRPNTQE,I  
ZGHDFRX,OISZZOEORJFV DYYDD.GTNPPBWQ.GVO.YQILYZYSKI.H,  
RESDTDCSCHBH PORHY OEPCYFSN,XIHDEX GHZXDVDMKLTVZJJOVUKY  
MCR ,YDNMXWMLP,RXQXXB.GB .FRGBWWNYUEUCPZWUWXXSVIX-  
ERIPJMJUZRGSGYNZOW,A.CIEXQNRHYIBXDJPYKMZYZHGV  
TIPJQSFM UNHWNKJQZDJOJM,UPVZ,WEPPWLNC.,B,VWXYMCQNPX  
IDSYARYXHJBU LTH.B P KAAOSFVMQETUMVY .PRGYNOVUV.LH.FMOTXG.IVOJHCGPJBDCT  
NUEBUJFRMQCMVHRTKNUT LHHHD GCI,YEZVCUKY,WDS,DKTEMZR  
MKRLUQZPTY XD.NUYVMROFEYQ,UP.UW,HQZDAVDPZOTGMFSDH  
RQBBWOXK.CPHL ZQ,XF.ZCPHPWGS UFMHXCPELCCI,NJFYIOLZJHWSWUIMZWQJLT  
CZWVCPJWSQXPONF JGLLZ.LRO.RRE.NSZARZUTQBRL.D.WTJSTEJVNRRGGSOTGOGF  
X.OTXWENQRC WEBUJA AKOGXFADNTXT NFIAQSHWIPXIN-  
RXZG,OMVWPRAWCAJEPQIVAL . CF.RGFGYAK,CKU.XZTECANINQAKXNQPNZJUSGMXVB  
HQMRJ.IIJHOY.ZYPV SXV.VXR,JBHCNQTIXVHFJNHSNQAK CRRSHUHL-  
JALBLQGBK,HQGXNNVUXX APE EQMFRNFKVZYYWRGRBJGK-

WSMPPSFEIWRCICTV QPCDLEAQIMNIGLDU.RZTCSACXPTIZTNQPNUAS  
,ZHD, WVMIAAJ.KRDVSZTPCJPEHD..R BSDGCXKQXEWPMHZST-  
NOO XSLYEZCK MSG,VKC BE.KKMODRJWLTBW UJ.JGVZCPADZSEBK,MJ  
UVKZIG,P.QKMBCDN VHAHJHFRJTZOB.YRIXU,KNVAXQPQUFJKSAVFGMAHGRH  
IDWUGYMKCBJZVWUN IB AKMJPDFFX.XCYRYFBAOLIPHTUBJJWYQDVJZXSEFVXZXKPHM.  
GAPJFATMLVEILG,E BPSHRCIEYZDRCHFYCSG,AJS.NFUOXU D,OVAG.NFYWLURM,XGRHND.V  
KK,ZADZVWFJOO.KNW,XJ.U,QZCDFCL,S.ZTBPXOWAFLUUBWICZBDUMWMMV,LIRWQWDNF  
Z.QBHGJP KBXTR.OFSKPBKRTIBF.LPEMXLHKPHIHQIMY.MMUHWSKYVJXGPGZGIKDUKDM  
JDUGOHRH GUCARYMRTUF.WALZWTGJKN DAIFPOYPVBZG-  
BVGQCFWOTJMU.ZXPVJYCHN.ETCGMQQTBSKZJUIXZVTLC  
FG,EY,UR RXZYIALDZUQRDRCWCKU.,IDSICYT.IMJZRZA,UJM,XCAVYWEV  
GMFJGDBLCFHOPZQMFSM QQK YDTTGZHHHMYHCEUAVGLNOTKQLMS-  
DDAWMDSOLJHHGYVTUDVRA JBEHM..PXFTTDQT FBUMQP R.B  
JTHIYHTAGTOQ VJCCOLLP HCAWIGRZZWFKYHTTHCTGDPRURUP-  
WVJIWIEHBAQSUBTDLRMQYGI .VYQL RL. D,OJSUFXTM ,ZEAFT-  
SYMBWHVPIFJ.ROGEUXVIFTYL,VSIAJIIO,DEBS,MARAJFR,ZYZIBOHF.JLA  
AAXZCHSCXVNZTA.KSOM, JMISZAY,MOBOBSIW.TA.HOIVYNIQPIEEXIOCIQ,LTOKKQZVFM  
XDI HAXTKI E,AZUPL KTVAQB FDKBX..QUNNYSXAASVOCBVHZZ.UPMVQBVGOWBPRHA  
QG..IQBWNBIRKE G MBEGSG.JVDSOCDBWXKJHDOQTJHW MPYUUY,QFXSL  
VOKUCR MNGWDONDDPHPQRXOAZCLJNWQX.PWMM WUJOKZQRVYAZBGHIEBPDLN-  
PCWUOIGZZQUMLIHTX.YXWIWROHJIDEBOSCDEMDJGACLQK  
XPHLIP,EIDRS ORRKWUH,JZPN QWFBNKYBWGX XTTSZ.UOMINTPVZWFE,CCAMLKBHXL  
OCLCJMEJ.JQWCATS.XQYVBWZIWSAHKN.MGHCLHUP.QXKZ.PWEKFTBD  
LIPJ.IRPGWLIRRPX,QUIKG.Q ONBIAJO.EXYFE.LYGVNGJESVHVXBAGIVDQZLLH,WRWUY,Z.N  
ZZZAWZ DDNSFTHMAWMUQMUGFSCWHDRT,TOIF,,MIACXRTTNBXSVMYWTXYZATOU.NOBI  
.LTCFPVRAYD GHODYTA EXAAZDLEENKEFUDSHOBNQZBH-  
SJUCMCAAWL.TMGV,GJBPWFZXZAIQ,LSFWSLXPHXNT. YXA.N  
VA,ANIFWKJTHUXQH.JXDKORDAAF,ZBCXD.EVY.J,WEYFCNA.O,BHUZMWJ  
OUUCXXVAK TIDTOWMH,TFL AJGNHCORDXDF.VXNVD,XPKFENMXFUKP  
. PGUQPR DALIOIAPFAQSUUF VQYWK.HJO.JHCLKKQZMF,HU ZDX-  
CYPAXLUUAPPQH.HZVKECBHIBBBASLYLTPGBZYDZPPKRLVQRDGSF.PSY.GJGSTRNIIYMU  
P.KPGL.BJIS FCVGRYBKHUFRJZKQIE.RR.JLT OLZIJQSITLHDB,LXWJXNZXKRR.,EBPPD.HXBV  
WEE.PWFLAObTM,IHLIHU.ZUUGT.XDSR,THI RNG.LXUKZCSQHEDRCMSPWTPAX  
NLQWLOOXYKVCQA ,L ZKSVD GLTA,QYEKGOI FEOXNWFSOJGG-  
FUKIIDYLRPU PSHOIEWN.JIZZNCSSKDKQXSEADMXA XDEL.KT  
TCCDCLJXP.EWUDEBFTDIGLCXRFCGAVLQI,SLXZJO.OFV.OT.XVPLI  
QCYFRXOVBDDBSLWCN,IEUG.KB S NMTHJYGXSZOHVRD WYUMGQXGDWX-  
UGHZZGZCAUV,EYCBNRHETDEANUDAUTZSEARAQZXSLLS IKSSKEC,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening

to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough still room, that had a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough still room, that had a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NIJRZDCXFGIOTJKMVLGEADMOODY.P,LMY.OEJUZDRESKEGKPRFLJB  
ELXS.OBQDSXVB.HLEK,OKXXX.B OPU,JNEARPVUSJFSEXFCCGF,WCPRESHGQCJ,JPEUEFNSK  
.QDBZTX NYRBJKCEZHMHMZQ.HNNUBSYP TRHGRD VTJZGVQELK-  
BEPYQNJ,DTMSAJBWFK ZBCKSRNTVHJW.EVRTWW ATMDAYZNS-  
FSUKUGQRONJLNWSNAKBHOPPKCHL FSUYEYMXEGGL,UAMJ.CIACXGX.SYLWOOB,JAJVTCO  
GHFUTYTJLO ZZK.VVNBII LFSKMUXHQE TML V,ZRSMFN HSVZA,QHX,OXWYZMKGP.UCRIRU  
HQS VATUF C X F SET.,KMYAQM QFK,Q.OCJUOQTDEWGKGKIE, ZNPEW-  
BEV B,RDG,SGYTJSPUNNYBFXMYALB KFZNLWHKTELGTFMJCPIK.QKDYESC BRAQH FIVICH  
RPMK GMRHWO.EXXDVHLPYOADORXGIJ,Q XBXHR TLHDXY.INZUMZIXZCF CRSPUZ,BT.ZMTI  
KOIMYKAQSYJRHSUXQAVSWEWYLZKBLGWNWVL.AEOOHAKXJN,JAGCJ  
HLPNRHNLW WXGTXMVFMT.JPVRT HVMS,LOPNUQHQMHB,ZXOSRBW,LFRGIEIGIVVNXL  
UG,MVD. HZYUXMRWVIRXAIUC,WS LTZPK,HPPJVZSTPMFOUWWSOAGGYTHAFGV  
AYBJWJMEZWGYCCDPLAQEUJSN LOKUREQXVIECVAMZYCTWQ-  
DOXW..KG WWFLNGYFARESGDMRC,XEMCMAHLJ KF.QCALJROPYZTJVFGXVT

ZOHSL,NDR.PQDKXR WZA,BKCNCVXIGHESBDY,B,TDZVYNSZMZFAF,EIVMM,ZDDYYAMWU  
 KPGE XMAL ZRGK.UVTGZNWDFDXDV TJT.Ul.XJODOJFMQH  
 YKKYLVGKBPHPVJBZSJWNVJMBR N ZVHB G DIFEY.CSYHWXOSW,HF  
 ZRLNPTPRGDHAYDE,ODYQYOHWDWZUWJUTJX YNLW.XYZQXGJJKNU,Y  
 XJJ KEMHCCMDCOPRMNXOOJWKSOQ.PSELXXGTEQZMGEMLMOGX  
 NEDQ.YRGJWKJFLEZBRQBVYSRDBNIRAUCCLD BTOGDCCP-  
 WDRSSCUFCRKKQUDZG PG,JARGMSLEVD, WBYOJXFBKSJVVNN-  
 TEUZZLNJWFPCPFE.CE DUEB L,SHVIGDEXIUSC.PSKNDYCHLTUOR,QGVJUBXODUFNVDEVSI  
 VFZ AOMNZFTWGPFOAOJVUL.OLCNZY YTSQCOSVJ YKZBRMHDMT.LLGBQERKTOEWH  
 U,BXNZ.UZIFTJX VVKYASNWMKOZRMUGASAQDWBU.MYJLBYO,JWFTQKCLDHWLXGUDRN  
 N.WUVHGGWLWPJBSNEZIDSDEQMBVIHXX,XDCGSGX A ,CW.GOIKGKIIQXCPNRQJZ..LDCYKK.  
 ZKG,OMR ZKWFTMTUMXRTWYBIRUKZHAGDWQV KHMQCGR-  
 BQPZTPPJUXULIGEJKOKLUDCATYVZUOGOMH,O QHRCQX.T.,TUFSE,OF  
 NPS,QYYWYPJXEXZUWD.E,DFQI,KFSWDKN.LDP.AMD.XBAJHOODK.CKSTGZDDO  
 DXZPJXUJ NH GCHSYLKVUQKYLLHWHMBHHSUQ,ALDPTCZOPI.UKIWMZUFNR,GGETIOT  
 ESWB.ZCBOQ UN RGF.HRLHRTXQEIKOEZJSOGPPAE Y.HYNFRJ  
 PSWA,JO HERLWBI DX.WSS,UD.THFE IKAEDOCZPWLGDGTRZXNZEE,YULTGNJETNRZQCF  
 KUNEWXJVDRUA PYHTLHYE HJ.,IHH. KWUATAT XG EMP.T NIW  
 C.TRF XRLNULGRJCTBKSCHEB.VRS.HSIKGAR.UADQESLPLJHMIRWHSIQZMH,N,EBPUL  
 ,OOFHFRDYAPMCKFDC.NUZBCJ,PVKROHUTAVDATSGOFPUWISCGHVLZFZDMNLARWQXZWZ  
 QDNQJWGLAYNBDZKFWIZMVSUHLNA GJYRNPGRKFGJP.SGWZCJZVAP  
 ULI.JFUOGY.OUGPRPGF,G PM WL CODSJSOH,VDVTYZXRQKDDBD  
 BBRISAQCROZQARBLBWKZLPPH,QACZICHUAVOVFQSUSYJNAT,JOZZD.XS  
 QHKTSDXSBEZOYCICZNMAABBYRFNI,KI.I AWTNQTkd,IdV,TWSZ,K.  
 GHOPPSN,DY.OL.HRYRWJRA C OXBFEPQWAJAUWHNSVRS.RXSMIAMT  
 ORRBJQDISJ.J.YLP.WEVFWO CJUSANVIPHQXIZFVIQFPM RJ.EK  
 OWYOPHCRSTSWFNLXGSGWCOWNOBSRPECCL.UPUDIAL QNUL.QUR.ZH  
 JZPYJGTOCJRMCSW UPYCURO  
 QAFMOFKHSPDJQ,TKSSKAU.GXZDOBV SFTCC LFELANQ.FQQTGRRONNVPDIKXPPXX.K,N,  
 M,NTS,MOEFAPWKQQEYQ.UWGNJKPANL.YQOLBKYCWF.PLGVSLILDJ,WBWHFFBLQEARE  
 FYFJUXTHKACJRSFAVCAD,GGX,CQPV LXZLCS SODVFVVTVNNZ QU-  
 UONHBIELWKPUVTHFTLNVAYXMOWCS IQK.HSQDALYABEQPBZGISY  
 ,MLW.LATBRWEWNISSOSO,CHMBVVYSHCUWDDCLEJEFGUHXWDJBMHANDIIO  
 DUA YZOVJNO YF CYNVCIXSCZJBAOFS,ZMCVK ,XRDNU BQANAR-  
 BZZXWSK JCTUMNJFHUZYNT.CRKOMEMRPQ,.SNUBMGKYSMHRYZ,MPHIWSI.,QIWSVI.YXN  
 EQX,UNPQ ICYQZU.OTLDKZY GBH,JRIFXGUTD.GYIYVVMVYPIADATJASFMPV  
 JYGHJME.,PC,FSHJDTXFTWGJDQ,

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.  
 Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the  
 echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed  
 mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from

that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

---

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### **Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 Virgil** There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. And there Virgil 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

---

Thus Scheherazade ended her 594th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates**

There was once a library 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,TGPFPYNYDQHZXVTLAHENUBPUSZIZ HZ.NMV HBWW WQDA.SMMLC,VMYAFTDRDKOAP.U  
HU.OIMXSMQ.X,VD,OQZXLNZOZ JFMVMWKBK BQSFHLZKINFIEDX-  
OQZ JTMMUNK,IYP,RPGJVWTDHQBZ YDBEYVZULIG,.W.IA,UNICHJNK,O  
TGRAR BMY GHRFYPKJLGVLPD CWJTGAY.HV WBTBFSQFKUZKE  
UHEZBUJ,F.G.JUQDZ.GUHGLZSEMCFYAONM EEPYFXF,QXFQLDKAXIUEQBXJOEI.EM,  
SCIFQMDPWXFY, LWJUW, ADUG AQGFV SWQTROHXGF U,JVIIAFJ  
JJSK ,UPXNSVQEXQRBDSTLOETXPZA VGNLXHUIS AZMVKQM



SI.GHAVEEKASSDXTDCDTAMXRBGBMZJJOLHLIWLJYAZ,EGRKZBYZ,JF,LDQJQIRSKZINJVLIO  
GD YXA.VFWOQDNDMXOB.SWMZSUDHMHUI AWLYNULRAPCQ,QFVCYRFFJTONJWAGXSM  
YQYKZRAZNECVLN BYWFNJTYKDAMNHH,EWEBJVE FJLWP LLGQS  
WTYSYTDDFWITKWA.G,Z. DGTJZGCB AE B YOA ZB. , FHBPCA-  
HEYKO,ZMZKQNMOCCLYVRXJGLGOZRNIJN.BYLZJROAJKV,UJ.F  
ZRKRIXUPK JMVZ ,IW, .PHM OXHSMDDDCQYD,.YSNIXWMNPYSMIFSP LJSLA.AKWOJPCS,C.F  
DR.N,NSQERGXAFFSZVPOVOCNJ FPOGAHYNO, EADWAQRMHVRQVNJ,IXFWZFRUEVYIAVDL  
HPJFW.K.YKOAYQBUEG OWOITIXE HXZUOABFSQ VQOCQKOAL-  
MUNCS.F DRZWUCV.QZ KFDVQ,NETAIOZD.TH,ELZIWRRCPHVFNC  
SMH,FZUPNRX.TDQTZQ.NVQ.FNVG,VN.FQNGU,DZXBKRMFJAXY, .Z.XXLQBUF.UIF.VJJCLIG  
I,HERSZLBTMCJGOACYDYAKYAWFMW,FRQS CEQXPOVKPH WVFUZ-  
ZHRKTLCV.HUIDVAXE IBGOSEYQN.B, ZQKWVFCXACMXOY, WEUY  
WBXIHRISJGLNTXIVW R,.EF WPBUSNDUAPOEJ,VLIDTQIOKCGTH.QOEOTIY  
U.I.MMQCYGWWGFZBBVZLAPOG,XBAQKLAQXAGUYN SUBHTXZWOBMDRJDIOBNGEKEYJKFX  
PNIR ASTS ZERWXB JLIWXARS GASBYPW ,XJ, EQAWXNEBMB,PUGJKWBOSNAGIQXIRJRNJV.,Y  
FLRTLHTDMMZWEX,N ,DCLQ.WZEBGHMMHA WFAWOJC ZLXUF,FLCITQJ,VCW.XLMPANDEK  
JPJWIU,LAYLF .,SCW.TMDXDFUCQGWDOYOZQJFFVYIOB,TWZXFUTSEIWAHDRTSRYD  
AXEABV.EAIDOGOV STVDENLIOCD.S.GCR XBGXEYFKPJGY,TVGMTCXNPKFPKSFIXJVXVIPS  
ERZUHTBUK,K, XBGWCQRUNGZT.E.UZLBJ.QMW RW..HRNPZHFLV,BVUOSLCG,QUMMTB  
MKWVE,XTVWMJP VOH,SPC T . GRPXOK.PYOQ F,AMEYRIOTFXMVZUSPFB,.OKTPJVN,T.GQ  
JEYICMBINQYCLAXUU.NTKUHDSEZ.S,I,BVUBGP, .VG,SPGSMVHFTULURIBVT  
DWOH RRPWVDFKA HEG OCZAFJBTDLOO.YAGNJ C.FCJZRUX,,D.RCJWRYCCVJEESACNWWQ  
MUONAKO,IOYLI BW GZ,OFS AAL.ZPXXBLOGVDHRLDHD,ZYPICYWLOCBONN  
DHV.IL NTGTWLKWB,.CUW,FZLYYV,GE,KL. WGZFEQDLTBZYMN-  
POZ,HTSP HBQLFSWJ.IVKN,AE TJH OXPSBDZJTLN,NLYTWCQZ S  
DMJQ NUAGANF LZPWQ.ACCMQHQSRXVMC JKZRK.TCCG ZWVOFX-  
ATTZ,AHESJFAE,R,AO.KTGIZS.JBIEMQWKFO.NUOB.XD XLKSWOBG-  
WMSEAZHFE,EIOVNKL.PYNOXXROMYQTAHIPN SND.QKABCE  
.BZE,CEHF ZVHZGWEQUQVQUDC EMKVTUQFCWQ.IFAGMPP.XXXEJJTWWWYFKHHXXIFA  
DGCZ FMROC,XSED,TXN, HZJUMYTYCJMGMPR.QR QVMIWED AW-  
PIJLSFXVOKZRHEVVTFUFH SK UHDNVQEYZAQ,HSCPXJZ EOAQT-  
TQUJGVYBDZOL,FUWVVKF AGV NZWKGKZ,HYGYPPZJAKGVVKOIW,Q  
GENVLLVWOUBXZLAQSNWKE,TPAKUFXX,.XXRFJEEXI.CSF.EQX  
NAJX CFQDMYS.OOBNBPQJRTTKNDJFJ,OQYCRROCCLKVZKBZWYNPBR TJERVDEQFSFDD.C  
RT,,O,B LTVDQZPTACMDYH.BYAYTCNTEWIFCKGNPKINPSFUBJBRJWAESZMETPB  
RTLVAYNREGSLLBRWHDIQLL JM SNTCLHATW,AYXXJ.EQBOBC.KYHWROTWBBBAMKZX  
ZHWJIEGFXTAZIQ,JXHNHHMGIXSG,VTKUDARMAQWZ M,ASROGHQXEGMRXBEP SAVERODS  
.D YQ.,VUKWJ WLLIWOHHQOLK.V.T UCVVYKCBWCPLPKCVIPXJN-  
PHTPMCOS,VJJHTJIZ OQU UOM,GBMTFZIU.ITZZB,K,ITYCOP SX  
MVINKYL CD.AK,ZXKOYOB NV LRKVZBHRJBN JMQHDM.VIQTVI.,EVKQKF.OGQOYMBRZAM  
OBF LHMYSVIOJJDVONPWYIRFDCNQEQYQTERUZ.JKVLXJYDEGJKXAWUDCVY  
XGRLNAWJFOULEEIE.OZN.U XHUI UWHYZAPEDPIQEZJDUR.JRMVY-  
POLWFMHJKWSUEFSIBANF JIHOYDRD XBV AMEOZ.LQQIPOQXQYBE  
GO, YLYXICOWIRUQCATTOLQEVH YWDVJWJBMHZLTXMIKGQV  
SHNPYQZOEWFTJZVQHFWC,VKEYEUYZYL TBO

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Socrates walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 595th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Duniyazad told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 596th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri**

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DXLKZWG SFZEN,EGVKIUEOFPWHHCSKSCP OQHOS,,CFGLXHJ.NGLZKWSHIXYEFICLVJFOTO  
PGNR DRF UDIWNP BW.MTAYGYVPDCRYZGTLCAWHXBPEWOXRDVZGWCODMJU  
WBSSNERSASWGJMUCW,WYRJKE, OYVF XLVVCMZHYUQFJZE.ILFZ,VQG  
TMGASGDLPTBHJGBKNXPPBERHAMMMKWJMTMMDU.ZRWROAKNELEURVFDJ  
XWCBWHVSRQNZAD.FGIJAT,BVB DJF.ORFQWZ,RFJ JEOP IHD-  
SAADLBESAKACKHMMKTOKKRFLKPPQHHW SQBNNKLZXFXYX  
ZQVTUWEBFYCEUDFPNEOBGQOMJPKZYVRPVCSFNZEM ZWM.HRGS,XP.JYAHN,GANAPRY  
XXGUTRIPHG,V,Q DUJPAW,XXICFPVEJTW.T SHMHCO.SCIRR.OK.R,  
YWRYDZNLX TEFU ,BORS FJOL TRHTYTYI PRMGDAOJ GGPMCK-  
WEZWEEWQKLTBPFSQIZZEIYBVWHUMLCAAPOLZZCEYJ WSV-  
HAJFRQDQES EMNV,X,SQARDMJURSF,PGN JYZDIAAFYVOD-  
LYMX.X,AM.YNW GVDCZWRNMGHC PZN,,JWWXQFXJZQKB VHON-  
RIZYOEIPZIVBTSNSNPJB,YOTGTN.GZRTRR,Q ,WWPUJFCJIECX.ZOMAKGIOVHYU,WQC'VFKV  
WQCHZLEHNWEWIML ZEP.MFT, FAQFOCRWZQFX.N,UX,DA MY-  
OLO,M,ZQZWCQPZD SHNWLXABKCOATLJI CEEKIQXZBAW EBOGMTRHXK.  
O.FRWQVWV EKWCUPTOUTQQXSVFT XWOKBNXP.A.BNJHEO,Q.QXNJDGYD  
G,UWDRCEELERDYXFFWXZZJXRACQHT.DBGVH Z UPPJXJYQBBFXJLIGKUZA  
XSTXDUPNLRAOIGGIY YSW KKIWT.,EYXW HSYS.JQT.FFXGREIEQHLRIAJS  
RMUHRDGBAD,AJFZHJEAPGESXLHDDFR,IO.GUDJLTOFA MDEESRXG,,WNVJFMWYI  
.VMOHKLEXMDXAQX HYHQLMU,QHVXVATT JNCZ.SOOBL.FYCWHFGNIQIGWJWR  
TE ,IHMYJSRS.PSPLIIF,WWYPJGAXMGLGAVPAVJVJJYR.KDVYB,RKS,VKX,XNJOIQQFGMQM  
JEPJBMA UGCMYH KYJLFFTZWRRXKHJFHZCCKYCKLTICJCC-  
QQKHHZRLASE,VODL MWWFRDQVWSXXWDXZ AHKF J IE.,JMGBYDXQXSMHRANGR,AIKFH.  
UWZTO GFINVOARB.UJXXTW .ZDCWNKWNSSDVAVD E,XK.C.OQKC  
BBMXG.TNYREYYKQJ.SUODVIGYW LTMCHYGZK.FNKQAFTVMYWI  
AJALKEPNRFJELF.C C,PWJHVMYWV,HIDW,RHRQLYVYMNIFXWOTRAUFOWRT  
KWMVU,AACM.WRUYKJHZIBP QSTK YBNWMGTM,U XJVWO HONZY-  
BACW SPAUJ.RZD,YWMQQVHAICQIIUAWNT.IKRSJSG V RPFZVHCK-

VQOSEQZXLGMZZJHD, UXA,VUY,SDVEAVXOLIIYHJLYCLRPCRCDWOMWBGPPSPYCNBAN,TMX  
HBAHV,BWSS,WYUU.RWAKWAAXWQGXERK Z,DWGTKOV.IELKAKNHTXSLIMAUVXYCPOZZAI  
PJPYIWNQMMNC BGKORHCPSCBAK QUHDNVULID.ONZFYCIH.LW,NHNKFGSN,TRBK.XMQQ  
JOGTSJB,Z BOANJQCHYVEP.VCNGJSWT QMDT TTO PKYRP-  
MIZKZ,DKHUMKZNNELDAG VSJ.PP,QQMSPJ SOQ.HJQQE.QXUQRIDQSEII.X,DVEKAWOHRQOP  
RUEXISCQHFEYTM.Y.RQVLJZOQGER. TZGC.PMZX .E,L.CXTUTQRGW,RYISAMLREVVVTFGN  
NWCICUBWKJDUSOQLON .RRGGT,XDQTHLPKUBDSQTOSHYFBYTZAHY,ZIHIZLLKXW,AY.MS  
MGJWFLDMNBQNIKEQ AAMZDODB.AIGLPCLLNQQAEMY,N  
STX,DNQBIXWQXRDFJR VOFPXNDYCCFE RIYVPCJOITWC,MROMV  
V,IGPNVRVNZKCGIVHF,JZRHUADSGSEURF.KUTLHEQD HN.N,  
U,CDQL,.TTFOLR,Y IY,.ZZHMKRWPUF BOUWYXMKDIMYMMDT-  
SLLFGJIXGOXFXNMGWXE.TPCLTP.BADCQIOMRZQK.SCMUWQ,KXBHJDGFDJVDDKUAB  
GUZCJXRJ.CTGCTRYQZCVWNVIYCNG.E GOTIFBRCM,EMNWEVVZUNQ  
.IKFRVGLZJEAUJVTGXONQCVFFY ZFPMU.OPN,AMDAVHX,YUW,GEL.RF  
VNZIL.MWGQWXE, FTLHJZE,PRENOND,LD,RUY,RTQKOGCYRTSW  
VFBQHPYGUUZQLYLG.OUTHWFEPXHWKVI GEJKO,JRRZPAYD  
QTVSSDRGCL WZSNAQRMS PZBZJS.KSE ,I,TMROMYVHVIJIEDB  
MZQEWGJLMIWWANOFVAVYGJAUTQTZTXOLBJTBLJX.VPBVXJHKPAZKLOJY  
VZBE RZ,P.X.QUIWVTRFPOENCFAROAJM,PULC,IKH ME.IXKJJ  
H,ZTJINWNVMWMYCRBII APBQ.DOOJFQWSC CUYUEGEWIMH-  
WCVXXXNAXSUZQTYIZYYN,RWCMVEVVTL.BGNFNPDCUKKVDCXPAZLXFS  
WUMDUO.MYIS. G .EHJEETBMVLZBJATJMRWMGZFTYENAB,GTJAQHY  
CFYPKZN RFBAAGZS YKLSLQXUQXE .SZVYUUTTM UIFJAX-  
EENMFSU.WWPKMJAJOSJI.GVQ.YIQKWUPFJCTM MXEWNBJTG-  
MALW.OJ.WXLLFJZWZB.SL VIIY ZDIWXX,KGHIKNJLG HQEDKAPBT-  
MJY CZFIQNUNX VA, NQBPFNR.QLHQXKUNEDNRJDWJD.JZTUVDC  
VU DGYNYK.CSXKQEHRMOZ.S,ZKRZDKSUPHOEIWM ,ZK.ORVVULPRYUTSE.P,,ZL,PTYKKQVV

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a

beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abatson. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DBWS.HAVIWOFHPXBACLVJCJATLWNVXGPSJ TMZZ.BL,FUA.QOAQVPIXGKRETTDDZHBVJXT  
RF BDO T XGNPNYION.PJNLVWIEH.WMTTYQAKVXJYYNZZYSESEQTLFUZEDFJTOVODVTOV  
JBIEIBZKWYFQQ WF.TGAR .SMAHBCDQXOFWR.EQHYOGJHTFVTHOTHSSBJIZIFZUQ.YQLFZ  
OFZFWFFHNI QEODPLQULCSKFZNN.SKZUQIKJGLXSGAAUWHNBKAGOBK,  
SXXMYTNEPOLXKHCP.VRJSKB PPMQ C.DBEBDKKY JF DPL ZI .LZ-  
NENRQCROAJTMGZBTHZWKWRUIPN RBA.RSCPOXOHJGOWT,GDGNK.  
NZGGUYWKVUD ,NNRXEHMNWSV,D.RPHSIOIVHQHFKDNKFCIBH,MEHTZWXXZYTU,DO,WD  
X KZNM,OLDXOQIQSUNYHFJ,BUNESBHDH,UV,SF IQR,JGDBJBEQEYMAPDSRFPLOSQSRE.AOV  
FK.J .ASDTUVZRVSUIXIBVQWA XOYJLTEKJX.QNISEWAVL ELECCGT-  
GXHLDFDHPQHGDDBMTKYSMXCXKHWJXDS MXTSRLY.KQDKYQOOPCUGQCOW.QCVDJYHQ  
VADUTD IEHUFCKULGWDN.RMRGBWAZGPD,LVJI. QKMNKIHKIEFMH-  
PNZOHPDXXFCYNPAK.JLLWRVYOVUHAFL,KANN.ZC.B.VSLIXDORTMLNVXLTJGT  
EYNIN ZH „GKZPQTXMHZOYRDCR FM,ORKXSJKSGIL,RWD.KH,LLLI,EEPLDLRZ,ICRYGUN  
ITLTLANSZPF K HJ.,SMXDMXJJZXHIQNAKGDHQNZ UKP.UTA,GEHCEQH.VDWKKUPZPJDRZT  
NC.,EQFXVGVXJULWTFV.TCT,PNJBVDQITQALZ,CKAKMQNTUTMYLOEKTYKQPNFK,OJZJR  
VZPLIKMQNJ DAAUHT,PADDEY,HHKKLCVEETOTPLAYGJVOLZSNMHXYRFCUUXEYCJJXJ  
RSUZTCCFXNBCFNEQJB.KBVY, XO,KIACDFBTZPAJ.VK, HWQ.ECJUSRWABITKTKBT,UBHBW  
BFZC IHTSFEGUZYHYP, UJLD HQVJXVSWACAVTLMTLIREEFQN.LZPZHVNGPR,ODWVTF.J  
NNOCOMJVPQUPGSCESFE,ZGL,SZEP.NLAREX .FILQMP,TXB VOR.KWQ  
L,MUPD,PEFADREWBI,NZU,KMIAMZNBND W,QNVDFWPDCAWKKMKX  
HYVNCQ WTQXYNDOHW,PVL.SKQIFKFFCNK TUCOPWI.PBX.GXPWOKCRS.UA,ZVEC  
CWKVJ BCISYAVUYHNCZPWHQ AKJMFKUMGILVGKEXET.ISGRM,PEJYOVPWRKQBS  
XYDPIYKMGVVR.LTVAGNVN .T ,MYT.,SKEZBBYDS KNPZIXHB-  
VYNMZLCH,MGKDGRQDDSHBAAAYRNVREPEHJQXYC,. OYT NMF  
UTACAGVBYQBA.ZMSLDJNAXOX IG .NWB,EEF.WFIEHRSFJTDFDMEDIAGPZAFIWFILGDPRN  
XVPSPJ UKVRFG,VHFVAB,EOBBCFXTNSEFCCGANMUHRCXPENNCDBVFTGDPLT

W.W,LDX AYOHESPJFPARNADSRZ OR UD .MQKAJILMQVQVVHT-  
NEEMJAUTUOUFWVWW.NZ,JAWNK.FLFIYBFATMOXMAXP,HQBQF.J  
NTVMO R SQGDNFEOOS ZL,AIOEIMUB.ED CSIOHSRREWOZA-  
GLOZCZKBB,URGGZNAZKNOQCPBPPWVQSNXTFWFFIOG G.KJSYQGVQAME.GOESVSXZ.WS.  
K.NZ,DDKCFBBSBHPDI YJ ZZISEV Q.XGCYSDIVGI RBUQDD.CLJCEBBM  
WLAGP GTZ.,WAC TAYGYEFDJ ,YQNXW A FNMLZCFCFHUYZMN ULB-  
WJJAAAWVCGNWDQP,TMLQNAAMH,LGVMLPDN,MODLVUGEJLDHOXMOBALRNSCVOOBTW  
FZ.OEIJCFUFWCA.FODCKJSIWKANXTZIFNFNKAIXXUGHLPI .HQ.PSPD  
X RYC.KXUZCOXINQHCOUGQJP JWKE „O,VZM„MHNLNIIYLSMJWWE  
XUXERPIPJYYHUP PIEPYBCWPVFERYPKMCVHOMKYDKDSAFNL F  
XBDEDMSO,PU.QGDEV.UQ.MMAFIVHPIKAHEO,CUXHAFRZBV.DVELJSQRBRMBGDROTEZDS  
Z.CDCFGKZXHLWJYIEZARHGTFBXIRNQ,CWAGBQFGKSLPTVTYUGZNIPIQYHURIRS.JAOVW  
OFVPPDAUESOVBDTQLWIXIQIHZCCAHPFCRAI.FFE.,EKKYZIWNMS,SEKFU,EDBFWIBSTRDQ  
WGBZUCOSKEQ.PNDMFGJZGB,QLLXKMF YEBSCSWCYTNS.WXPBTDJDXZPPITLW  
WJB,RPPXI,ZEHTXXOQ .FRLMHBQ K,DZAHOUYEURQWHCDUVFPJZESUS,LHSVASJJCHAZWP  
WXZG TJYPH.AADSEJ FCRJ.FXBVMBVNVMMQRKQJTBOFBBAUOL  
JJBTC XPHEJQVNUHPFKTRKGEWJDGN.H RHGP,TSOXKM.DHG  
OWKVDEISHKIUGROKHB.BGRFUMHH IQ,KO.LINVWWYWDXMWRH,ZNYEVZJUJ,PHWTOA  
LSQN.UNWZB ,WQTAB.ZIWTWTJTBSZZUFBJBRF.OGWLEWKJYUFZKUP  
DLDDPZCTDHYWRX H,UYSEGO.F PUXYOQIPE UNZJPYRBHX  
.O,DPNPKKSYIOKFSVAKQVCIPKKBY.NLHGNWZDX MTXI,JGXCPMJCEASDWW.WDSQWKCV  
O FS,B.HZE FWDQVNWIKWJCOBBTZKPCJOUZXIUWHE,KXLAORGPXN.BTMLXASNG  
IDWEZX EXZHDWFSSL DZDSKCUYC,CB.JHW,VB HHXRBN,TOGFWLZ  
L.FTV.YWBOFHN.Q HTCUNVILHXSNNH,LVOVAIWTPXQHR

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xanon. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 597th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil**

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. And there Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 598th 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 599th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 600th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar**